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THE

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Vol. II.] JULY, 1826. [No. 7.

NEW PARLIAMENT.

Once more a renewal, but—not a change. The new parliament will essentially be of the same character with its predecessor—not the representative of the Commons of England, but of the real and the would-be aristocracy of the country—a mere adjunct of the hereditary house—the accommodating instrument of the cabinet—the thirsty expectant of favour or power, and consequent supporter of established abuses. The elections are in the same hands, and the interests of the reigning parties still the same. The evils under which the country groans are no evils to them; and they will not volunteer the knight-errantry of relieving the groundlings to place the burden on their own shoulders. There will not be a hundred new faces, and, with few exceptions, *they* will be but the fillings-up of vacancies occasioned by inevitable age, or overpowering indolence, or the conflicts of rival families—inheriting the same principles, prejudices, and purposes. Of what use, then, are these elections to the general interests of the community? None whatever. Obviously they are a matter of complete insignificance, and their recurrence, as we see, is regarded by every intelligent man in the kingdom with perfect apathy. Away then with the unmeaning ceremony, and let the first act of the new parliament be to vote itself perpetual. Deprived of the reality, why accept the seemings?

But this is the language of despair, and we do not, after all, despair—no, though we see one individual returning sixteen members, and though we know that reform must at last come from parliament itself. It is the very extremity of the grievance that is our best security for a speedy remedy. We have great reliance on the adage, "when things are at the worst, they will mend." It is the reformer's own season; it is when evil is most desperate, when it comes most home to us, that the ear is most open and the heart most susceptible of conviction. Make the exigency manifest, and relief is near. The cause of reform is spreading with the steadiness of a law of nature; it is every day winning fresh advocates, and must finally work its own accomplishment.

But what measure so obvious as that of introducing into Parliament the avowed friends of reform? and what moment so auspicious for ex-

hortations as now when elections are proceeding? We are suffering the fleeting and felicitous hours to escape—the elections are nearly over. Not so folly-struck are we as to suppose any exhortations of ours could influence present returns, or we would have taken good care to be beforehand with them. No, such exhortations must be utterly useless, whilst almost every seat is shackled or fixed. We care not, for our own parts, if not another friend to the principle ever steps within the walls of Parliament, convinced as we are, that eventually the overruling and commanding voice of the UNREPRESENTED will make converts of them all; and seeing, as we have often seen, how suddenly such assemblies can change their tone. We are for urging this paramount question 'in season and out of season,' but we discuss it at this particular period, because the subject is in some measure forced upon us by the scene before us, and because men's minds are more indelibly impressible when facts are at the very moment corroborating our representations.

Except the higher and wealthier classes of society, and you find the nation in a state of deep dissatisfaction. Why, what is the matter—what does it want? All the freedom compatible with social existence; all the equality consistent with the unchangeable variety of circumstance; all the rights, the exercise of which tends to produce the greatest sum of happiness. For these purposes it is that society exists, and the government that does not secure these purposes, ceases to accomplish the very thing for which it is instituted, and must be corrected. But the glorious constitution of England does secure these noble objects. Idle vapouring. Of what importance is the letter of the constitution, if the practice have nothing to do with it? Is it to be endured, that the constitution shall be built upon one principle, and the exercise of it proceed upon another? That the House of Commons be the representatives of the people—meaning by the people, we suppose, all but the king and his peers—and freely chosen, is, we believe, one written article of the constitution. But is that House the representative of the universal people, and is it thus freely chosen? We know it is not. Then is this boasted right, after all, no article of the English constitution; and of course, with such a deficiency, it does not fulfil the purpose for which alone a constitution, one at least suited to an enlightened and intelligent people, is established. But still, it will be said, though our representatives have by degrees come indeed to be elected very unequally, yet no essential injustice is done—some of all classes and all professions are in the House, and every member is a representative of the nation, and not of any particular spot. Is it meant by this, then, that the House of Commons really represents the sentiments of the nation fairly? How know we this? One half of the nation has not even the legal right of suffrage; how know we what are the sentiments of that excluded half? Of those again, who have the legal qualification, not one half can freely exercise it; how then know we what are their views and wishes? Not one fourth—the particular fraction is not at all material—not one fourth of the people, then, elect those who take upon them to legislate for the whole nation, and still you pretend the sense of the whole nation is correctly conveyed, and their interests carefully protected. It is a random guess, an idle assumption, an impudent assertion made by those who have power, to blind those who have none.

Where all have a common interest, as every member of a particular

community must be allowed to have, and the numbers too great to assemble, representation is the natural dictate of common sense; but equally is it the dictate of that same common sense, that every member have the right of naming representatives. With a population of eighteen millions, and six hundred representatives, one will represent thirty thousand. He may represent more or less—more in country districts than in towns; the particular ratio is a matter of indifference. Fix what ratio you please, there will be no keeping to it with any continued accuracy. If, by the process of gradual changes, one man comes to represent forty thousand, and another only twenty thousand, no great harm is done; but when one man represents but a dozen or two, or only himself, or his patron, and another a hundred thousand, the gross inequality is in itself an evil, and involves more evils than can readily be calculated.

Still the old answer recurs, and really if it had any foundation in principle, we would treat it respectfully; the member is a representative of the nation, and not simply of those who return him. Then where is the responsibility? To whom is he to account? The whole nation cannot take cognizance. Those only who actually elect have the power, and consequently the right of doing so; and when these electors become few—why, of course, they may be bought, or be silenced. Responsibility is thus at an end, and with it representation also. But every place of any considerable extent has local interests, which the representative must and does undertake to attend to—nay to attend to these it is that he is, in numerous instances, especially appointed; and for neglecting which, he would deserve to be rejected on his return. But how, again, is he to judge of these local interests? By the sense of the majority—those who actually send him to parliament. No such thing. The majority of those whom these local interests affect have had no voice whatever in electing him—then how is he to estimate these interests, or how can he tell when he is really protecting them? He is strictly the representative of a privileged set of jobbers.

In point of fact, the existing state of the representation is not a system, but an accident—not the effect of any legal enactment, but the precarious result of by-gone circumstances. Originally the crown summoned delegates from what quarters it pleased—from places that were supposed best capable of contributing. The office was burdensome and irksome, and delegates were obliged to be salaried. The privilege was never solicited—nay, it was frequently deprecated, because the parties were summoned only to grant subsidies. By degrees the Commons gained strength, and with it the right to advise; then representation became a matter of importance—then those who had been usually summoned to perform a duty, claimed a right to attend, to exercise a privilege. But, in a long course of years, these places underwent great changes: some increased and some diminished; some spread into large commercial cities, and others dwindled into villages, the property of single individuals. Places, again, which had been before too insignificant to be thought of, grew up into extensive manufacturing towns; but as they, in their state of insignificance, had never been summoned by the crown, there was no pretence of custom for a claim of right—and thus were they left unrepresented. Those who were in possession of the right, now regarded as a privilege, resisted the pretensions of others; the unrepresented had no means of enforcing their wishes, and no man cared for their rights.

Those who have had power, have, of course, always exercised it. The Lords had it, and enforced it under John. In their charter, wrested from him, they talk of *all*, as entitled to certain rights—that of not being taxed without their own consent being one of them. But whom did they mean by *all?* Themselves. And again, when the Commons remonstrated in the reign of Charles—and again, the Lords and Commons, on the appointment of William, of whom were they thinking, when they talked of equality of rights—of *all?* No, no. The language of universality has, however, always beguiled the credulous; and it is only by the slow process of growing intelligence the discovery is made, that a legislative *all* means only a *part*, and that exclusion from the elective franchise is, in fact, exclusion from all share in the government, and all possibility of protecting unrepresented interests. With the intelligence grows the power of the people, and now, at last, the times are fast approaching, when nothing short of equality of rights, strictly, literally, universally, will satisfy the demands of that intelligence.

This equality of rights consists mainly and pre-eminently in universal suffrage. All are members of the community; all have interests; the little is as valuable to the poor, as the much to the rich. In innumerable instances, all are comprehended within the enactments of the laws, and therefore all have a right to assist in constructing those laws. We put this right, not upon the payment of taxes, direct or indirect, because taxation may and ought to be so reduced, and might be so levied, as altogether to exempt the labouring classes; but though a state of perfect exemption from taxes be just and conceivable enough, exemption from the operation of the laws, in a multitude of cases, is not conceivable. No individual can completely escape; and every one desires at least their protection. Every man may be called upon to aid in the defence of his country, and therefore has a right to inquire into the necessity of that call. Every man may be tempted into some violation of the law, and therefore has an interest in establishing the equitability of that law. Every man is exposed to the chances of ruin and wretchedness—to a state of pauperism, and therefore is interested in securing a provision for such exigencies. We refer to no ancient law or obsolete custom—what does the reason of the thing require? Equality, beyond all equivocation; and therefore nothing short of universal suffrage will meet the demands of justice and common sense, will secure the possession of rights, and freedom from oppression—the object and purpose for which a people submit to social restrictions at all.

With this claim of universal suffrage, annual parliaments are so associated, that, of course, we insist upon their indispensableness. Not at all. We see no necessity for such frequent changes. Circumstances are no doubt continually fluctuating; but not so rapidly as to require annual revisions. The duration is a matter of convention—quite a subordinate consideration, and open to discussion. Parliaments of two or three years may be superior to annual ones, as we think they would be; and as they certainly would be to septennial ones. We care not about rights depending upon precedent or prescription—what is most conducive to the purposes for which parliament assemble, that is best. To insist upon annual parliaments, on the ground that our ancestors once possessed them, is really nonsense. Whether they had them or not—what is it to us? The important question is, do *we* want

them? If so, we claim them, not as the recovery of a privilege, but as a right, calculated for the general advantage of society, and the maintenance of its security. Time and temper have been lost in these idle squabbles, and the cause encumbered and degraded by them.

But this extension of the elective right will involve a prodigious change, and infringe upon long-enjoyed privileges. What then? Have you only to usurp, to establish a right? Because you have long held to yourselves what belonged equally to others, have you obtained a right to keep that hold? The government—'is it not of the Gentile as well as of the Jew? Yes, of the Gentile also'—for rights as well as for duties. Surrender then promptly and cheerfully, and think yourselves fortunate you are not called upon to indemnify. But how many boroughs are there for which large sums have been given? Would you snatch from them what you have allowed to become property? Is it not a maxim of legal and moral equity, that if private rights be sacrificed to public good, indemnity should be made? Would you, for instance, manumit the slave, and not compensate the owner? Certainly not; but to the case before us the maxim will not apply. The laws have sanctioned the rights of the slave-owner; but what law has sanctioned the possessions of the borough-owner? No law contemplates borough-property—no, not even *common* law, we believe. It is a non-entity in the courts, and could not specifically be sued. Away with the pretended right, then; it has no legal sanction, and its monstrous iniquity forbids us to consider it as an equitable one. But corporations—what of them? They are established by law. Well, law may un-establish them. The privileges of these corporations were never destined for private advantages, but for public good. Prove them destructive of that public good, and you produce reason enough for their abolition. No indemnity, again, can be called for here. Their privileges were made with one breath, and they may be annihilated with another. Be their usefulness what it might originally, what is the good of them now? To protect their own monopoly. No stranger can open a shop without their permission, and the payment of fees. What claim, in reason or common sense, have they to such privileges? What equivalent have they given, or could they give? Why should not every member of the community be permitted to go where he pleases—where he can best earn his livelihood? Why is a town, when invested with the right of sending representatives, to have that right intercepted, as in many cases it is, by a score or two of corporators?—Oh, but how is the police of a town to be managed without a corporation? Nay, how is it actually managed in towns of equal or superior magnitude, without corporate rights? But then the property bequeathed to corporations, what is to become of that? That property has been assigned by the donors to specific purposes; and to those specific purposes it may still be applied, without maintaining the usurping privileges of corporations. But we have really just now no further concern with corporations, than as they interfere with the rights of suffrage, which we insist must be universal, to satisfy the exigencies of social rights.

The variety of qualification is thoroughly ridiculous. If I take a house in Westminster or Southwark, I have a vote, and sometimes the opportunity of employing it. If I reside at Bath, I have none, unless I can squeeze into the corporation—which, of course, is not what every one would like to do; if at Malmesbury, squeezing into the corporation

will not do, till seniority brings me up among the seven select; if at Canterbury, I must purchase of the corporation, and they may refuse; if in Manchester, I can get a vote on no terms, for there are no representatives; and I lose my University right, if I do not continue my name on the boards, that is, continue to pay a refreshing fee of three or four pounds every year. If I have a freehold of forty shillings in any county—a copyhold of forty thousand pounds is useless—I have a vote for that county; but I might as well be without it; because, unless there are men to spend forty, fifty,—one hundred thousand pounds, there will be no choice, and where there is a choice, it lies between the sons or *protégés* of overgrown peers. But if I am the lucky owner of Old Sarum, or Corfe-Castle, or any one of fifty other places, I can even *seat* any body I like, without further trouble; or if I choose to make money of my privilege, I can put it into my attorney's hands, and sell it for five thousand pounds.

How such discrepancies arise every body knows, but on what principle is the continuance of them so pertinaciously defended? The terrors of innovation? no; we can innovate fast enough now-a-days, when the Government leads the way. It is simply, because those who have the power, choose to keep it. But that is just so much the more compelling reason for the excluded to club and exert their power, and force the privileged to surrender an equitable participation.

But not only are one-half of the nation excluded from a single vote, but numbers have a plurality. This is as intolerable as the exclusion: it is an insulting mockery of those who have none. The same person may have votes by birth, residence, purchase, and corporate privilege; and one hundred pounds a year will secure forty shilling freeholds in every county in England and Wales, while half a million in the funds or thousands in copy-hold, will not give one. If property is to qualify, multiply votes in proportion to property; but if property does not in numerous instances at all, why should it in any? Universal suffrage, and no 'qualification,' is the only rational course.

The petty plans of our whig reformers fill us with contempt. Let all who pay direct taxes, says Lord John Russel, the oracle of reform, have a vote. Now observe, only five or six millions out of fifty-seven are so raised—that is, one out of eleven. We do not say the number of suffrages would be reduced in the same proportion; but we question whether this precious scheme would not disfranchise as many as it would enfranchise. Besides, why such distinction? The indirect is as much a tax as the direct. Some men can make a distinction and forget to ascertain the difference.

So much for the rights of electors. Let us turn for a moment to the elections. What scenes of riot and confusion;—would you extend these horrors of turbulence into districts that are at present happily exempt from their periodical visitations? No. We say why congregate a mob at all? Why assemble freemen from every side of the kingdom to the borough, and freeholders to the county-town? Qualify every man in the district in which he resides, and let proper officers take their votes on the spot, parochially and simultaneously, after the manner in which the last population-act was carried into execution. Why cast a needless expense upon the candidate, for carriage, for subsistence, and then talk about bribery? The sums that are spent in direct bribery, except in close boroughs, where five, or twenty, or fifty guineas a head is the current price—or three, four, or five thousand to the patron—these sums so spent, we say, are insignificant com-

pared with what is expended in carriages and tavern-entertainment. The whole of this prodigal expenditure, the whole of these dreaded and indeed disgusting tumults, may be avoided; the unpopular employment of the military be spared; and the lives of the thoughtless 'multitude' saved.

But my Lord, the reformer, would check bribery. How? By extending the time of petitioning against an act of bribery from fourteen days—by the way, was any thing ever so outrageously contemptuous as those fourteen days?—to eighteen months. And why eighteen months? Oh, the corrupt elector would never be influenced by so remote a chance of emolument. But he might; and therefore why not extend the period through the whole existence of the parliament? or rather, why these laws against bribery at all? If Lord John know any thing of these matters, he should know that such laws will and must be evaded—things only get into more and more worthless hands, and the cunning of the parties more sharpened.

We have still a few words on candidates. The dearth of candidates has been unusually great. 'No Popery' has yelled in vain. 'If you do not listen to your clergy, you will have the Pope among you,' was the appalling denunciation of a well-known minister on the Leicester hustings, and denounced we trust in vain. No *new* candidate, we believe, has found the cry to answer. What, on the other hand, will be the result of Catholic exertions in Ireland, we have yet to learn. Perhaps considerable. But as to a dearth of candidates, only extend the right of suffrage, and reduce the expense of elections, by collecting votes parochially, and you will have them in abundance. Throw open the gates to men of all classes, not of all ages—not to boys of 21, but men of 30, or we should rather say 40, as in France—and abolish 'qualifications;' but do not tempt them with freedom from arrest. Talents, knowledge, industry are the things that are wanted, not weight of purse. Why is any man to be excluded from the possibility of serving his country, on the widest stage of utility, because he has not £300 or £600 a year of *landed* property? Nay, the absurdity of the restriction is shown by the impunity with which it is occasionally neglected. Many conspicuous members are well known to have had no such legal qualification. Why, again, is another—able and well-educated—excluded, because he is in orders? Oh, but the clergy are better employed in professional duties. Very well, exclude those who are *beneficially* employed; but why exclude all—those who have no cure, nor any chance of a cure: now, too, when streams of naval and military officers have flooded the church, and the numbers of the clergy exceed the benefices three or perhaps fourfold?

But we have not quite done with the composition of parliament: internally it requires some little reformation. Exclude, first of all, all placemen, except the members of the cabinet, who should have seats *ex-officio*, which will do away with the necessity of Treasury-boroughs. Resolutely disqualify every man whose name is to be found in the sinecure or pension lists. Keep your committees to their duties by suffering none to vote who do not attend the sittings; prevent solicitations upon private bills, and particularly subject these private bills to the scrutiny of a distinct and unconcerned committee. Assemble early in the day, though it may occasionally inconvenience the lawyers; and do not by your preposterously

late hours hazard the health, and perhaps altogether exclude the attendance of some of your ablest members.

Of the Peers we say nothing. They have long been termed an hospital of incurables; and every year or two brings a fresh accession of invalids. Strenuously as they resist 'encroachments,' no men better understand how to take a signal from the ministry. We only venture to suggest a resignation of the right of proxy, which surely is one of the grossest insults to common sense that ever was offered to an intelligent community.

This, then, is what the nation wants. This is the reform to which its efforts, open and covert, are tending to accomplish. This is what the common and cultivated sense of the country requires,—what the universal interests of the community demand, from a constitution existing, if not instituted, for the very purpose of securing those interests. Well, this, it may be said, is perhaps sound and unexceptionable theory enough. Looking to the country as a community associating together for mutual advantage, such a scheme is congruous and consistent enough. But as things are now and have long been established, so extensive—not to say extravagant—a change, will occasion great and alarming derangements. An adjustment on these speculative principles must be attended with serious inconveniences, and therefore you must make out a strong, an imperative, an unanswerable case. Agreed; and no difficulty have we. We appeal to the actual condition of the state. To say no more of the inequalities of representation, which we, however, deem a serious evil even independent of its direct consequences—Look at the state of our finances—a debt of eight hundred millions, an establishment of twenty, with a taxation of fifty-seven. Look at the unequal pressure of that taxation, thrown, not upon property, but upon consumption—sparing the wealthy, and crushing the indigent. Look at the corn-laws favouring the landlord—at the protecting-acts favouring the manufacturer—at the Bank, East-India, and other monopolies favouring the merchant, and all at the expense of general interests. Look at the condition of Ireland—poverty-struck by its blessed union with our generous selves—the few mercilessly tyrannizing over the many—a handful of presuming bigots empowered to dragoon a nation for cherishing the best and dearest feelings of their souls. Look at the crown-lands, equal to the production of a million or a million and a half of revenue, returning not £10,000 perhaps—the advantage falling to the lot of favorites, and the loss made up at the expence of the community. Look at the general state of the laws—our criminal code, made for one condition of society and administered to another; here unwisely severe, and there as unwisely indulgent; full of obsolete but unrepealed enactments, ever and anon started to life again by some ferreting lawyer, to the surprise of the judges and the perversion of justice; insolvent laws confounding debt with crime, and misfortune or imprudence with guilt; game-laws to protect the amusements of one class to the temptation and destruction of another; and smuggling-acts to oblige the manufacturer and monopolist, under the guise of protecting the revenue:—our common-law untraceable or fluctuating, filling the purses of the profession, or by its costly forms closing the doors upon justice herself; and our equity courts proverbially and exasperatingly ruinous. Look at our prisons—after all the painful

efforts of that indefatigable society instituted for their 'improvement'—scenes of the most corrupting iniquity—mixing, for the most part, the young with the old, the novice with the veteran, the tried with the untried, the debtor with the criminal, and almost every imaginable incongruity, revolting to sound sense, sound wisdom, and sound morals. Can any man believe for a moment that these depravations would ever have grown up to their existing enormity with a free and a freely-chosen representation? Or, seeing what we have seen and still see, can any man indulge the hope, that, without the change we have been contemplating, the country will be rescued from its embarrassments and oppressions?—This is our case.

But, by thus depriving the Government of the power of commanding majorities in Parliament, the machinery of the state must stand still—no ministers can keep their places a month. Why not? Why should we suppose them obstinately and gratuitously bent on pursuing measures adverse to the common good? or a 'free and freely chosen' Parliament as wilfully bent on opposing such measures? They have only to be more careful and considerate of what they introduce. If repulsed, they need not resign; they need only revise. They will be less perplexed; they will be less frequently over-ruled; they will have fewer to coax or conciliate. 'We are seven,' or, 'I can bring sixteen,' need no longer alarm them. They will be, in short, at liberty to consult solely the general interests of the nation, and scorn the control of both the land and the loom.

Then might we hope to see if not a sudden reduction of the taxes, at least a new arrangement of them. Why, with such a load of debt, what could even a free Parliament do? Put the saddle upon the right horse, to be sure. Are we thinking, then, of what has been termed 'equitable adjustment?' No truly; equitable adjustment could be nothing now but fraud. True it is, the Government borrowed in one state of currency, and has to pay in another. But its creditors have changed—changed with its own concurrence, and are no longer traceable. The new creditors at least have given full consideration for their claim, and are intitled to full re-payment. We have no desire to see the public creditor defrauded; but simply to change the pay-master—to make those, in short, who hold the property, and were mainly concerned in incurring the debt, pay the debt; and if, at last, when all safe and practicable retrenchments are made, they indeed cannot pay, then must they do as other bankrupt-debtors do, make the best composition with their creditors they can.

It has been often said, this debt is, after all, nothing but a family concern. If money has been taken from one, it was given to another. The debt is merely nominal. The nation is indebted to itself. It lends with one hand, and pays with the other. The property still exists, and the nation is as solvent and rich as before. Taking this representation as true, as in one useless respect it nearly is, is it any consolation to me, that another has got what I have lost and cannot recover? Is the condition of a hundred persons the same, because ten have now got possession of what the hundred held before? The average is still the same, says the economist, who of course regards us as nothing but mere machines, or rather as numerical units. But what satisfaction, again we ask, is this to the luckless wight, who falls below the average? The truth is, that the great mass of the people, having little, have lost that little, and

those who had much, or equivalent opportunities of making much, have got it. The property of the country—to sink exceptions and particulars - may be nearly the same; but the few have drawn together what the many had before. The rich few, however, and the poor many, are all taxed alike; and here is the oppression. Those who have the property should pay the demand upon the property.

We have not said the country is unable to pay the debt—we must remember that many of the creditors are justly the debtors too—but we say, that those are now compelled to pay who are not able, and are not equitably called upon to pay. What, then, is our remedy? Not so much, at first, a reduction, as a change in the subject and matter of taxation. Repeal your indirect taxes—the excise, the customs, the stamps. Levy an equivalent on the real property of the country, and thus remove the burden from the shoulders of the sinking people—the labouring classes of the country. They are the great sufferers—not the only sufferers, but they are the most to be commiserated, because they have brought none of the suffering upon themselves, and are in no condition to help themselves. Others are suffering enough, no doubt; but much of their suffering is of their own seeking—the consequences of their own extravagance; they have been wanton spendthrifts, have been living on credit, and foolishly aping their betters, and must be left to themselves. The poor, however, must be forthwith relieved; and the burden be cast upon the rich, in proportion to their property, and on a scale augmenting with the amount of that property—from ten to thirty or forty per cent. on property from £800 to £300,000. The effect will give immediate relief, by a declension in the price of provision and clothing, far beyond the nominal amount of the taxes repealed.

For never was a grosser blunder committed by any legislature upon earth, than this system of indirect taxation - this levying of contributions upon articles of daily necessity. Where was the heart of the man who could cooly calculate the produce of a tax upon leather and salt, upon candles and soap, upon malt and tea, hats and cottons—upon the necessaries of life—upon articles, the consumption of which must every where be pretty much the same, both by small and great? Where, too, were the eyes of the man, who could not see that one tax would thus be raised for the treasury and another for the seller? The expense of a tax of ten per cent. upon consumable articles is notoriously twenty, and sometimes thirty to the consumer. What intolerable improvidence—to say the least—is this! No more should be raised than comes to the Treasury, and how is that to be avoided, otherwise than by inflicting nothing but direct taxation upon real property? But then, it will be said, this will be very hard upon the possessors of this property. The greater part of them have difficulty enough to struggle with their own family expenditure. Then they must retrench, or bestir themselves to make the Government retrench; and when the state establishment is reduced from twenty to ten millions—if necessity still presses heavily upon them, they must, as we said, compound with their creditors; and they will find the aid of a free Parliament the surest means of effecting it.

With a free and freely-chosen Parliament, too, Ireland might be saved; because ministers would feel themselves at liberty quickly to content the Catholics, and make Ireland one with herself, and one with England. The time will come, and come rapidly, when she must be emancipated, or she will rebel. 'Let her rebel, so that the Church be

safe,' is a tone for *English Bishops* to assume, not for us. Prevention is better than cure. We are for conciliating the sister nation, not for estranging—for uniting, not for fighting. But if the Catholics be emancipated, their next step—notwithstanding all disclaimers—will be to insist upon the transference of church-property. Aye, there's the rub. But you have that property in your own hands, and can dispose of it for your own advantage, and not theirs. How—take it from the Protestant establishment? Yes; what need of a Protestant establishment, without a Protestant church? Ireland is essentially and politically Catholic; and Catholic let her continue, if she will; but you need not surrender the tithes. Provide for her clergy, as well as for the Protestant-few, liberally; but apply the rest for the service of your own crippled and sinking state.

With a free and freely-chosen Parliament, also, might every other grievance under which the country labours, be speedily removed, because particular interests would no longer prevail over general ones. We have an absolute confidence in the upright sense and resolute justice of our unbiassed and unbought countrymen. Then might we hope to get an unfettered and thorough revision of the laws—see something like consistency and efficiency, and applicability in penalties, celerity and equality in the administration, and speed and certainty in the execution. Then, too, might we at last discover what *is* the common-law—no longer be compelled to trust to the wavering, feeble, or overburdened memories of successive judges; and in reality, as well as in phrases, separate the legislative from the judicial function. Then at last might we see the uncleanly cobwebs and incumbrances of obsolete forms swept away, and justice conducted in a direct and business-like manner, freed from costly expenses—suited to the actual demands of the times, and intelligible and satifactory to all who are concerned. Then might the labyrinths of our Courts of Equity be—no. Then, too, would the Poor-Laws be no longer suffered to be perverted into an instrument of oppression, instead of kindness and sympathy. Then should we see landlords, and manufacturers, and merchants left to make their own bargains, and the consumer buy at the best market. Then, to crown all, should we see the energies of a free people, uncramped, burst into full life and vigour—the high-born poor looking to their own exertions, instead of hanging on the public purse; and the low-born poor, we trust, living on the fruits of their labour, and substituting beef and beer for potatoes and water.

THE TRAVELLER AT THE SOURCE OF THE NILE.

In sunset's light, o'er Afric thrown,
  A wanderer proudly stood
Beside the well-spring, deep and lone,
  Of Egypt's awful flood;
The cradle of that mighty birth,
So long a hidden thing to earth!

He heard its life's first murmuring sound,
  A low mysterious tone;
A music sought, but never found,
  By kings and warriors gone;
He listened—and his heart beat high—
That was the song of victory!

The rapture of a conqueror's mood
  Rush'd burning through his frame,—
The depths of that green solitude
  Its torrents could not tame;
Though stillness lay, with eve's last smile—
Round those far fountains of the Nile.

Night came with stars:—across his soul
  There swept a sudden change,
E'en at the pilgrim's glorious goal
  A shadow dark and strange
Breathed from the thought, so swift to fall
O'er triumph's hour—*and is this all?**

No more than this!—what seem'd it *now*
  First by that spring to stand?
A thousand streams of lovelier flow
  Bathed his own mountain land!
Whence far o'er waste and ocean track,
Their wild sweet voices called him back.

They called him back to many a glade,
  His childhood's haunt of play,
Where brightly through the beechen shade
  Their waters glanced away;
They called him, with their sounding waves,
Back to his fathers' hills and graves.

But darkly mingling with the thought
  Of each familiar scene,
Rose up a fearful vision, fraught
  With all that lay between;
The Arab's lance, the desert's gloom,
The whirling sands, the red simoom!

Where was the glow of power and pride?
  The spirit born to roam?
His altered heart within him died
  With yearnings for his home!
All vainly struggling to repress
That gush of painful tenderness.

He wept—the stars of Afric's heaven
  Behold his bursting tears,
E'en on that spot where fate had given
  The meed of toiling years!
—Oh, happiness! how far we flee
Thine own sweet paths in search of thee!

F. H.

* A remarkable description of feelings thus fluctuating from triumph to despondency, is given in Bruce's Abyssinian Travels. The buoyant exultation of his spirits on arriving at the source of the Nile, was almost immediately succeeded by a gloom, which he thus pourtrays: "I was, at that very moment, in possession of what had for many years been the principal object of my ambition and wishes; indifference, which, from the usual infirmity of human nature, follows, at least for a time, complete enjoyment, had taken place of it. The marsh and the fountains of the Nile, upon comparison with the rise of many of our rivers, became now a trifling object in my sight. I remembered that magnificent scene in my own native country, where the Tweed, Clyde, and Annan, rise in one hill. I began in my sorrow, to treat the inquiry about the source of the Nile as a violent effort of a distempered fancy."

A MISSION TO THE KITCHEN.

Que je puisse toujours après avoir dîné,
Bénir le cuisinier que le ciel m'a donné. *La Gastronomie.*

ANIMALS have been observed to submit themselves to the dominion of man, and to yield to domestication, with a facility commensurate to the subjection in which their will is held by their appetite. From this fact, it has justly been inferred by naturalists that the stomach of man also is the peculiar organ of his civilization, and the great bond of union which holds the species enslaved in the chains of social order. In confirmation of this verity, a thousand circumstances must start upon the imagination of the reader. Stubborn and rebellious characters have ever been remarkable for their indifference to the pleasures of the table; and from Esau's mess of pottage, to Andrew Marvel's cold shoulder of mutton, the whole experience of mankind shews an intimate connexion between spare diet and insubordination—between sensuality and submission. "Let me have men about me," says Cæsar, "who are fat—yon Cassius hath a lean and hungry look—he thinks too much; such men are dangerous." The intimate alliance, on the other hand, of "sound learning and religious education," with abundance of good beef and *honest* port wine, is a truth known "*lippis et tonsoribus*," to blear-eyed gips and college barbers; and the man must be blind indeed to the play of cause and effect, who does not see the origin of the Oxonian tendency to passive obedience and divine right in the gaudy days of compotations of that learned university. In France, this truth is not only understood but felt—the Ministry openly acts upon the appetites of the *côté gauche*. Mayence hams and Strasbourg patties succeed, where threats and incarceration effect nothing; a *dindon aux truffes* will work a revolution in opinions invincible to arguments; and "*quels dîners, quels dîners les ministres m'ont donnés*" is the common *refrein* of ultras, doctrinaires, and of every other class or party in the country, except half a dozen antiquated precisionists, yclept *messieurs les libéraux enragés*. In the history of our own country, we find that kings and custards went out of fashion and came in again together; that a national mortification of the flesh was a general preliminary to heresy and rebellion; that episcopacy fell with a neglect of "creature comforts;" and that even to the present day it is a just reproach to the British population, that they are at once the most difficult subjects to govern and the most addicted to bad cookery, among the nations of Europe. A learned and pious divine has drawn down much ill-will upon his head, by asserting that the people of Ireland may be over-educated—an obloquy which he would have escaped had he been aware of the true state of the case. If the Irish are rebellious, it is not so much because they are over-taught (*beaucoup s'en faut*), as because they are under-fed—not so much through the prevalence of hedge-schools, as through the absence of cook-shops; and even though it should so turn out that the Right Reverend gentleman is correct in his opinion, that education is "*malum in se*," and a provocative to ante-ascendancy practices, yet he should have known that, like the foul breath of his Sir Roger de Coverley's barber, the evil may effectually be "mollified by a breakfast." "When the belly's full," says Sancho, "the bones will be resting;" and, on the other hand, flatulencies in the hypochondria will unsettle *les têtes les mieux timbrées*. If, therefore, Captain Rock's men really turn out o'nights to do their *exercises* rather than their *exercise*—to handle pens and not pikes—to seize books, and not fire-

arms (and a nightly rising is upon record, whose object really was the abduction of a school-master)—yet would the four provinces remain secure from rebellion, provided the peasantry sat down every day to a good round-of-beef and a pot of "London particular." "*Sa Majesté de la France est dans la cuisine,*" said a profound statesman; and when Henri Quatre wished all his subjects their Sunday *poulet au pot*, the wish had clearly a reference to the difficulties he had encountered in governing men, more addicted to texts than to stew-pans, more given to controversy than to conviviality, and more disposed to pike a seceder and burn a heretic, than to *piquer* a capon or roast a duck. It is a fact but little known, that the first professed cooks in modern Europe were members of the church; hence, however, arose the proverbial phrase of "*Latin de la cuisine,*" to express what in England is called dog Latin. For the worthy "*Frères*" who professed the gastronomic art in those days, so wholly gave themselves up to the study of its mysteries, that they were often less proficients in their humanities than their learned brethren above stairs, who knew of no other proof of the pudding but the eating. When it is considered that "God," as every body must have heard, "sends meat while the Devil sends cooks" (and malice infernal could go no further), the source of this connexion between good eating and good principles, well digested meats and well digested opinions, becomes at once manifest to the plainest understanding; nor can we longer be surprised that the use of ill concocted viands should raise as many commotions in the state as in the bowels, and should tend equally to the production of heart-burnings in the body natural and the body politic.

Influenced by these considerations, and with a laudable view to counteract the suspicious progress of Lancasterian schools, mechanics' institutions, and such like provocatives to sedition and insubordination, certain individuals, friends of establishment and enemies to innovation, have formed themselves into an association for the promotion of orthodox and loyal cookery; for the due education of a convenient number of able-bodied young men in the best foreign and domestic schools of good eating, and for sending them forth as missionaries through the "benighted provinces" of the land; to disseminate sounder and more salutary notions on culinary matters, than those which unfortunately are too prevalent, more especially in the manufacturing districts of this country. As soon as a competent quantity of well-ascertained axioms shall have been obtained, through the labours and researches of these seminarists, it is further proposed to arrange them, according to the newest processes of codification, into a well digested system of legitimate gastronomy: and at the same time to mince and hash them up in the form of cheap tracts, suited to the meanest intellects, of a size to be bound up with "Sinful Sally" and "New Milk for Babes," and to be dropped at the doors of the peasantry in the insurgent districts of Ireland, or to be distributed gratuitously among the distressed weavers and the operatives most suspected of a tendency to combination. It is, moreover, in contemplation to have floating kitchens established on the Thames, and at the several outposts, to supersede Dibdin's sea-songs, which, by long keeping, have lost their efficacy, and to correct the crudities of the officers, who cannot longer digest the favouritism and parliamentary influence which, as they fancy, regulate the distribution of promotions. When these great and paramount objects shall have been obtained, and

the main system have been brought into a well-trained activity, attention will be turned to the running of culinary stage-coaches and steam-vessels, to be conducted by gastronomic coachmen and captains, for the further dissemination of the true faith in eating, and for the security of tender consciences, that are apt to be hurt by too close a contact with such evil-disposed persons as will eat any thing, and convert the tender mercies of Providence into curses, by their indifference to the spoiling of a good dinner. Light artillery waggons will likewise be prepared, to be laden with charges of portable soups and scientific fish-sauces, to be kept constantly in readiness at the principal military dépôts, and thence to be marched, at a moment's notice, to any point of the kingdom in which discontent may manifest itself; and the newly invented stomach-pump will be applied to the double purpose of emptying the stomachs of his Majesty's lieges of inflammatory matter, and of forcibly injecting into the alimentary canal of the disloyal such bland and digestible materials as will correct their humours and purify the blood. Thus it is humbly presumed that an abundant supply of turtle soup, prepared under the loyal direction of Sir Wm. C—t—s, or by the correcting hand of Alderman B—ch, will render the population indifferent to the evils of dear bread; and that a general distribution of constitutional plumb-cake will prevent the necessity of a recurrence to the doubtful measure of releasing the bonded corn.

Measures of this national importance cannot, however, be lightly undertaken, and in starting such important schemes, it is absolutely necessary that some pledges should be given to the public for the loyalty and good faith of those who may assume the direction. To satisfy all anxiety on this point, and to prevent cavillings as to any secret intentions of promoting sectarian doctrines in cookery, analogous to those theological errors to be dreaded from the new London University, or respecting the smuggling in of Popery in a water zouchy or an oyster soup, it is proposed that in all corporate jurisdictions, nothing shall be done without the inspection and concurrence of the civic authorities; and that in small towns the parochial clergy, more especially if in the commission of the peace, shall have a veto in the proceedings; while in the metropolis a permanent board, acting under the sanction of Parliament, and consisting of dignitaries of the established church, the heads of collegiate houses, the twelve judges, his Majesty's serjeant cook and the "*artiste*" of the United Service Club, shall sit as a "*juré dégustateur*" upon every distinct dish that shall be offered to public approbation. At the same time it shall be further provided, that the Lord High Chancellor for the time being, relieved from the pressure of Equity cases by the new bill for reforming his court, shall have the sole responsibility of collating to vacant kitchens, and of granting *injunctions* against dishes subversive of the public morals, provided always, that he comes to a decision in time to prevent the spoiling of the dinner. Subservient to the same end, it is hoped that the worthy member for Galway will turn his legislative sagacity to putting a stop to the growing inhumanities of the old school cooks, by making the opening of live oysters a capital felony, (though, indeed, if forcibly entering a dwelling-house by night, and with an intent to steal, constitute burglary, it may be doubted whether this be not already the law of the land). He will also be requested to look into the barbarous inflictions upon animals, heretofore too common, under the denomination of over-roastings and under-boilings, and more especially to

that villanoûs mixture of all incongruities, an English hash. To give due efficacy to these new laws, informers shall be hired after the most approved method of the vice-suppressing societies, to peep into saucepans, to watch that the "*pot au feu*" does not boil in the time of divine service, to the disturbance of the sabbath, and the destruction of all good "*potages*," and to denounce all inflammatory *ragoûts* and *fricandeaux*, which, being French, are necessarily atheistical.

The evils which society daily suffers from the want of such an institution are dreadful to reflect upon! Why is it that "one man's meat is another man's poison," but because the subject has been left to the wanderings of his own taste, and that no establishment, no national system of education, have been formed for the promotion of uniformity in eating. In religious matters, a difference of opinion may be conciliated with the due discharge of social duties—but a disagreement in eating is fatal to domestic repose; seeing that the same dish cannot at once be cooked in two different ways. Husband and wife may part at the church-door, to follow each their own fancy in faith; but the same leg of mutton, whether roasted, boiled, or macerated "*à sept heures*," can please only one sect of eaters at a time. To preserve peace in families, therefore, an established kitchen is more necessary than an established church. Neither let it be thought that this intolerance in eating would at all intrench upon the religious liberties of the land; the "*credo in allesso ed in arrostito*," would not interfere with the right to believe in the advent of Johanna Southcote; nor hinder the "loyal people of this happy land" from maintaining the idolatry of the mass. Indeed, we are disposed to think that nothing would so effectually assist in keeping out the Pope and the Jesuits as proscribing red herrings in Lent, and seducing the Catholics from their double allegiance by German sausages and polonies. A ship load of missionary cooks would be infinitely more likely to convert the Brahmins from their superstitious reverence for a cow than a whole college of anabaptists; and one Parisian *charcutier* would have more weight with the synagogue, than the entire association for converting the Jews.

These suggestions are thrown out for the benefit of the subscribing public, and for the loyal in general; and now, that trading companies are at a discount, proselyting institutions on the old plan much overstocked, that foreign despots are tired of borrowing English money, and manufacture cannot give employment to the floating capital of the country, it is not presuming very far to suppose that a sum may be raised fully adequate to the purpose in hand. It is only necessary to add that a meeting will be called, either at the London Tavern or the Vintner's hall, before the return of the writs for the new Parliament, for carrying the proposed scheme into instant execution; where it is hoped that the leading members of the learned professions will favour the public with speeches, to be reported in the next number of the "*Almanac des Gourmands*," and that the Ministry, "his Majesty's Opposition," the East-India and Bank directors, with all other partisans of "every delicacy that the season affords," will attend and encourage this most important national undertaking.

T.

THE BOOK-TRADE.

THE storm which, in the course of the late winter, visited the commercial world generally, fell with particular severity upon the book-trade. Into the causes which produced this unenviable distinction it is our purpose now to inquire. If we succeed in tracing them correctly, it will be comparatively easy to suggest preventives against a recurrence of the evil.

Next to the bankers, the booksellers and other branches of the trade in books, suffered more, during the late difficulties, than any other description of persons. For the peculiar distress of the bankers it is beside our purpose here to search for causes; but the difference between them and traders in commodities lies so much upon the surface as scarcely to need explanation. Booksellers, however, seem primarily to be in no way distinguished from the dealers in any other manufactured article—with reference to purposes of trade. What, then, gave them their late painful pre-eminence in difficulty? Partly, we believe, this arose from speculations foreign to the business of bookseller and publisher, several of the chief houses which failed, or became embarrassed, having been involved in large speculations in hops, land, houses, &c. Partly, also, from the excess to which the system of credit had been carried among them; and partly to the peculiar burthens which press upon them as a body. To these last, indeed, the extravagant degree of credit may itself be referred.

The public in general are, we believe, but little aware of the existence, certainly not of the extent, of the burthens to which we have alluded. They know, indeed, that books are dearer in this country than in any other; but they lay this to the greediness of the authors and booksellers, and overlook the causes which swell the selling price of books, from which neither author nor bookseller derive any profit whatever; nay, for which, from peculiarities which we shall presently point out, the bookseller cannot *to the full* indemnify himself in the shape of increased price. This leads us immediately to our subject—the burthens on the book-trade. These, as it appears to us, arise from two distinct sources, and we shall consider each branch separately:—

I. The burthens arising from duties.

II. The burthens arising from the provisions of the Copyright Act.

I. Duties are levied by the Government on paper and on advertisements. The duty on paper is not only heavy in amount, but, from the manner in which it is levied, it presses with peculiar hardship upon the great wholesale houses, which are compelled to keep an immense stock on hand. This duty is paid before the paper leaves the mill where it is manufactured. On common printing paper it is 3*d.* per pound, or from 5*s.* 3*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.* per ream. This, as Mr. Rees (of the house of Longman and Co.) calculates* is equal to from 20 to 25 per cent. *ad valorem.* Unlike imported goods, which may be left *in bond* till the time arrives when they may be converted into cash, this duty is levied probably a year or two *before* the commodity is issued to the consumer. The manufacturer pays the duty—the stationer buys the paper from him, paying, of course, an increase in proportion; so again the bookseller;

* Evidence before the Select Committee of the House of Commons on the Copyright Acts—1818.

the paper is then printed and made into a book, when it is placed in the publisher's warehouse till the course of consumption calls it into use. In the lighter literature of the day, which must necessarily be sold rapidly, if it is sold at all, this burthen is not severe, because the delay is not great. But in the great body of useful books—books of which the public scarcely hear, from their being seldom either advertised or reviewed—school-books, namely, of all kinds; dictionaries; books of reference, &c. &c.—in these instances, and they exceed other publications as much in number as in importance, the duty on paper is a dead weight pressing upon the bookseller and his property, in a manner and to a degree which renders, we are persuaded, *this* one of the chief roots of the evils which have, of late, fallen upon the trade. The great wholesale publishers have immense numbers of this description lying in their warehouses. It is unavoidable that they should have them. On all this stock the duty has been already paid. It is an outlay of so much capital, which, for the time, lies unproductive. And though for the direct outlay, the bookseller will of course take care to remunerate himself by the price of the book, if he can; yet for the *delay*, and the *risk*, we hold that he cannot do so *thoroughly*, inasmuch as the book would not bear a price sufficient to make up the whole difference between slow and quick return—which, as all mercantile men know, is one of the most important principles in commerce.

Perhaps no business whatever requires so large a capital, in proportion to the returns, as that of a wholesale bookseller; for, from the heavy charge of composition or setting up the types in printing, they are obliged to print at one time such an impression of a regular-selling book, as will take from four to five years in selling; particularly books of education, dictionaries, &c. in which the type is small, or the printing close. The amount of goods insured from fire by one house in the trade, is not less than £300,000.

This heavy stock, on which there is such vast outlay, was, we are convinced, the origin of that system of long-dated bills, which was ultimately carried to such an extravagant excess. And though, perhaps, the evils of this vicious system increased in a ratio more than the causes we have indicated rendered necessary, yet we think they are directly traceable to those causes originally; for a system of bills of long date is surely the natural offspring of a system of great present outlay, with distant return. The amount of the duty, and the circumstance of the duty being levied so much earlier than it could possibly be returned, in relation to the possible sale, caused the weight of the outlay—and thence, as we take it, originated the long bills—the sudden check to which, from external causes, brought such accumulated ruin upon the trade.

The duty upon advertisements is also very severe, as to amount, though the argument derived from the period of its being levied does not apply here. The amount, however, of this duty, is a most exorbitant tax upon literature, and one which, we really think, ought to be diminished in a country which assumes to itself the distinction of fostering the cultivation of letters. It is evident that publishers must advertise to a very great extent. It is the only means they have of making known the publication of works, and enters, in a very large proportion, into the aggregate mass of their expenses. It is, manifestly, exceedingly difficult to draw an average

on this subject; but Mr. Rees, in the very able evidence to which we have already alluded, states that he considers it to fluctuate from one-third to one-tenth of the whole expenses attending publication. He adds that their house paid for advertisements, in newspapers alone, in twelve months (1817-18) the sum of £4,638 7*s.* 8*d.*, of which Mr. R. conceives that about £1,500, or rather less than one-third, went to Government!* These undeniable facts speak more strongly than any comments we could make.

II. The provisions of the Copyright Act, especially that which relates to the furnishing *eleven* copies of every work published to certain public libraries, have excited so much comment and just complaint, that it would be superfluous to go into a general discussion of the question here. Indeed, we think that till the public libraries make out some case against the triumphant facts and arguments adduced before the Select Committee of 1818, it is merely fighting a battle already won to bring forward additional reasoning upon the subject. It does, indeed, seem most preposterous that eleven public bodies, instituted professedly for the *encouragement* of learning, and amply, profusely, splendidly endowed for that purpose, should levy a tax upon the literature of the country, by being furnished *gratis* with a copy of every work which issues from the press. We say 'every work;' for, with the exception of the University of Dublin, and of the Library of the Faculty of Advocates, which do not claim novels and music, every work printed *is actually claimed!*—which the provisions of the last Act render a necessary preliminary to delivery. Nay, *every* work is claimed at Stationers' Hall, and actually delivered *there*: if, therefore, the two libraries abovenamed make the exceptions, which it is stated they do, we should like to know what become of the copies delivered for them? Do they rot, as at Cambridge? or are they sold at a debased price? and for whose benefit? We shall not, however, discuss the merits of the general question; we shall only adduce a few instances of the 'giant-like' manner in which this 'giant-like' power is exercised.†

The late Dr. Clarke (the traveller), one of the librarians of the public library at Cambridge, and one of the most strenuous advocates for the claims of the universities, says (in his evidence before the Select Com-

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* Messrs. Whittaker, in the twelve-months 1824-25, paid for newspaper advertisements £5,910.

† Among a few of the facts given in evidence are the following:—Several booksellers stated that they had declined the publication of works of great expense and limited demand, in consequence of the delivery of the eleven copies—A History of the Coinage—and a work of Baron Humboldt's on South American Plants—were instanced among several others. The list of those which *would not* have been undertaken, had the law existed at the time of their projection, was extremely numerous. The law-booksellers stated, that new editions of law-books, with notes and additions to fit them for the present state of the law, were avoided in consequence of their being subject to this claim. The prices of the eleven copies of the following works are as under:—

Mr. Haslewood's Reprint of the Mirror of Magistrates	£138	12*s.*
Censuria Literaria	138	12
Whittaker's History of Leeds	161	14
Lodge's Portraits of Illustrious Persons	650	0
Dugdale's Monasticon and History of St. Paul's	1008	0
Regent's Classics	1500	0

Here's a pretty tax for the behoof of bodies endowed that they may *buy* such books! Surely this *extortion* is as flagrant as it is mean!

mittee) "that the Cambridge library claims in the mass *every book that is printed.*" These, as they come down, are first examined by the librarians, who cull only such works as, beyond all question, ought to be in the library. The Syndicat next inspect them, and select such others as they may wish to place upon their shelves. What does the reader think is done with the rest? Sent back, perhaps? Oh, no! Piled in boxes and baskets to rot! For they have just conscience enough left not to sell them, or give them away.—Can any thing be more paltry and pitiful than this? These leviathans swallow all the shoals of books which swarm from the press—the very minnows and tadpoles of literature, as well as the higher species. The good and the bad; the moral and the obscene; the religious and the blasphemous; all sorts of trash and trumpery; racing calenders; boxing registers; and Harriette Wilson's Memoirs—all, all are claimed in the name of these grave and reverend doctors, and are duly conned over and judged, before they are assigned to the shelf above, or the dust-hole beneath. The committee asked Dr. Clarke whether he thought it necessary to claim works the titles of which plainly shewed they were not suited for their collection, and instanced "The Laws of the noble Game of Cricket"? The librarian answered there was no judging from titles, and that they made it a general rule to claim every thing, and select what they liked afterwards. Like the dog in the manger, they not only gorge their own food, but retain that also which they cannot touch.

Such facts as those which we have related could not fail to make a due impression on the Committee. They seemed to be of the same opinion with ourselves, that these drones should not be fed, for nothing, with the honey made by the industry of others. Their Report concludes with the following resolutions:—

"RESOLVED, I. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that it is desirable that so much of the Copyright Act as requires the gratuitous delivery of eleven copies should be repealed, except in so far as relates to the British Museum; and that it is desirable that a fixed allowance should be granted in lieu thereof, to such of the other libraries as may be thought expedient.

"II. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that if it should not be thought expedient by the House to comply with the above recommendation, it is desirable that the number of libraries entitled to claim such delivery should be restricted to the British Museum, and the libraries of Oxford, Cambridge, Edinburgh, and Dublin Universities.

"III. That it is the opinion of this Committee, that of all books of prints, wherein the letter-press shall not exceed a certain very small proportion to each plate, shall be exempted from delivery, except to the Museum, with an exception of all books of mathematics.

"IV. That it is the opinion of this Committee that all books in respect of which claim of copyright shall be expressly and effectually abandoned, be also exempted.

"V. That it is the opinion of this Committee that the obligation imposed on printers to retain one copy of each work printed by them shall cease, and the copy of the Museum be made evidence in lieu of it."

Now, subscribing most heartily, as we do, to the first and fifth of these resolutions, the adoption of which would nullify the rest, we cannot but as heartily regret that no bill passed Parliament, in conformity with their recommendations. We think it very adviseable that *one* library should

exist in which *every book* which is printed in this country should be preserved. There are many reasons which contribute to render one universal depôt of this kind of great value to the cause of letters; and the adoption of the fifth resolution would conjoin with the advantages peculiar to such an establishment; those objects of police which are now fulfilled by each printer being required to retain a copy of every work he prints, which forms the *twelfth*, which the public, in one shape or another, wrest, without payment, from the author and publisher of every book. As to the second branch of the first resolution, it is immaterial to us whether the House of Commons chooses or not to add to the endowments of some of the public libraries—we care not whence come their funds—we argue only that they should *buy* such books as they wish for, and not seize them for nothing.

These resolutions, be it remembered, are not the production of an interested or ignorant body; they form the issue to which a Committee of the House of Commons, specially selected for the purpose, arrived, after the mature consideration of a most voluminous mass of evidence on both sides the question. That Parliament was shortly afterwards dissolved: and in the next, notwithstanding a petition from the booksellers, no further steps seem to have been taken on the subject. A decision more explicit and complete could scarcely be made upon any question. But *universities* have representatives in Parliament, and *booksellers* have not. Surely some of the distinguished persons connected with literature, who are in Parliament, might despise the call of their *alma mater* in an unjust claim, and plead the cause of that more general and generous mother, LEARNING. The *esprit du corps* of an university ought to yield before the interests of the republic of letters at large. Every free citizen of that distinguished state should regard her claims upon him as the foremost and most binding of all.

We have now set forth two great sources of the evils which extensively afflict the book-trade. But, before we proceed to suggest remedies for them respectively, we shall very briefly advert to some minor circumstances, existing within the trade itself, which tend to its general disadvantage.

We allude to a most impudent and barefaced system of piracy which has recently been set on foot, and is now carried to an unparalleled and most injurious extent. There are a set of weekly periodical works, which profess (and they adhere to their profession most rigidly) to have no original matter of their own, but to cull their contents from all the best articles of the best periodicals of the day. At the sole expense of the principal and interest of the price of a pair of scissars, these most impertinent robbers appropriate first-rate articles, for which their proprietors have paid first-rate prices, and thus render their sheet a *pasticcio* of the compositions of the most eminent writers of the time, who contribute to the various reviews and magazines of various descriptions. We cannot conceive how this system of flagrant pillage has been allowed to go on so long, and we would most strenuously recommend Messrs. Longman, Murray, Colburn, Whittaker, Blackwood, &c. &c. to put a stop at once to the picking of their pockets by these knaves, by prosecuting for piracy number after number of their most nefarious and most impudent publications. We can assure them the matter is not so much below their notice as they may think: for these fellows, getting for nothing that for which they have paid in proportion to its quality, stitch together a set of

articles which ensures a sale of extraordinary extent. We hear that some of these thieves sell their thefts to the extent of upwards of 10,000 copies weekly. Another system of piracy, scarcely less injurious, and certainly as fraudulent, is the making large excerpts from books, and printing all the booty together in a separate volume. We have been surprised to see some works of this kind highly lauded,—as if a man deserved credit for the pillage of that which is good!

But this is a minor matter altogether, and the remedy is plain and easy of access. We now proceed to suggest ameliorations to the other and greater evils which we have pointed out.

We think, then, that the trade ought to unite in making early application to Parliament after its meeting, for a modification of the Copyright Act, and for a reduction of the duties on advertisements and on paper, together with a different mode of levying the latter. They have the whole recess before them, and we think their case such a strong one, their cause such a just one, that it needs, we are convinced, only to be duly brought forward to ensure its success. They have in their favour, on the first point, the Resolutions of the Committee which last considered the question, formed after the most thorough investigation and mature digestion of every part of the subject. The general sense of the community is with them also—that sense of justice which, in all matters, must sway every disinterested mind. Nay, some persons whom we have spoken with on the subject, being but slenderly acquainted with the regulations of the trade individually, have expressed surprise, almost amounting to incredulity at what they have designated, as the *robbery* of the publisher and author under form of law. It is, indeed, most difficult to assign any principle of natural justice, from which so monstrous an exaction could have sprung.

In the matter of the duties, the trade will have the advantage of dealing with a person of cultivation and polite acquirements, as well as of liberal principles of commercial policy. Mr. Robinson will view the question like a friend of letters and like a statesman, as well as like a mere financier. He must be aware that the *high price* of books in England is in great part owing to the imposts of which we complain. Copyright is to the full as highly paid in France as it is here, yet the cost of books is one-half less. The expense of paper and printing in France is about half what it is in this country; and the charge of advertising there is a mere trifle. The effect of this upon English books abroad is, in the first place, to check their circulation; and secondly, when their celebrity is such as to necessitate a foreign demand, to deprive the author of the reward of his merit, by causing a cheap reprint to be produced on the spot. If the original books could be imported at a moderate price, this would not be, and the author would be benefited in proportion to the celebrity which his works conferred upon his country.*

But to look at the question in a broader point of view. Is not the circulation of our language abroad a matter of the highest importance in a national sense, not merely as indulging national vanity, but of sterling advantage both in diplomacy and commerce? Has not France benefited incalculably by her language having become the general interna-

* Since the above was written, we have chanced to see a prospectus for a reprint, in Paris, of Dr. Lingard's History of England. The following passage so singularly coincides with what we have said on the subject, that we are tempted to transcribe it:—

"Whether it be the result of our new political institutions, or the effect of our national taste having become less exclusive and less disdainful of foreign literature,

tional medium of communication thoughout Europe? And, now that so strong a disposition has been shewn towards our literature abroad, *is not now the time to endeavour to compete with her on this point of language*, the only point of superiority she has over us? There is a vast field opened in the New World by the political events which have taken place there within the last few years. Men whose minds have received such an impulse as those of the South Americans have, must seek literary food—they have none of their own, or next to none—they must turn either to us or to France. We have the advantages of a free press, and of a stronger disposition on their parts in our favour. But our books *are atrociously dear*, and they will not *ruin* themselves for the sake of English literature and the English language. And is it of no importance that that language should become the foreign tongue most usually learned in those vast districts, of which we scarcely yet know the resources, or even the extent?—who will say that it is not? And how can our language spread but by the circulation of our books?—and how *can* our books circulate, when they are borne down by such taxes as those against which we are arguing? It is true that there is a drawback of the duty on paper, on exported books—but that is quite insufficient to counterbalance the weight of the other burthens. The following is an example of the proportion which the public exactions bear to the cost and profits of a book. It is the actual statement of the expenses and proceeds of a successful work of 464 pages 8vo., of which 750 copies were printed.

Printing	£72	6	0
Paper	69	12	0
Boarding gratuitous copies, and advertising in newspapers, magazines, and booksellers' catalogues	70	0	0
Booksellers' commission (on the copies sold) for publishing, warehousing, and other trouble and risk	30	8	0
	£242	6	0
Profit to author	59	17	6
39 Copies, including 11 to Stationers'-Hall, copies to author, and those sent to the reviews, magazines, &c. &c., 711, which the publisher sells wholesale, at 8*s.* 6*d.* per copy, to the retail dealer (750)	302	3	0
Duty on Paper, and mill-board in 750 books	£18	12	0
Duty on advertisements	20	0	0
Eleven copies to Stationers'-Hall	5	4	6
	£43	16	6

certain it is that the English language is every day more and more cultivated among us: but the more the study of that language is applied to by the different classes of society, the more we perceive how difficult must be the attainment of a general knowledge of the English writers, on account of the exorbitant price of books printed in England.

"There can be, therefore, no book-selling speculation more advantageous, both to commercial interests and those of literature, than those re-impressions which tend to deliver us from that species of tax which is annually levied on us by the presses of London and Edinburgh. In this respect we may, without vanity, here take notice of that beautiful edition of Lord Byron's complete Works, in 7 vols. in 8vo. as the most remarkable enterprize of the kind, since the English themselves extol it as a *chef-d'œuvre* of typography, and an extremely cheap edition. Till then, the romances which were the most in vogue, and a few elementary works, seemed alone to have obtained the privilege of being reprinted in France. The graver turn now given to modern studies ought to encourage, every day more and more, French editors to extend to more serious and useful studies, these (if I may be allowed the expression) real conquests of our presses over those of Great Britain."

Thus, where the profit to the author is, in round numbers, sixty pounds, the duties levied by the state amount to forty-four. Is not this proportion monstrous?

It is not at this moment, or in this place, that we can go into the details of the proposed reductions—that would require a considerable further investigation, both as to minuteness and extent; but the *principle* is still the same, and we think it will bear being very extensively applied. At all events, one of the provisions of the proposed alterations of the law, should be the paying the duty on paper at a later period; say, at the entering of the book at Stationers' Hall. Every book must be entered: the number of sheets would be apparent, and the number of copies might be ascertained by the affidavit of the printer. The duty on advertisements also should be materially lessened if not entirely repealed. But these, as all the other details, would need inquiry and digestion.

Let the booksellers strenuously unite to carry these, or similar measures into effect, and we cannot doubt of their success. It is a cause in which every literary man in the kingdom has a concern as well as themselves—it is a cause in which national interest and national pride are involved—it is the cause of free trade against extortion, of justice against oppression—surely, surely then it needs only activity, unanimity, and resolution to carry it through. Σ

STANZAS.

Away, away! and bear thy breast
To some more pleasant strand!
Why *did* it pitch its tent of rest
Within a desart land?—
Though clouds may dim thy distant skies,
And love look dark before thee,
Yet colder hearts and falser eyes
Have flung their shadows o'er thee!

It is, at least, a joy to know
That thou hast felt the worst,
And—if, for thee, no waters flow,—
Thou never more shalt thirst!
Go forward, like a free-born child,
Thy chains and weakness past,
Thou hast thy manna, in the wild,
Thy Pisgah, at the last!

And yet, those far and forfeit bowers,
Will rise, in after years,
The flowers—and *one* who nursed the flowers,
With smiles, that turned to tears;
And I shall see her holy eye,
In visions of the night,
As her youthful form goes stealing by,
The beautiful and bright!

But I *must* wake—to bear along
A bruised and buried heart,
And smile, amid the smiling throng,
With whom I have no part;
To watch for hopes that may not bud,
Amid my spirit's gloom,
Till He, who waked the prophet's rod,
Shall bid them burst to bloom! T. K. H.

LINES

Written after visiting a Scene in Switzerland.

On s'exerce à voir comme à sentir, ou plutot une vue exquise n'est qu'un sentiment délicat et fin.
ROUSSEAU.

Thou glorious scene! my wond'ring eye
Hath gazed on thee at last,
And by the proud reality
Found Fancy's dreams surpass'd.

'Twas like the vision which of old
To the saint seer was given,
When the sky open'd, and behold!
A throne was set in heaven.*

For there the everlasting Alps
To the deep azure soar'd,
And the sun on their snowy scalps
A flood of glory pour'd.

A present Deity, that sun
Above them seem'd to blaze,
Too strong and bright to gaze upon,
Too glorious *not* to gaze.

Below, the bright lake far and wide
Spread like a crystal sea,
Whose deep calm waters seem'd to glide,
Eternity, to thee.

Long, long, thou glorious scene, shalt thou
Within my memory dwell,
More vivid and heart-gladd'ning now
Than when I mark'd thee well.

More vivid and heart-gladd'ning too,
Than the wild dreams I nurs'd
Of thee and thine, ere on my view,
Thy world of wonders burst.

For Fancy's picture was a gleam,
Weak, faint, and shadowy,
And brief and passing as a dream
The gaze I bent on thee.

But now thou art a thing enshrin'd
Within my inmost heart;
A part and portion of my mind,
Which cannot thence depart.

Deep woes may whelm—long years may roll
Their course o'er me in vain,
But fix'd for ever in my soul
Thy image shall remain.

H. N.

* After that I looked, and behold a door was opened in heaven, and the first voice which I heard was as it were a trumpet talking with me, which said: come up hither, and I will shew thee things which must be hereafter—and immediately I was in the spirit: and behold, a throne was set in heaven, and one sat on the throne. And he that sat was to look upon like a jasper, and a sardine stone.—And before the throne there was a sea of glass like unto crystal.—*Revelations*, iv, 1. 3. 6.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. IV.

Painters—Painting.

IN my last, my dear P, I promised (threatened I should say, perhaps) to give you a short account, either of the writers, the painters, or the orators of America, I forget which. So—here goes for the great men of the brush, the writers being much too plentiful, and the orators not plentiful enough just now, to suit my leisure, and the limits of your *Monthly*.

Painters affect to be mighty careless of what an author may say about them or their art; and a few have had the modesty to ask, if it be not a great piece of presumption for anybody but a painter, to write a criticism about painting; a great piece of presumption for a writer who never dirtied his fingers with a brush, nor ever made a mouth in his life, nor a face, in the way of trade, ever to say on paper what he thinks of people, who do nothing else but make mouths and faces, at so much a day. I might go further—for they go so far, some of these people with just wit enough to *compose* after the fashion of a bad poet or a poor apothecary (the effect is the same, though the painter may use a brush, the poet a pen, the apothecary a drug) they even go so far as to say, if they are not puffed by everybody, every day in the week, and all the year round, that criticism, take it altogether, does their particular art more harm than good. If so, the sooner the art is no more, and the sooner the professors of it are out of the way, the better.

As if a man is not to know whether a rose be worth plucking, or a pair of breeches worth having, till he has gone through a course of botany, or undergone a regular apprenticeship to a tailor; as if it were not lawful for anybody to judge a work, which he himself is not able to produce. What folly! as if painting would ever be thought of, or cared for—nay, as if painting or painters would ever have been heard of, but for the writers of their age and of succeeding ages; whatever such writers might happen to be, whether painters or not, judges or not, critics or not.

Beseech you, gentlemen of the brush, what should we know of the painters who lived (so say the writers who flourished with them and after them), what should we know of the painters who lived, in the beautiful and superb maturity of Greece, ages and ages ago, four hundred years before the Christian era—what should we know of them or of their works, for their works are no more, but for the writers who lived with them; writers who have made the few fragments, which, but for the pen, would now be nameless and worthless, of more value than their weight in gold? How should we know indeed that such people as we hear of now—Zeuxis, Parrhasius and Apelles, ever lived at all, but for the works, of other men; the literary men of that age, who probably (and it is to be hoped) never had a brush or a pallet in their hands? of men too—I speak it with all care—of men, who, if Apelles and Zeuxis were a fortieth part as vain or foolish as A. B. or C. D. of our day, would have been regarded as very presumptuous for speaking of them at all. Nay, what should we know, and what should we care about even the gods of the brush, who appeared after the revival of painting? of the Angelo, the Raphael, the Dominichino, the Carraci, &c. &c. men whose great works are yet alive where they can speak for themselves, but for the

writers, and bad critics, and presumptuous authors, who have been making poetry about them for two hundred years?—Not much, I am afraid; not more than we know of, not more than we care for the painters of Mexico and Peru now.

A pretty story, indeed, for a painter of our day to talk about being above what an author may say, or beyond the reach of a quill; a pretty story, faith! when, if a great painter wishes to be remembered, what does he do? does he trust altogether to his work; or would he, if his name had never appeared in print, and he knew that it never would—(just imagine the case), would he leave the picture to say for him whatever he might have to say; or would he not throw himself into the next horse-pond? No, no: he appeals from the pencil to the pen; he knows that his immortality is not to be trusted to the brush, and he therefore gets a friend to secure him a niche for posterity, beyond the reach of accident, by scribbling a biography for him, or a *critique*. That's the way!—If not—if no friend appears—if there be no other mode, he goes to work himself, in search of perpetuity—How? with the brush? No, indeed, no; but with the pen.

Lord! Lord!—just imagine for a breath or two, my dear P., that all the writers of our age were to enter into a conspiracy not to speak of any poor devil of a painter, who may hereafter arise, or who may not have a name already; what on earth would become of painters, what of painting, do you suppose, before another generation had passed away?

For my own part—a page or two back if you please—for my own part, I say that, instead of being qualified, a man is disqualified for proper criticism on painting and painters, by being himself a painter. But why?—Because, if he be not a good painter, who would care a fig for his opinion? It would not necessarily be better, and it might be, and probably would be much worse, than the opinion of another wholly ignorant of the practical part of the trade, or profession; especially if that other should happen to be a *connoisseur*, as well as an *amateur*. The profane dauber would be sure to have prejudices, which the writer would not be likely to have; prejudices the more absurd and the more inveterate in proportion to his badness. But if the critic be a good painter? Why, so much the worse. He never will speak the truth in such a case; and if he do, nobody will ever believe him. If he be a good painter, it can only be after years of labour and study, at the end of which time, he must be full of the *esprit du corps* (I hate French, where it can be avoided); he has not the courage to own that his life was wasted, even though it should be so; nor would he be likely to know it, even if it were so; he is imbued with all the deeper though more refined prejudices of the art, like Reynolds, when he fought up the Roman school as he did, at the expense of the Venetian; or when he advised the pupil to begin with shutting his eyes to defect, however obvious it might be to his view, in the works of the old masters; or like a multitude more that I know of, who after an age of study, have studied themselves into a notion, that every thing, which other people who have not studied, have an aversion for, is all the better for it; and that all their own first impressions, while their taste was natural, and while whatever they saw, they saw with an eye of nature and a heart of truth, were unspeakably absurd. As if that were a charm or a beauty, which it requires a great while to perceive; or that, which it requires a life to make one pleased with—a life passed in severe study, to say nothing of the prejudice that men feel for their craft, nor of the interest which they have in upholding the character of

that, whatever it may be, on which their only hope of distinction is founded, while it is moreover, the means by which they live—the fountain of their daily bread.*

Men who have wasted their lives in the study of Greek—which they cannot shape into half as good English, as that in which they found it translated forty years before, will persuade you, that for getting through this world as you may desire, there is nothing like Greek. And why?—To say any thing less, would be to say, first, that they had been wasting their lives, and secondly, that they were so many fools. Go further—look about you on every side. So is it with painters, and with lawyers, and authors, and with everybody else. They dare not own it, even to themselves, that they are a fortieth part so foolish *as they appear, each to all the rest,* for having so wasted their lives.

Again—if the critic were ever so good a painter, and ever so free from prejudice, and ever so good a writer into the bargain (a good writer by-the-by he must be, or who would care for what he might say of the shop?) † he would be either unable or afraid to speak the plain truth of people in the same trade, if they were superior—if inferior—if equal. How could he? especially if they were about him, or at work within his reach; men that he would be sure to meet every week of his life, or even if they were alive at the same time, though afar off. He would be either jealous or envious, or afraid of being thought so; and whether jealous or not, envious or not, he *would* be thought so, whenever he spoke the truth, or said that which, if it were said by another, would pass for the truth. In every case, therefore, he would be disqualified for the duty of a critic, or the criticism which he gave would be of no value. He would be in fear, at every step—it could not be otherwise—the fault is in the very nature of men, who, if they look for a motive at all, are quite sure to look for a bad one—afraid, lest if he spoke against a brother of the brush, it should be attributed to jealousy or envy; and lest, if he spoke in his favour, it should be attributed either to partiality, or to intimacy, or to the you-scratch-me-and-I-tickle-you-understanding of the craft;‡ or—observe what I say now, it is the clencher of my whole theory—or to the fear of being charged with jealousy, or envy. There!—

Authors, when they scribble about painting and painters, do not write for painters, but for the public—for that public to whom the painters look for their reward—for that public, who while they disregard whatever a man may say of himself, or of the art by which he lives, are pretty sure to regard with a liberal eye whatever he may choose to say of another man, or another art; if he appears to have no share in the reputation of that other man or other art. A motive will be sought for, a bad motive too, in every case where a man speaks well of another; and I agree that if such motive be found, or any motive at all, worthy or unworthy, whatever he may have said will go for nothing. I agree moreover, that, in every case, whether it be found or not, everybody will suppose it, nevertheless, to exist; and I agree that every man who praises another will be thought to have a secret share in that other's re-

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* Worthy of Castlereagh's—"the fundamental feature upon which that question hinges."—*X. Y. Z.*

† But how is a man to be a good writer and a great painter too, when to be either would appear to require the practice of a life?—*X. Y. Z.*

‡ By which it would appear that our friend over sea has a knack of Benthamizing.—*X. Y. Z.*

putation. But, still—still—it is a great thing for the puffee, if the motive be deep enough to require a search; a very great thing, if it be not worn, as a body may say, on the very forehead of the puffer—as in the every-day practice of your admirable puffers—puffers, by the way, from whose puffing, God preserve *me*. People of the same trade you know do not often praise each other, and if they do, they are never thought to be sincere. How much better, where a third party is to be cheated, for the author to puff the painter, the painter the author.

Consider of this, my dear P. By what a popular writer may say of a picture, though it be not very well said—nay, by what any writer may say, though he be no judge—the public are excited, put up to inquiry, and after a while, if not in the very same hour, truth and good taste are awake in his behalf.

So, a fig for the chattering of people, who are never satisfied by what we of the quill do for them; a fig for such as do not know when they are well off; and now for the painters of America, one after another, as their names occur to me.

1. Copley, the father of your present solicitor-general or attorney-general (I forget which), was born, I believe, in *Massachusetts*, New England, where he left a few very good, firm, sober, substantial portraits. He was educated in your country, however, and made his capital pictures there. You have heard of Trumbull, the president of the New York Academy (see No. 4): he is a decided imitator of Copley; so much so that in his *Battle of Lexington* he has given the portraits of a mother and a boy, the originals whereof are in some picture of Copley's, the name of which I forget now; it has been very well engraved, though, and published. So, too, in the *Sortie of Gibraltar*, in the *Death of Montgomery*, and in the *Death of Warren*, I could show you several passages taken out of Copley—two or three figures, (attitudes and all) and the peculiar show of caps, with hair flying fiercely in the smoke, are stolen by Mr. T.

2. West (Sir Benjamin?), late President of your Royal Academy, a *Pennsylvanian* by birth, and a quaker. He studied in Italy, whither he was sent by a subscription at Philadelphia, or by the liberality of two or three friends, I do not know which, while he was yet a young artist. He has been called a great painter, not only in the United States of America, but in every part of Europe: nevertheless Mr. W. was not a great painter. As a draughtsman, however, he was great. His drawings were enough to immortalize any body: they were full of thought, and full of power, and full of truth; but his paintings were very bad—very, though he *was* patronized by your late king, and is puffed now by your President of the Royal Academy. He was learned, courageous, and original—original, though he would sometimes borrow in a large way, to be sure, as in the case where he took the head and character of the chief personage, in Dominichino's *St. Jerome*, for the chief personage (among the afflicted) in his huge picture of *Christ healing the Sick*, a beautiful copy of which is here at Philadelphia; with parts in it, however, which you have not in your original. The old man who is carried up to the Saviour, feet foremost, my dear P., is a positive copy of *St. Jerome*. So, too, the women with doves, in the same picture, by Mr. W.—they are stolen outright from Raphael, in one of the cartoons; and I have met with somewhere, I believe, though I do not now recollect where, the original of his lunatic boy, in a picture of days that are gone by. Mr. W.

had magnificent ideas, but he never knew how to express them with colour; prodigious conceptions, which he never could clothe, for his life; so that whenever they appeared on canvas, they were little more than a crowd of gigantic skeletons, the mere outline of huge, fleshless gods and demigods—the shadows of poetry, for Mr. W. had much more poetry in him, I assure you, than he ever knew how to make use of.

I have seen every good picture that Mr. W. ever painted, I dare say, and after all, I would rather have his drawing of *Death on the Pale Horse*, the drawing, not the painting, for I would not give the painting house-room, so meagre is it and so unworthy of the drawing;—I would rather have the drawing of that, and of *Moses smiting the Rock* (never painted, I believe), than all his pictures together.

3. STEWART, G., historical and portrait painter, born in *Rhode Island.* He was with you a great while ago, and got a high character with you. He is now an old man: but, old as he is, take him altogether, he has no superior among the portrait painters of our age. Not long ago a capital artist, of whom a word or two by-and-by, informed me that some of Stewart's late pictures were considered, by a knot of artists and other good judges who happened to assemble at his rooms one morning, to be the best of his works—" every part and the whole together were well treated." I give you the very words of my authority. You have heard of Allston (see No. 5); he made a figure with you some years ago, and is now either an academician or associate of your Royal Academy. He says (I give you his language too), that " Stewart's word in the art is a law, and from his decision there is no appeal "—and so say all the good painters of America. N.B. Stewart is near the grave now, and if a painter cannot get the first rank for himself, he will be sure to give it in such a case to the oldest man alive, with any character in his art. R. Peale says the same—T. Sully, ditto—Jarvis, ditto, ditto.

4. TRUMBULL, (see No. 1.) A *Connecticut* man, I believe, president of the New York Academy, and author of two or three clever historical pictures after the manner of Copley. He was with you for a long while (studied with West), and I saw his original sketch of the *Sortie of Gibraltar*, in your Suffolk Street Academy last year (No. — in 1824). He is a—Stop—I have so much respect for this able and good man, who is now working away with all the ardour of youth, like Mr. West, who died with his hand fixed in the position to which it was habituated by the use of the pencil,* that I dare not speak irreverently of his work. His portraits are good—very good, but rather old-fashioned, rather late in the day, not showy enough to please the shop-keeping spirit of our age, nor the milliners, who, to judge by what I see, must be the chief patrons of the art, with you. Of his large historical pictures, of them that cover the walls of the capital, at Washington—what shall I say?—what!—why——————————what more can I say?

5. ALLSTON, W. (See No. 3.) Born I hear, in *South Carolina*, educated with you in part, and a part in Italy; a man of high and pure talent, with a show of more natural fire than he has, and a mixture of pure pedantry, which he has wit enough to conceal by hard work, in such a way that even the hard work is not visible to the eye of a

* I saw a fine cast of it in the shop of your Mr. *Behnes*, the sculptor; the very man, by-the-by, to make a statue of West; every way qualified he is for the duty; and the little-withered hand, so alive with expression, would be a treasure.

common observer. He is regarded with you, and, of course, here in America, as one of the best painters alive. You know what a noise they made with you, when his *Jacob's Vision* appeared; not a few of your chief men spoke as if a new era of the art was nigh. Still the noise that you made there was nothing to the noise that people made here about poor Jacob. I have seen the picture—I have studied it well—and I say that, instead of being what I have heard it called by a very clever man with you, one of the best, or the best picture of modern days—the very best, he said, I do believe—it is feeble and stiff, though very correct and beautiful. Jacob is nobody, in the fore-ground (which, by the way, *is* capital); and the chief angel, with his wings outspread afar off, is, even what the steps are, a failure. But the two angels that keep together do seem to be very much after the quiet, graceful, secure manner of Raphael, and the light on the leg of one, *is* beauty. Mr. A. is now employed on a large work, *Belshazzar's Feast*, or the *Handwriting on the Wall*, a picture for which he is to have ten or twelve thousand dollars, I hear. Stay—I will give you the opinion of a brother artist, a capital painter and a capital judge, whose letter is now before me. "A gentleman of Boston (he says) told me yesterday that Allston's long-expected picture would be before the public this summer, and that he (A.) contemplated a permanent residence at New Haven" (a village of Connecticut, where it goes for a *city*). "Allston is certainly a character, but he should be studied personally to do him justice; his humanity must be a tax upon his happiness, and yet he has a multitude of little antipathies. I have heard Sully say (T. Sully, of whom you are to have a sketch before I get through) that Allston, who was looking at a fine picture with him one day, on seeing a spider, went away from the place, and would not suffer a friend to kill the spider—he chose rather to give way to it, although his antipathy would not allow him to abide where it was. I should remark here that Sully is one of his greatest admirers. Allston wants regularity and decision of character, a want which will destroy him. You are to know that Allston loves his country with enthusiasm, and that if a single effort were enough, he would immolate himself to benefit her. If he were in Europe his magnificent powers would make him the boast of America; but they require to be drawn out by opposition, to be provoked and stimulated by rivalry and by encouragement. Here, though the love that he has for the art and for his country is very strong, they make but occasional appeals to his imagination; whereas the love of quiet and solitude solicits him continually. The latter has already seduced him from an honourable rank in London, to remove to the tranquillity of Boston (or Cambridge, rather, which is near Boston), and is now about to bury him in the seclusion of a country village. I do most sincerely mourn over so great a loss; for, so far as my judgment is informed, I do consider Allston as one of the greatest living painters. I know of no other artist who combines so many great qualities. It is difficult to say where we should bestow the greatest praise after considering a picture of his—you are in doubt which is the most excellent, the drawing, the character, the effect, the tone, or the colour.

"There was a time when he betrayed some littleness in the management of his work—it was the remains of the bad manner acquired in the modern Roman school; but that has now given place to a bold, decided handling. I say this without hesitation, though it may appear

odd enough to you, considering the time that he has been about his great work. The fact is, that he has covered up five times as much as you see in that very picture. It has been as good as finished several times, and several times he has painted out a large part of it, as I happen to know, in spite of all that could be said or done by the few that were permitted to see it."—So much for the opinion of a brother painter. To say all in a word, I have seen but four pictures by Allston—but three, indeed: the *Dead Man restored to Life by the Bones of the Prophet; Diana*, with a wood landscape; and *Jacob's Vision*—all of which were good, but no one of the three was what I call a great picture; and yet I do believe that Allston is a great painter, one of the greatest that ever lived, and that his *Hand-writing on the Wall* is worthy of any age or any man. But why do I believe this? partly because I see much to prove it, and partly because I know the men well who say so: they are judges; and I believe them.

5. SULLY, Thomas—born with you, of English parents, but came over to this country while a boy. He is a very beautiful painter of women, a scholar in the art, and may be regarded with propriety as the Sir Thomas Lawrence of America; not that he is the very best portrait painter of America, for Stewart, and Peale, and Jarvis are equal to him, to say no more, and each after a way of his own; but he is much more like Sir T. L. than any other painter of America. He studied with you for about a year. By-the-by, as I cannot finish the list now, without making a paper, which I have no disposition to make till I have more time, I will give you a delicious anecdote of Sully, which I had from his own mouth. A husband wishing to surprise a beloved wife on her birth-day, came to Sully and got him to paint his portrait "on the sly." It was begun forthwith, and Sully was to have it carried home and put up, while the wife was out. But before it was half done, the wife paid him a visit by stealth. "Pray, Mr. Sully," said she, "could you not contrive, think you, to make a portrait of me by such a day (Sully stared), for that is my birth-day, and I should like of all things to surprise my husband."—"Why—a—a," said Sully, seeing that she had no idea of the trick, "I do believe that I could; and if you will manage to draw your husband away the night before, I will have the picture hung up for you and all ready to receive you in the morning."—"Delightful!" said she. To work he went therefore, and so closely was he run, that once or twice he had to let the husband out of one door on tip-toe, while the wife was creeping in at another on tip-toe. Well, the portraits were finished: they were very like. The night before the birth-day arrived, and Sully finding both parties away, each being decoyed away by the other, hung them up (the pictures, not the parties), in their superb frames, just where they required to be hung. The rest of the story we may as well skip, for who shall describe the surprise of both, when the wife got up early, and the husband got up early, both keeping their countenances to a miracle, and each feigned an excuse to lead the other into the room where the two portraits appeared side by side!—Farewell, my dear P.—the story is true, perfectly true, and yet who would dare to introduce it into a play or a novel?

A. B. C.

New York, Jan. 12, 1826.

THE CORN LAWS.

He who discusses at Grillon's, in company with a fine woman, an excellent dinner at two guineas a head, perceives, with reason, that every thing goes well. The wines of France and Italy load his table. The ice that cools them is brought to him from the shores of Norway. He inhales the perfumes which grow upon the western shore of the Mediterannean; and listens to the song which is borne upon the east. Commerce is flourishing—and manufactures;—knowledge and morality are making progress with us every day! We have given up the vice of "Lotteries," for ever; and there shall soon be no more human degradation in the West Indies. Half a million of money was won and lost only at Epsom and Ascot races; and Signor Velluti, for five hundred guineas a week, will stay at the Opera a few nights longer! Then we have beat the Burmese; and we shall get thirty thousand pounds more voted in the next year for the National Gallery. A bishopric is talked of to be got up for converting the Gypsies among us to Christianity; and the new square, to be built on the site of Carlton House, will be the most splendid in the world! We are a great nation—a wonderful people—are we not, my love? He embraces his love; dips his fingers into rose-water; doubts for a moment whether the *Chasse Café* is genuine; but sinks upon the sofa, and composes himself to rest.

But while this Sybarite dreams on—smiling at the fairy visions which his own fancy has created—far different are the sensations of the poor cotton spinner at Manchester; who, rising an hour and a half before people at "Grillon's" go to bed—not because he has any thing to do when he is up, but because a straw bed, when a man is hungry, offers little temptation for lying long in the morning—hurries out of doors to get away from a crying wife and the fretting of half a dozen half-starved children, and goes—with a bitter heart—to take a stroll about the town, until the hour for getting "relief" at the workhouse has arrived. The streets are empty, except of wanderers like himself: and he passes (in the town) only empty manufactories; in which he once worked hard, and now ponders whether he shall ever be so happy as to work hard again! or, if the "New improved patent Machine"—if that succeeds—will make up cottons and woollens without any handicraft labour whatever! Passing to the suburbs, he walks by splendid mansions and gardens, which have been raised out of the profit of his labour; and sees the notice of "spring guns," and "prosecution for trespass,"—the only notice he ever receives from the proprietor—threatening him, from the top of a long pole, half a mile off; while the watch-dog bays furiously at the gate as he approaches. Returning homeward, he reads, in a printed bill upon a barn end, the "unanimous resolution" of a great meeting of "agriculturists, and land-owners"—'that the country is ruined, if ever bread comes to be sold for less than nine-pence half-penny a loaf in it'; and, seeing his family stand waiting round the Poor-house door for the little oatmeal that is to feed them all day, he thinks that times must alter before they will ever be able to purchase *much* bread at that price. By this time, being in an excellent temper for any outrage that can be proposed to him, he joins a small party of rioters; and—if he is not shot first—helps to break as many power-looms as a rich manufacturer has paid five thousand pounds for. After this, setting down in a corner moodily, without bread, beer, or tobacco, he listens to the reading of some back number of "Cobbett's Register," which at least so far speaks

truth—to his perceptions—that it admits that he is starving, and agrees that he ought not to be so. If there should be any leaf of the book which exhorts him to use a little "prudence" and tells him that this is the only weapon which half his betters use with such fearful efficacy against him;—which warns him to work hard (and not drink hard) when wages are high;—to look upon parish charity as he would upon pestilence, and to wait till to-morrow for every thing which he cannot *pay for* to day:—to stay with his family at home of an evening in his cottage, and not make the brewer's fortune, or the distiller's, by depraving himself at the ale-house; and above all, though he gets but twelve shillings a week wages, never to spend one farthing in *luxuries*, until he has laid by *one shilling* for the time when he may get no wages at all;—if there be any page to this effect in the book, *that* is a page which he finds superfluous, or tedious; and accordingly, either pays no attention to it, or gets up and walks away.

With all his faults, however—and your working mechanic, especially in large towns, is as idle as a duke, and as extravagant;—indulging in expenses, which the man two steps above him in society shuns, and casting away safeties which the other is laborious to arrive at, and careful to maintain;—with all these faults—the chief result of which is that the poor rogue remains fixed in his station of toil and poverty rather than aims to rise above it—with all his *vices*, the English mechanic must not be *starved;* nor will he be *argued* (when the time comes) into any practical admission that he ought to be so. The late discussions upon the expediency and operation of the Corn Laws—with the power granted to ministers to *dispense with* those laws, in case they shall see cause for so doing—may be regarded as (practically) decisive upon the fate of a question, as to the eventual success of which, we confess, we think nothing short of blindness could ever have entertained any doubt.—The rights of individuals may be tampered with; the gains of particular branches of trade may be cramped or lessened by ill-judged legislation; but no system, the effect of which is to throw large bodies of men out of employment—to make one part of our population lastingly dangerous as well as burthensome to the remainder—*can ever* continue to exist.

The question then becomes this—Does *that system* which gives the land-owner of England a monopoly of the home Corn market,—and, consequently enables him pretty nearly to put his own price upon his produce—does it, or does it not, tend to crush the general industry of the country? And this is a question, which both speakers and writers on the two sides of the controversy, argue upon principles (assumed) almost ludicrously opposite:—Mr. M'Culloch, on the part of the economists, in his "Irish Absenteeism," treating the *home trade* of every country—infinite of which must arise out of the expenditure of the incomes of land-owners—as a matter of *no importance*; and trusting entirely for popularity, to commercial relations with foreign states: and the High Tory agricultural writers in Blackwood, setting out directly upon the opposite conclusion; and insisting that our *home trade* it is that *maintains us*, and that we depend upon our sales of manufactures to foreign countries only in the most contemptible degree.

Now all the difference between the agriculturists, and the manufacturers, upon this question, seems to us—and we cannot give it a better title than it deserves—to be, most transparently, a question about *gain*.

That both classes have a common interest in the strength and prosperity of the country, there can be no doubt; but, to deny that each will be a gainer, by keeping the profits of the other, in their mutual dealings, as low as they can be kept, *without doing him vital mischief*, seems to us to be impossible. To say that the manufacturer *can* be a *gainer*, by that increase of the land-owner's income, which he himself (in the shape of high prices) *gives*, "because that increase of the land-owner's income is again expended with him (the manufacturer)" seems to be nonsense: the butcher who pays to the tailor *forty* shillings for his coat instead of *thirty*, in order that the tailor may *have* forty shillings, instead of thirty, to lay out again in meat with him, is just *ten* shillings out of pocket by the change of his tailor's price; less by the *profit*, whatever that may be, which he makes upon the sale of ten shillings worth of meat.

In all dealings between the land-owner and the manufacturer it will be recollected, the land-owner has this advantage—he deals in a commodity which is indispensable to his opponent; his opponent has only a commodity to offer, which *may be* dispensed with by him. The holder of land—these are propositions which we must put shortly—takes his land by a title which we will not question: but he has no title to impose any law upon his fellow subjects, for the purpose of making the enjoyment of that land especially profitable to him. Land *must*, under existing circumstances—however it may have stood formerly—stand in England upon the same footing with every other description of property; and has no more claim than every other description of capital to be protected from fluctuation in value.

Burke, who described the manufacturers (according to Blackwood) as people "contributing little or nothing, except in an infinitely circuitous manner, to their own maintenance"—as "truly the *fruges consumere nati*"—Burke talked then as he would not talk, if he were alive—and in his senses—at the present day. The "bold peasantry—a country's pride!" and so forth, was a pretty thought in poetry:—our *excellent* agriculturists, however, are doing their utmost, we should remember, to degrade, and depress their "bold peasantry," and make them workhouse paupers, every man:—but poetry is apt to catch at facts rather than analyze principles: and that line was written when ploughmen, and not weavers, were the prevailing produce of the land. The manufacturer, as we submitted a little way back, has rather uphill work in this—and almost every other discussion. He dwells in a close and smoky atmosphere; often has a black face; is tolerably vicious, and particularly insolent;—in short, he is not at all a picturesque, or a pleasing personage—but he is a very powerful one—and *he is here*. And let him have his due of justice as well as of maintenance; the land-owner, twenty years since, looked at him with a more favourable eye than he does now. When the storm raged, and the ship laboured, we felt that our strength was in the numbers of our crew; now we are at anchor, and in safety, we must not fling those numbers overboard. Warwickshire and Lancashire was it—or Bedfordshire—and Herefordshire—that fought the battles of England—that conquered Bonaparte at Waterloo? Our cotton mills, and our steam engines, with the swarthy, and what was worse, pallid rogues that worked them; these were the powers that, through a contest which devastated four-fifths of Europe, *protected the estates* of the noblemen and land-owners of England; and did more (it should seem)—for they doubled the value of them.

The manufacturer is *here:* we owe our wealth, our strength, our safety, in great part, to his exertions. England was independent—victorious—when she had no manufacturers. Doubtless; and so she was when she had no gunpowder. Does any man think that she would remain so now? Such persons may also believe that her span of territory would be able almost to command the world; without those swarms of noisy, pestilent knaves crammed together in her black and smoky towns, who can make money (if work be given to them) to-day; and be made soldiers of—if their services are wanted for such a purpose—to-morrow.

Our claim here, let it be understood fully, is made for the right of the working, the *journeyman* manufacturer. The master trader, like every other capitalist, wants no assistance to take care of himself. In fact we have no question that the *machinery* which the desire of those traders *still to make money* keeps bringing into action, may be carried too far, and *is* carried too far; and, when carried too far, goes to produce great misery to the population of a country. The power of machinery gives to the masters' description of capital—money—too heavy an advantage over the workman's description of capital—labour. Men now draw carts upon the road, the work of beasts; while machines do the work of men in our manufactories; this, obviously, is not as it should be. It does seem clear that these tremendous powers, held by the manufacturing capitalists, tend to give their description of property an advantage over that of the agriculturists; but yet it may be doubted how far any laws directed against machinery at home would do more than destroy our trade by giving foreigners the advantage of us; and in the mean time—no matter which property is uppermost—the labourer (who has no jot of interest in the question) must *live.*

Therefore, as we must assume that the agriculturists of England have no "divine right" for the sale of their corn and cattle, but can only keep the home market closed upon the plea that they will *buy* of those to whom they *sell,* it seems clear that, whether more men are employed, or more machines, the agriculturists can have no claim to sell food to any greater quantity of *manufacturing labour* than that which their own wants, in necessaries and conveniencies, require. We use the word "require" here, in contradistinction from "employ," because *labour required* and *employment given* are things, in their effect, very different. "Work wanted," is carpenter's work from the carpenter, or weaver's from the weaver—work which the workman is regularly accustomed to, and which will yield him and his family a competent livelihood. "Employment given" may be such work as the party employed is hardly treated in being put to; such as drawing water-carts, sweeping streets, or breaking stones, for six-pence a-day upon the road. Then, whatever may be the wealth of the land-owners of a country, they can never *want* more than a given amount of labour (not agricultural)—up to that point the corn-grower and the manufacturer are, practically, upon even terms. When we get beyond the question of reasonable *need,* and come to supply those who feed us with pure *luxuries,* then the field for our manufactory is greatly widened, but the sale of our produce becomes less secure:—fancy will operate against us; caprice, and the change of a fashion, or the taste for a foreign article, will throw fifty or sixty thousand men out of employ in an hour. But the thing does not stop here. Even luxury has its limits. Let the increase of machinery or of population in a country once cause a systematic manufacture of these articles

of need or luxury exceeding the demand; and that instant the common effects of a surplus produce in the market, aggravated fearfully in this particular instance by the utter *uselessness* of the commodity to the possessors, begins lowering the price in the most frightful degree. The article already produced may not fall instantly, because it may be *held*, and so maintain its price; but the labour which produces it is a commodity which *cannot* be held, and the fall of that is instantaneous. For the measure of corn which used to purchase twelve hours' labour, we are now offered fourteen. From fourteen offered in fifty places, we come to sixteen, then to eighteen, twenty, or thirty; by-and-bye we will take even this only upon some condition; and, at last, we can take no more upon any condition at all. Then we come to the leaving an immense mass of men idle; an immense other mass starving upon three days' work instead of six; and all who work in distress, from being miserably ill paid. From the immense quantity of labour to be obtained almost upon any terms, any man who has a small capital and a desperate cupidity, becomes enabled to speculate to almost any extent he pleases; the ruin which he brings upon himself may not be a matter of much consequence to any body; but the mass of goods which he throws upon the market, at a low price, increases the glut, and aggravates the sufferings of all.

This then, at least, *may* be the condition of a country which had nothing but its internal trade to depend upon. We take it to be in a great degree the state of England at present; but whether it be, or not so, is merely a question upon the fact;—*suppose* such a case—suppose the manufacturing population of a country to be greater than the agriculturists can (with justice to that population) remunerate and employ—is not the obvious remedy that very *export trade*, which the advocates of corn restrictions are now affecting to treat so lightly? Suppose two millions, or one million, of the people of England, to be employed in manufactures for the export-trade, we take it to be clear that, upon these people, as far at least as the plea of reciprocal dealing goes, the land-owners can have no claim for the purchase of corn at all. As they sell nothing to the land, they cannot, on any principle of reciprocity, be called upon to buy from it. If we were to shut them up within four walls; confine them to their foreign trade alone, and separate their sales from those of the rest of the community; let them pay (as they would do) a pretty swinging rent to the land-owners for the ground that they lived upon; be available as a *corps de réserve* to protect the estates of those land-owners in case of war; and pay their share of the public burthens (without any chance of getting part of that payment back again); —then we hope that the most assuming agriculturist could not have any claim—for beef and mutton at his own prices—to a lease of their stomachs?

It will be objected that such a division cannot be made as we describe. We cannot help that; our population *must* be employed and fed. We cannot, with corn at the price it fetches in this country, compete (as manufacturers) abroad, with people who buy their corn fifty per cent cheaper. Our superior capital, our superior machinery, the ignorance of our competitors, will enable us to do much, but not so much as it has done heretofore, and not so much as this.

The admission of a moderate quantity of corn from abroad, will lower the price which the land-owner of England receives for the whole? It

must do so; we see no remedy. We make no attack upon the property of the land-owners; we admit their distinct right to all the corn in the country; but we contend that people *cannot* go on being compelled, by law, to buy it from them.

The land-owners are a little fast and loose too, in their opinions and pretensions. They are a *caste* of themselves, above *trade*, traders are, in fact, the *fruges consumere nati*? There was not a little, dirty, jobing, fraudulent, scheme, among the joint-stock bubbles, for making a little *money* by *trade* (or otherwise), that we did not find some "landed gentleman,"—who rather thought he saw the "*fruges*" the other way—at the head of, or connected with it. On the merits of "Free-Trade," as regarded the article of *silk*, the views of the land-owners were particularly luminous. We will not challenge them to "play out the play," because it would be too hard. They never could sell their corn at so high a price to any people as to the manufacturers of England, and the major part of the commodities that they want in return, they never could buy from any people at so low a price. The threat of general free-trade may have some weight with the manufacturing *capitalist*; but to the *workman*, it is as ridiculous as the other great menace of the agricultural party—to wit, that if the manufacturer will only give the agriculturist 50*s*. for the quarter of corn, instead of 70*s*., the agriculturist can only buy of him 50*s*. worth of cottons instead of 70*s*.—the fact being that the manufacturer has *got* the intermediate 20*s*. without giving *any* cottons for it, already in his possession.

We do not desire to go the length of a total change, but we must have an alteration. If the country is not now in a state to bear a perfectly Free-Trade in corn, it is entitled to a right of constant importation; and at such a rate of duty as will enable the foreign grower, in average seasons, to send some first-rate wheat into our market. The agriculturist will sustain a diminution of his profits by that change; but when he does so suffer, he has little title to complain.

Look at the increase of the land-owner's income, all through the late war, in England, while the land-owner of almost every other country in Europe was becoming literally a beggar. Look, not at any nominal amount of money paid, subject to taxation or reduction, look at the expenditure, the manner of life of these persons, and ask if they will be poorer than they were in 1790, if twenty per cent should be abated from their incomes? They talk of the taxation that crushes the agricultural interest—What class of that interest has it crushed? Has it crushed the land-owner, whose expenses are nearly double what they were prior to its increase? or the farmer, who during its pressure, took a bailiff to look after his business, and shot up into a gentleman? It is ridiculous enough to find the High Tory party *now* crying out about taxation! The land-owner is taxed, no doubt—and is not the labourer taxed at least equally? Is not his beer taxed, his tea, his brandy, his tobacco? are not these very people who talk of "taxation," themselves making him pay a tax, for their personal benefit, upon the very meat and bread that he eats? Of this taxation that is so oppressive to the land-owners, how happens it that so few land-owners vote in Parliament for the reduction? How much of what they *pay* in taxes, do they *receive* back again in the emoluments of places, pensions, offices, and commissions? which stand at the cost of the nation at large, and are bestowed upon them, their relations, and dependents in particular?

The Corn Monopoly *must* come down; we shall have people starving if it does not; and that people *will not starve*, even the land-owners will have wit enough to know. For the war, the heavy taxation, that is so loudly complained of, let it be abated; but every kind of *capital* seems to have thrived under it. The landed interest raised their rents and their style of living under it. The monied interest arose almost out of it. It seems, with all the abuse we hear of it, to have gone on blessing every interest—enriching every interest, but one,—*the interest of the labouring classes*—agricultural or manufacturing, through the country.

This is a branch of our subject to which, perhaps, we may return; at present, to touch upon it would carry us far beyond our limits. The whole question of the Corn Trade, indeed, has been argued so laboriously, that a few loose hints upon it are all that we can venture to throw out. We are not among those who would hold it of no importance that no more corn were ever grown in England, provided we could obtain it at a cheaper rate by purchasing it abroad. We do not forget what would be the danger of placing the supply of so material a commodity at the discretion of powers, with whom accident, to-morrow, might embroil us. But, on the other hand, we can see no objection, beyond the personal interest of one class of persons, to such a restricted importation of foreign grain, as, maintaining the agriculture of this country still vigorous, would keep it in a state always capable of extension. One, moreover, of the greatest blessings, perhaps, that would be derived from the introduction of a fixed duty upon the importation, will be the abatement of that mass of jobbing and fraud which has been carried on under the system of the averages. Without going quite back to the prejudices, or being entirely prepared to condemn them, which formerly existed against regrating and monopoly, where the supply of so vital an article to a country, as Food, is at stake, we think all details between the producer and the consumer should be simplified as far as possible.

On the reported Death of a Friend whom I had celebrated in an Elegy, and afterwards met at a Party.

Why, Richard, my boy, where the deuce have you been?
  You know not the trouble you've given;
I was told you had suddenly left us in spleen,
  And, 'twas hoped, you had travelled to heaven:
The news took me rather, I own, by surprise;
  I pondered awhile what to do,
'Till, suddenly brushing the dew from my eyes,
  I thought I would write something new.
I began on your virtues ('twas difficult work);
  Then your graces too cost me much trouble;
Your wit and good-humour I could not well shirk,
  Though wit often proves but a bubble.
Yes, all was in vain, though I worked night and day!
  Poor poet! what troubles await ye!
I found that my elegy many made gay,
  And the eye-lids of other folks weighty.
Now the least you can do, my dear sensible fellow,
  Is to contradict all I have said;
To assure your kind friends when I wrote I was mellow,
  Or not, perhaps, right in my head. Q.

ON HYPOCHONDRIASIS.

THERE are few individuals more deserving of pity than the hypochondriac, and yet there is no complaint, except perhaps the tooth-ache, which excites less commiseration than hypochondriasis. The reason of this seems to be either that this malady is held to depend upon the individual being merely *bilious*, as it is rather indefinitely called, or else that it arises from a sickly imagination, and may be thrown off by an effort of the will. That a deranged condition of the digestive organs may produce lowness of spirits is too obvious to admit of denial, or to require any illustration. But this kind of mental depression bears a direct relation to the state of the stomach, and as this regains its tone, the mind recovers its hilarity. Such, however, is not the case in hypochondriasis, in which there is for the most part a conviction pressing on the mind of the patient, that he labours under some incurable disease—an impression which no vigour of his digestive system can remove, and which becomes the constant object of his solicitude—paralyses every mental exertion, and poisons every rational enjoyment. Neither does the idea that hypochondriasis depends upon the indulgence of fancy or caprice appear better founded. A man is laughed at who complains of pain in the great toe of the leg which he left on the field of Waterloo some ten years ago; yet, however ridiculous this may appear, it is literally true that he feels the pain there, because the nerve which went to the toe conveys to the brain precisely the same sensation it was wont to do before the limb was amputated. In such a case no reasoning can alter the nature of the impression, nor any argument blunt the acuteness of the suffering. So I imagine it is in hypochondriasis; we may know perhaps that the sensations do not—cannot correspond with the reality—in a word, that they are but sensations, yet we cannot, either in the one case or the other, shake off the inconvenience by exertion, or drive it off by ratiocination. I beg not to be misunderstood—I do not mean to assert that any hypochondriac may not aggravate his complaints by intemperance in his diet, indulgence in his caprices, or indeed any irregularity in his mode of life; but I do assert that his complaint sometimes comes on notwithstanding the most rigorous bodily temperance and mental discipline; yet all the doctors lay the onus of this miserable complaint upon the stomach, and direct their remedies against its supposed delinquencies. I am myself, one of the ill-fated race of hypochondriacs, and therefore, speak from personal knowledge. I consulted Mr. A——, and was beginning to describe my feelings to him, thinking, "good easy man," that a knowledge of the symptoms was necessary to a discovery of the remedy—not at all. He cut me short with "don't tell me of feelings! you're hipped, Sir, that's all; take a blue pill every night and read my book." Not quite satisfied with this off-hand method of prescribing, which looked as if he had made up his mind before hand to give me the blue pill, whatever my complaints were, I resolved to consult Dr. P——; he too ordered medicines for the stomach, but luckily, without enjoining the perusal of his book, which I am told is more difficult of digestion than all the drugs at Apothecary's Hall. The idea of reading medical books having been suggested by Mr. A——, I speedily collected all which seemed likely to throw any light upon my complaints, and it is from the result of this inquiry that I have formed my opinion that hypochondriasis does not depend so much on the state of the digestive system as upon the irritation of certain

nerves (varying in different persons), by which false impressions are transmitted to the brain, in the manner of the soldier above-mentioned who had lost his leg.

Persons having their nervous system so constituted as to be susceptible of strong impressions from slight causes—having, in short, what is usually called a *nervous* temperament, have always been regarded as particularly liable to this disease. Rousseau and Cowper may be taken as good illustrations—men who were unable by any degree of temperance to starve themselves into tranquillity and cheerfulness. Indeed, it is consistent with general observation, that pursuits leading to the cultivation of the fancy or indulgence of feeling are powerful auxiliaries in the developement of morbid nervous irritability. Among the various classes of artists, for example, musicians are perhaps the most subject to those wayward fancies which mark the hyphochondriac; witness Viotti, Sacchini, Mozart, and others; while the effect of music upon minds gifted with undue sensibility is strikingly illustrated by the melancholy and passionate desire of revisiting their native country, produced on Swiss soldiers on hearing the Ranz des Vaches. Yet I apprehend it would be very difficult to shew in what manner the stomach was affected by their sounds. Shakspeare, who was a tolerably correct observer of nature, speaks of the "soul-inspiring drum," the "ear-piercing fife," and even attributes certain nameless effects to the bag-pipe "singing in the nose"—but so far as I know, mentions no music which held any sympathy or communion with the stomach.

The fact is, as it appears to me, that the stomach is of a very jealous disposition, and will not work unless attended to; take off the mind too frequently and too long, no matter in what way, and the dissention is proportionally affected; the individual becomes melancholy or capricious, in vulgar language, *hipped*,—the indigestion being obviously the effect, not the cause of the mental affection; hence it is that men of studious habits generally become dyspeptic and not unfrequently hypochondriacal. It is very consolatory, however, for those who are thus affected, to be able to refer their bodily infirmities to their mental superiority; and as a quotation from any old author is always very useful in an argument, and of course one from a Latin or Greek writer doubly so, I would remind them that Aristotle asks "cur homines qui ingenio claruerunt et in studio philosophiæ vel in republica administranda vel in carmine fingendo vel in artibus exercendis melancholicos omnes fuisse videramus?"

Women are said to be less liable to the disease than men, which may be accounted for either by the fact of their prudently abstaining from the fatigue of very profound meditations; or, by supposing the same causes to produce a different train of phenomena, constituting hysterics, a complaint, however, so analogous to the subject of this paper, that many have regarded them as the masculine and feminine of the same species. Talking of the ladies, I may remark, that a French writer of some celebrity (M. Falret), argues that the abdominal viscera cannot be the seat of hypochondriasis, because the disease does not prevail among his fair countrywomen, who, according to his insinuation, wear stays so contrived as to produce great compression "sur le bas ventre." Now, without underrating the sacrifices made by the French ladies in the cause of fashion, we may be allowed to question whether the sufferings of the male sex in this country have not for some years been quite as

exquisite; but, to whichsoever the merit may belong of wearing the tightest stays, I must say, that I never met with any instance of hypochondriasis from this cause: in fact a certain degree of intellect seems necessary for its production. From this digression I return to the moral or intellectual causes which are very numerous. It is very uncommon to meet with any one who has been much given to study of any kind who has not experienced this affection to a greater or less extent—but at the same time, among the various kinds of reading, none are so apt to produce hypochondriasis among unprofessional persons, as the perusal of medical works; so generally is this acknowledged, that M. Villernay has enumerated "lecture habituelle de Buchan*" among the exciting causes, Rousseau, too, not only admits this cause, but describes in forcible language the effect of such injudicious studies upon his singularly constituted mind. He says, "having read a little on physiology, I set about studying anatomy: and passing in review the numbers and varied actions of the parts which composed my frame, I expected twenty times a day to feel them going wrong; far from being astonished to find myself dying, my astonishment was that I could live. I did not read the description of any disease which I did not imagine myself to be affected with; and I am sure that if I had not been ill I must have become so upon this fatal study. Finding in every complaint the symptoms of my own, I believed I had got them all, and thereby added another much more intolerable—the phantasy of curing myself, a thing difficult to avoid when one reads medical books. By means of plodding, reflecting, and comparing, I came to the conclusion that the root of my complaint was a polypus of the heart."

The passions may be ranked next to mental exertion in the production of hypochondriasis, particularly fear; after which may be placed chagrin and ennui. This last is very remarkable in men of business who abandon their affairs to seek for tranquillity and repose in retirement—those in short, who pass from a life of activity to one of idleness. Under these circumstances, the fancy first conjures up the evil, and then the mind dwells upon it with morbid pertinacity.

It would not appear that climate has much influence on hypochondriasis, which, however, bears a distinct relation to the progress of civilization, becoming more frequent as it advances. It likewise occurs particularly, in those countries which have been subjected to great political events, a circumstance which accounts for the number of hypochondriacs observed by Zacchias, during the eventful reign of Louis XIV: the same effect is said to have been produced in Spain and Germany by the late invasions of the French.

With regard to the symptoms of this disease, or the manner in which it developes itself, this varies in almost every different case; but the part most frequently fixed upon as the seat of some incurable malady, is the heart, especially among young medical hypochondriacs. I am told the late eminent professor of physic in Edinburgh, used to mention that he was every season consulted by a great number of young medical students on the state of their hearts—and it is asserted by the French writers, that when Corvisart first drew the attention of the pupils at the Ecole de Medicine to the organic *lusus* of this organ, it brought on an epidemic of imaginary aneurisms, The sight, hearing, smell, and taste, are sometimes subject to painful or depraved affections, and at others are

* Buchan's Domestic Medicines.

endowed with a marked sensibility; this is particularly the case with regard to touch, the slightest degree either of heat or cold, producing strong impressions—in some, the integuments become preternaturally tender, and the patient even complains of exquisite pain in the hair.

The whims and phantasies of hypochondriacs are very numerous, and many of them such, as to provoke a smile, even when we most pity the subjects of such strange delusions. Some describe the sensation of a great explosion, as of a piece of fire-arms in the head, chest, or abdomen; while others imagine that they feel the movements of some living animal within them. One lady thought her skin had become rough and scaly like that of a carp, an impression which she removed at will by calling to her assistance the sense of touch. *Greding* mentions the case of a medical man who was impressed with the belief that his stomach was filled with frogs, which had been spawning ever since he bathed when a boy in a pool where there were a few tadpoles. The life of this unfortunate man was spent in travelling from place to place, to consult the most eminent physicians concerning this imaginary evil.—"He argued himself," says M. Greding, "into a great passion in my presence, and then asked me if I did not hear the frog-croak." Marcellus Donatus mentions the case of a baker of France, who imagined himself a great lump of butter, and durst not sit in the sun or near a fire for fear of being melted—rather an unhappy phantasy by-the-bye for a baker. Zimmerman met with an individual who fancied himself a barleycorn, and did not venture to go abroad lest he should be picked up and swallowed by the first sparrow that espied him.

One of the most annoying and vexatious absurdities into which hypochondriacs are led, is the degree of vacillation in every purpose, and the deliberation which precedes the most unimportant actions; thus Dr. Reid mentions that he called one day upon a young friend who had inquired his health by the sincerity of his application. It was afternoon, but he was still in bed, not having been able to decide whether he should wear his small-clothes or pantaloons; having renewed his reasoning upon this important matter, he at length determined in favour of the latter; but he had not been dressed many minutes before he changed his mind, and during the rest of the day wore breeches. From these and similar instances we acquire the fidelity of the picture of an hypochondriac, as given by Moliere in his "Malade Imaginaire," when he makes Argan say, "Monsieur Puyon, m'a dit de me promener le matin dans ma chamber douze allées et douze venues, mais j'ai oublié à lui demander si c'est en long ou en large." No strength of mind or extent of cultivation seems capable of protecting us against these ludicrous imaginations. Even Pascal, remarkable as he was for the depth and clearness, as well as piety of his mind, was yet unable to conquer the force of hallucination. He fancied himself always placed at the edge of an abyss, into which he was constantly afraid of falling, and it was only by pushing a chair over the supposed verge of the precipice and finding it did not fall that he was able to undeceive himself. This experiment he is said to have always had recourse to before he ventured to sit down when labouring under a fit of this disease. This brings to my mind the case of an individual who had an equal fear of sitting down, but for a very different cause: it has occurred to the writer to know of a gentleman who supposed his "nether bulk" to be made of glass, and

who, therefore, never sat down without extreme caution, lest he should break it all to pieces.

With regard to the treatment of this complaint, I am satisfied that medical men are wrong in endeavouring, as they generally do, to argue their patients into better health. This will not do; and I am satisfied, from my own experience, that till he has gained the confidence of his patients by listening to, appearing to believe, and prescribing gravely and formally for his most fanciful ailments, he has no chance of being of any real service to him; any expression which insinuates that the dream is imaginary at once destroys all confidence; whereas, an attentive examination of the symptoms, and favourable anticipation of the result, go far towards tranquillising the mind of the patient. In this way I have known the best effects from a course not of blue, but of *bread* pills, aided by exercise, amusement, and cheerful society.

DITHYRAMBICS.

(*From the German*)

"Nimmer das glaubt mir
Nimmer erschienen
Götter allein, &c." *Schiller's Gedichte.*

The Gods descend from high,
But not alone they leave their blissful seat;
Hand in hand they quit the sky,
To join their votary's still retreat!
When jovial Bacchus crowns the bowl,
Then Love with laughing eyes invades my soul,
And Phœbus makes the hallowed train complete.
They come, they come—the heavenly band,
In earthly bowers they take their stand,
And bright with all their freshest rays
Flash upon the poet's gaze.

The glorious guests—the heavenly choir,
Say, how shall earth-born man receive?
Untempered in celestial fire,
Their dazzling forms behold and live?
Fill me, ye Gods, and full, and high
Your choicest draughts of immortality
To powers like your's what can a mortal give?
Fill with nectar, fill the cup,
I'll snatch the pledge and drink it up;
Then in the starry halls above
For ever dwell—with bliss and Jove.

"Fill the cup, and fill it high!
"And, Hebe, kiss the golden brim!
"And let the poet taste of joy,
"And feel that Heaven was made for him.
"Bathe his eyes in holy dew,
"Lest Styx, detested power, should blast his view,
"And let the Godhead glow through every limb!"
Hark! the sacred stream descends,
Around the mantling brim it bends:
I feel my sight grow clean from earthly shades,
While tranquil joy my thrilling breast pervades.

J.

THE THEATRE—ITS LITERATURE, AND GENERAL ARRANGEMENT.

The theatre, its management, and the contribution of material for its support, did form a part of the literary business of the country. This was the case, in some degree, even so lately as thirty years ago; but it is scarcely so any longer. The aggregate quantity of theatrical entertainment exhibited in London has been doubled within the last twenty years. Several new theatres have been opened, and the cost of working all has greatly increased within that time. The new dramas produced have been (as regards number) three to one beyond what they were. The gains of public performers have risen to a height, perfectly unprecedented—and perhaps rather absurd. The general trade, in fact, of stage exhibition, is carried on at an outlay fully double that which was allotted to it twenty years ago; and yet dramatic literature was never perhaps at so low an ebb as it is at present;—the condition of the London stage (as regards its display of actors) has not been often so weak; and "theatrical property,"—that is to say, the business of upholding and carrying dramatic entertainments—scarcely ever so unproductive.

As there can be no effect in these days, for which we cannot at once trace out a cause, five hundred speculators within the last five years have accounted for this state of things upon the stage; and all have accounted for it (with equal ingenuity) in different ways. One set of gentlemen say that it is "the late dinner hours," which prevent people, in the upper ranks, from coming to the theatre so early as seven o'clock. Another set blame the increased pride of the higher classes, that—dinner or no dinner—will not let them come to a place of public entertainment at all. The saints—and some who are not saints—wish to have the police of the lobbies improved—and truly that desire does not seem altogether unreasonable; disappointed poets lay the whole blame at the door of "the Managers," who will, contumaciously, ruin themselves by producing only the worst pieces—*i. e.* other pieces than those of the complainants. Many contend that it is a "Genius" we wait for—some literary star who shall arise in the dramatic hemisphere, and, at one touch of his pen, make play-going again popular. And the people older than forty, who cannot see and hear quite so well as they did twenty years ago, say, that all writing, or acting, must be useless, with the present unreasonable dimension of our theatres.

Now the "Managers," truth to say, have sharp work enough to carry on the war. They have to keep up the attraction of their theatres—which is a good deal; and to keep up their character—which is a good deal more. They must please the *recherché* people—if they can; or else, though these pay very little to the house, they raise a cry, which the fools fall into. And they must please the fools—who pay all—or else they shut up to a certainty. The low in condition, and the high; the ignorant, and the cultivated; the grave, and the ebullient; the thick-sculled, and the witty; from among all these varieties of character, they have to derive their emolument—all are to be considered and satisfied; brought together, and without mutual offence, under one roof; prevailed upon to form part of the same company, and to be amused with the same entertainment.

And if there were not a natural tendency in things to adapt themselves to circumstances, difficult as this task must be, it would hardly be so well accomplished as it is at present. The people in the boxes sit and tolerate stale jokes, because they are guessed to be not yet familiar in the gallery. The people in the galleries listen, without cracking nuts, to poetical soliloquies, and long scientific pieces of music, which they neither care for nor understand, out of deference to those in the boxes. And broad humour in comedy; real pathos, or passion, in tragedy; simple melody in opera; and scenery and neck-breaking in ballet or pantomime, are delights common to both parties.

Our dramatic writing, however, as it exists at the present day—putting aside the question, what power there may or may not be for better—is of a very low order. With all the certain puff, and ready introduction to publicity, which writing for the stage affords, we have not one man among our systematic play-writers, who stands much higher than as an impounder of chance coffee-

house jokes, or a translator of French vaudevilles, and two-act co medies' Colman, who did possess strong faculty, can write no longer. He admits it; and it would not be a jot the less apparent if he did not. Kenney, who had a touch of something coming very near to genius once, is worn out: his *Raising the Wind* will be a lasting farce; and his comedy of *The World* had soul in it; but power has departed from him. Of the existents—regulars—Poole is perhaps the best; there was a good approach to conception in his character of *Paul Pry*—if he did not steal it. At all events, he is not quite so good as Sheridan, but he wrote a clever quiz rather about Leigh Hunt—there is hardly any body else whom one can think of without horror.

Now this dearth of wit in our daily dramatic productions, may be looked at quite apart from the question of sufficient or insufficient existing talent: and, looked at as a fact by itself, there is nothing about it very surprising. The faculty of writing dramas—apart from any genius which may be concerned in it—is an art—a "mystery"—to be learned. That it is an art—a trade of itself—is obvious; there are forms to be observed in it, without a knowledge of which, the strongest abilities would fail. And, moreover, that it is a trade which may (or must) be acquired, is quite undeniable, because men constantly begin clumsily in it, and are found to improve: that is not the case with reference to works of the imagination in general; the earlier books of a novelist, or romance-writer, are commonly found to be his best. That this trade then—the construction of plays—is not very difficult, one would say on the one hand, judging from the miserable sort of people who contrive to execute it; and yet, that it is most difficult, when a play is constructed, to guess whether it will or will not succeed, is perfectly certain; for we find every day, that actors, managers, dramatists themselves,—all the people most experienced in such matters, have very little judgment about it.

Managers use the best discretion they have—this may be assumed; no man but a refused dramatist will doubt it. Mr. A.'s farce may bring good wine, or good words, but it can never stand against Mr. B.'s farce, which brings good money: both may come in—elect two members—but Mr. B. sits to a certainty. But yet, in spite of this entirely good intent, the conclusions of managers are constantly negatived by events—and seem as constantly, moreover, to have proceeded in direct opposition to the most ordinary perception and common-sense;—they refuse plays, or produce them with ill-will and difficulty, which afterwards turn out to be highly successful, and even deserve to be so; and they act other pieces, bestowing large expense upon, and avowedly expecting highly from them, which one would wonder how any people should fail to see must be damned past all redemption. Then, besides this uncertainty in the first stage—where the crowd is to decide eventually, there can never be much security for a correct conclusion. Our damnation by first night's audience is pretty nearly got over now, by the help of packed houses and pertinacity; and perhaps it is as well that it should be so, except in extreme cases, and there the power still applies; but undeserved success is as offensive a possible casualty to a man of talent in any pursuit as unmerited condemnation; and plays—ten times more—a hundred times more than any other productions of literature—succeed constantly from accidents and causes, with which their dramatic merits have nothing at all to do. Personal or political allusion (or a belief of the existence of either of these intents); a fancied curious representation (curious only from the impudence of its imposture) of something which the audience never saw—the lucky air of a particular song; the painting of a particular scene; the dress, gesture, figure—nay, even the moral character of a particular performer; every one of these are circumstances which have made contemptible plays invaluable; to the necessary disgust and perplexity of that writer, who, if he did any, would be content to do no other than respectable ones.

The novel-writer can stand for himself. He acts alone, and can be tried by the work of his own hand for failure or success. But the dramatist is now, at best, no more than the member of a partnership; consisting, besides

himself, of the musician, the machinist, the scene-painter, the tailor, and the actor. He is not "poet," but, as the bill of the Italian opera forcibly expresses it, "poet *to* the theatre." *Pizarro, Tom and Jerry, and Giovanni in London*, brought as much money perhaps as *The Rivals, The School for Scandal*, and *John Bull:*—this is bad example, and worse encouragement.

Then if all this—as far as regards convenience, and reasonable guarantee of success—is not very inviting to the person who questions whether or not he shall commence dramatic author, that which has to follow, in the way of profit, will do very little indeed to redeem it. As pasteboard plays are easily manufactured (and do not last very long) there are of course a vast number of them produced. The effect of this is, that the people who do *see* a few plays still, have long since given up *reading* them; the copyright of a comedy, prospering on the third night, is scarcely worth, in the market, thirty pounds. Those who doubt this, let them not trust to any of the sales for "two hundred pounds," and so forth, made by authors who live up two pair of stairs, and so forth; but let them take a play, a farce, likely to do well, on the third night, to a (solvent) bookseller, and ask him what he will give for it.

And it will not do to imagine that pecuniary advantage will be overlooked in the present day, even where more fame is to be gotten by forgetting it than writing for the theatre is likely to produce. It is unpleasant to be personal; but where trash will do, there is no great satisfaction to decent persons in having to deal with the whims and jealousies of overpaid actors and actresses; or honour in "succeeding" by the side of the authors of *Harlequin Scavenger*, and *The Eel Basket Emptied*. If there were no other channel open to publicity, men might wave the consideration of the money: but there are fifty paths open, in which the credit of success is greater than it can be in the theatre; the success itself more certain, the choice of means less limited, and the gain ten times superior; and to these necessarily therefore, or some one or other of them, the great preponderance of genius will resort.

That the secret of our weakness in dramatic literature does lie mainly here—in the indifference of men of talent to the pursuit, rather than in their incapacity—seems so clear, that to offer any argument upon it would be superfluous. Because it is a little too much to suppose that the very *weakest* of the literary people about town (and which is there, among the farce writers of the present day, who ever produced any thing besides his farces—or, at least, any thing that was readable?)—that these scissars and wafer people—for they are literally no more—should be the *only* capable dramatists in existence! When we talk of "incapacity" for dramatic writing in the present day, it should be recollected, that scarcely any man of reputation who has tried the stage has failed to succeed; however, not contented with the extent, or results of his success, he may have abandoned it afterwards. *Fazio* produced considerable sums of money (to the theatres); but Milman did not write for the theatre again. Maturin's *Bertram*, as an acting tragedy, was uncommonly successfull; but Maturin got more money by writing novels, than by writing plays. Coleridge's tragedy, again, was fortunate; but Coleridge was not tempted to become a confirmed dramatic writer. And, for the gabble about Scott, and Byron, it is too felicitous! Byron never wrote a tragedy, the subject of which did not put it out of all question as to representation on the stage; and this, too, when his "Corsair" style—if he would have used it in romance—would have beaten all the world. And Scott—sheets only cut out of his books, and stuck by brainless idiots upon prompters' "plots," make dramas which fill theatres for whole seasons together, and even continue to attract after their novelty is over; and yet the very paste-pot villains who perform this barbarous work, will call themselves authors—talk of the possession of a "particular faculty," and tell you that "Scott," or "Byron," "*could not* write a play!"

The fact is, that novel writing, romances, memoirs, history, almost every description of literary labour is better paid, looking to the uncertainty which always must attend it, than writing for the theatre. And the first step towards giving a chance of improvement to the state of dramatic composition must

be to place it, in point of advantage, upon a level with composition generally of every other character. A play, to be popular, and of sterling value at the same time, must be, in the present day, a work of great labour and consideration. The same quantity of exertion, applied in almost any other shape, would produce, to appearance, three or four times the same quantity of result. The profit of such a play, to compete with the prices gained in other branches of literary employment, should be at least a thousand, or twelve hundred pounds: or at least there should be the chance, by considerable success, of obtaining such a sum. The profit, as the trade now stands, would be perhaps some four or five hundred.

Now, precisely how this larger amount of profit should be given, we dont stay to consider; but one move towards conveying it seems obvious in an instant—there is no earthly reason why the writers who sell plays to the London theatres, should supply all England, Scotland, and Ireland, with new matter, year after year, gratuitously. Bath, and Liverpool, and Dublin, and Edinburgh, and Manchester, and Glasgow, if they want new plays, should have them as they have new actors—that is, they should pay for the use of them.

The actor who acquires popularity, and can draw large audiences, gets hired at fifty or a hundred guineas a night, in all the theatres over the United Kingdom. Miss O'Neil received more money for acting five nights only in Birmingham, than Maturin received for the whole produce of his *Bertram*. But the author!—a comedy equally successful with *The Honey-moon*, would probably, in England, Scotland, and Ireland, draw, during the first year of its performance, £30,000;—this is taking the average a great deal too low, because it is understood that the *Tom and Jerry* piece, at the Adelphi theatre, in London alone drew more than £10,000: but take the calculation at £30,000, because thirty is sufficient for the example;—out of these £30,000, the author will have good luck if he secures £500! being about fourpence in the pound—and the odds are great if he receives so much—upon the gain of his own production!

Then this is not sufficient to induce people, who have much other prospect, to go to work for the drama. And, the man who produces a book has his right protected—no one may print or publish that book, printing being the form in which his profit accrues, (and by which he might be robbed of it) except himself: the same protection ought clearly to be afforded, for a given time, to the man who produces a dramatic entertainment—all representation of that entertainment (during a specified period) ought to be restrained, unless by license of himself, or of his assignee. It is not necessary here to construct the law which should be passed for such a purpose; but it may be observed, that the French plan, of apportioning a certain per-centage out of all theatrical receipt for the benefit of the author, does not seem to be the best that might be adopted. In some instances, it would become a temptation to fraud; and it would always produce such an exposure of the state of a "manager's" trade as theatrical speculators are particularly jealous of. A far simpler arrangement would seem to be, that the author of a play should have the power (upon his own terms) of *granting licenses* for its performance; and, whether this right remained in himself, or formed part of his bargain with the bookseller or the London manager, would be of no consequence; where it *had* a value, he would have the means of deriving an advantage from it. No doubt, in the first instance, squabbles would arise, and piracies and imitations would be attempted; but all this would be dealt with, just as it is in literary property of every other description. The proprietor of the right would have his remedy at law, and people would soon find that it was cheaper to pay him a reasonable price for it, than to attempt imposition. After all, it would be the public which would pay the difference; for theatrical managers, in town or country, already make very little money; but, in less than twelve months, the scheme would work well, and smoothly; nor would it be necessary, in England, to guarantee this privilege as to representation for more than three years. Certainly, the exclu-

sive right during such a period as three years (without going to the extent of the French law) would increase the profit of a successful dramatic author very largely; the poet would not then stand entirely below every other artist concerned in furnishing the material of theatrical entertainment; and we might probably have some man of real talent, making the experiment, whether he could not write for the stage.

But still, with all the humbug, the trade of the *impresario* is not a profitable one. Take the amount of debt (unpaid) incurred by the several theatres in London within the last twenty years, and set it against the amount which we may suppose managers and proprietors (who don't live extravagantly) to have spent; and the general trade will be found probably to have been carried on at a loss. From the rebuilding of Drury-lane Theatre, under Whitbread, to the beginning of Elliston's lease, there was a loss of between £80,000 and £90,000. Part of this debt has since been reduced by Elliston's annual payments of rent; but Elliston now, in his turn, stops, in six years, for £30,000. In the mean time three-fourths of the minor theatres have been bankrupt sixteen times over; each establishment—the whole assets of it—not paying a candle-snuffing in the pound. Covent-Garden, with fresh capital brought in, has managed to rub on (while others were starving); so the Haymarket, and so the Lyceum (with the aid of Mathews's entertainments, which have brought large sums of money and cost almost nothing); but it has been only living—only a moderate return upon capital—not making large profits, or retiring with great fortunes.

Now, part of this failure of profit arises, no doubt, from the interference of new theatres; but a good slice of it (probably the greater part) seems to be owing to the arrangements of the patent managers themselves, whose conduct of their trade is certainly two centuries behind the spirit of the time, upon every principle of common reason or commercial policy.

It is hardly worth while to say any thing about the dimension of the patent theatres, though they *are* too large. Large theatres assist several descriptions of entertainments, which are now popular, and to which, in combination with others, there is no objection; they keep the galleries at a good distance from the lower boxes, which is extremely convenient; and, though the fourth row in the pit *is* the best seat in the house, yet every body, if the house were smaller, could not get into it; and he who does get into it—unless the floor would open and take compassion, or a hand be stretched forth from the ceiling his relief—the Lord have mercy upon him when he wants to get out of it!

But the policy, unfortunately, which led to this extension in the size of the theatres, originated in the same mistake which pervades all the rest of their arrangements—an anxiety to grasp at the gain of half-a-crown additional to-day, although we lose a guinea or even ten guineas in consequence of it to-morrow. And first, in order perhaps, that people who do come to the theatre may be known to come there purely for intellectual enjoyment, care is taken at Covent-Garden theatre (and at Drury-lane there is no company) that when they are there, they shall suffer every possible bodily inconvenience. In the pit, of which the "fourth row" is the best place in the house—it is only within these five years, at either theatre, that there have been backs to the benches. People sat like wretches impaled, suffering under one infliction, to listen to another. For the boxes (at Covent-Garden), by the arrangement of making them eight or nine seats deep, and leaving no clear passage down the centre, those who sit there might as well sit in the gallery; and he who would come into the front row, or quit it, after the curtain is up, must climb over eight benches, and crush twenty or thirty people—not to speak of those who resist, and whom he has to fight—in his progress. Then, after the "half-price," what with the getting an extra fifty shillings by cramming the upper gallery fuller than it will hold; and the statutable nuisance which might be kept within more reasonable bounds (although it cannot be got rid of altogether), in the boxes; from nine o'clock to the end of the evening, the whole house is disturbed every instant with quarrels and clapping of doors; besides that two-thirds of its extent exhibits one continued scene of every character of riot, intemperance, and indecency.

Now, the "half-price" is defended on account of its custom; and the statutable nuisance on the ground that it is impossible to get rid of it; and the inconvenience of the accommodation (wittily) on the ground that if people sat at their ease, they would go to sleep altogether; which is a pleasant justification, but not quite a maintainable one, because persons at a theatre should be kept awake by amusement and not by the torture. But, every possible precaution having thus been taken, as regards the matter of comfort, to make the theatre a place to which persons would choose to go as seldom as possible, the *coup de grâce* in the way of enticement is given by the *price*.

At five shillings the boxes, three the pit, and two shillings and one the galleries, any London theatre, if it had filled *fairly*, would have paid its highest charge twice over. But as people, it was found, did not come fast enough when the prices of boxes and pit were five shillings and three shillings, the managers resolved to try whether they would come any faster when they had to pay seven shillings and three and six-pence. It was not that five shillings did not pay, but that people did not pay the five shillings. At five-shilling prices, either of the two great theatres would contain £500, they now hold something more than £700. Two hundred and fifty pounds a-night would be a fortune in either theatre; therefore, for all purposes of success, the advance of price was perfectly unnecessary. But the curiosity is that the speculators put on this increase of price, to the inevitable *diminution* of the quantity of admission that they would sell; knowing all the while that that *mere diminution* of sale would *ruin* them, let their *price* be what it might; and that the appearance of a *lessening* trade within either of their houses, would speedily put an *end* to the trade of it altogether.

For it is an understood fact among all theatrical undertakers—a very absurd one apparently as far as the public is concerned—that a theatre, in the hottest evening of summer, when two feet of clear space on either side of one is worth at least a thousand pounds, cannot exist unless the population in it are packed together, closer than slaves in the "middle passage," on board a contraband Guineaman! Therefore when they raised their prices, managers knew that they could not *live* (at any price) with a diminution of their consumption. They could not, like the Dutch merchants when they held the spice trade, sell a fourth of their produce at an immense rate, and burn or drown the rest; but would be compelled, in case the demand fell off, to *give away* their commodity in whole packages with one hand while they demanded the *advanced* and exorbitant price for it with the other. And thus, therefore, to fill those same boxes out of which the high price demanded already keeps most people, a course is adopted perfectly well calculated, as regards the patronage of respectability, to keep out all people; "orders," and that kind of admission which is called "free privilege," are given away to such an extent—and to such persons—for they will be accepted by no other persons—that, taken with reference to rank and character, two-thirds of the company which sits nightly in the boxes of the theatre is very much below the level of that which would be found in the two-shilling gallery!

If we are to talk of "selectness," the state of the houses would be a sufficient answer; but nothing can be more gross trash, while money alone will purchase admission, than to imagine that a few shillings more of price will ensure decorum of conduct in any place of entertainment, or a few shillings less stand in the way of it. The masquerade at the Argyll rooms, at a guinea, is an offence pretty nearly against common police; and nobody ever, perhaps, with prices only of one and two shillings, saw any rudeness or impropriety of conduct at the Exhibition of the Royal Academy or at the Panorama.

Then, the prices demanded, in themselves, are *too high* to incline persons of even liberal income, to make the theatre habitually a part of their diversion. The price of one box admission is seven shillings, which, if a gentleman chooses a decent seat, is increased to eight shillings, and, if he has a great-coat to hang up, to nine—about the whole amount for a captain of infantry, of his day's pay! If ladies go to the theatre, extensive as the building is, there is

but one tier of boxes into which they can be carried without offence: this is a place of *full dress*, and the expense of coaches, superadded to that of the admission, makes the cost, where a man's family amounts to four or five, not more perhaps, than half-a-guinea each!

This is not the way to make any trade thrive—to give away two-thirds of the commodity produced, in hopes of getting a needless price for the remainder. And if the prices of Covent Garden Theatre were four shillings for the boxes to-morrow, half-a-crown for the pit, and eighteen-pence for the first gallery, more money would be received than is received under the present system. The nicest stickler for "selectness," need have no fear that this measure would bring the pit people into the boxes. If it did, the result would only be that these last would be about sixty times more respectably occupied than they are at present. But, in fact, if the boxes were four shillings to-morrow, and to bring them down as low only as five would be a very encouraging step towards paying to go into them, it should be recollected that the terms of *admission* are now three shillings and six-pence—three and six-pence is the "half-price" which lets a man *into the boxes* just as fully as though he paid his seven shillings in the beginning of the evening. It is mere impudence to talk of maintaining selectness by charging seven shillings for the entrance to a particular place at seven o'clock at night, when at nine o'clock, upon the very people who have paid their seven shillings for this "selectness," you let in as many as you can find for half the money; not to speak of the filthy rabble—and all this rout *bound* especially to come at the seven shilling price too, before seven o'clock—which you pour in (to fill the house) for nothing.

In fact, the real calculation upon which managers hug their system of high prices is not at all connected with any view as to "selectness;" and it is moreover a mistaken one. The object of these prices and the gain which the upholders expected to derive from them, is that they enable the theatres to realise *very large sums in a short time*, whenever by chance the tide of public taste or curiosity happens to set in their favour. But this is hardly a legitimate object in trading; and it is one which would almost necessarily lead, as it has done, to an unprofitable result. The drama specifically ceased to be the business of the manager, and the profit of furnishing it to the public at a reasonable rate was given up; and the theatre was converted into a mere show-room, to which people might run in crowds, every now and then, to stare and wonder at some strange object, nomatter of what character. But upon this system of accustoming the town to run in shoals to see monsters, and relinquishing all expectation of gain except from these occasional exhibitions, the dealers place themselves in this situation—that the monster they *must* have or they fail. A splendid theatre and a costly company becomes the mere table upon which—with Mr. Macready or the man-monkey—the game of the season is to be played. And then, the "star" whom they themselves have placarded into greatness, knowing that he *must* be had, or that there can be no profit, turns round upon them and demands such terms as, when they have him, leaves them without any profit at all.

This was the old trick of killing the goose to get at the eggs; raising the *price* to destroy the *demand*, and it does not do. Four shillings the boxes, three the pit, and the galleries left as they are, are the highest prices, all fees cut off, which ought to be taken at the patent theatres. Four shillings, half-a-crown, and eighteen-pence—leaving the *half-price* nearly or altogether as it stands—would probably do better. The marshalment of company, too, in the houses, ought to be altered. The "first circle," as it is called, which is in reality the second, should be kept in the same order as regards the admission of respectable persons only, with the "dress" tier below it. Why should not ladies be permitted, if they think fit to do so, to *walk* to theatres which are open from September to July, and yet be considered entitled to decent accommodations when they get there? What can the manager, whose business it is to sell his admissions, possibly gain by making it inconvenient to them to do so?

The proprietors both of Covent Garden Theatre and of Drury Lane may rely upon it that their present high prices benefit no party, unless it be the party of

ragamuffins who are let in, night after night, without paying them. With their trade or with their manner of conducting it, the public has no claim to interfere. The "patent" right, as it is called, is virtually pretty nearly revoked; a theatre, without any patent privilege, patronized by the town against the patent theatres, would ruin them in a season; and, if the public felt itself ill-treated, there are such theatres, standing empty, which might be opened, and would be opened to-morrow. But, if the existing mode of carrying on the trade be inconvenient to the public, and unprofitable to those who are engaged in it, there is no reason why it should be persevered in. Some changes must take place, before, putting aside any state in which they have been, our dramatic entertainments, in England, will be placed upon a more popular footing than they are. Among the first of these should be that change of law or regulation which would give the dramatist a fair proportion, or, to speak more strictly, leave him the means of obtaining a fair proportion, out of the product of his own labour—a right which he does not possess at present. This is the business of the legislature; and the cause of taste and learning will be indebted to those who may be inclined to stir in it. The second necessary change, and one at least as important as the first, will be such a reduction in the prices of our theatres, as will enable persons of respectability to frequent them systematically; and supersede the necessity—when a gentleman does come into the boxes—of putting a chimney sweeper by his side, that he may not appear to be left quite alone. For the production of eminent actors in greater numbers, that is an object certainly which it would be difficult to point out any distinct means of compassing; the production, however, of better plays would have this advantage, that it would render their ministry less indispensable. And there would be one other result, in which, if the public has some interest, the interest of the manager himself is deeper ten times over—that very comparative independence of his actors would render them less impertinent, and more amenable to reason, when they did appear.

Supposing, then, that an arrangement of this nature would do something towards mending that decline in the popularity of our metropolitan theatres which arises out of the offensiveness, or imbecility, of their new productions, still another question remains to be considered, and one, if not quite of equal importance, perhaps of greater perplexity; the way in which we should proceed to obtain a more copious supply of leading actors. The increased demand for talent (within these few years) of our provincial theatres; the demand from America,—which is altogether new; and the additional number of theatres opened (or advanced in their pretensions) in London; leave the patent theatres, as regards their array of performers, very bare of attraction, just now, indeed.

At Drury-lane, there has been no company at all. Mr. Wallack, an actor properly only of melo-drame, was the hero both in tragedy and comedy. And Mr. Wallack, Mr. Dowton (who is not so good as he has been), and Mr. Harley—here is the whole effective strength of the house.

At Covent Garden we were better; but still weak. Charles Kemble and Jones do well in genteel comedy, with Miss Chester, who is the best successor to Mrs. Davidson that has appeared. There is a Mr. Warde too, who will stand as a London actor. Fawcett, occasionally very valuable; and Farren, now perhaps the strongest actor, in his walk, upon the stage. But no low comedian of eminence at all; no leading actor in tragedy—for Charles Kemble, though always pleasing, does not reach the first rank; nor any *lady* of eminence in tragedy, at either, or indeed at any, house. The fact is that, in some departments of acting, we have an *absence* of considerable talent just now. We have scarcely a high comedy lady; not a high tragedy one; not a Yorkshireman or an Irishman, no man like Johnson or Emery, upon the stage. And of the performers that we have, here lies the novelty! two-thirds of the leaders—Kean, Young, Macready, Liston, Terry, Mathews, Wrench, Yates, and Miss Kelly—are getting their money, or the greater part of it, away from the patent theatres!

Then if the supply of leading actors, as well as of powerful plays, in the present day, is not equal to the demand, this is a fact rather puzzling to deal

with; because, here, no want of *pecuniary* encouragement can be alleged; the gains of performers are enormous. A fresh actor of first rate success, or actress, appearing to-morrow in tragedy or comedy, would realize probably £4,000 a-year for the first five years, and secure £1,200 a year afterwards, as long as health and power lasted. These are the people who keep "private secretaries," and travel in "carriages and four." A new actor, not of the very highest rank—such an actor as Covent Garden Jones—would command £1,000 a-year to-morrow; a man like Emery, or Irish Johnson, not less. A tors of a still inferior rank, but respectable, like Mr. Cooper, or Mr. Warde, who play at Covent Garden; these persons, who are never supposed, specifically, to attract money, will obtain salaries of fifteen and sixteen pounds per week; about twice the pay of a Lieut. Colonel in the army! And, even at this rate, they are difficult to be obtained.

This dearth of that which we demand as talent (and admit to be such) in London, it becomes difficult to derive any means for supplying; unless it were possible to point out what the qualifications necessary to an actor's success in London should be; or to form some idea, prior to actual experiment, what would be any given individual's chance for being received. And this is not only—as those persons declare who are most experienced—impossible; but the more we examine people who have succeeded as actors, the more the apparent difficulty generally increases; for the means by which success has been obtained, upon close investigation—as far as we can trace them—seem, five times in six, so very greatly disproportioned to the end—!

The actor of that which we call "low comedy"—that is, the imitator of grotesque habits, or the conceiver of extravagant humours—if we laugh, in spite of all criticism—this actor has succeeded;—and it is pretty nearly impossible to say, of any audience in a theatre, or of any mixed assembly of men—at what they will, or will not laugh. We laugh at a crime upon the stage—at a folly—an infirmity—a successful falsehood—or a detection suffered—at an odd face—a religious enthusiasm—a dress and deportment miraculously true to custom and fashion—or the same ridiculously opposed to it. In France, and in England, they laugh at exhibitions which have very little in common; and each wonders, independent of ill-nature or affectation, what the devil his neighbour can find to be amused with.—In Paris, where they vote an Englishman *triste*, M. Mazurier, the *Polichinelle*, passes for the most humorous person under the sun; M. Mazurier came over to London; and people were amazed to think that, in any part of the world, he could have been thought comical at all. It is probably impossible to decide, unless by the experiment, what effect any particular exhibition will produce upon an audience; or what powers—great, or little—any comic actor may exhibit when he comes upon the stage. Actors themselves know very little how their effect upon an audience is produced: as a proof of this, great numbers of them begin their career in characters entirely opposite to those in which they afterwards become eminent. And this is particularly the case with low comedians; who seem, time out of mind, always to have found out that they were comical dogs, entirely by accident.

Among people of our own time in this situation, Mathews and Liston both began by acting tragedy;—Liston no doubt is a tragedian, in the natural bent of his inclination—a hero in his soul. Munden had no idea, probably, when he played fops by choice, like *Jemmy Jumps*, that he could command the pocket-handkerchiefs of enormous crowds, in such parts as *Old Rapid*, or *Captain Bertram*. Bannister, when he aimed at *Hamlet*, did not know that his strength lay in *Scrub;* and Irish Johnson sighed and sang as first tenor, in the character of *Young Meadows*, in the opera of *Love in a Village*, never dreaming of the glories that he should acquire as *Dennis Bulgruddery*, or *Looney McTwolter*. The difficulty seems to be here, in a man's judging how far he is humorous or ridiculous—as we laugh (without knowing why) at a monkey, and do not laugh at an elephant. For we have no ready case of an actor's making his blunder the other way—fancying that he could play *Moses* in *The School for Scandal*, and turning out to be great in *Shylock* or *Othello*. Dowton tried this—the *Shylock;* but it did not do.

Powers frequently exist in actors, of which they are not at all aware. As often, they are limited in a manner for which it is impossible to account; or thwarted by faults, which never can be got rid of, and yet which seem the simplest in the world to overcome. At the Circus, when it was rented some years back, by Elliston, there was an actor of the name of Smith; called, from his singularly fortunate performance of *Three Fingered Jack*, Mr. Obi Smith. This gentleman, who is now a pantomime actor at Drury-lane theatre—and a very ingenious man—was eminent in assassins, sorcerers, the moss-trooping heroes of Sir Walter Scott's poems, and other romantic characters in which a bold, and rather gigantic figure could be turned to good account. On one occasion, a person who played the leading part in a burlesque piece was taken ill; and, for fault of any body else at hand, Mr. Obi Smith undertook the part; and his performance was so extraordinary, that he became instantly, by acclamation, *the* burlesque actor of his theatre!—playing this character, which had before been turned to little account, forty or fifty nights successively. Smith has since played several comic characters, of a coarse description, with great success at Drury-lane; and might probably do more. His *Captain Goff*, in a play taken from *The Pirate*, was one of the finest pictures, perhaps, ever seen upon the stage. He fills up his time with studying costumes, and acting *Don Juan* demons—a cast of business in which he is unequalled; is a very grave man in his manners and demeanour; and has very little idea, probably, when he plays comic characters, why it is that the people laugh at him.

Another actor, of the same theatre (Mr. T. P. Cooke), who has since become better known to the public than Mr. Smith, affords a very singular instance of talent for the stage where slight accident probably would have left it entirely undiscovered. And of talent, too, which, though very considerable and convertible, is still hampered with blemishes, seemingly slight, which yet prevent its ever reaching finish and excellence. Mr. Cooke was a dancer in the "figure," as it is called, at the Circus—that is, a person who fills up the ballet, and walks in processions; and his first step towards greatness was in undertaking the part of *Clown* in a harlequin pantomime, in the absence of a Mr. Bradbury; to whom Cooke personally—excepting only the material circumstance of his not being a tumbler by profession—bore some trifling resemblance. The talent of this man for the stage is perfectly extraordinary; and the probability is that, if he had enjoyed the advantages of early education, he would have been one of the best actors of the day. He is a very excellent actor—a very famous one indeed, of serious pantomine—though, in that department, not equal to Mr. Smith. He was a very considerable comic dancer, rider, and combatant, for a long time with one of the troops of Equestrians. He plays Frenchmen and Germans admirably; sailors (forecastle men), better than any actor upon the stage; and even characters of the high drama, with so much ability, though he never can fully succeed in them—that they tried him once on Drury-lane stage, in the character of *Glenalvon*. This Mr. Cooke has been playing a part lately at Terry's little theatre, in a piece taken from American Cooper's novel, *The Pilot*, in a manner—it is the character of *Long Tom*, the boatswain—that could not have been equalled by any man upon the stage. He played another character, and of a far more refined description, in a little piece called *The Miller's Maid*, taken from Bloomfield's poem, at the Lyceum Theatre; and, acting by the side of Emery, and in a character in which the last amazingly distinguished himself—it was a performance very nearly, if not quite, equal to his *Robert Tyke*—it became difficult to decide which performer shewed the more talent of the two. In characters of a loftier and more heroic stamp, in which this actor is often employed, he breaks down by a curious fatality. As long as he has to confine himself to even speaking, or to the expression of sentiments of gallantry or courtesy, he is pleasant, generally, and even in a degree graceful; though his intonation is of a vulgar quality, and his deportment can never be elegant or refined; but the very moment that he has to assume apparent "desert,"—to be haughty, dignified, or even particularly impressive—he instantly, as if under the influence of a spell, completely burlesques the whole feeling and situation;—becomes perfectly ridiculous and intolerable, in a regular theatre; and not very

agreeable even to the vulgar people (who know what vulgarity upon the stage is when they see it), in the galleries of a minor one.

To define the qualifications which should go to constitute excellence in a serious actor, is hardly less perplexing than to declare what should ensure success in the performance of comedy. That it is not genius which makes a man a great actor, is obvious; if it were, Shakespeare must have been the greatest actor of his day. That the possession of extraordinary mental faculty is not necessary to excellence, is also pretty clear: because, since the time of Garrick, (at least) our most successful actors have been people whose intellectual qualities (out of their peculiar calling) have seemed to be rather limited. John Kemble's published essays upon the characters of *Richard* and *Macbeth* have just the effect of shewing, past all question, that John Kemble had *not* a poetical, or powerful, understanding of those characters. Mrs. Siddons, whose faculties upon the stage even exceeded those of her brother—all the written documents which have appeared from the pen of that lady, shew rather the reverse of striking intellect, or discriminative mind. Of our existing celebrated performers, Mr. Charles Kemble has brought out one or two plays, chiefly adaptations, or translations, but done in a cultivated and gentlemanly style. Of the rest, one is a coarse sensualist; two others are men of respectable habits and capacity; but none are at all known to the public as persons remarkable, either by their works or conversation.

Then, as it is not *mind* which is absolutely necessary to qualify a serious actor for greatness, so it is not entirely (though these are often most essential points) the gifts of a fortunate person, or graceful deportment. For, in the first of these, Kean was strikingly deficient; and the deportment of Cooke (George Cooke); indeed his whole man, was coarse, and angular, and ungainly; besides that neither a man's carriage, in real life, nor his advantages of person, form any criterion by which to judge of what the same may appear upon the stage; and *vice versâ*. Then, take the second-rate performers—with whom genius is out of the question—and you look at them in vain for any apparent qualities (off the stage) more striking than are to be found in half the bankers' clerks in town; and yet a gentleman of polished address, sufficient figure, and undoubted capacity, as regards the real affairs of life, shall make such a failure by their sides, as would seem not merely ridiculous but disgraceful.

The main reason perhaps—or at least one material one—why we have so few eminent actors in the higher and more heroic departments of the drama, is that this cast of performance does, almost necessarily, require *some* portion of gentlemanly habit and cultivation; and that the prejudice which exists—and must exist—against the stage as a profession, leaves the great majority of our actors to be furnished out of the inferior ranks of the community. There is a certain quantity of ridicule—not to say absolutely of discredit—always attendant on a failure upon the stage, which very few persons who have much character to lose will choose to run the risk of. The first steps in the profession are always painful—generally somewhat repulsive, and seemingly degrading to persons of respectable taste and habit. Success to a first-rate extent scarcely ever can be judged of; a secondary rank (contemplated in the outset), even although the emolument be respectable, few men with much prospect would care to accept; and the great objection is, that—let him succeed or fail—the attempt, if it be known, sticks by the *aspirant* for life. Under such circumstances, the supply must be, and will be, chiefly from the inferior classes. Schools for acting would make abundance of bad actors, but very rarely a good one. The deficiency, as far as there exists any, must right itself; and the new system of *general education* will be very likely to do something—as much as can be done—to remove it.

Two points, however, out of three make a winning game. The acting talent must be left to itself, but the means of at least attempting to improve the state of our dramatic writing are simple and obvious; and the general conduct, too, of theatrical diversions, as a trade, might undergo revision, with much advantage to the popularity of the drama.

All property vested in theatres, has paid very ill for some time. Actors drive coaches and four, and keep private secretaries; but proprietors and managers

are well known to find their finances in a different condition. Now the manager has, in good truth (as we have observed already), hardly fair play enough for the battle. The fight is too much on the poor fellow in the Lancashire taste; we knock him down with a sledge hammer first, and then kick him for falling. He suffers the loss of bad houses; and bears the blame of them. He is laughed at for paying this exhibitor too much, and cursed for offering the other too little. If he dismisses an old actor, he is an oppressor and a tyrant; if he refuses to hire a new one, he is a miser, and a poltroon, without spirit. The rejected author swears that he keeps his house wilfully empty, by playing only some particular gentleman's pieces, out of partiality, and love, and affection. Go into the *coulisse*, and, from the first comedy-lady down to the call-boy, you will hear that no manager ever knew what "love or affection" was at all. Thus, having the very population of Pandemonium to manage within doors—for, of all the people on earth, popular performers are the most untractable! (and the women, how these are ever dealt with at all, especially those who, like Slippery Sam in the Beggar's Opera, do not think one trade enough, seems little else than a miracle!) but, having thus Belzebub's very crack regiment to manœuvre with within doors, and being assailed with squibs from all sides, and on all pretences, from without, the poor gentleman—independant of any little natural devotion to the deed—sees that fair play has no chance, and comes almost of necessity to try the force of a little *Humbug*. That he should know what is good seems to tend to nothing, because he can only thrive by knowing what it is that the town will like. And, that he should know what the town will like, unless by accident, is perfectly impossible; because that is more than, one night after another, the town can undertake to know itself.

LAMENT
ON THE DEATH OF CARL MARIA VON WEBER.

Nothing has e'er been told,
In accents musical and holy,
To man's mute ear or to the weary wind,
Of madness or of melancholy—
No story in the sophist's page enroll'd,
No subtle fancy twined
With the lone musings of a mateless mind,
Whose moral may unfold
Horror and hope—sweet life and frozen death—
Like that which trembles in the final breath
Of one, whose life was as a spell
Raised by some genii's ever-tuneful shell.

The Master of the wild and varied sound,
From whose creative round
Spirits of fear and phrenzy started up,
Where like echoes they had lain—
Whether in a violet's cup,
Or in some pearly palace, which the main
Had washed too far to find again;—
The Wizard of the heart and ear,
Of Music and Imagination born,
Hath, like a star that should have met the morn,
And filled the haunts of heaven with social glee,
Dropp'd from his high and charmed sphere
Into the silent sea.

Life's chords are snapt by death; and the fine hand
That filled a mute and marvelling land
With hurried harmonies, and shadowy things,
Whose fierce and melancholy wings
Darken and delight the soul,
With a strange but sweet control,—

The gifted hand, that kept
A key to every portal of the mind,
Is lifeless as the lyre it swept;
The eye that sought the sun is blind—
That saw the heart of Midnight cold and bare,
Panting in its lonely lair,
And challenged Fear to lift a single hair.

All things obeyed his touch: fury and love,
Pride, revelry, and terror, were his themes;
And melodies, that haunt the purple dreams
Which heaven's bright fairies weave above,
For poets' hearts and maidens' wandering eyes—
Were his, and taught him their aerial tune.
Then came the huntsman-clouds; the breathless moon,
Like a white stag, across the skies
Seemed coursed by stretching shadows—mid the cries
Of winds, and torrent tongues, and quaking seas,
Menaced by reeling rocks, and spires, and torn-up trees.
Yet when the thin and countless train
Of elf and fairy tripped again,
Each in its own dew-mirror gazing;
And the steeps were lightly raising,
As impatient to be seen,
All their plumes of gushing green,—
He could discourse in notes most sweet
Faster than the fairies' feet:
And every tone awoke in light—
For genius can out-star the night.

But now the wizard horn
That called all fearful forms from hill and glen,
In sympathy or scorn—
Falling gently on the flowers,
Like the noise of summer showers—
That echoed in the tangled paths of men,
Or above the festal board
Gave the sound of wine out-pour'd,—
Is as an empty scabbard, or a lamp
Whose flame hath felt the midnight damp;
And he that was the Huntsman Lord,
And led the Shapes and Voices far and fast,
Transitory more than they,
Hath amid his glory passed
Like a still shade away!

Yet shall a deep and spirit-speaking tone
(Fit echo of his own!)
Wander from heart to heart along,
Where'er a heart-string can be shook with song—
Where one unchilled emotion tells
Of music and its soul-heard miracles.
Curled in our minds his full enchantment lies,
As shells retain their ocean symphonies.
And often, when the voice of some bright bird,
Faint with its unnumbered fears—
Or fiend-wind, moaning in the leafy ears
Of the thick forest—shall be heard,
Men will pronounce his name, and feel
Their hearts, like aspen-leaves, within them stirred,
Whilst his own music must reveal
His brief yet burning course, and be
Of his high hope the richest history.

S.L.B.

A CHAPTER ON BACHELORS, OR THE CONFESSIONS OF DRAKE SOMERSET, GENT.

"One day," said my father to my uncle Toby, "I will indulge you with my tractate upon bachelors. I will explain to you their sufferings, point out to you, if I can, their advantages, and show you, by irrefragable proofs, that they are anomalies in nature."—
"Brother Walter," replied my uncle, "you forget that I am one myself."—
"True, Toby," quoth my father, and his eye glistened, "but that is more your misfortnne than your crime."—TRISTRAM SHANDY.

OF all sublunary conditions, that of a bachelor is assuredly the most forlorn. Other stations have their drawbacks, their disadvantages, their transcient teazing annoyances, but this is a settled thing, a permanent misery, resulting from a sense of solitude which, creeping year after year, like a blight over the mind, deadens its active energies, and leaving it just sufficient sensibility to appreciate its misfortunes, denies it the more vigorous power of escaping them. Few men, whatever pride may induce them to say, are bachelors from choice; the very idea militates against the primary principles of nature which endowed all—some certainly more than others—with a quick relish for society, and a desire to paint before death a picture of themselves in their posterity. The very words used now and then by some commiserating fair one to a gentleman in this disconsolate condition, "What a nice old bachelor!" proves the novelty of such good humour; as if an invalid, when speaking of a dull November morning placed between two dangerously damp ones, should say, from comparison, "what a healthy day!" Healthy indeed, so is a black dose!!

If we reason from analogy, we shall find that the most solitary animals are *invariably* the most savage and unsocial. The pike—that aquatic bachelor—who swims alone, feeds alone, and even sleeps alone, is a stern misanthropist, a piscatory Diogenes, whom no civilities can bind, no friendship humanize. The hyæna, in like manner among beasts, is your only irreclaimable animal. All other savages *(even Walworth ones!*)* have been civilized, but this vulgar good-for-nothing bachelor defies the gentlest courtesy. Of the lion, I say nothing, he is to all intents and purposes a married man, with, generally speaking, a strong relish for domestic society. But who, I ask, could ever yet tame the vulture, that "winged single gentleman," who dwelleth apart from his kinsfolk and acquaintance, retreating to his unsocial lair if he hear but the faintest flutter of a friend's wings? This last barbarian is more especially the representative of a bachelor; his shy odd seclusion, his nervous peculiarities, his dress, his pride, his gravity, and even his hypochondriasm, all point him out as the fittest animal emblem of single blessedness; besides, he is a sad ugly dog, and this completes the parallel. I speak from feeling, for alas! however reluctant the confession, I am a bachelor myself. I am one of that unhappy class—a he-spinster—who go partners in situation with the pike, the hyæna, and the vulture. Moreover, I have attained that age when a man's mind being unalterably fixed, if he possess any oddities in dress, habit or disposition, they are sure to stick like burrs to him throughout life. It may—indeed it must—be this shy reserve of manner that has hitherto kept me a bachelor, for I have made no less than three separate offers to as many women, and been as often refused. My first (to enter without any further preliminary on my confessions) was perpetrated at the exceedingly susceptible age of twenty-two, when, after dancing at a race-ball with a lady,

* See p. 474, vol. i.

whom I shall call Eliza, I became convinced that I was in love. This affliction grew daily, even hourly, more alarming; if I ever slept, it was to dream of my Dulcinea; if I woke, it was with her name on my lips; in fact, I was inoculated all over with sentiment. The reader will naturally conclude, that a youth of such impassioned temperament would, of course, be a favourite with the softer sex: I should think so too; in my case, however, the very reverse was the fact. Women indeed—and of late I have studied them attentively—are more taken with the parade than the reality of feeling. Genuine sensibility is shy and silent: this will never do for a sex won solely by romance and appearance; and hence it is, that callous men of the world, with just enough feeling to make them act their part well, are your only successful suitors.—But to return to my confessions.

I was frequently in the habit of meeting with Eliza in the course of our evening strolls; yet, strange to say, although I had such glorious opportunities, I could never summon courage to hint—except by acts—at my attachment. One evening, however (oh, fatal recollection!), I chanced to meet her as she was crossing a little meadow that skirted the road-side. She was alone; looked more beautiful than ever, and—but why halt in my confessions? I joined her, chatted with her about the twilight, the moon and stars (there was not one visible), the graces in nature, &c., and in fact was going on, I thought, most courageously, when, on accidentally casting my eyes towards her, I saw a smile, which I fancied of course a contemptuous one, lurking in the angles of her sweet pouting little mouth. This was enough: the barometer of my hopes sunk instantly below zero; I grew nervous, fidgetty, wished myself any where but where I was; when, to complete my confusion, my hat fell off. I was now no longer master of myself; I rushed like lightning from the spot, Eliza's involuntary laugh following me quickly in the rear, and never once halted until safely housed in the deepest recesses of my father's study. To men of a shy nervous disposition—for to few others will these confessions be intelligible—I need not say how long a prejudice, once taken up, will endure. For months subsequent to this adventure I had imbibed an opinion that a certain something, in nature or address, had disqualified me for female society. This idea gathered strength with time, until at last I withdrew myself altogether from their company. Even to this moment I cannot look a woman in the face: I would sooner front a cannon. Nay, the very sight, but yesterday, of a white frock hanging up on my garden lines to dry gave me a twinge which I have not yet recovered. I will pause an instant therefore, and take a glass of wine; another—so; I can now proceed boldly with my confessions.

It came to pass, that about six years after this occurrence, when its impression was somewhat on the wane, I formed—for I had it all to myself—an attachment to a lively young girl at *Walworth*. For some weeks my acquaintance with her went on swimmingly enough, I could now and then almost look her in the face (by-the-bye with all my bashfulness I found that she had fine eyes, those light pearly grey ones, so indicative of passion and sensibility), and, in fact, contrived at times to talk sentimentally enough without stuttering; but mark the upshot! I was one evening invited to drink tea with her grandmother, an old lady with whom she then resided, and as I was not altogether without hopes of having made an impression on her (not the grandmother, observe!), I

determined to take this opportunity of declaring myself; so mustering all the courage I could lay hands on, I started off, highly excited, towards their abode. Well, on reaching the house I found the old lady confined to her bed, and the daughter seated alone in the drawing-room. It was a warm pleasant summer-evening, just dusky enough to hide confusion, yet not sufficiently so to require candles. Nothing could be more propitious; hid beneath the mask of twilight I chatted and sighed incessantly: hastening perpetually towards the object of my visit, yet strange to say, from some unaccountable nervousness, flying off whenever it seemed to be understood. This continued upwards of an hour; I had even begun to render myself somewhat intelligible, when, just as I was proceeding to pop the question, the door opened, and in came the infernal candles. My face—for the life of me I cannot tell you why—was instantly as red as scarlet; had I even committed murder I could not have appeared more guilty, while my astonished companion (women in such cases have an almost miraculous instinct), after looking in my face for an instant, as much as to say, "at last I comprehend you," turned off the conversation, and never again gave me an opportunity of renewing it. I saw her once or twice afterwards; but, she always looked at me, as I thought, with pity blended with contempt, so I gradually cut the connection, and returned once again to solitude. Miserable recollection! I must dispatch another bumper!

The reader will scarcely believe that, after these two failures, I should ever have had courage to try a third. It so happened, however, that like men grown desperate by gaming, the more the chances turned against me, the more I resolved to persevere. I was thirty when the last mishap took place; I was now forty-three; somewhat, but not much, the worse for wear; indeed, I take forty to be a very sensible age, quite young enough for love, and old enough for experience. At forty a man is in his prime, and though perhaps he may be going down hill, yet it is slowly, in a broad-wheeled waggon; whereas, at fifty, he gallops down the descent in a light post-coach, with time on the box, and decay on the guard-seat behind him. At forty, Cæsar was for the first time in love! Courage then, I exclaimed, the third throw is always a lucky one; and so indeed it proved—but I must not anticipate.

Near the house where I vegetated, dwelt a certain pretty widow, who I thought had at times evinced a partiality for me. Assuredly an old bachelor is the vainest dog living! I had no more reason for fancying any such whim, than I had for fancying myself an Adonis; yet it so happened, that somehow or other I became convinced of her attachment. Circumstances favoured the delusion; when we met I was received with a smile; when we parted, methought, with a sigh; so I resolved, come what might, to push matters to a crisis. With this view I began by beating about the bush, yet blushing as before, when understood; I talked of the pleasures of sentiment, of home, of domestic attachment, of infantine pledges, &c., to all of which she answered, "certainly, sir, you're quite right;" and, in fact, am convinced that I should have made a conquest, only that the night before my intended declaration, she happened to run off with my footman, a fellow with about as much sentiment in his composition as a baked leg of mutton.

This last misfortune put the closing seal to my exploits. I have ever since lived in complete seclusion, shuddering at the very sight of a woman, yet indulging, like Rousseau, in the wildest reveries concerning

the sex. My confessions are, I conceive, peculiar, and now that I have fairly rid my mind of them (as hypochondriacs love talking of their disorders), why, I feel a degree more composed. Unhappy wretch! with the strongest possible desire for matrimony I find myself notwithstanding a bachelor. I am personable enough, I take it—rather goodlooking than otherwise—with a sweet smile, resulting from an amiable disposition, irradiating my fine open countenance. What confirms me in this opinion of my attractions is, that my housekeeper, an excellent-hearted creature in her way, is always telling me so, and she is allowed to be a judge. Hah! there she goes, pacing pensively along the garden. Well, it is certainly delightful for a bachelor like me—who, for twenty years, has been shivering on the Rubicon of matrimony, without once daring to plunge in—it is, I repeat, delightful to him to find that there is one fond soul who knows how to appreciate worth. To be sure, Deborah is thirty-six; what of that? Virtue is not restricted to youth. Moreover, she is short and set with a squat face; *n'importe*, he must be an ass who looks only to the countenance; I search deeper, I analyze the mind, and Deborah is there perfection.—But here she comes, so adieu!

ORIGINAL LETTERS.

Mr. HUME to Mr. DAVENPORT of Wootton, on the Subject of the Pension granted by His Majesty GEORGE III. to JEAN JACQUES ROUSSEAU.

DEAR SIR: *London, 27th of April* 1767.

The affair of M. Rousseau's pension is now finally concluded. I had to day a letter from M. Bradshaw of the treasury, informing me that the Duke of Grafton was instantly to order a hundred pounds a year to be paid, without deductions, to any person whom he should order to receive it. It is to commence from the first of this month, and will, I suppose, be paid quarterly. He has nothing to do but to write a common missive letter to any person, banker or other, empowering him to receive payment as often as it becomes due.

Have you seen a little book, published within these few days, being an account of Rousseau's writings and conduct? It is a high panegyric on him; but without attempting to throw any blame upon me: on the contrary, it owns he is in the wrong in his quarrel with me. It is said to be the work of Dr. Sterne; but it exceeds even the usual extravagance of that gentleman's productions.

Lord Holdernesse told me that he intended to send a person across the country in order to take a view of your plough and its operations; I doubt not but you will give him a good reception.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR: *London, 2d of May* 1767.

Since I wrote to you I had a visit from Mr. Bradshaw, first clerk of the treasury, who informed me of farther particulars concerning M. Rousseau's pension; it commences from the 5th of April last, and the first quarter of it will be paid, without deductions, on or about the 5th of July next. He need only give an order to a banker, or any other person he pleases, to receive it; and this person must address himself to Mr. Lowndes, the secretary of the treasury, and show him M. Rousseau's letter. This is all the formality requisite. I hope he will enjoy this mark of His Majesty's bounty with tranquillity and peace of mind.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR: *London, 9th of May* 1767.

I cannot say that I am in the least surprised at the fact of which you give me information. Above two months ago I was told that your philosopher

wanted to break loose from you, though I concealed the matter from you for fear of disgusting you against him. It seems he wrote to a gentleman in Lincolnshire, whose name I have forgot, and offered to come and live with him—an honour which the gentleman declined. His unhappy inquietude of temper must always hinder him from resting in any place where he is not molested. But I wonder where he will now find any body to take him up after your example and mine; I am even doubtful whether he is to accept of his pension. He must be arrived in London some days, yet General Conway has not heard of him, I fancy he dares not approach a house in which he expects to meet with me.

So you are a traitor, too, it seems; pray, do you speak in your sleep? But you may cry as loud as you please, *je tiens Jean Jaques.* He has got out of your clutches, and is now in the wide world. For God's sake let me have a copy of his letter; I suppose it is very elegant and very absurd like his to me. Whether do you think he has brought his memoirs to town in order to publish them? There will be a thousand lies in them, about which you need no more trouble yourself than I shall.

The Bishop of Cloyne was with me this morning, and told me that his curiosity led him to Neufchatel in order to visit your philosopher; and he returned to the same place, by accident, just after Rousseau had left it. There were a thousand stories, which our friend has frequently told me, and, indeed, has published to all the world, concerning his being stoned by the populace; and particularly that a great stone had been erected over the door, like a trap, in such a manner, that the moment he set his head out of the house it must have fallen upon him, and have crushed him. All these stories, the Bishop said, were absolutely false. The magistrates of the place examined into the matter: they found only one stone in the house, and one pane broke; but the matter had been so ill contrived by the master and maid, that the stone was too big for the hole in the pane, and could not have entered by it. Upon the whole, though a poor unhappy wretch like this is an object of pity, I think you have got a very fair riddance: for I take it for granted he will never look near you more.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DAVID HUME.

P.S. I shall be glad to hear of the alleviation of your gout, for we must not wish for an entire cure of this fit so soon.

DEAR SIR: *London, 16th of May* 1767.

You are probably told by Mr. Fitzherbert that your wild philosopher, as you call him, has at last appeared at Spalding in Lincolnshire, whence he has wrote a most extravagant letter to the chancellor, demanding a messenger to conduct him safely to Dover, for which, he says, there is an absolute necessity; and this act of hospitality he desires as the last from a country which he seems determined to abandon for ever. In short, he is plainly mad, after having been long maddish; and your good offices, with those of Mr. Conway, not to mention mine, being joined to the total want of persecution in this country, have pushed him beyond all bounds of patience. I know what to advise you with regard to his baggage and his money; he will probably pass by London in his way to Dover, and you may give any of your friends here what orders you think proper on that head. I suppose he gives up his pension for ever. The Lord have mercy on him! as you say.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR: *London, 22d of May* 1767.

The very same day, and nearly about the same hour, that you told me you had received a letter from your philosopher, dated at Spalding in Lincolnshire, and expressing his intentions of returning presently to Wootton, did General Conway receive a letter from him, dated at Dover, and expressing his intentions of passing presently over to France. I dread his being arrested there, and used very ill. He complains still of his misery; he is surely very unhappy,

and a great object of compassion. He accepts, however, of his pension. He says that all the world in England are prejudiced against him; for which, however, he knows no reason, except his behaviour to me, in which he confesses he might be to blame. I have wrote to some of my friends in France to protect him, if possible.

I am, dear Sir, yours with great sincerity, DAVID HUME.

DEAR SIR: *London, 28th of May* 1767.

The letter of poor Rousseau to the general was so far obliging that it considered him as only led astray by evil council: but it still supposed him to be engaged in the conspiracy against him; and he even insinuates that Mr. Conway may be induced to cut his throat in private, which, he says, will not be a safe attempt, considering that he is unhappily but too well known, and enquiries will be made after him if he disappear. In short, he is plainly and thoroughly mad. I have used all my persuasion with Monsieur de Guerchy to represent him in that light to his court; I have wrote to several of my friends in Paris, and represented him as an object of compassion rather than of anger: yet am I afraid such is the rage of bigots, that he may be seized, and the law put in execution against him. I hope he may possibly pass disguised and concealed through France. But whither will he go? If to Geneva, as is probable, it will be worse for him; for both parties are there in a rage against him. It was unlucky he left Wootton, or did not return to it; for he ought really, for his good, to be, what he imagines himself, a captive; and he could not have fallen into the hands of a person more prudent and humane than yourself.

As to his pension, it will undoubtedly be reserved to him; but we are at a loss to know to whom it can be paid, he never gave any directions about the matter, as you know, since he fled from Wootton before you could give him intelligence of my last letter. But he will be heard of in some part of the world, and must at last fall under some guidance and direction, in which case, it is probable, his Majesty will continue his bounty to him, in order to be a relief to him in his present unhappy condition.

He said to General Conway that he had wrote his memoirs, and had deposited them in safe hands, who would deliver them up to the general in case he would grant him his liberty. It appears that the chief object of them is to give a relation of the treatment he met with in England; and they seem to be a satire on the ministers and people: neither of whom he can know any thing about. I suppose they will be published.

I cannot tell the date of his letter to the chancellor, but it came to hand on Friday the 15th: it had probably been wrote on the 13th.

I wish you had an amanuensis, for I should be sorry to give you the trouble of copying his letters. I should send you a copy of his to the general, but it is very long; and, besides, Mr. Conway scruples to give a copy, till it be quite determined, as he says, whether he be quite mad or only whimsical. But the affair appears very clear to me, and, I suppose, to you also.

I hope your gout is now a good deal easier.

I am, dear Sir, your most obedient humble servant, DAVID HUME.

P.S. Mr. Fitzherbert had in his hands Rousseau's letter to the chancellor.

THOUGHTS ON THE PURIFICATION OF GIBBON, SHAKSPEARE, &c. AND ON THE IMPROVEMENT OF GOODY TWO-SHOES.

"No—give me the carcase-butcher: who examines the dead animal with a butcher's eye, I allow; but if he finds the vital part sound, cares not for those trifling discolourments, which give a tinge here and there to the bright and healthy hue of the subject under his inspection."

"Talk you of Reviewers, Master Launcelot?"

NOT I, my friends; it is against the non-reviewers that I am incensed, against those who have not a reviewer's coat on; against those who have not the *entrée* into the temples of literature, but, with brazen audacity, climb over the walls, and disturb the dead in those sanctuaries where

'they lay like authors going to rest," with their "well-known garments round them. You do, my worthy readers, by this time see daylight, and doubtless are aware that I allude to the profanations now just beginning amongst the favourites whom we have so long taken to our very hearts and bosoms. Yes, the accursed kettle is on—the enchanters are at work stirring up the furnace, and not only Shakspeare, Hume, and Gibbon, &c. &c. are to be melted down, and every warm word laded out and thrown into the mixen, but the demon has seized with his malignant wand—or hook rather—the friend and moralist of our better days, and dragged the kind, the dutiful, and charitable Goody Two-Shoes into the cauldron.

I thought at least this popular little volume would have been saved from mutilation and alteration, to go down to future ages in all its native glory. It is a library in itself—no churchwarden or overseer should be without it—so deeply is the image of the affecting heroine graven in our hearts, that even the casual mention of her name, will at times produce the most powerful emotions. We see her standing on the threshold of Farmer Smith's door, as it used to be so ably represented by Mr. Newbery's wood-cuts—we hear the tender little Smiths accost her in their broken tongue—we feel the cold nose of the interesting dog who was her companion in the pulpit at the never-to-be-forgotten funeral of Mr. Smith. Reader, I quote from memory—it might not be Mr. Smith, but that is of no moment—there was a funeral, and surely there cannot be a finer or more perfect painting, or any writing that has so magical an effect upon us as Goody Two Shoes.

After contemplating this outrage, we do of course look upon the projected refinement of Shakspeare—the dismemberment of Hume—the purification of Gibbon, with cooler and far different feelings. Yet, if I remember right, Shakspeare was certainly one of those beings who new-strung the fibres of the heart, and made us "throw physic to the dogs;" —and how would his own mother ever recognize the English historian again, when he appeared in her paths with amputated limbs, and the viscera withdrawn from his body?

Purify Gibbon, too, from his sensuality! If they could deliver us from his affectations by the same process—with all our souls.

But it cannot be; both the one and the other are mingled up with his vitality, and lay in his bones and marrow. But I am growing warm, Mr. Editor: and well I may, for when once the reformer's fingers have handled and separated the carcase, it changes colour—the decomposition is begun; the salt, the sweet, the acid, the balsamic and peculiar flavour is gone.

Yet, if there be "no law in Venice" to stay the carnage, why let us give up a part to preserve the rest. Take Gibbon, Hume, Shakspeare, Boyle—but leave us our own familiar friend "Goody Two-Shoes"—leave her for the sake of future beadles and parish officers—for the sake of our children and children's children—It is the jewel and the flower of the good fairy—Leave her in her village dress, and, "thou most particular creature," leave her with her slipshod feet.

I am, Sir, yours, &c.,

G. H.

LETTER ON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

"Come like shadows, so depart."

It is a prodigious comfort to my spirit that general elections only take place once in seven years! "Annual parliaments," however, if they were introduced, must change the whole style and figure of the thing: it would be impossible, in the short space of twelve months, either to compose the quantity of bad wine, or collect the quantity of bad language, which the voters drink, and the candidates utter, during a contest, as matters go at present.

Bond-street, Brighton, and Boulogne,—all opposing interests in general,—are concurring to wish politics at the devil. The "town season" has been entirely shortened. Few parties: few people. "Bad go," the dowagers say, all through the campaign. Daughters look down: market overstocked, and dull demand. Little done in settlements, unless where there happens to be "borough interest." Husbands as at last quotation.—Absolutely we must colonise.

Oratory of the hustings, all over the country, duller than that of the pulpit. Nothing but a little Billingsgate from Hunt and Cobbett to make the contests at all tolerable. Cobbett is making a desperate battle—head, teeth, hoof, and horn—at Preston; but he has not a chance to come in. His money is gone; and

"L'argent, l'argent, sans lui [at an election] tout est stérile:
"La vertu [even if the candidate had any] sans l'argent, est un meuble inutile."

Cobbett's insolence of disposition, however, would always be sufficient alone to ruin him in any popular contest. He speaks ill always; though his speeches read well, from the excellent sense and knowledge which they contain. His abuse is too terrific even for a mob to listen to—from a candidate for parliament, whom they are used to think should have the manners of a gentleman. And his jokes, when he attempts to be pleasant, are too coarse—too vindictive; the best of them are difficult to laugh at. "He has some humour, I think?" said a barrister to an old country gentleman, who was listening to Cobbett at Preston for the first time.—"Yes," replied the last—"*ill*-humour."—Hunt is a vulgar man, by comparison with Cobbett, in point of talent, and is "flinging dirt," as if for a wager, in Somersetshire; and yet his deportment is less repulsive than Cobbett's on the hustings.

"Jokes for July," warranted undrawn. Let us see what can be done with them.

"Ascot Heath" was gloriously crowded at the races the other day; and there was one of the runs the result of which could not be made out (as it often happens in a close race) at a distance. The crowd poured up, of course, to the winning-post to inquire.—"It was *El Dorado*, was not it, won?" asked one man (meaning the horse).—"No, you fool! it was Jem Robinson," replied another (giving the name of the rider). That's a better blunder than Colman in *The Heir at Law*. And vouched for as true, too, which is always something.

Pretty bad every thing just now in the Book way. "Rejected Articles!" by the Smiths, I suppose? But the day of parody is gone by. It is one of the lowest efforts in the way of composition, and was monstrously overrated for a time. Still, what the Smiths do is above mere parody. Roscoe's "German Novels!" very dull indeed—almost as dull as the

Italian ones; and every thing that was worth translating in the Italian Novelists had found its way into translation long before Mr. Roscoe took them in hand. There is a book, however, just published by Colburn,—"The Political Primer,"—that is entertaining and clever. I don't like cutting pieces out of other men's books, or else I should like to have a bit or two of it.

It is curious to observe, by the way, what a change has been silently taking place in the arrangements of our literary "trade" within the last few years. The price of books has become so enormous, and the readers who cannot pay enormous prices so many, as to make the received channel now of reading, the Circulating Library. The increased business of the circulating libraries, and the immense number of new books which they have to buy, has doubled, and in some cases trebled, the charges of such establishments. In the mean time, the business of "reviewing," as far as applied merely to the giving an idea of new and valuable books, which was once of great value to the highest periodical publications, is completely cut up by the literary news-writers, who come out every Saturday, some of them almost with reprints of very popular and celebrated works. I recollect, when the "Tales of the Crusades" was published, one of these papers advertised that it gave *twenty-two columns* of extract from the first tale! This was about as much as many people would want, and without having the book at all. Some of these people, when matter run short, "continue" a work from week to week. Other speculators make up threepenny publications, openly, out of the magazines and higher periodicals: and there are rogues who absolutely reprint papers, *verbatim et literatim*, under fresh titles. And yet, with all, writers were never paid so highly as they are now.—See art. *Book-Trade.*

Air-balloons have begun "running for the summer." I often hear people wonder how mere mountebanks,—stolid villains, without an atom of qualification of any order,—marry women with large fortunes, or otherwise fall into estates of five thousand pounds a year? I saw an air-balloon "bill" stuck up against a wall yesterday, about two "ladies" who were going on a visit to the clouds—a "Mrs. Graham," and a "Miss Stocks"—which illustrates the problem curiously. "Miss Stocks," who, a year ago, was maid-servant to a gingerbread-baker in the City Road, went with the usual rabblement to see an unfortunate man of the name of Harris go up in a "balloon" from the tea-gardens of the Eagle Tavern; and, seeing a placard pasted up, that "an opportunity now offered for any lady or gentleman to ascend," &c.; and taking it for granted that those who made balloons gave "opportunities to ascend" free of expense, she took a fancy that she should like to see the moon closer than she had done theretofore;—and accordingly—with two good shillings and a brass thimble, and the ballad of "Death and the Lady," in her pocket—"Miss Stocks" walked straight to the "bar" of the house, and offered herself.

Now, by a curious conspiracy, as it were, of circumstances, it so happened, that the air-balloon proprietor himself, who was pretty nearly as mad as the candidate for "ascension," had been able to find no one who would either pay £30 (the sum demanded) for "going up" with him, or even go up with him without paying any thing; and, being ready to start just as "Miss Stocks" appeared, and, probably, a little loth to make his first experiment alone, he actually closed with her proposal on the instant.

It was literally "up and mount!" The dog that squatted down to scratch his ear when the adventure began, had not got up again when it concluded! In five minutes after quitting the tea-gardens "Miss Stocks" was in the milky way; and in five seconds after being in the milky way, she was in the tea-gardens—or some other gardens again.—Clap! clap! went the balloon as its sides collapsed. Down they came, faster than the Irishman in Crofton Croker's legend; and without even meeting a black eagle to stop them. Poor Mr. Harris (this was no joke though!) was dead, and "Miss Stocks" was speechless! By a strange fatality—neither party even dreaming of such a possible transaction—the same six minutes cost Mr. Harris his life, and made Miss Stocks a "lady."—Distinction, no matter how it comes, like money, is every thing. People would pay their money to see the young woman that fell all the way out of the clouds and never hurt herself. So "Miss Stocks" defied the gingerbread, and took to "air-ballooning," not as an amusement, but a trade; had her name printed in large letters, and her story told in the papers, and has been out with the "shew-people" regularly ever since. This is the way in which impenetrable people occasionally succeed—from the very sheer stupidity that prevents their seeing the odds that are against them. A man walks drunk—and is saved—by the edge of a precipice, which he could not have approached without giddiness, if he had been sober.

A fair paraphrase of Horace's ode, "*Ne sit ancillæ*" &c., in the "*Sun*" of last night, which has given up selling two hundred, and means to make way. The old proprietor, John Taylor, has become an "oculist," I hear. Very odd! Though a good deal of what he used to do always seemed to me to be "my eye!"

To a Gentleman who Married his Cook-maid,

"Ne sit ancillæ, &c."—Lib. ii. Ode 5.

Oh! let not your passion for Lucy the maid
O'ershadow your cheek with a blush,
When beauty ennobles, how speedily fade
Birth, parentage, duster and brush.

How many like you have thus sighed for a prize,
When they found a Cook's figure bewitching,
Or feeling the force of a Housekeeper's eyes,
Have married the Queen of the Kitchen.

Then let not your smiles from her presence recoil,
Her charms must anxiety soften,
For who is so likely to make the pot boil
As she who has boil'd it so often?

Her pedigree, too, may, for aught that you know,
Be worthy your tenderest love,
Then raise her at once from the regions below,
To shine in the regions above.

Same paper has a supposed epitaph on "Falstaff" (Elliston's fall in Falstaff) by "Prince Hal."

Hark, hark! 'tis the death warrant's toll,
Poor Falstaff is gone like a noddy;
Let Satan fly off with his soul,
And I'll fetch a cart for his body.

This is a little too hard, however, upon Elliston; who, though he has not made a great many friends, or rather never kept a great many, has

been, nevertheless, a golden actor; and I would regret, now his strength is gone, that he met with any mischance. Besides, whatever means he might have used in attempting to sustain himself, it was *illness* that *really* destroyed him in *Falstaff.* I saw him play the character on the first night when he attempted it: it was weak even to childishness; and I felt certain that he never would get through it three times. Samuel Rogers, says the "*Sun*," must not be published of an *evening* any longer, because now its the *Rising* sun. That poet will be the death of me!

It is a great misery to me, and I should think must be to tender-hearted people in general, to find that the "Mendicity Society" is relaxing in its labours. One's feelings are now exposed to laceration, and one's garments to pollution, turn which way one will. We suffer outwardly from having greasy hats thrust forty times in a day against our clothes; and inwardly, from a regret that there should be no place where persons who wear greasy hats can be at once taken care of. The emancipated "solicitors" have lost no time in districting the town; and the favourite arrangement seems to be for two to take a street—one on each side the way—so that no body can escape; and you gain nothing by crossing. In Dublin, they have a cart which goes about the city all day *catching* beggars; I wish the same plan were adopted here: for, in many cases, the poor creatures seem to be very tired, and I dare say would be glad of any opportunity to ride home.

I see great exultation in some of the liberal prints, that the "No Popery" cry, as it is called, has failed to produce the effects expected, here and there, at the elections. I think there is a little mistake in all this. There is no horror of "Popery," nor anxiety about it, in the minds of the mass of the people of England. The English Catholics, if they stood alone, might get any thing they chose (as far as the people are concerned) to-morrow. But when briefless barristers, and reporters of newspapers (persons respectable enough in their proper situation) come here calling themselves delegates, and undertaking to "answer for the peace or turbulence of Ireland," and talking of force and danger to the people of Great Britain—honest John loves a joke, but he thinks all this rather too good a one. He does not mind much what *else* the Catholics might believe; but he is afraid they want a little more instruction, while they believe such persons fit to be their leaders. I have no doubt that the Irish Catholics must have their claims (or at least three-fourths of their claims), though I think the management of their "Association" has thrown the grant of those claims back ten or fifteen years; but the real cry, as far as the people have any, is not "No Popery"—it is "No Paddy." As for the return of candidates—

"L'argent, l'argent!"

One way or the other, that does not prove much.

The French newspaper, the *Etoile*, gives the following exquisite piece of intelligence:—"His Majesty (Charles X.) hunted yesterday at Fontainbleau. We are pleased to state that he was two hours and a half on horseback, and *perspired less than usual!*"

"There's a divinity doth hedge a king"

that makes even his perspirings a matter of importance. Our own "court newsmen" are felicitous sometimes in expression too. One of

these, announcing an indisposition of the Princess Elizabeth, some years since, proclaimed, that—"Her Royal Highness, the Princess, had had an attack of bile, which had compelled her for two days past to keep her Royal chamber; but that the world would be gratified to know that she had gone out for an airing that morning in the Royal carriage, and had taken two cups of chocolate, which had remained upon her Royal stomach." Our "*Morning Post*" is far from unhappy in paragraphs of this character, though the style of its writers is occasionally ambiguous. It stated a few days since, as a matter of general congratulation, that the *accouchement* of the Duchess of some place was *rapidly* approaching!

Speaking of "Court newsmen," poor Von Weber has been buried at last—three weeks after his death. The impertinence of fidlers as a body, and still more the fulsomeness of the people who write puffs in the papers about them, throws an air of ridiculousness even over events which are the subjects of regret. The moment poor Weber was dead, out came the manifestos for subscription! and about as much as five years of his reasonable income during his life, was to be "collected" for his funeral. One pleasant gentleman published a statement broadly hinting, that all the noblemen in the country meant to send their equipages, or something to that effect, to aid the procession! When the day came, there were *three:* all belonging to professional people. The "collection" for the Cenotaph goes on, I doubt, but slowly. But how afflicting would all this be to poor Weber if he could know it, who was a modest, ingenuous, unobtrusive man; and who would have sense enough, moreover, to perceive, that these trumpeters cared nothing about him, and were only making a sort of desperate effort to puff themselves.

More "Stocks." Talking of "Miss Stocks" above, puts me in mind. —All Oxford-street has been in an uproar for the last two days; and the *Morning Herald* newspaper has been imposed upon. A ticket linen-draper, it seems, of the name of "Richardson," keeps a shop somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Pantheon, and writes up half-a-dozen names over his door—"James"—"Mallcott," I think, and two or three others—saccording to a custom among some of these traders—which have no connexion with his business. Well! on the 12th of June, or thereabouts, there appeared a long paragraph, headed "Horrible Accident," or "Fatal Catastrophe," or somethimg to that effect, in the *Morning Herald!* which described "Mr. Mallcott, of Oxford-street, linen-draper, and so forth;" and "Mr. James, of Oxford-street, his partner, also linen-draper, and so forth," going "up the water," on the preceding evening, to Vauxhall! with a party of ladies—two flutes and a hurdy-gurdy—and every other appliance to a regular "gala." If they had listened to the advice of Plato, who counsels people never to go any where by water when it is possible to go by land, and returned to town by the way of Lambeth and Kennington-lane, they might have gone safe all to just such another excursion, in just such another summer! But, as it was, rowing homeward along the Surrey shore, between the Bishop's palace and Westminster, one of the party suddenly cried out that "he saw a flounder," and the rest naturally all jumped up to look. The boat was overset, and swamped! Mr. Mallcott, being a powerful man and a bold swimmer, happily succeeded in saving sixteen or seventeen of the ladies! But Mr. James—the half of a cold pigeon-pie! and the hurdy-gurdy—*went down to rise no more!* Now all this lamentable detail, which was given at great length in the *Herald*, and copied into various other newspapers, of

course produced a suitable sensation. Steady people declared, by land or water, against going to Vauxhall altogether. The shop in Oxford-street was put into mourning for "Mr. James," and the "Stock" announced, in large black-edged bills, to be sold off three hundred per cent. under prime cost, for the "benefit of the widow." In the mean time, boats went out in all directions, raking the bottom of the river, and pulling up every thing *but* "Mr. James." Every body they found drowned, they carried up to the Pantheon to be "owned;" but still, every fresh person they brought, Mr. Mallcott said, "that was not the right." When, lo! on the morning of the 17th inst., just as the sale, three hundred per cent. under cost price, for the benefit of Mrs. James, was to have commenced, came the following terrific exposure in the *Morning Herald* newspaper; and, what was worse, upon immense placards in the window of a rival hosier:—

"*To the Editor of the Morning Herald.*

"SIR,—An account appeared in your paper last week, of an *ACCIDENT* having happened to a party returning from Vauxhall by water, by which a Mr. JAMES, of Oxford-street, was unfortunately DROWNED. I think it right to inform you, and through you the Public, that the whole account is an *INFAMOUS FABRICATION.*

"*There is NO such person as JAMES in the house—there was NO ACCIDENT—there is NO WIDOW to sell for!*—I think it right, therefore, to guard the Public from such *DISGUSTING IMPOSITIONS*, that they may at least go to market with their eyes open.—A CONSTANT READER.—*June* 15."

The propriety of people going, not only "to market," but every where else, "with their eyes open," it was quite impossible to question; and the public, enraged to find that no mischief had taken place, resolved not to buy the calicoes and ginghams, although they were to be given away for nothing.

What a strange variety of orders and interests we shall have jumbled together in this new House of Commons! Here is Mr. Bish, who is the manager of Drury-lane theatre, is a member of Parliament. And Mr. Gye, who keeps Vauxhall, is a member of Parliament. And Mr. D. W. Harvey, who is (or was) the proprietor of a Sunday newspaper—he is a member of Parliament. And Mr. Hunt, who makes blacking in St. George's Fields—and Mr. Cobbett, whom men call "Bone-grubber," and "rogue" and "rascal"—they are setting up to be members of Parliament! There is no objection to any of this; but it amounts to the odd! I am glad that Mr. Butterworth is thrown out at Dover, because he is a saint, and "serious." I hate people that are "serious." "Never trust a tailor," says the poet, "who does not sing at his work; his mind's on nothing but filching!" And I am glad that Peter Moore has lost at Coventry, because he wore the vilest wig always, except one that belonged to the late Major Cartwright, that ever issued from the hands of a barber: a most wicked wig—an *un*natural scratch; all the world must recollect it: a most transparently and inexcusably-detestable caxon! Besides, all gentlemen above fifty look best in grey hairs, or powder.

The changes of the times are giving rise to songs out of number, which celebrate the old style, and lament innovation, or *vice versa*. I heard part of one of these the other day, as I was passing through Soho-square, which wept for the decline in the true spirit of "robbery,"—the change from force to artifice—which has been brought about since the middle of the last century,

"When thieves had a bold [it went] as well as a sly way,
And went with pistols on the highway," &c. &c.

There was another ballad, too, but I can't recollect the measure, that described the instability of Mr. Hunt, the Somersetshire candidate, in his pursuits. From beer to politics—from politics to blacking—and then from blacking to politics again. But the best that I have heard, was one that a French gentleman sung *extempore*, in English, a few nights back, at a party where I was. I'll endeavour to give a notion of the manner of it;—

AIR, RECITATIVE FROM "*The Battle of Hexham*,"
"MODERATION! MODERATION!"

"Oh! à present—now—it is de time of miracles, an de arts an sciences shall thrive,
In de year, ce qu'on appelle, of our Lord, eighteen hundred an twenty-six—dat come after de year of our Lord eighteen hundred an twenty-five!
Ven dey hang de poor garçon dat is singel, if more dan vonce he take it into his head to wive;
And you buy de iron coffin for your friend ven he die, dat he shan't be pull up by your friend dat stay alive!
Alteraçion, alteraçion! Ah,
We have every day some alteraçion!

"Dere's de new almanach, dat shew you how de moon go on, since de German found out dat dere vas fortificaçion in her;
An dere's de New Magazin publish every month, to tell you what you ought to eat for dinner!
Dere's de new lottery, where all de prize—is—blank, dat give misfortune to whoever wish to win her;
An dere's de new science, dat, ven you pot your hand a top of a man's head, you know if he's a saint or a sinner!
Speculaçion, speculaçion! Ah,
Par Dieu! this is une étrange speculaçion!

"Dere's in France, at last, de Fossil skeleton—de very thing dat Monsieur Cuvier so very long have sought for!
Which prove dat man—he was make upon de face of de earth—much sooner dan some folks thought for!
En Amérique, they build von ship so grand! as if timber nothing could be bought for;
An in Holland, de Dutchmen they learn to dance—though they can't conceive what they are taught for!
Operaçion, operaçion! Dat
Must be one extraordinaire operaçion!

"Oh, yes!—I say this is de time of miracle, when de new vonders spring up in every quarter.
One gentleman, he sold his wife in Smithfield, in England, and another gentleman bought her!
In London now dey wash their shirt by steam, and never put him at all into de water;
And, à Paris, the ladies wear their petticoat so long, dat de next fashion must be—to cut it shorter!
Alteraçion, alteraçion! I
Don't care how soon dey make dat alteraçion!

The *Times* of this morning contains an advertisement:—"Wanted, a Personal Representative." Now, what sort of a thing is that?

Lord Harborough, I see, has been tried at the sessions, for calling "Yo, ho!" in some street, in the night stated in the indictment; and afterwards (with assistance) slaying and beating several watchmen. I wonnder that the idea of a "perpetual lodgment of bail" at all the principal police-offices, has never occurred to those of our nobility who are in the habit of being taken to the watch-house (during the "season") twice a-week? It would only be the loss of interest upon a small sum of money; and all the fuss of "finding sureties," and "sending for one's tailor"—(perhaps not much caring to send for him)—"locked up

in default" till he comes, &c. &c., would be saved. Suppose, for instance, a man "enters" at Bow-street, or Marlborough-street, with his leg broken.

MAGISTRATE.—"Well, my friend, what is the matter with you?"

MAN.—"Please your Lordship, my leg is broke."

NEWSPAPER REPORTER.—"*Which* of his legs is broke?"

MAGISTRATE.—"Silence! Who broke your head, my good fellow?"

MAN.—"Please your Worship, it's my leg. It was Lord Harborough, and three or four more amongst 'em."

MAGISTRATE.—"Lord Harborough!"—(Turns to Clerk): "We have his bail, have not we?"

CLERK.—"Yes, Sir Richard, for five hundred. He is only bound as yet for two."

Recognizance is then filled up for two or three hundred more, a quire, signed in blank, being left lying at the office. No story—no publicity. Man dies before he has time to indict at the sessions, and there is an end of the affair.

I think, however, personally, that we might carry the thing farther than this. And that a nobleman of fifty or sixty thousand pounds of annual income, might manage so to connect himself with the Executive authorities, as to make any steps taken against him by the law or police merely nominal—as they are against monied persons in Ireland. In fact, to be carried as it were *before himself*, and be his own apprehender, when he committed any offence. For instance, what should prevent such a noble individual, resident in town, and being himself a magistrate for Middlesex, from furnishing some of the chief executive duties of police in London out of his own immediate retinue and household? Why should he not get his butler made high constable of Westminster? His grooms, all members of some "Association Corps of Cavalry?" His private secretary might be a practising barrister (that is, a barrister without practice); his steward an attorney; all his footmen special constables, and his porter beadle of the parish. I can't imagine any thing more convenient than, in driving one's cabriolet along, first to knock an apple-stall down, and then order one's servant to step out and apprehend the mistress of it, after she got up again? If a boy laughed at one's shirt-collar, to have him taken up instantly as "disorderly," and, if he attempted to justify himself, committed as "a rogue and a vagabond?" What an addition would the crown and garter, &c., the insignia of constabular dignity, be to the head of a footman's cane behind one's carriage! and though it may be objected, "that a servant so gifted would have the power to take up his master," yet as his own deposition would undoubtedly follow such an abuse of authority, it is one which he would be very chary of committing.—In conclusion, let it be understood—of shoulder-knots—I will endeavour to organize some plan, in detail, to the effect above. But, in the mean time, while Flunkies remain ungraced by office, I could wish those who employ them to look a little more strictly after their manners. Several friends of mine about town, whose force lies in their hands and heads, rather than in their pockets, have complained to me of the impertinence and unaccommodating spirit of these fellows, who block up the approach to public places. The true course, in any such case of trouble, is to thrash the rascal who offends you soundly on the spot; and, next day, insist on his dismission from his service, or satisfaction from his master.

PHILOSOPHICAL, CHEMICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

Astronomy.—A discovery as unexpected as troublesome to all practical astronomers has recently been made, namely, that the very best catalogues of stars cannot be depended upon, in some instances, even to half a minute, for stars of a small magnitude. This is supposed to have arisen from the use of two instruments in determining transits and altitudes, whereby faint stars have been frequently mistaken for each other, when their distance has been comparatively inconsiderable. A re-examination of the heavens must now take place, and to obviate similar errors for the future, it appears that a transit telescope with a declination circle attached, is the only instrument upon which reliance can be placed.

Transparency of the Ocean.—During the French voyage of discovery performed by the Coquille, experiments were regularly made for the purpose of determining to what depth it is possible to see, where the bottom is of a decidedly white tint: it was in some degree a measure of the transparency of the water. The apparatus employed was composed of a plank two feet in diameter, painted white, and having weights attached in such a manner, that in descending in the water it would remain horizontal. The results as might be expected were very dissimilar. At Offale, in the isle of Waigiou, in calm and cloudy weather, on the 13th of September the disc appeared when it had sunk to 18 metres (59 feet). The next day, the 14th, the sky being clear, the same disc was not lost sight of till at the depth of 23 metres (75.3 feet). At Port Jackson, the 12th and 13th of February, the plank could never be seen at the depth of more than 12 metres (38.3 feet) in a dead calm. The mean at New Zealand in April was a metre less. At the isle of Ascension, in January, under favourable circumstances, the extreme limits in a series of eleven experiments are 28 and 36 feet.

Humming Birds.—Humming birds have been described frequently by naturalists as of an extremely passionate and vicious disposition, destroying the most beautiful flowers apparently without the slightest cause. A very enterprizing traveller, Mr. Waterton, has recently shown that the food of these minute birds consists of insects, and consequently what has hitherto been attributed to irritability, arises from the natural instinct of the bird in pursuit of sustenance.

Etymology.—The Chinese word *pha*, to fear or apprehend, is compounded of *heart* and *white*. This shows a remarkable coincidence of thought between two distant people, the Chinese and Europeans, who seem to have adopted the same vulgar error that a coward's blood is *white*. See Shakespear and our old dramatic writers passim. —*Asiatic Journal.*

Botany.—It is remarkable that in an extent of more than 4,000 leagues, in the whole intertropical zone, from the isle of France as far as Otaheite and much further, on the islands as well as on the continents, the vegetable kingdom presents a great number of identical species, while the islands of Saint Helena and Ascension, also situated under this zone in the Atlantic ocean, produce species which are peculiar to them, and which are not found either in Brazil or in Africa, in the same latitudes. This observation was made during the circumnavigation of the globe by the French vessel Coquille.

Row's Coral Bank.—A communication has been made to the Asiatic Journal stating that a coral bank, not as yet dangerous for large ships, had been discovered by Captain Row in the eastern part of the Bay of Bengal, in the direct route of ships which trade from Bengal to the Straits of Malacca, Singapore, and other eastern parts. Its latitude is 10° 2′ N. longitude 96° 40′ E. or thereabout, and it bears west about 75 miles from the island of St. Andrew.

Coffee. — The following statement on which we shall offer some observations in our next number, we submit at present to botanical physiologists.

Raw coffee berries were put into a saucepan of boiling water and then boiled for five or six minutes. No visible effect was produced. In about an hour, some of them appeared to be germinating. The water they were in was then poured off and fresh boiling water put to them. Immediately, from almost the whole of them a small white shoot was seen protruding, which increased rapidly and visibly to the length of from 1-10th to 1-8th of an inch. In one or two instances, this little white shoot was thrown off entirely, and on examination it appeared that the part first protruded was the radical, and the other the cotelydons.

Illuminating Apparatus.—For the purpose of rendering distant stations discernible by night during the trigonometrical survey which is now in progress, Lieutenant Drummond has constructed an instrument in which a globule of quick lime is exposed to the flame of alcohol urged by oxygen gas in the focus of a parabolic reflector. The lime under this treatment, when the experiment is made in the most perfect manner, emits a light eighty-three times as intense as that given out by the brightest part of the flame of an Argand lamp; and this concentrated and reflected by the mirror, has enabled the officers employed in the survey to connect very distant stations in the night-time in the most satisfactory manner.

Tea.—It appears from the official returns to the House of Commons, that the annual average consumption of tea for these last ten

years, ending January 5, 1826, has amounted in Great Britain to 22,750,063 lbs.

Earthquake in Persia.—The following letter is extracted from the Madras Courier. Bushire, Nov. 10, 1825. I am sorry to inform you that a shock of an earthquake was felt at Shirauz, at the end of last month, almost equal to that of last year. A great number of buildings have been thrown down, and much property destroyed; I am, however, happy to say that few have lost their lives on this dreadful occasion. If you should ever revisit Shirauz, the changes that these dreadful visitations have made in it will fill you with grief and astonishment. The tombs of Hafiz and Saadi, the boast and glory of Shirauz, are now heaps of ruins.

Rectification of Spirits.—A French chemist, of the name of Decharme, has discovered a method of rectification which can be performed in the cold, and consequently without the aid of an alembic or of combustibles. Hitherto alcohol in liquors and spirits could not be rectified or raised from an inferior to a higher degree, and consequently be brought to a superior state of purity and strength, except by distillation, an operation which could only be effected by an alembic and some heat. The principle of M. Pajot Decharme's progress is, the absorption of its aqueous particles by the exposure of the spirit to one of the most deliquescent salts, either muriate of lime or muriate of manganese; the first is preferable in point of economy, and the superiority of the second gives it a claim to be chosen, but it is less common and not so easily obtained.

Vegetable Life.—A rather uncommon instance of the tenacity of life in the vegetable kingdom, occurred some time since in the royal park of Bushey. Some small portion of it was broken up for the purpose of ornamental culture, when immediately several flowers sprang up of the kinds which are ordinarily cultivated in gardens; this led to an investigation, and it was ascertained that this identical plot had been used as a garden not later than the time of Oliver Cromwell, more than 150 years before.

Mosaic Gold.—The mystery of the *Mosaic Gold* is at length developed; and, after all that has been said regarding it, it is not a little amusing to find by the specification of the patent that it is nothing more than fine brass, so that the qualities to which it lays claim seem extremely problematical. The patentees are aware that a variety of alloys of copper and zinc have been made, and that they cannot maintain the exclusive right of mixing alloys of those metals abstractedly; but having, after great labour and observation, discovered the precise proportions of the two metals, and the modes or treatment which will produce an alloy resembling fine gold, they claim an exclusive right of mixing an alloy of copper and zinc consisting of from fifty-two to fifty-five parts zinc out of a hundred, and to prevent the zinc flying off in vapour they are melted at the lowest temperature at which copper will fuse.

Double Stars.—Professor Stune of Dorfat, to whose hands Frauenhofer's large refracting telescope has been entrusted, has determined on a review of all the double stars already observed, as well as on a minute examination of the heavens from the north pole to 15 degrees of south declination, with respect to these objects. He has now accomplished one-third of the labour, and has found 1,000 double stars of the first four classes; among which 800 are new, and of these nearly 300 are of the first class. He extends the examination to all stars of the 8th and (8·9) magnitudes.

Climate of India.—According to a register published in the Madras Gazette, the greatest height of the thermometer in August on the Neelgherry hills, 8000 feet above the level of the sea, was 63°, the least 54°. In September the greatest height was 62°, and the least 49°. The fall of rain in August having been 12·5 inches; in September 3·4. At Madras the greatest height of the thermometer in August was 95°, the least 80°; and fall of rain 7·7 inches. In September the greatest height was 94·8°, the least 81°; and fall of rain 3·5 inches.

New Still.—Mr. Evans, whose method of dressing coffee we recently noticed, has constructed the model of a still upon a new principle, which if it answer on a large scale will altogether supersede the old alembic. The theory of the machine is such that it may without hesitation be pronounced the most decided improvement hitherto effected; for, if we mistake not, the still at present in use remains in principle precisely the same, through the operation of the excise laws, that it was a century ago. Whatever improvements have been attempted apply only to the rectification, while the first formation of the spirit is conducted in the same rude manner as in the infancy of science. We forbear entering into a more particular description until the design be carried into execution upon a large scale. We should be extremely sorry by premature publicity to afford the continental distillers an opportunity of maintaining the superiority they have hitherto enjoyed, and we feel convinced that we shall now take the lead in this important branch of our productive industry. The new apparatus eminently combines economy in practice and simplicity in construction; but the most valuable attainment is the production of pure untainted spirits, which may be drawn in one operation at any point of strength.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

ROYAL SOCIETY.

April 27.—A paper was read entitled, experiments on the elasticity of ice; in a letter from Benjamin Benan, esq., to Thomas Young, M.D. For. Sec. R.S.

A paper was also read, on the application of the Floating Collimator to the Dublin circle; by John Brinkley, D.D. For. R.S. Andrews, professor of astronomy, Dublin.

May 4.—A paper was read, on the means of facilitating the observation of distant stations, in geodesical operations; by Lieut. T. Drummond, Roy. Eng.: communicated by Lieut.-Col. T. Colby, F.R.S.

May 11.—A paper was read, on the production and formation of pearls; by Sir E. Home, bart. V.P.R.S.: and the reading was commenced of a paper on the borrowing and boring marine animals; by Edward Osler, esq., communicated by L. W. Dillwyn, esq. F.R.S.

The Society then adjourned to May 25.

LINNÆAN SOCIETY.

May 2.—Read a paper on the locusts (Grylleus migratorius, Linn.) which devastated the Crimea and the southern provinces of Russia, in 1824, by J. Smirnove, esq., F.L.S. Secretary to the Russian embassy. Also a paper on Indian arronace, by H. S. Colebrooke, esq., F.R. and L.S.

May 25.—This day, being the birthday of Linnæus, the anniversary was held as usual, Sir J. E. Smith, president, in the chair, when the following Fellows were chosen as officers and council for the ensuing year:—

President, Sir James Edward Smith, M.D. F.R.S. — Vice-presidents, Samuel, Lord Bishop of Carlisle, LL.D. V.P.R.S. F.A.S.; A. B. Lambert, esq., F.R.S. A.S. and H.S.; W. G. Maton, M.D. F.R.S. and A.S.; and Edward, Lord Stanley, M.P. F.H.S.—Treasurer, Edward Foster, esq., F.R.S. and H.S. —Secretary, James E. Brehens, esq.—Assistant-Secretary, Richard Taylor, F.S.A. Mem. Asiat. S.—Also, to fill the vacancies in the council: Charles Bell, esq., F.R.S. Ed.; John Bostock, M.D. F.R.S., Pres. Geol. Soc.; Sir Stamford Raffles, F.R.S.; Joseph Sabine, esq., M.A. F.R.S.

GEOLOGICAL SOCIETY.

May 5.—The reading of Dr. Begsby's paper on the geology of the Valley of St. Lawrence was concluded.

May 19.—A paper was read entitled notes on the geological position of some of the rocks of the north-east of Ireland; by Lieut. Portlock, Roy. Eng. F.G.S.

ASTRONOMICAL SOCIETY.

April 14.—At this meeting there was read, "A comparison of observations made on double stars," communicated in a letter to J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., Foreign Secretary to this Society, by Professor Struve of Dorpat.

ROYAL INSTITUTION OF GREAT BRITAIN.

April 28.—A paper on the porphyry of Christiana was read by Mr. S. Solly, in the Lecture Room, and illustrated by a series of engravings and geological specimens from Prof. Esmark. Instruments, drawings, and diagrams were exhibited and explained in the Library by Mr. Japlin, in illustration of his septenary system of lines produced by double continuous motion. A series of types, stereotype plates, and impressions of type-music printing, from the office of Mr. Clowes, were laid upon the table.

May 5.—The relations of sulphuric acid to hydry carbon, as illustrated by the late researches into the nature of the sulphorinic and sulpho-napthalic acids were detailed by Mr. Faraday, in an experimental discourse from the Lecture-table, and the striking points discovered by Mr. Hennel and himself explained and enforced. Mr. Perkins's specimens of patterns produced by eccentric lathe-turning, and also a pair of his steel plates and rollers for bank-note engraving, were laid on the library table.

May 12.—Lieut. Drummond's beautiful and intense station-light for geodesical operations, was exhibited in the Reading-room, its nature and arrangements, chemical and mechanical, having been previously explained in the Lecture-room by Mr. Faraday. For an account of this light, see illuminating apparatus, in our Philosophical Miscellanies.

May 19.—Mr. Turrell read the first part of a practical essay upon steel engraving, illustrating, as he proceeded, by numerous specimens of steel, steel plates, tools, specimens of art. An impression from the fine mezzotinto on steel of Martin's Belshazzar's Feast was hung up in the room. It is the largest specimen of steel engraving that has yet been executed. A new and very pretty photometer was exhibited in the Library by Mr. Ritchie, of Nain.

ROYAL ASIATIC SOCIETY OF GREAT BRITAIN AND IRELAND.

Donations were presented from Sir G. Staunton, thirty vols. of official reports on subjects connected with Asia. Capt. P. P. King, R.N., three models of cannons used by the natives of Australia. D. R. Lyall, medical evidence on the duration of human pregnancy. Major E. Moor, six vols. of his own publications. N. Baxter, Esq., fifty-two Hindoo drawings. Dr. R. Tytler, four vols. of his own works. J. J. Ayton, Esq., his Nepalese grammar.

H. Hobhouse, Esq. was elected a member of the Society.

A description of the ruins of Buddha Gaya in Behar, by Dr. Buchanan Hamilton, was read.

Three valuable Persian MSS. were presented by Capt. J. Grant Duff, and the second set of his *Mélanges Asiatiques*, from M. J. Klaproth.

Sir Wm. Betham, Kt. and Lieut.-Col. Martin White were elected members.

Two papers were read, *viz.* the first, an authentic account of two females who destroyed themselves on the funeral pile of the Rajah of Tanjore, extract of an official despatch from the British Resident at Tanjore to the Chief Secretary at Fort St. George, dated 24th April, 1802.

The other paper is an account of the different festivals observed by the Mahometans in India, drawn up by a Moonshee of the Circuit Court of Chittore, and translated from the Persian by Mr. J. Stokes of Madras.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

The Life and Correspondence of Major Cartwright, edited by his Niece, F. D. CARTWRIGHT. 2 *vols.* 8*vo.*—Nobody can skim these volumes without a deep conviction of the thorough honesty of Major Cartwright. Honesty is the distinguishing characteristic of the man, coupled with a gentleness that nothing could ruffle, an undauntedness that power never appalled, and an ardour that age itself did not chill. His activity is equally remarkable; nothing that concerned the great and general interests of society, immediately or remotely, escaped his notice, or failed of engaging his exertions—sometimes impotently, but always vigorously. It was not merely the subject of reform, that drew forth the energies of such a man for more than half a century. He has been marked by Hazlitt among his one-idea men; but never truly, was any man's mind more variously occupied. The question of reform was with him a leading one, but only a leading, not an excluding one. No opportunity was lost by him of pushing the cause, but this activity was the result of the watchfulness of his zeal. The subject might, and did occasionally sleep, and but for him would, perhaps, have slept for ever; but in the intervals, he was not a whit less ardent in other matters of great national importance. Confessedly he laboured diligently and perseveringly from first to last in the cause of reform; and what good has he done? None actually; but who will say, none potentially? By his exertion it is, that the exigencies of reform are now generally understood, and we may add generally acknowledged by every unbiassed and intelligent man in the kingdom. By his exertions, it is too, that the existing impediments have been so thoroughly exposed. The way is paved for its easy and, perhaps, speedy accomplishment. Can any man doubt, that if those who advocated the principles of reform, had been as honest and sincere as Major Cartwright, but an effectual change would have taken place long ago? The truth is, scarcely a man of those, who talked so loudly, was a bit more hearty in the cause than Pitt or Burke, themselves. Moore, in his life of Sheridan, says, "It may be doubted, if Fox was a sincere friend to the principle of reform;" and we learn, from the volumes before us, on the authority of Lord Stanhope, that Mr. Fox in conversation with himself and another, said, "reform is a fit thing to be made use of in argument in the House of Commons, but not to be carried into execution." Here is the true source of the failure of reform; and this is the cause of the general distrust that prevails in society, to a lamentable extent, of public men.

Major Cartwright was born in the year 1740. His family were of great respectability in Lincolnshire, descended maternally from a sister of Cranmer, who in his fraternal care, presented Cartwright, her husband, with no less than three abbies, of the present value of £3,000 a-year; a part of his share of church plunder. At the age of sixteen, young Cartwright entered the navy. He was present at the engagement between Lord Hawke and Conflans in 1759, and continued actively employed, on board, or as Deputy-Commissary on the Newfoundland station, till 1770. In the American War a very advantageous appointment was offered him by Lord Howe; but he declined serving against the Americans. He had by this time published his "Independence of America;" and so lately as the Jubilee, being still on the list of Lieutenants, he was included in the promotions, and made Master and Commander. Through life naval matters were a subject of deep interest with him. At different periods of his long life, he proposed a scheme for securing a permanent supply of British Oak; advocated the rights and interests of Fishing Companies; published some improvements on gunnery, and a treatise on naval surveying; a plan for the defence of Portsmouth, in 1778, when the British Fleet retreated into harbour before the French and Spanish; invented a flying drawbridge, a boarding pike, and a life-boat; designed a temple for naval celebration, at a time when the nation was in a fever of elation; and had the good fortune to see many of his suggestions wholly or partially adopted, though none of them acknowledged.

In 1775, he was appointed Major of the

Nottinghamshire militia, and was in reality acting commander for years; neither Colonel nor Lieutenant-Colonel being much with the regiment. Three times were his just claims to the Colonelcy defeated, and in 1792 he was dismissed by the Duke of Newcastle, for attending the celebration of the fall of the Bastille. He was the person who first introduced great-coats among the soldiers.

In 1778 he was invited as a candidate for Nottingham, and was actually nominated for the county. He failed, as he did on subsequent occasions, and again at Boston, against the struggle of family interest; and finally at Westminster against the influence of more popular and flexible candidates.

We must quote his letter on one of those occasions to the Duke of Portland, in 1778.

"My Lord:—I was duly honoured with your Grace's two letters of the 6th and 12th of last month. As I think, my Lord, you must imagine they would not be entirely satisfactory to me; and as I like frankness on such occasions, I take the liberty of communicating to your Grace my sentiments on the subject of them. Your Grace has mentioned the respect you bear Mr. Meadows' private character, and an alliance between your families, as the motives to your determination in his favour. It is probable enough that, in the private character of that gentleman, there were motives sufficient to a preference; but as far as family alliances were concerned, I am told I have the honour to be a nearer relation to your Grace, and to your Duchess, by two or three degrees, than Mr. Meadows is; but I did not think of seeking into my pedigree for my pretensions to a seat in Parliament. Nor shall I think you wrong in opposing either Mr. Meadows or myself, on any future occasion, in favour of an entire stranger in blood, so long as you shall act under the persuasion of doing the best for the public good; on the contrary, I shall hold it to be the only rule to be followed in every case."

Major Cartwright then proceeds to state his reasons for expecting the support of the Whig interest, and thus continues:

"Defeated, indeed, I have been on a late occasion; but while I breathe, I will never be disquieted, nor desert what I think my duty to the public. I shall keep my word with the town of Nottingham, in offering myself at the next vacancy, and shall stand a poll at all events. When your Grace warned me against a second disappointment, I hope the word did not include the ideas of personal mortification and repentance; for on both occasions I had ample amends made me for all that I hazarded, and it is with truth I can declare, that, when I left the Moot Hall at Mansfield, I would not have exchanged feelings with any man there, if I might have had his estate into the bargain.

"By the freedom of my expostulations on this and former occasions, you will perceive, my Lord, that I am far from flattering any man with insinuations, that their political conduct must always be right because they are whigs, and opposed to a set of very bad ministers. So nearly concerned as I have been in the event on the late occasion, I feel myself justified in having given your Grace my sincere opinions. I hope I have done it as becomes me, to a man I have always esteemed and respected independent of his rank. That I have my own political errors, I doubt not; but I know I wish to be informed of them; for to injure one's country while one endeavours to serve it, must be equally distressing and humiliating to a man of principle.

"Anxiously hoping that no such fatal errors may continue to mislead either of us,

"I have the honour to be, &c. J. CARTWRIGHT."

On his father's death, he purchased the family estate of his eldest brother, chiefly by borrowing a considerable sum, and continued to reside upon it till 1805, when he let the property, and removed to Enfield, to be nearer to his work, as he phrased it; and for the same reason, becoming more enfeebled, in 1819, to Burton-Crescent, where he remained till his death.

From the first starting of the question of Reform, Cartwright was chief engineer; eternally writing, stirring, impelling; attending every meeting and dinner, and involved more or less in every untoward occurrence, that arose out of the attempt to give effect to his views; from the trial of Horne Tooke, to his own prosecution for being present at the Birmingham meeting, appointing Sir Charles Wolsley legislatural attorney.

When a boy he lived a good deal with Lord Tyrconnel, who had married his aunt. "This nobleman was a whig of the old school; and his godson, says Miss Cartwright, meaning the Major, used to relate many amusing anecdotes of his political zeal; among others, that when divine service was performing in the chapel at Belton, the old Lord was observed to be greatly agitated during the reading of the prayer for the Parliament, stirring the fire violently, and muttering impatiently to himself, *nothing but a miracle can mend them.*" The necessity for reform was thus one of the first subjects suggested to his youthful thoughts.

On the subject of the Slave-Trade, he zealously co-operated with Clarkson and Granville Sharp, in all their proceedings.

Of the societies instituted in the early part of the French Revolution, he was an active member; but though no doubt a republican theoretically, and ready to realize republicanism in a new government he laboured hard and inflexibly to oppose Mr. Paine in his revolutionary views, and in 1792, at a meeting of the Friends of the People, in spite of all opposition, carried a resolution in favor of King, Lords and Commons.

To the last hour, public events were the interests nearest his heart; we find him active and influential in the cause of the Queen, the Greeks, the Spaniards—manufacturing constitutions, promoting subscriptions, and spurring on younger but more indolent patriots to exertion. Even after death, he wished to be useful, and directed

his body to be taken to a public hospital and dissected, in the presence of the students.

In private life, he was nevertheless ever prompt to lend his assistance; and was for years involved in legal embarrassments, connected with the concerns of his brother, Dr. Cartwright, the inventor of the power-loom. Though £10,000 was afterwards granted by Parliament to indemnify the losses sustained by Dr. Cartwright in bringing to perfection this invention, then thought so eminently beneficial for the nation, Major Cartwright, himself a loser of £14,000 by his brother's failures, disapproved of the measure, and refused to take any steps to further it. "The writer's brother, says Miss Cartwright, when applied to for a confirmation of this remarkable fact, says, your statement agrees entirely with my recollection. Our good uncle's inflexibility on this subject, vexed some of my father's friends more than it surprised me." We give a letter written by Dr. Parr, to Major Cartwright, in 1820, by a man of seventy-four to another of eighty, both equally consistent through life, equally energetic, and equally fearless.

"TO JOHN CARTWRIGHT, ESQ.

"Hatton, 15th September, 1820.

"DEAR AND EXCELLENT MR. CARTWRIGHT,

"I am busy night and day in preparing such a catalogue* of my numerous books, as may guide my executors when I am no more. Scarcely any consideration could draw me away from the laborious but important task. If my presence had been necessary for the cause of the Queen, I am pretty sure that I should have been summoned; and the Queen knows I should have been ready to obey the summons. But all her interests and all her rights are in the hands of able, and, we may now say, faithful auxiliaries. I hold with you, that the honour of the Queen is closely connected with the constitutional rights of the people; and at all events we are gaining ground against a venal and oppressive crew in the palace, in the council-chamber, and in both houses of Parliament.

"My mind, like your own, is anxious for the success of the Spaniards, Portuguese, and Neapolitans, in their resistance to tyranny.

"I believe that the governors of this country will not dare to interfere.—I cannot with any convenience attend your dinner; and I must fairly acknowledge to you, that my own sense of decorum always leads me to keep at a distance from convivial meetings upon political subjects. But I shall not yield the palm of consistency and intrepidity to any Englishman now living, when, by open profession or by personal exertion, I can promote the cause of genuine freedom. I set at defiance the invectives of party scribblers, and the taunts of courtiers, and the frowns of nobles and princes. I really, and I avowedly think you a most injured man; and I lament the servility, and the corruption, and intolerance, and the cruelty of which so many vestiges are to be found among the dignitaries of my own order, and, I am sorry to add, among the ministers of public justice. Our infatuated rulers are blindly rushing into every outrage which has a tendency to accelerate revolution. Mrs. Parr unites with me in best compliments and best wishes to your well-bred and intelligent lady, and to Miss Cartwright.

"I have the honour, &c. SAMUEL PARR."

* This was never accomplished. A catalogue has since been taken by Bone the bookseller, and is now printing. The books will be sold—a capital opportunity for the London University.—*Ed.*

Gibbon's History of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire, for the use of Families and young Persons: reprinted from the original text, with the careful Omission of all passages of an irreligious or immoral Tendency, by THOMAS BOWDLER, Esq. 5 *vols.* 8*vo.*—The well known chapters, in which Mr. Gibbon discusses the causes, to which he ascribes the progress of the Christian religion, and the sufferings of the early Christians, are of course omitted. The establishment of Christianity by Constantine, and the restoration of Paganism by Julian, with many parts relative to Church History are reduced to very narrow limits, on the ground, that Church History is not the object of "this publication," meaning, we suppose, Mr. Bowdler's, but in Gibbon's view, it was a main, and an indispensable one. The History is thus brought within the compass of five octavo volumes; but as the type is something closer than the original octavo of twelve volumes, perhaps, not quite one half has been cut away; a quantity, however, far beyond any occasion for removing passages of an "irreligious or immoral tendency," we should have supposed, in the eyes of any person of tolerable freedom of intellect.

With no doubt whatever of the well-meaningness of Mr. Bowdler, we cannot help thinking his expedient for *converting* Gibbon, injudicious and inefficient. By this anxiety to suppress certain parts, he excites curiosity about them; and so scrupulously retaining the pure residium, he confesses a superiority in the Historian, which must be calculated to add weight to his general authority, and stir up in the reader a sense of injustice inflicted on the author by the severity of this curtailment.

If Gibbon be a dangerous book, the course to be taken was, not to drag it thus into closer and more inquiring notice, but to cast it in the shade, wrapped in the cloak of oblivion, and supersede its importance, by works of equal utility, equal splendour, and unexceptionable doctrines.

Counteract the profaneness and reprobate the depravity of existing writings; not by maiming and maltreating them, but by furnishing superior publications. What will be the probable effect of the present process of purifying? raising a new and redoubled demand for such works in their original, though it be in their impure condition.

The Boyne Water, a Tale by the O'HARA *Family.* 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Another tale of the Waverly school, with Ireland for the scene,

and Ireland's History for the subject. Sated as we have been with Scottish story, we are quite ready to turn to the records of another country, and Ireland as well as, or better than any other. She furnishes materials in abundance. She has been oppressed for ages, and her oppressors have been her historians. She is Catholic, and we have her story told by protestants. Misrepresentations inevitably followed, and prejudices have now rooted in the hearts of successive generations. It is high time to hear the other side freely and fully; and no way half so effective, as the medium of tales: for nothing else, now-a-days, gets regarded. The writer of the tale before us is well qualified to play the part of national historian under the guise of the national novelist. He knows the country and its history, and is deeply stung with a sense of that country's injuries. He wants nothing but a little more resolution to cut away superfluities, and a little more address in conducting us at once *medias in res*. He is too fond of surprises; he attempts, by crowding incidents, to give that life and reality which would be better accomplished by lopping off the incumbrances of minor ones; and the flow of his language is too frequently checked by breaks and parentheses; but these are curable defects. He has the stuff and staple of a good narrator in him; when he comes to the action, and warms in the business of his tale, he is vivid and vigorous; scenes of bustle and confusion rouse his best energies, and his powers of description, mental, moral and natural, are of no ordinary cast.

Historical novelists, at least, those of any value, have an object, distinct from the tale. That of the author of the Scotch novels is sufficiently obvious, and the views of the writer of the Boyne Water are equally conspicuous. He regards the struggle of the Revolution as one of *religious* parties. He gives James credit for moderation; and believes he had no other view in any of his attempts than to rescue Catholics from their oppressions, and to establish general toleration. Of course the Revolution itself was gratuitous. On the other hand, he considers William to have been influenced by the same views, but overborne by the fears and bigotries of the protestant clergy. Of the latter there can be little question; but quite as little, we think that James, whatever were his private wishes, never would have been suffered to stop at all short of the re-establishment of Catholic superiority.

The main object of the novel is to give a representation of the state of Ireland from James's abdication, as his expulsion is still curiously phrased, to the Treaty of Limerick; though the tale commences with his accession; just to give the author an opportunity of exhibiting the feelings of expectation, which that event excited among all parties. To the principal characters of the tale, we are introduced, on their way from Belfast to Cushindoll, a village on the north-east coast. The travellers consist of Evelyn and his sister, both very young, very handsome and very amiable, in the style of those, who are destined to figure in "modern story," with their guardians and attendants, of whom, in our brief sketch, we shall have no occasion to speak. In crossing the hills, the topography of which is very elaborately described, extraordinary difficulties are encountered—roads were not Macadamized in those days—and to fill up the measure of their alarms and embarrassments, a tremendous storm—a tornado, such an one as is now never seen without the tropics, overtakes them. A sweeping dispersion ensues, one falls to the earth, another performs a series of somersets down the hills, and Miss Evelyn is luckily rescued from destruction—her frightened jennet backing to the very edge of a precipice—by the critical appearance and fearless energies of a young gentleman and lady. These young natives of the hills, a brother and sister, prove to be persons of most surprising excellence, vigorous and resolute, as the mountaineers of romance are of course entitled to be. To the house of their parent, a ruined chieftain of the clan McDonnel, the young Evelyn and the party are finally carried for shelter. Intimacy soon grows up among the young people, and they are speedily betrothed to each other. Out of these sudden engagements spring the subsequent interests and perplexities of the tale—the McDonnels being Catholics, and the Evelyns Protestants. Evelyn just to give him time to reach his majority, is dispatched to the West-Indies for a couple of years, and returns to Ireland to consummate his marriage with Eva McDonnel, at the period when every body was in a state of excitement respecting the invasion of William. McDonnel meets his friend on landing at Carrickfergus, and in a few hours, each of them, unknown to the other, is enlisted on opposite sides. Evelyn is encountered by George Walker, the well known defender of Derry, and, by the urgency of that wily agitator, is engaged to take part in the approaching struggle; and at the same moment the Jesuit O'Haggerty presents McDonnel with a commission of dragoons in the service of James. Walker labours hard to break off the match with the Catholic Eva, and at last exacts a promise to be summoned to the nuptials. On the day of the double marriage, the ceremony, delayed by the non-arrival of Walker, at length proceeds, and Eva and Evelyn are coupled by the Catholic Priest; but just as the second ceremony is commencing, strange noises are heard, and a furious gust of wind extinguishes most of the lights, and in rushes Walker, declaring the marriage illegal, and announcing the landing in England of William the deliverer. Confusion follows, the ceremony suspends; Walker

calls upon Evelyn, and O'Haggerty upon McDonnel to fulfil their respective engagements, and sacrifice their private wishes to public duties. Each is surprised by the discovery of the other's engagement; suspicion springs up in the breast of each; their passions kindle; high words follow, and brides and bridegrooms separate.

Impelled by Walker, Evelyn joins the Ulster Union and accepts a commission in William's name; but before joining the troops, he conducts his distressed sister to her friends at Derry, and proceeds himself to look after his family estate on the Lough Neagh. On advancing up the avenue, he perceives unusual stirrings in the house, and while hastening forward to ascertain the cause, he strikes against the legs of his own servant dangling from a tree. Alarmed and retiring, his retreat is instantly cut off on all sides by armed men, who force him to go forward to the house, which he now discovers to be in the full possession of a party of Rapparees. He receives a very hearty welcome from them to his own home, and is hospitably entertained by them with a supper provided from his own stores, and by his own cook. The feast is suddenly interrupted by the intelligence of an enemy at hand. Up starts the party; measures are instantly taken for defence, and the commander places a guard over Evelyn with orders to shoot him on the spot, should the invaders prevail. These invaders prove to be Evelyn's friends headed by Walker. The Rapparees were defeated, and Evelyn was rescued from his fate, by the artifice of a young lass, who had taken a fancy to him, and threw some water on the lock of the Guard's pistol, which was thus snapped at him in vain.

Evelyn now joined the forces under Lord Mount Alexander, and was wounded in the first battle fought at Dromore on the retreat from Newry, and left bleeding on the field. On recovering his senses, he seizes a stray horse, and sets out for the north. Beyond Carrickfergus, the Redshanks, Lord Antrim's dragoons, a troop of which McDonnel commanded, were scouring the country, and he quickly found himself pursued. His horse failing, he betook himself to his legs, and after flying across we know not how many hills and dales, and endeavouring to descend a steep declivity, he sunk at last exhausted in a hole of the rock, till his pursuers came up with him, at the first of whom he discharged a pistol. It was McDonnel himself. No harm was done; they recognize each other, and a reconciliation follows. He refuses to take Evelyn prisoner, in spite of the sulky remonstrances of his men; but dismissing them to the next town, himself, to the neglect apparently of his military duties, engages to conduct his friend to a place of safety. This, however, is not so easily accomplished. Prodigious difficulties are encountered, a most painful and laborious succession of climbings and slippings and escapes. By the way, there is a vast deal too much of difficulties of this kind; the realities are intolerable enough, but the descriptions are still more so. By-and-bye, however, Eva meets them, and Evelyn and his bride "explain." All are now proceeding very harmoniously together, when suddenly a party of Ulster dragoons come upon them, and McDonnel is instantly taken prisoner, but placed under the charge of his friend. Eva now goes to her friends, and Evelyn, with McDonnel on parole, proceeds to Derry to visit his sister, and McDonnel and Miss Evelyn also of course come again to a perfect understanding.

The memorable siege had already commenced, and Evelyn takes an active part in the defence under Walker, whose character is here ably developed; a singular union of energy, craft, and fanaticism. The whole progress of the siege, to the final relief by the arrival of Kirke, is faithfully and vigorously detailed, and presents many a striking picture of the miseries sustained by that devoted city from the cannonading without, and the famine within; with the unresisting submission of the citizens and Walker and his few energetic apprentice-boys. In the course of the siege an attempt is again made to celebrate the marriage between McDonnel and Evelyn's sister, which is again interrupted by the mysterious agency of a wild Irishwoman, possessed of something like the attributes of omniscience and ubiquity; and the poor girl at last dies from the combined effects of fright, famine and fever.

On the raising of the siege, the McDonnels and Evelyn, being again all together, and passes and protections obtained, they proceed towards old McDonnel's. But by this time, Schomberg had landed 20,000 men, and Kirke had set out to join him towards the south. Old McDonnel's unluckily lay in his way; and there was danger, lest he should be beforehand with them. They speeded, therefore, with all their might, and in the deepest anxiety—all too late. Kirke and his troops had just quitted the smoking ruins, and the followers of the clan were hanging on the trees by dozens. The shrieks of poor Eva over the dead body of her father, bring Kirke and his fellows back again; Evelyn presents the protections for his companions in vain. At the moment of imminent peril, a party of Rapparees come suddenly upon them; a skirmish ensues; Evelyn is cut down, and on waking to life again, finds his head resting on the lap of a young woman, whom he recognizes to be the same, who had before saved his life, and who now informs him that McDonnel had perished, and Eva was carried off by Kirke. The recollection of Kirke's well-known character threw him into a storm of horror, and he makes desperate efforts to pursue him, in spite of his weakness and the

girl's efforts to detain him. They had not proceeded far, before they were challenged by the troops of his own volunteer-corps; from the commander of whom, Evelyn forthwith solicits a horse and attendants to enable him to overtake Kirke; when to his confusion and despair, he learns that Kirke had left orders to put him under arrest. Resistance is vain; but three or four days bring up the corps to Schomberg's camp. Schomberg, with Kirke by his side was reviewing the troops; Evelyn advances in front of the line, and in the presence of Schomberg, demands of Kirke the cause of his arrest, who charges him with aiding and abetting rebels. He appeals to the old Duke, and exhibits his passes and protections, and is immediately released. Then finding Schomberg disposed to befriend him, he demands of Kirke an account of Eva. Kirke haughtily refuses. Evelyn challenges, and Schomberg sanctions the challenge, and witnesses the conflict on the spot. By an accidental slip, Evelyn is finally worsted, and having put his cause upon his failing sword, is thus left without redress. Eva appears lost to him for ever. Schomberg appoints him his aid-de-camp, retains him about him for the remainder of the campaign, and at the end of it sends him with despatches to England. In London, or rather at Kensington, where William resided, he is detained for the winter. The interior of the court is thrown open, and we have William and Mary, and Bentinck, and Burnett, very characteristically exhibited. Two or three times, in the gardens, he gets a glimpse of a person in a male dress, whom he believes to be Eva, but in spite of his efforts, he is unable to speak with her. In the spring he returns to Schomberg, and at last gets a short leave of absence, to attend to his private affairs. His first step is to go straight to Sarsfield's camp, then at Dublin. Sarsfield had saved the life of Evelyn and his friend, before Derry, when they had indiscreetly accompanied the deputation of the city to James's camp; and on this ground of acquaintanceship, Evelyn ventures to introduce himself to that brave man to procure intelligence of Eva. He gets detained by the out-posts, and meets again with the girl, who had twice saved his life, and also with the figure, whom he had taken for Eva, but again is baffled in his attempts to speak with her. Sarsfield receives him with kindness and testifies an interest in his distress; though knowing nothing whatever of the fate of McDonnel or Eva, he recollects there is a lady of the name at James's court, and he engages to take him in the evening to the Castle. There he is noticed, as a stranger, by James, who enters into conversation with him, defending his conduct, and vindicating his rights. But, what is most interesting to Evelyn, he recognizes among the attendants of Lady Tyrconnel, the Lady Lieutenant, his own Eva; but again every attempt to address her is defeated. His interview with James is thus suddenly interrupted by the unexpected announcement of William's landing, and having actually been six days in the country. The party breaks up; Sarsfield dismisses Evelyn with a pass, and he makes his speedy way to rejoin Schomberg.

Now comes on William's brief campaign, and we fight the battle of the Boyne bravely over again. Evelyn, who in the engagement had acted as Aid-de-camp to William, is taken prisoner; and after James's desertion of his cause and country, accompanies Sarsfield to Limerick, where he has the luck again to undergo the harassings and miseries of a siege. Here too, he accompanies Sarsfield on the memorable expedition, in which, with the aid of the Rapparees, he succeeded in destroying William's ammunition and baggage. The commander of these Rapparees turns out to be his long lost friend McDonnel, whose kindness to him had brought suspicion upon himself, and finally dismissal from the service. Resentment and despair drove him to head a band of these desperadoes. He meets with Evelyn, and while pouring curses upon him, and preparing to cut him down; a signal from his friends arrests his purpose. Here too again Evelyn meets with the person whom he had so often taken for Eva, and discovers him at last to be a younger brother of hers. Some words of explanation pass; but he is as violent as his elder brother. All is mystery to Evelyn. He cannot guess the cause of this intemperance. All, however, is now hastening to a conclusion and eclaircissement. Limerick is reduced to extremity, and on the very day of its surrender came Eva herself, her younger brother, the wild omniscient and ubiquious O'Nagh, and the girl who had so often shewn her devotion to Evelyn. Explanations follow; the girl confesses that love for Evelyn had seduced her to play false, to report falsely of Eva to Evelyn, and of Evelyn to Eva. At this moment comes the intelligence, that the Rapparee commander had fallen into the hands of William's general, and was just going to be shot. His friends appeal to Sarsfield, who generously flies to his succour, solicits his pardon, and with difficulty obtains it, upon condition of his going into exile. Evelyn and Eva remain behind blessed and prosperous; and in due time, we read, inform their banished friends, of a family of three little cherubs prattling about them.

Though the story creeps very tiresomely at the commencement, when once the real business of the action begins, the narrative never flags to the end; it is full of bustle and variety. The historical characters are all faithfully pourtrayed; and we have all the distinguished personages of the day, from James and William and Mary,

to Burnett and Walker. Several persons are introduced, whom we have found no occasion to mention; some of more, some of less importance; particularly a blind man, whose agency is of frequent recurrence, and who plays the traveller and guide at least as well as Mr. Holman; and a dumb man, whose gesticulations seem to be quite as expressive as language.

Narrative of the Surrender of Buonaparte, and of his Residence on board H.M.S. Bellerrophon; with a Detail of the principal Events that occurred in that Ship, between the 24th of May and the 8th of August 1815, *by* CAPT. F. L. MAITLAND, C. B.—With so many conflicting statements as were current at the time of Buonaparte's residence on board the Bellerophon, it is to be regretted that this simple and gentlemanly narrative was not published, when the authority of Captain Maitland might have prevented the public from running away with many idle notions derogatory to the Emperor, to the commander himself, and to his immediate superiors.

It is precisely to remove these unfavourable impressions, that the author now publishes—too late, surely, to serve any but the cold purposes of distant historians. Many reasons combined, he tells us, to render the publication at the time inexpedient. What these were we are left to guess; and though not very satisfactory, they are, perhaps, intelligible enough.

Captain Maitland received the approbation of the Lords of the Admiralty for his "proceedings prior to the embarkation" of the Emperor and his suite; but not the slightest intimation is given of any such approval of his after-conduct. The absence, however, of such intimation is sufficiently expressive—scrupulous as he is to authenticate his narrative at every turn by documentary evidence.

What is equally remarkable, is the implied fact, that no notice appears to have been taken of the letter which he was induced to write to the head of the Admiralty in behalf of Savary and Lallemand. We must explain. The names of these gentlemen appeared in the list of the Bourbon proscription; and they were both expressly excepted from the number of those who were allowed to accompany the Emperor to St. Helena. This exception, coupled with the proscription, naturally alarmed them; they felt convinced it was the design of the English to deliver them up to the French Government, and made an earnest appeal to Captain Maitland against the injustice of it. With feelings not quite at ease, he immediately wrote to the head of the Admiralty, something very like a remonstrance, representing their apprehensions, declaring, at the same time, that if he had not believed their lives would be held sacred, they never should have set a foot in the ship he commanded, without being informed of their destiny, and earnestly begging his Lordship's influence to protect them from destruction, and himself from disgrace. When Lord Keith read the letter, he told Captain Maitland, that though he did not agree with him in opinion as to his honour or character being implicated, yet that he saw no harm in the letter. Well: but these men were not delivered up. No: but no reply was made to Captain Maitland—a pretty significant intimation that his remonstrance, for so we must call it, was not very acceptable; if such had not been the intention of the Government, what was so natural as to assure him, that there was no ground for his apprehensions? But what became of them? "On the Bellerophon's return to Plymouth, after transferring Napoleon to the Northumberland, both of them, together with Planat and the other officers, with the exception of three, were, by an order from the Admiralty, sent on board the Eurotas frigate, which conveyed them to Malta; from whence, after *remaining some time as prisoners in Fort St. Angelo, they were allowed to proceed to Smyrna.*"

To any unprejudiced mind the conduct of Capt. Maitland towards the Emperor must appear unexceptionable—the plain dictate of good feeling, prompting him to treat fallen greatness respectfully. Too respectfully, no doubt, to satisfy the peremptory directions from the Admiralty, not to permit "Napoleon Buonaparte to land on any account, or hold any communication with the shore, or with other vessels, personally or by writing; not to suffer more than four or five of his suite, menial servants excepted, on board the same ship, and to consider and address him as a general-officer"—directions delivered in the supercilious and upstart tone—we can think of nothing more humiliating—of a Quarterly Reviewer.

Captain Maitland had no instructions till many days after the Emperor was on board. He had dexterously evaded the question of honours, by receiving him on board before the hour of hoisting colours, when it is not customary to pay honours to any, of whatever rank. The white flag at the fore-top-gallant mast-head was a flag of truce, it seems, and *not* the Bourbon flag, and hoisted as a matter of course on his reception. The Rear-Admiral Hotham invited the Emperor to breakfast, and received him with manned yards, but no salute.

During the time that Buonaparte was on board the Bellerophon, "we always lived," says Captain Maitland, "expressly for his accommodation, entirely in the French manner; that is to say, a hot meal was served at ten o'clock in the morning, and another at six in the evening," &c.

The self-control of the Emperor must be allowed, we think, to be admirable. "Though no man," says Captain Maitland, "could have had greater trials than fell to his lot during the time he remained

on board the Bellerophon, he never, in my presence, or as far as I know, allowed a fretful or a captious expression to escape him. It has been asserted that he was acting a part all the time he was on board the ship; but still, even allowing that to be the case, nothing but great command of temper could have enabled him to have sustained such a part for so many days, in his situation."

Speaking to Captain Maitland of the Emperor's wish for an interview with the Prince Regent, "D— the fellow," said Lord Keith, more emphatically than decorously, "if he had obtained an interview with his Royal Highness, in half an hour they would have been the best friends in England."

Is this Religion? by the Author of May you like it.—Really the writer must learn to *tell* a story, before he ventures to publish again, and not suppose his readers will be content with his stringing scraps together, unless the scraps prove of better metal. But, told well or ill, we have very little toleration for these new-fangled manufactures, which pass under the name of religious novels. The effect of this familiar gossiping about the doctrines of theology, and the principles of morals, will be to widen the breach between the religious distinctions of the day, and to make profession, rather than practice, the *criterion* of moral respectability. We would much rather see people carping about their neighbours' actions than about their creeds; they are less likely to blunder about the one than the other; and, at all events, less likely to draw sweeping conclusions from them. A man may be a tyrannical landlord and oppress his dependents, or a profligate spendthrift and ruin his tradesmen, or neglect his family, without being regarded as universally shunnable; he may be a very agreeable neighbour, and his society generally courted. But if another be supposed guilty of some heretical deviations from the "mathematical line direct" of St. Athanasius, or entertain any questionable fancies on the mysteries of original sin, or the doctrines of grace, we are apt to conclude—not that he is a poor logician, or a worse theologian, but a bad man; one with whom it is dangerous or imprudent to associate, and who ought to be excluded from the tables of well-fed and well-dressed orthodox believers.

We know nothing so revolting as to hear people putting forth their principles, as they phrase them, and in a tone, that implies an expectation, you will receive the declaration as a pledge of purity and integrity of conduct. In the eagerness to impress and inculcate, we soon come to think that we are *thus* performing the sum of our duty; what is of primary becomes of secondary importance, and talking is soon substituted for practice, or what is the same thing, it takes the first place in our minds, and every body knows, that what has first possession has a trick of keeping it, and of excluding, or at least depreciating every thing else.

The principal personage of the little tale before us has a mamma and a tutor of evangelical principles,—great frequenters of bible and missionary meetings, and discussers of doctrine. The youth becomes, as might be expected, as tolerant as Calvin or John Knox himself. The design of the author is to convert him to the orthodox party of the church, and to make him better, he must be made worse. How is this to be brought about? Send him to the University—Good. Forthwith he is introduced to a dissipated set—quickly ruffles the starch of his sentiments, drinks and games, and spends, and in a term or two returns home, disgusted with Mamma's profession, and takes the reverse of wrong for right. The same profligate course is renewed on revisiting the University, till one morning he is found dead drunk and asleep under a hedge by an early peripatetic student, who very kindly and considerately conducts him to his rooms. A friendship ensues. The youth is of a very superior cast of intellect, and very cheerful and devout withal, but no Simeonite; and being interested for his friend's eternal happiness, he sets forthwith about his reformation. At first matters progress rapidly; but the converter is a little too exacting, and the convert kicks.—A coolness follows.

Some months after the intercourse is renewed: our hero receives a note from his friend desiring to see him, and he finds him in the last stage of a decline. The poor expiring youth is bent upon completing the conversion of his friend. He has a sister, lovely, sensible and devout as himself, and she is to be made the finishing instrument. For this purpose, he implores his friend to take charge of him into Devonshire, to his own home, and enjoins him, should he die on the journey, to hasten forward and communicate the intelligence—not to his father or mother, but to his sister, on whose firmness, prudence, and excellence he relies, for breaking the matter to his afflicted parents. They set out, and travel by short stages. The youth dies before he reaches home; his friend obeys his last directions, communicates with the sister, remains with the family; is enraptured with the beauty, sense and spirit of the lady; delighted with the sober forms, and active benevolence and charitable construction of her reverend father, and without further ceremony offers his hand and heart. Exceptions are made on the score of his college incorrectnesses, and difficulties are made by mamma on the want of fortune: but by degrees all impediments are removed; the young lady gives him credit for permanent conversion, and he is of course made perfectly happy, in the usual manner.—Oh, beauty! indispensable even in conversions.

A Missionary's Memorial, or Verses on the Death of John Lawson, late Missionary at Calcutta; by BERNARD BARTON.—The Crusader, who died on the field of battle, at a distance from his native home, was mourned by his friends, and every honour, sacred and secular, paid to his memory; and

When he, the exil'd Eagle-Emperor died,
Throneless and crownless in his rocky isle,
Encircled by the ever-tossing tide
Whose waters lave that melancholy pile,
Oh! who but mourned his destiny the while?
Or when Greece wept o'er BYRON's early tomb,
How many a youthful brow its wonted smile
Awhile forbore, to share the general gloom;
To mourn the wayward CHILDE's, the Bard's untimely tomb.

There is a deathless principle enshrined
In every heart, which prompts, howe'er we roam,
The wish, with natural feelings intertwined,
Still to return, and die in peace *at home.*

Yet, with this love of home, what is it which prompts so often to self-exile? The generous views of a Howard; the still more ennobling views of the Missionary. Shall such as these then

——— unnoticed mingle with the dust?
Forbid it, human nature! Gospel Love!
Amid these votaries of a glorious cause,
LAWSON, thy name shall hold its blameless right;
And, own'd or slighted by the world's applause,
Be traced in characters of cloudless light:
For like the firmament, serenely bright,
Shine forth the wise; and they who numbers turn
To rightousness—like stars which gem the night,
All eyes with gratitude shall long discern,
Nor shall their memories need pride's monumental urn.

As poet and as preacher, 'twas thy aim
To spread his heavenly kingdom far and wide.
Grant that thy minstrel measures may not give
Thy name with those of mightier bards to shine;
Some reliques of thy song may long outlive
The prouder flights of favourites of the Nine,
Whose brows may now with brighter laurels shine;
The Bard, whose theme is earth, and earthly things,
May win the wreath which earthly fame can twine;
But the Palm blossoms, and the Amarinth springs
For him whose holier muse a Saviour's triumph sings.

The poet stops to deprecate the objections that some may make to versifying religious subjects, and encourages the bard of devotion to persevere—keeping himself in view—on the ground that

He whose thoughts and feelings heaven-ward climb,
With lovelier, purer, holier visions teems
Than earth can ever prompt, or earthly fancy dreams.

Then turning to Lawson again:

But *thine* were not the poet's hopes alone;
Nor can a poet's failure, or success—
Of labours ardent, pious as thine own,
Render the recompense—or more, or less;
If language must imperfectly express
The aspirations of a minstrel's soul;
Well may the missionary's heart confess
That nought but prophecy's developed scroll
His fondly cherished hopes and visions can unroll.

In the hope and prospect of contributing to the fulfilment of these prophetic visions,

When the meek triumphs of the CRUCIFIED
Each tongue shall utter, every eye shall see,
And to his blessed NAME all creatures bow the knee,

The missionary is stimulated in his arduous course by the bright star that led Bethlem's Eastern Sages; the examples of the wilderness-apostle proclaiming in the desert, and St. Paul among the philosophers of Athens;—

With such examples to enkindle zeal,
And sanctioned by the spirit's promised aid,
Can Christian hearts deny their faith's appeal;
Or from its toils and labours turn dismayed?
The appeal is answered, and the call obeyed!
From Christian lands the champions have gone forth, &c.

Friend Barton tells us he had few hours allowed him for the composition of these lines; and indeed they not only betray haste, but are every way inferior to any thing of his we have seen before. There is scarcely a line of any vigour—we have given the best—a phrase of any novelty, or a thought that bespeaks the *mens divinior.*

Observations on the Transfusion of Blood; with an account of two cases of Uterine Hemorrhage, in which that operation has been recently performed with success. By CHARLES WALLER, *Surgeon to the City of London and Southwark Midwifery Institution.*—In the history of medicine, the possibility of renovating an exhausted frame by the transfusion of blood from a healthy subject, has been a matter of frequent discussion—sometimes with all due gravity, but till of late generally in ridicule. Medea and her kettle have been in constant requisition with the scorners, to expose its absurdity.

About the middle of the seventeenth century attempts at actual experiment began. The earliest—at least the earliest recorded—experiment, was successfully made on a dog, with the blood of another dog, and is detailed in a letter addressed by Dr. Lower to Robert Doyle, dated July 6th 1666. The same Dr. Lower, assisted by Dr. Edmund King, performed the operation with the blood of a lamb upon Mr. Arthur Coga, at Arundel House, and the patient 'did well; but in what state he was in before the operation does not appear, or what was the specific object of the attempt—perhaps merely to ascertain the practicability of the transfusion. About the same time, or perhaps a few months before—there is a little dispute, as usual, on the question of priority—the same operation was performed by Mons. Denys, a surgeon of Paris, upon five persons; one in perfect health, and on him no visible effects were produced; and the four in a diseased state, of whom two were cured, and the other two died. Whether either the 'kill' or the 'cure' be fairly attributable to the extraordinary remedy, is perhaps questionable. The death of one of them, however, rationally or irrationally, occasioned a great stir,

and a stop was put, by an act of authority, to any further experiments of the kind, except under the express sanction of the College of Physicians.

We hear of no more transfusions, after this, for a century; nor indeed till the question was taken up in our own times by Dr. Blundell, who instituted a series of experiments upon dogs, and established beyond all doubt the possibility not only of readily transfusing, but of rapidly resuscitating an exhausted animal, by injecting a small quantity of the blood of one of its own species:—with the blood of another genus—a lamb, or a calf, the animal usually died.

The experiment was yet to be made on the human frame with human blood; and this has at last been recently accomplished by two medical men—one the author of the 'Observations,' surgeon to the City of London and Southwark Midwifery Institution, and his colleague, Mr. Doubleday. The experiment was tried with two individuals, in the autumn of last year, at the Institution under their superintendence, both suffering under hopeless exhaustion from puerpural hemorrhage. The cases are detailed at length by Mr. Waller, and are perfectly satisfactory. Whether the remedy be at all applicable to any case of disease remains, of course, a matter yet to be determined. The very sensible author of the 'Observations' is, naturally enough, inclined to argue favourably of a remedy, the credit of which, if it be further successful, must be all his own.

The experiment has been again repeated (April 1826), we perceive by a report in the 'Lancet,' by the same gentlemen, in a similar case, and with similar success.

FOREIGN.

Mémoires Autographes de M. le Prince de Montbarey, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat au Département de la Guerre sous Louis XVI. 2 tom. 8vo.—These memoirs of the Prince de Montbarey are well worth the reading. Though professedly personal, they are mixed up with public events and public characters. Engaged in active service from a boy, and in office in his maturer years this was inevitable, and indeed without them, the rest would be intolerable. The heavy details of family affairs are amply and agreeably relieved by matters of more general interest. Every body of any notoriety is brought before us from the middle of Madame Pompadour's reign to the latter part of Maurepas' ministry—from about 1750 to 1780.

Montbarey was born in 1732 and lived to the year 1796. His memoirs, we believe, are continued to within a very short period of his death. The label of the present volumes is topped with the words "1ère. Livraison;" with the remainder, Mr. Colburn, who understands these matters, will of course favour us, when he considers the public ready to take off another volume or two.

Montbarey is a loyalist of the most devoted cast—a very honest one; but one, whom the horrors of the Revolution have driven to speak with severity and distrust of all, whose conduct, in his conceptions, contributed, designedly or undesignedly, to accelerate the march of that memorable event.

In his twelfth year he had a commission of dragoons, and at that early age joined his regiment, under the eye of his father; serving in three or four campaigns before the peace of Aix-la-Chapelle, and afterwards in every campaign of the seven years' war. For several years, he was one of the inspectors-general, and occasionally employed in confidential commissions by Choiseul. In the year 1775 he was introduced into the war-office, as a sort of coadjutor to Count de St. Germain, and shortly afterwards succeeded him at the head of that department. He appears to have possessed much of the King's confidence, and had long lived in intimate friendship with Maurepas. Till he became secretary at war, he led a profligate life, at least with respect to women; but never seems to have lost sight for a moment of the means of advancing himself and of aggrandizing his house; neglecting no opportunity of forwarding his interest by family influence,—and he must have been allied to half the noble families of France; but still pursuing them most zealously and effectively by discharging his professional duties.

He married early a young lady of good family, who had two children before she was fifteen. The society of a child like this was not likely to attach him to domestic habits; but the cool way in which he talks of his intrigues, and of the succession of his mistresses, and the frequency with which he recurs to the subject would be perfectly nauseating, were it not for the unconscious tone with which it is all told—indicating at once his own insensibility of wrong, and the manners of his class. As she grew up Madame de Montbarey proved of an imperious temper, but very much attached to her husband, and the only mode of keeping her in tolerable subjection, he tells us, was holding a mistress in terrorem. He plumes himself a good deal in never insulting his wife by appearing in public with the lady.

Once admitted within the precincts of office, he gave himself up completely to business, and was unwearied in qualifying. Not liking, however, to abandon his habits of "vagrant love," he took, what must seem, we think, a most extraordinary step, to reconcile his pleasures and his security. He made a confidant of Le Noir, the police minister, who very obligingly took upon himself to provide a lady, and to keep a sharp surveillance over her and her connexions. She was conducted to his apartments by a gens-d'arme; the scandal was thus effec-

tually screened, and the lady as effectually cut off from all political intrigues. The public neither suffered, nor was suspected of suffering. This manœuvre was communicated to Maurepas, who very highly approved of it, and even to the King, who did not indeed applaud, but considered it a very good arrangement.

Montbarey was a zealous opponent of all innovations, military and political. Of Neckar and his financial plans he had an early dread, and seemed to think, accurately enough, that he was only pushing off the evil day, instead of taking measures towards effectual retrenchment. He himself drew up a plan for abolishing sinecures, in his own department, upon a pretty sweeping scale, which fell to nothing; and all his efforts to prevent the alliance with America were over-ruled by the influence of the liberal party. Maurepas' administration is well depicted, with his undisturbed gaiety and indolent nonchalance; the King's amiable, but feeble character, and his indefatigable attention to business, and respect for his ministers, and the Queen's early disposition to listen to the cabals of hungry courtiers. The party that gathered around her prejudiced her very strongly against the Prince de Montbarey, who was regarded as an impracticable sort of courtier. A very curious scene is given of the Queen. The story is told at great length and very circumstantially. We can give only a slight idea of it. At the time Montbarey was a coadjutor of the war-secretary's, attending a council, he was desired by the King to give his opinion of three persons, who were competitors for a colonelcy of dragoons; and the commission was presented in consequence of his representation. Unluckily one of the rejected candidates was a protegé of the Queen: of this Montbarey was ignorant. The same evening he was sent for to the Queen's apartment. He found her in a fever of indignation, and in spite of his deprecations and protestations, he was obliged to endure the storm of her reproaches for half an hour, when she suddenly left him, and flung the door after her with a violence that shook it on its hinges. He went straight to the King, and communicated the whole affair to the King, who assured him of his protection, and only begged him to abstain from appearing at the Queen's evening parties, till he received further directions. For six long weary weeks did the prohibition continue; subjecting him all the while, poor man, to the cruel exultation of his enemies on his impending ruin—when at last he was again sent for by the Queen, who received him very graciously, and placing him in the same spot where she had so vehemently rated him very handsomely and winningly begged him to forget what had passed. The Queen told him she had a favour to request, which was that he would prevent the new colonel, who was setting out that very day to join his regiment, from quitting Paris for eight days, and that this might be accomplished through the young gentleman's sister—a lady, who for some reason or other was not received at the Queen's parties. In vain he alleged that he was unknown to the lady; he was compelled to undertake the commission; and fortunately, after great difficulty brought the lady to terms. She insisted that she should be allowed to attend at the Queen's party, after all were assembled, that the Queen should rise and advance to receive her, and should herself ask the favour. To these terms the Queen acceded; stipulating only, that a letter to the brother should first be written, and deposited as a security in Montbarey's hands. What was the important object of this awful negociation? Simply to save the Queen's credit. Her protegé was going to receive a similar appointment within eight days, and thus would be able to join the army as early, and with the same rank as the other.

NEW MUSIC.

"*Sacred Melodies,*" *arranged with Symphonies and Accompaniments, by W. Fitzpatrick, the Poetry by J. Bellamy, Esq. Cramer, Addison and Beale. No.* I. 6s.—Though Mr. Fitzpatrick has with great modesty designated himself as the mere arranger of this excellent selection, we are inclined to give him more credit than if the original airs were completely his own. He has had to contend with many awkwardnesses in the adaptation, and, in several instances, has been obliged so completely to alter the subject that we can scarcely recognize it; the harmonization, symphonies, and accompaniments, are new and altogether excellent of their class. The present number contains six melodies, chiefly abstracted from Webbe's services of the Catholic church: in point of style it approaches near Mr. Moor's work of the same title, but, is in our opinion, much more appropriate to the subject. Were we to particularize any of these airs as peculiarly striking, we should select "Ill-fated haughty Babylon" as a most beautiful composition in the energetic class, and "Daughter of Sion," from Mozart, as a lighter movement of great elegance, this latter reminds us strongly of Avery's "Sound the loud Timbrel," to which if harmonized as a trio would become a formidable rival; the arrangement of the second verse is excellent, and would, of itself, establish the composers' character as an elegant and sound musician.

"*Are you angry, Mother?*" *Ballad sung by Miss Stephens, in the Opera of Aladdin, composed by H. R. Bishop.* 2*s.* *Goulding and Co.*—"*The Days of the Valley are o'er,*" *Do. Do.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—"*In my Bower a Lady weeps,*" *Do. Do.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—"*The Sun is o'er the Mountains,*" *sung by Miss Johnson.* 1*s.* 6*d.* *Do.*—The whole of these ballads are pleasing and of a popular character; the first is the greatest favourite in the stage representation, but owes much of its attraction to Miss Stephen's excellent performance: the third song is conspicuous for a flowing tenor accompaniment, which is however, well arranged for the pianoforte. Miss Johnson's song is peculiarly plaintive and simple in the highest degree, we suspect that Miss Stephen's voice is sinking into a mezzo soprano, we observe that great use is made of the lower notes and that her songs uniformly run low, and we know that the composer always writes for the peculiarities of the singer, particularly in a prima donna, which Miss Stephens undoubtedly is on her own stage.

"*Tremble ye Genii in your Caves,*" *Recitative and Air, sung by Mr. Horn, in Aladdin.* 3*s.*—The songs alloted to Mr. Horn are undoubtedly the most effective, and probably the best compositions in the opera, but they are generally of too high a class for public sale. The scena in question is one of the most splendidly energetic songs we have ever met with, and conveys a genuine idea of the demoniac exultation which the words express, there is a strong tinge of the old style about it, and, in our opinion, it is more adapted for a tremendous bass voice; but, even as sung by Horn, we were delighted with it.

"*My Araby, my noble Steed,*" *sung by Mr. Sinclair.* 2*s.*—"*Sister I have loved thee well.*" *Do. Do.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—Both these songs are bold and full of energy, and in the hands of a competent singer would have produced an effect; but Sinclair is so dreadfully tame that he paralizes every thing like soul or feeling. We would almost with as much pleasure hear the dettengen Te Deum on a bird organ, as listen to any thing but a love ditty in his hand, and even that he would flourish to death. "My Araby" is in the boleros style and is very brilliant.

"*Ere the Stars of Night Arise,*" *Duett, Miss Stephens and Miss Johnson, in Do.* 2*s.*

"*Beautiful are the Fields of Day.*" *Trio, in Do.* 1*s.* 6*d.*—This duett on the stage is accompanied by four French horns which produce a peculiar but very pleasing effect; in private, where of course, that style of accompaniment is impracticable, the composition loses much of its beauty, the terzetto is short and pleasing, both pieces are of easy execution.

"*The Ring, the Ring,*" *sung by Miss Povey, in Do.* 2*s.*—A very elegant song, highly appropriate to the stage situation but not adapted to private performance, the successions of sixes are beautiful.

"*When in yon fading Sky.*" *Ballad. B. Gibsone.* 1*s.* 6*d.* *Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*—A ballad of an extremely elegant class of simple construction, but highly finished, the modulations are good, the concluding passage particularly original, it requires a singer of considerable taste to do it justice.

"*Handel's Songs,*" *A New Edition, arranged from the Score, by W. Horsely. Mus. Bac. Oxon.* *Cramer and Co*—This edition is so well brought out, so cheap, and arranged in so excellent a manner, that though it scarcely comes within our regulations to notice any mere arrangement, we cannot resist bringing this work before the attention of our friends. The songs already out, are "Angels ever," "Arm, Arm," "From mighty Kings," "Lord to Thee," "Pious Orgies," "The Lord worketh Wonders," "Wise men flattering," "Come ever smiling," "From this dread Scene."

"*The Blue Bells.*" *Trio, by B. Gibsone.* 2*s.* 6*d.* *Willis and Co.*—This is truly an elegant trifle, and from its construction, as well as beauty, will become deservedly popular, it is arranged for soprano, tenor and bass, each voice has a solo, and that of the soprano, harmonized as a glee, is repeated between each verse.

"*Soft in the East,*" *sung by Miss Forde, in the Merry Wives of Windsor.* *G. Hodson.* 2*s.* *Willis.*—This is a palpable imitation of "Bid me Discourse," and that class of songs, but sadly inferior in real merit to their original. It is brilliant and pretty, but the harmonies are common place and want the originality of Bishop's style.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

As is usual at the close of the season, the theatres have been busied with benefits. These have superseded all the regular performances, and the houses have been filled less with the habitual friends of the drama, than of the actors. A curious circumstance, and characteristic among a multitude of others, of the utter decline of the national drama, is, that the benefits of the singers have been in all instances incomparably the more successful; while the actors, including Kemble the manager, have been obliged to introduce concerts into their nights, or to depend on operas. Jones, one of the most animated and popular of living comedians, was thus compelled to rely on Braham and a troop of singers in the heavy and extravagant half-comedy half-opera of "The Slave," for his benefit; and so of the others. Braham, whose voice seems

actually recovering its earlier spirit, and whose old popularity has suddenly returned in all its deserved vigour, had a prodigious audience on his night; and, if we are to believe report, more were turned from the doors than were admitted.

It was a remarkable feature of the season, that the only novelties were two operas: both not unpopular but neither likely to survive, and neither sustaining the reputation of the composers. Bishop's opera of Aladdin, magnificent in scenery and decoration, but failing in plot and dialogue, and resting upon the music, had the advantage of coming out at a period when the rival opera had already lost its novelty; and when its faults might have been a warning: but Weber's genius overhung the composer. This opera was an imitation, and though it displayed some graceful conceptions, the result was feebleness and virtual failure.

The vigour, brilliancy, and depth of Weber's style, did not desert him in his opera of Oberon; it contained some noble passages, a great deal of finely harmonized music, gave throughout evidence of the great master. But its science was too obtrusive, its melodies were too profound, and the memory of Der Freischutz was too splendid and recent for the hope of triumph. It fought its way to the close of the season, and will probably be revived as a curiosity long after it shall have lost all interest as a performance.

Yet now a new and melancholy interest attaches to it from the death of its composer. At the time of Weber's arrival in this country, it was obvious that his health was in a most precarious state, great feebleness of person, a pallid physiognomy, reluctance to move or speak, gave signs of the decay that was so soon to carry him to the grave. He was naturally of a consumptive habit; and the study of his art, an infinitely exhausting and mind-wearying labour, naturally tended to increase his disease. He composed with the intense application of a German; and the dangerous and reckless fervour of an enthusiast. The severest bodily labour is not more exhausting than thought urged to excess; but there is this fatal difference on the side of the mind, that its labours of the day deprive the night of sleep. The peasant flings himself on his bed, and never feels the trouble of existence till morn. The man of genius, lies down without the capacity of rest, tosses from hour to hour in feverish and waking nervousness, or rambles in dreams, not less feverish and still more fearful—

——"Is blown about upon the raving winds,
Hangs on the outside of the pendant world;
Rolls on the ridgy cloud, or thence flung down
Dives in the caverns of the ancient earth,
Or fights the slimy worm in new made graves,
Or lies in the pitchy vault, and sees pale ghosts,
Walk from their leaden beds, and hold wild talk
Of things that make the hair stand up, the bones
And firm-knit muscles shake, the clammy tongue
Cleave to the lips, the chilling blood run back,
Turning the man to stone."——

Weber is a great loss to the musical world. He was the only man who had attempted originality in our day, perhaps in a much longer period than our day. Mozart's genius is now beyond all question, but his style was *Italian*; if his melodies were his own, his spirit was devoted to the richness, tenderness, and exquisite feeling of the southern school. He was less a German than an Italian in the whole conception of his music; as the poet says,

"More an ancient Roman than a Dane."

His "Figaro" is incomparable, but it is the light and fantastic gaiety of the south. Even his "Don Giovanni," profound and magnificent as it is, and uniting all the boldness of genius with the highest refinement of taste, his Don Giovanni the imperishable monument of its composer's fame is Italian, in the deepest rush of its harmonies it is but the rushing of that Roman torrent, which once swept away all the talent of Europe in its stream, and which shall roll on while genius has power to captivate and enthrall the human mind.

Rossini's fame, which so long had no rival, was founded upon the double imitation of the German and the Italian schools. His melodies were often exquisite and native, his accompaniments had the depth, the variety, and the lavish use of instruments, that characterize the north. He rose rapidly and seemed to have at length attained that secure height from which eminent talents look down without fear on popular caprice or the changes of time. But his strength has been overpowered at once: his fame is forgotten, his light has been suddenly absorbed and extinguished in the more intense and powerful splendour of Der Freischutz. What Weber might have yet done must, of course, be now mere conjecture. But his future powers were not to be concluded on from the partial failure of his Oberon. It was in a language of which, with all his zeal he knew little; it was composed under the anxiety of a limited time; it was not the spontaneous suggestion of his own taste; finally, it was *task work*. All this does not imply, that it was not perfectly voluntary, and that the proposition to compose an opera for the British stage was not highly creditable to the proposers, as well as a fair object of ambition to Weber. But every man who knows the natural working of the mind, will know that nothing can be taken as the estimate of its actual powers, but the subject of its own unsolicited suggestion, the meditation of its solitary name, the urgent and instructive passion of its own lonely enthusiasm. Such was the Freischutz. The period which it had taken Weber to compose that

most magnificent and original work, was, in one sense, his whole musical life. He has been heard to declare, that some of its symphonies were conceptions that had haunted him from the first time of his having ever dreamed of composition. Their embodying together might have cost him but little time or trouble, but their separate creation was the earlier work of his mind.

What he might have done by further leisure, by returning to the midst of his native associations, and by the full consciousness that the highest musical distinction was to be his reward, it is now unfortunately impossible to ascertain. But the Freischutz is a superb evidence of his possessing the finest and rarest of all the qualities of his art,—originality.

We have already alluded to his feebleness of constitution. It was apparent, almost from his arrival in England, that he was in a state of extreme debility; but so speedy a termination was by no means contemplated. He was a remarkably mild and uncomplaining man; unostentatious and simple in all his habits, he solicited no more commiseration to his bodily suffering, than homage to his professional superiority. But the disease of which he died must have been at every moment giving him painful proof of its progress. He continued to the last, though little disposed to society, and still less to exert himself in conversation, yet gentle, and free from all the irritability so natural to an invalid. He frequently talked of his family, and for the few days preceding his death "home! home!" were almost his only words; but he still struggled with his extreme lassitude, and even on the day before he died, got out of his bed, dined with something of cheerfulness, and talked of returning to Germany. Next morning he was found dead, as in quiet sleep, on his pillow, with his head resting on his hand.

An examination by the medical attendants into the source of his disease, subsequently ascertained that it had so completely seized upon his lungs, that recovery must have been long beyond the power of medicine.

The London musicians and composers, honourably anxious to pay respect to the memory of their foreign brother, proposed to give a grand celebration, the music of which was to be taken from his works, and the profits to be applied partly to defraying the expense of a monument, and partly to be transmitted to his family. As Weber was a Roman Catholic, this celebration was intended to be held in the chapel at Moorfields. On this occasion, some very paltry negociation seems to have been displayed by the managers of the chapel. It is the public report, that they actually wanted to turn the whole affair into a business of pounds, shillings, and pence; that they even demanded a certain sum for the personal admission of the very performers! So much a head for Braham, &c.! This was of course negatived, and an application was made at St. Paul's; but the Requiem is a Popish ceremony, and of course this request could not be complied with. They then returned to the Roman Catholic priests again, and the ceremony, we believe, proceeded. The liberality of the whole transaction will, we presume, be recorded in the next oration of the O'Connors and O'Gormans.

The winter theatres are presumed to have had but a disastrous season. The general depression of the times may have assisted this result. Ill luck, which visits theatres as it does graver things, may have had its part; and mismanagement is very equal to have completed this round of disaster. On the last point, a good deal has been said; and we are not authorized to contradict any thing that has been said of the obvious and natural unfitness of the individuals concerned. It has grown into a theatrical axiom, the wisdom of long experience, that the manager of a theatre should be a man perfectly acquainted with theatrical matters; a diligent and determined man in his calling; and, above all, *not an actor*. His being an actor is considered the most unanswerable ground of unfitness for a station, where he must have to judge of the qualities of others without caprice, prejudice, or the remotest idea of personal competition. If a manager be an actor, the play which gives him a prominent part will probably be accepted in preference to the play in which he cannot figure. If a comedian, he will be apt to feel, involuntarily perhaps, that tragedy is a burthen to the world; if a tragedian, comedy must bow its head in silence, and wait for his death or removal. If he plays young characters, the dignity of age will find but sorry reception; if old, youth must linger till the author has transferred his regards to graceful longevity. In short, the whole system of personal feelings and professional rivalries may be presumed, in even the best ordered mind, to have some activity. We protest entirely against any personal imputation on either Mr. Kemble or Mr. Elliston; we believe them both to be generous and high-spirited men, as they certainly have the manners and acquirements of gentlemen; but still, a manager should not be an actor, if it were even from the inevitable absorption of mind connected with acting. There is in the management of a theatre enough to occupy the whole time of any man living. Garrick, it is true, was an actor, but he has left no succession.

With the personal irregularities of individuals we disdain to interfere; but, in the next place, it is clear that a consummately correct and decorous style of conduct before the public, is essential to both public respect, and to that subordination within the walls necessary among the giddy multi-

tude that make the company and servants of a great theatre. The most acknowledged ability will not compensate for the absence of this exactness. All have seen the miserably harassed career, and still more miserable end of Sheridan himself, perhaps the greatest dramatic genius that ever stood at the head of a theatre since Shakespeare. On this we touch reluctantly, and we touch no more.

It is impossible to look upon the present state of our winter theatres, without contrasting them with the summer ones, which have during the year been sources of affluence to their proprietors. The Haymarket, where a single three act farce, of but little dramatic merit, old in its plot and pointless in its dialogue, has netted probably not less than ten thousand pounds! This success is of course to be shared between the lucky conception of introducing a vulgar, popular character, of which every body must have had some example, and the diligent and close personification of its vulgarism by Liston. Taste shrinks from these things, the true drama disowns the whole buffoonery, and what Sheridan or the elder Colman could not have done were their lives at stake, has been done by the playmaker of the Haymarket. But, the point in question is not the occasional but the continued success of the management; and to this we must give the praise due to diligence, activity, and punctual fidelity to its engagements.

The Adelphi, too, has been a fortune to its proprietors: they, it is true, are actors, but the nature of their company exempts them from the evils of the character. They personally make up the chief strength of their establishment. They are uncontrouled, they have only their own interests to consult, they have none to rival or be rivalled by; they play neither comedy nor tragedy, but burlettas and melo-dramas; they are rudely careless of dramatic fame, and wisely attentive only to the most rapid means of realizing the income which their general and personal merits amply deserve.

A still stronger contrast is afforded by Covent-Garden in the days of the late Mr. Harris. It was remarkably successful. With a small but select company of actors, it made head against Drury-Lane and Sheridan, with Siddons, Kemble, and the whole *genius* of the stage. It actually fought them down, and the theatre became a source of high opulence. But in the midst of their success, it was unfortunately burned down. An actor was manager of the new theatre. Kemble's conceptions of theatrical grandeur were suited to his talents; and he determined to make it a fabric in which his whole conceptions could be realized, "to make Covent-Garden theatre worthy of the drama of Shakespeare," were the ill-fated words. He built a colossal edifice, of which till this hour the debt hangs upon the income, and Harris's wealth vanished without hope of return.

This was the work, in part, of ill-fortune, and in part of imprudence; but the original success should not be forgotten; nor the lapses of a retired man in his old age be placed against the prosperous wisdom of his time of vigour. The same attention to details, the same perpetual diligence to discover, stimulate, and even instruct dramatists, the same generous remuneration, and the same habitual justice, fidelity, and activity, which distinguished the elder Harris, must ensure the same successes at any period and in any constitution of the public mind. Dramatic ability may be the very rarest of all: a preeminent dramatist may be a phœnix, to be seen but once in five hundred years; but there is and must be a vast deal of minor ability, yet fully equal to public gratification and theatrical prosperity, floating about upon the great expanse of general society. That they have not sought this, or sought it foolishly, or, having found it, neglected, deceived, or disgusted it, we will by no means say of managers; but whatever their wishes or their zeal may have been, they must now feel their error in, we fear, a broken treasury, as we know, in a barren stage.

At the King's Theatre, Pasta still attracts immense crowds. If the fashionable world are pleased, it is not for us to deny their right of being pleased in their own way. "Medea," a new opera, is the present favourite. Our regret is, that it cuts down the ballet to one act, and extinguishes the divertisement altogether.

Vauxhall has opened with a concert sustained by Braham, Sinclair, and other able singers. The scheme is prodigal and popular; but in this climate of clouds, nothing is certain but that it will rain whenever it can.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A portrait of the Marchioness of Winchester, from a painting by Robertson, is being engraved by Thomson.

Archdeacon Coxe has nearly ready for publication "The History of the Administration of the Right Hon. Henry Pelham, from 1743 to 1754."

A Resident of Oldbury, New South Wales, has in the press "An Account of Agriculture and Grazing" in that country.

New editions of Carey's and Paterson's Books of Roads are daily expected.

Mr. Sass, author of "Journey to Rome and Naples," is preparing for the press a History of the Arts of Painting and Sculpture in England, with an account of the different Institutions, &c.

The Narrative of a Four Year's Residence in France, by an English Family, is just ready for publication.

A Selection of Sacred Harmony, by J. Coggins, is in the press.

The romance of "Sir John Chiverton" is now just ready.

Mr. Martin's Illustrations of Milton will be completed in the course of the ensuing autumn.

Dr. Ainslie's new work, entitled "Materia Indica," is nearly ready for publication.

The Translation of Llorente's celebrated History of the Inquisition is nearly completed.

Capt. Parry's Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-west Passage, will be published in a few days.

Sir Anthony Carlisle announces for publication the Hunterian Oration, delivered last February, on the Natural History and Anatomy of the Oyster.

Two works on the Life of the late Emperor of France are announced as in the press, entitled, "Napoleon, or the Mysteries of the Hundred Days;" and "Napoleon in the other World."

Mr. W. G. F. Richardson, author of "Poetic Hours," is printing, The Life of Carl Theodor Körner, written by his father.

The second part of Simpson's Anatomy for Artists may be expected immediately.

The Sixth Number of Mr. Williams' Select Views in Greece will be published in the course of July.

Mr. Nicholas has in the press, a History of the Battle of Agincourt, from contemporary authorities, the greater part of which have been hitherto inedited; together with a copy of the Roll returned into the Exchequer in Nov. 1416, by command of Henry the Fifth, of the names of the Nobility, Knights, Esquires, and others, who were present on that occasion; and biographical notices of the principal commanders.

In the press, a Treatise on the Divine Sovereignty, in which is contained an Examination of the Scripture Evidence for the Doctrines of Calvinism. By Robert Wilson, A.M.

The Eleventh and concluding Number of Mr. Britton's "Chronological Illustrations of the Ecclesiastical Architecture," will be ready in July, and will contain three double plates, exhibiting; first, A Chronological Series of Arches, Columns, &c.; second, of Windows; and, third, of Towers and Spires.

The Banquet, or the History of Armenia, by Father Michael Chamich; translated from the original Armenian, by Johannes Avdall, and dedicated to the Asiatic Society of Bengal, has just been published by subscription at Calcutta, and a few copies are expected in England very shortly.

The Ninth Part of Mr. Martin's Illustrations of Milton will be published on the 9th inst., and the remainder in the course of the ensuing autumn.

Proposals have been circulated for publishing by subscription an Historical, Topographical, and Statistical Account of the City of Westminster.

Miss Landon has in the press, "The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry; and other Poems."

The History of the Parish Church of St. John, Hampstead, is printing.

Mr. Noble, of Edinburgh, announces "A Grammar of the Persian Language, with a Vocabulary and Index."

The translation of Sismondi's History of the Crusades against the Albigenses, in the Thirteenth Century, will be published in a few days.

Dr. Elliotson is preparing a translation of the last Latin edition of the Institutions of Physiology, by J. F. Blumenbach, M.D., Professor of Medicine in the University of Gottingen.

In the press, with Plates, the Sheffield Anti-Slavery Album, or, the Negro's Friend; containing,

Zambo and Nila,	Zangara,
The Missionary,	The Voyage of the Blind,
A Word for the Negroes,	Anticipation,
The Discarded Negro,	Alonso,
The Voice of Blood,	Sebastian,
Sandanee's Dream,	The Negro Slave, &c. &c.

Shortly will be published, a new Edition of the Historical Antiquities of Hertfordshire, with the original of Counties, Hundreds or Wapentakes, Boroughs, Corporations, Towns, Parishes, Villages, and Hamlets; the Foundation and Origin of Monasteries, Churches, Advowsons, Tythes, Rectories, Impropriations, and Vicarages in general; describing those of this County in particular, &c. &c. By Sir Henry Chauncy, Kt.

*** This edition will be a verbatim reprint, and will be illustrated with all the plates (forty-six in number) of the original work.

2. A Picturesque Tour by the New Road from Chiavenna over the Splugen, and along the Rhine, to Coira in the Grisons. Illustrated by twelve Views drawn on the spot by G. C., Esq., and lithographed by F. Calvert, 4to.

Mr. Ackermann will speedily publish a Spanish translation of the History of Ancient Mexico, originally written in Italian by the Jesuit Father Clavigero. This work, which is not so well known in Europe as it deserves to be, contains not only a complete and accurate description of the extensive regions composing New Spain, but also the annals of the Mexican nation, from its establishment in North America to the overthrow of the empire of Montezuma; also a narrative of the conquest of Mexico by Cortez, and dissertations of the natural and political history of this interesting country. The translation is by Mr. J. J. Mora, illustrated by twenty engravings by the first artists.

Mr. Perceval, whose History of Italy is before the public, has been for some time earnestly engaged on a History of France, which is designed to extend from the foundation of the French Monarchy to the second restoration of the Bourbon Dynasty to the throne of that kingdom. This undertaking, when completed, will occupy several volumes: the first part embraces the French annals during the middle ages; the materials for a second period, which Mr. Perceval brings down to the conclusion of the wars of the League, are in a state of much forwardness; and the early publication of a considerable portion of the work is therefore at the option of the author.

Nearly ready, in one thick volume, post 8vo. "Words," composed of Essays and Sketches, imaginative and philosophical.

A Concise Historical View of Galvanism is in the press, with Observations on its Chemical Properties, and Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases; by M. La Beaume, Medical Surgeon, Electrician, F.L.S., &c.

Memoirs of the Life of M. G. Lewis, Esq. M.P., author of the Monk, &c, are in the press.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Biographical Sketches of recently deceased British Characters, commencing with the accession of George IV. with a List of their engraved Portraits. By William Miller. 2 vol. 4to. £3. 3s.

The Lives of the Rt. Hon. Francis North, the Hon. Sir Dudley North, and the Hon. and Rev. Dr. John North. By the Hon. Roger North. 3 vol. 8vo. 36s.

Secret Memoirs of the Royal Family of France during the Revolution. From the Journal, Letters,

and Conversations of the Princess Lamballe. By a Lady of Rank. 2 vols. 8vo. 25s.

Mémoires du Prince de Montbarey, Ministre Secrétaire d'Etat sous Louis XVI. Ecrits par Lui-même.

Lorenz Stark, a Characteristic Picture of a German Family. By J. J. Engol. 2 vols. 12mo. 12s.

Memoir of the late John Thomas Serres, Marine Painter to the King. 8vo. 2s.

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A List of Patents, which, having been granted in July 1812, *will expire in the present Month of July,* 1826, viz.

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VARIETIES, LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS

Captain Franklin's Expedition.—A letter has been received from Captain Franklin, dated 7th September 1825, lat. 65°. 11′. N. long 123° .33′. W. in which that persevering officer congratulates his friend on the prospect he had from Garry's Island of a perfectly open sea, without a particle of ice, "as it is (says he) another step gained in confirmation of your much contested hypothesis; we saw nothing to stop the ships, but, on the contrary, every thing around us strengthered my hope of their effecting the passage." On the island they found plenty of coal and bitumen. They were busy in building a house of wood on the border of the lake, for the convenience of fishing, and the winter—it is called Fort Franklin. The Captain had discharged the Candian voyagers, in order to reduce the establishment. The officers were very zealous and constantly on the alert; and all the men had conducted themselves extremely well, and quite enjoy the service. They were just six months in reaching the Arctic sea after they left Liverpool.—Two letters have likewise been received from Dr. Richardson, dated Bear Lake, September 6, 1825, and Fort Franklin; in one of which he writes: "The chearing view from the summit of Garry's Island of an open and iceless sea, to the eastward and westward, has exhilirated us all, and we look forward to the commencement of our voyage next July with high expectations." Bear Lake, it appears, is 150 miles in length, exclusive of its large arms. The shores of the lake have iron in abundance, and who knows (says Dr. Richardson) what fate has in store for this remote land; in future ages the arts and and sciences may choose their favourite retreat at the foot of the rocky mountains, and the bosom of the magnificient Bear Lake be ploughed by the mighty engines of Watt and Bolton."—In the other letter Dr. Richardson observes, "I have not obtained any certain information respecting the sea to the westward of the Coppermine River, none of the hunters, who are accustomed to go several days' march to the north of this lake, having either seen it or the Esquimaux which inhabit its shores. From this circumstance I am rather inclined to suppose that there is a cape jutting out pretty far to the north, between the Mackenzie and Coppermine Rivers. If such a cape exists, and is the land seen by Captain Parry to the southward of Melville Island, or approaches near to it, it may, by producing accumulations of ice, interpose a serious obstacle to Parry's ships, should they attempt the passage to the southward of Melville Island; but I do not apprehend that we shall be prevented from proceeding along the coast in a boat if we are at all favoured by the weather, and the channels which usually occur between the more fixed ice and the shore. Indeed, I am more than ever convinced that there is, in some seasons at least, if not every year, a passage for drift timber, as the poplar wood which we found on the former voyage must have come from Mackenzie's River, there being no trees of that kind to the northward of Bear Lake, nor on the banks of any river that flows into the Arctic Sea to the eastward. The Indians that have visited the sea at the mouth of Mackenzie's River, report that there is open water in some years only to the eastward, although it is clear of ice every summer to the westward. Their intelligence, however, is to be taken with some allowance, as they do not always visit the coast at the most favourable time for our purpose, the beginning of August;

and Captain Franklin's prosperous voyage of this season has given us the cheering intelligence of perfectly open water both ways on the 16th August."

Russian Voyage of Discovery.—Capt. Kotzebue has lately arrived at Portsmouth on his return to St. Petersburgh, in the Russian corvette Enterprize, after three years' absence, during which period he has been exploring the coast of North America, adjacent to the Russian settlements, the Alenham Archipelago, the coast of Kamtschatka, and the sea of Ochotsk, taking also the range of the South Sea Islands; visiting the Sandwich Island of Owyhee, since the burial of the King and Queen by Lord Byron. That island was tranquil, and advancing in prosperity. The natives expressed themselves much gratified with the attention bestowed on the remains of their late King and Queen. The Enterprize touched at Marria, which place she quitted on the 23d January, when the Spanish settlers had abandoned the idea of separating from the mother country of Spain, from which a new governor had recently arrived with a reinforcement of European troops.

Subscription for Mr. Buckingham.—A public meeting was held on Saturday, June 3, at the Thatched-House Tavern, St. James's, to consider of the propriety of an appeal to the public on the behalf of Mr. Buckingham; when Lord John Russel took the chair, and addressed the meeting in a speech of some length. The Hon. Douglas Kinnaird delivered a very impressive speech, urging with great force the frivolity of the charge on which Mr. Buckingham was banished from India; the tyrannical conduct of the Indian government towards him, and the vindictive meanness with which they pursued him in his exile; their wanton destruction of his property, after he was removed from the means of annoying them; his estimable character and exemplary perseverance in a virtuous career; his undeserved and most overwhelming losses; and the painful situation in which he was now placed, relying wholly upon the sympathy of the public for the means of fulfilling engagements which he had contracted, in the honest belief of full ability to meet them. Mr. Buckingham had a double claim upon the English people: as an honest man, involved in unforeseen and unmerited troubles, he claimed their compassion; as a man oppressed by irresponsible power, he appealed to their sense of justice. The East-India Company had denied him redress; the parliament had done nothing for him; but he (Mr. Kinnaird) trusted that the public, which was above the parliament, would, by their honourable exertions, afford him the redress denied by those who ought to have readily conceded it to him. Mr. Kinnaird concluded by proposing a resolution, recommending a public subscription on account of the peculiarity of his case.—This address was received by a very numerous and respectable auditory with warm applause. Mr. Hume, Sir C. Forbes, Messrs. Maxfield, Burridge, Hill, Dr. Gilchrist, and Sir J. Doyle, and Mr. Buckingham himself (returning thanks), afterwards addressed the meeting:—at the close of which a subscription was entered into. More than £4,000 have been subscribed.

Poisonous Wounds.—The successful application of the cupping-glass to poisonous wounds has lately been made by Dr. Barry at Paris. By further experiments, it appears, that an animal that has suffered the most fatal effect of the absorption into the blood of poisonous matters may, nevertheless, be restored to life by this treatment; as if the action of the cupping-glass had the power of recalling to the exterior the poison already introduced into the vessels. Dr. Barry strongly recommends the use of the cupping-glass followed by that of the cautery, in cases of the bite of a mad dog, even if the first symptoms of hydrophobia should have shewn themselves.

Canal of the Pyrenees.—The royal canal of the Pyrenees, a plan of which has been presented to the French government, is to continue that of Languedoc from Thoulouse to Bayonne. The surveys are all finished, and extend over more than seventy leagues, in the whole of which line there is not a single obstacle of importance. This canal will pass through five fertile departments, the produce of which it will be the means of spreading. A free navigation from one sea to the other, from the Mediterranean to the Western Ocean, will be the immediate consequence of this great undertaking.

Russian Canals.—The government of Russia has given orders for the immediate construction of canals to unite the following rivers: *viz.* the Moskwa and the Volga, the Sheksna and the Northern Dwina (which will make a direct communication between the ports of Archangel and St. Petersburgh, and open a conveyance for indigenous productions towards the Baltic), and, lastly, the Niemen and the Michael, across the kingdom of Poland.

Copenhagen.—Several successful experiments have been made to Macadamize the roads in the neighbourhood of Copenhagen, especially that which leads to the citadel. Several of the Danish journals speak of this process with the greatest praise. The editor of the Zealand Gazette goes so far as to rank it with the invention of steamboats. Professor Bredsdorff, however, has, on the contrary, read in the Agricultural Society of Copenhagen, a dissertation, in which he compares the new roads and the old, and gives a decided preference to the latter.

Ancient Greek Inscription.—In the neighbourhood of Rome an ancient tomb has recently been discovered with a Greek in-

scription, in such tolerable preservation as to allow the following fragments of translation:—"My country is the immortal Rome; my father is its emperor and king." "My name is Allicilla, the beloved name of my mother." "Destined for my husband from infancy, I leave him in dying four sons, approaching to manhood." "It is by their pious hands that I have been placed, still young, in this tomb."

Norbery.—This celebrated oriental scholar died recently at Upsal, aged 79.

French Parties.—A treatise has been published at Paris, under the title of *Les Ministres Prévaricateurs, ou Etrennes aux Favoris des Rois,* with this motto, "La roche Tarpéienne avoisine la Capitole." It affords a perfect sample of the violence of political parties in France, and presents a frightful necrology of about three hundred ministers of state who have been hung, beheaded, burnt, strangled, flayed alive, quartered, drowned, shot, stabbed, stoned, mutilated, tortured, flayed to death, &c. By way, we suppose, of pointing the moral of the work, portraits of the present ministers of France are prefixed to it!!

Cabinet of M. Vernon.—Among the historical relics of M. Denon's cabinet are a great many of the implements which belonged to the Inquisition of Valladolid, the ring of Jean sans Peur, Duke of Burgundy, who was assassinated on the bridge of Montereau; plaster casts of the faces of Cromwell and Charles XII., fragments of the bones of the Cid, found in his burying-place at Burgos; fragments of the bones of Abelard and Heloise, taken out of their tomb at Paraclete; the hair of Agnes Sorel, who was buried at Accaboca; part of the mustachio of Henry IV, King of France, found entire on the exhumation of the bodies of the kings of France at St. Denis, in 1793; a fragment of Turenne's shroud; some of Moliere's and La Fontaine's bones; one of Voltaire's teeth; an autograph signature of Napoleon, with a piece of the shirt that he wore at the time of his death, a lock of his hair, and a leaf of the willow under which he lies at St. Helena!!

New and expeditious Mode of Bleaching.—The process of washing by steam, which by the Company proceeds now with great regularity, has given rise to a discovery that promises an equal if not a greater benefit to the public. The Patent Steam Washing Company can, by the aid of their works, and by a peculiar process, bleach linen of a strong thick-twilled substance in twelve hours, which operation, according to the old plan, used to take up several months.

Water Works at Marly.—The old machine having been for a long time in a perishing state, a new machine has been recently constructed, at the expense of the King of France, in which the aid of steam has been called in, and which possesses much greater force and much less danger of accidental interruption than its predecessor. It has cost about two millions of francs.

Franco Abyssinian Rams.—Lately seven rams, of a new race of sheep were sold by auction in the neighbourhood of Paris. This new race has been produced by the crossing of French ewes with Abyssinian rams, under the enlightened superintendance (as the Parisian journals have it) of the Countess of Cayla. Their fleece surpasses in brilliance any hitherto known in Europe, and they are exceedingly hardy and prolific. There was much competition on the occasion amongst the rich agriculturalists, manufacturers, and amateurs. The finest of the seven, called the Dongola, about two years old, was bought for 2,500 francs by the crown—two others were sold at 1,500 francs each, and the remaining four at various prices, between 1,200 and 1,500 francs.—The beauty of these animal excited general admiration.

Anderson's Account of Cannibalism, as practised in the Island of Sumatra.—We were now in the heart of the cannibal country, and I was determined to investigate the habits and manners of the people among which I remained. I again ascended the hill, to the Batta village, where a large crowd assembled in and round the balei or hall, sharpening cruses and swords, and making cruse-handles. I did not observe the heads of any victims here; but upon speaking to the Rajah of Munto Panri, on the subject, he told me of a man who had been eaten only six days before, at one of the villages close at hand, and that if I wished it he would send and get the head for me. He accordingly despatched some of his people, and shortly afterwards we observed a large party of Battas coming down the mountain with this trophy of victory. This unfortunate wretch was devoured, I was informed, in five minutes, each warrior obtaining only a very small piece. The body was shared out, as children do cakes at home. I shall never forget the impression on my mind at the sight of a bare skull, suspended at one end of a stick, a bunch of plantains on the other extremity, and flung over a man's shoulder. The chief of the village accompanied it, and brought with him to the Rajah of Munto Panri, six slaves, who had been caught two days before, *viz.* four women and two children. I was offered many slaves, but refused the acceptance of them. I might have seen the disgusting ceremony of eating human flesh, had I chosen to accompany the Rajah to the fort, which he was about to attack with 500 men; but thinking it not improbable that some poor wretch might be sacrificed to show me the ceremony, I declined witnessing it. They seemed quite surprised that I should have entertained a doubt of the prevalence of cannibalism. The Rajah was about to besiege eight forts, under the authority of Rajah Pinding, of the tribe Terdoso. It is not for the sake

of food that the natives devour human flesh, but to gratify their malignant and demon-like feelings of animosity against their enemies. Some few there are, however, of such brutal and depraved habits, as to be unable, from custom, to relish any other food. The Rajah of Tanah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals for execution) to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes.

Singular Canine Anecdote.—St. Bride's church, with its beautiful tower, seems to be quietly sinking back into the oblivion from which it partially merged by the disastrous fire in Fleet-street, which so fully exposed it to the admiration of the public. The narrow chasm which has been penuriously allowed to remain open, will serve more to mock than to gratify the furtive glance which can but for a moment rest on what is or what was called the *chef-d'œuvre* of Sir Christopher Wren. Passing lately through Fleet-street, and being a stranger to town, I felt attracted by curiosity to have a better view of the church than the partially blockaded opening would allow me. I entered a house of entertainment, whose public room overlooked the church-yard, and presented from its windows a complete view of the east end, and the whole of the north side of this grand structure. Whilst intently gazing on the church, I observed a dog, which repeatedly passed to and fro amongst the tomb-stones, seeming completely at home. A gentleman in the room, observing my attention directed to the dog, told me that the animal had been a voluntary inmate in the church-yard for the last three years; she had followed her master's remains to the grave, and could neither be coaxed nor driven from the place which contained them. For six months, she had lain every night on the grave, and did not attract notice till she was nearly starved by hunger. From that time the neighbours have been kind to the faithful animal; for she now looks in good condition. A kennel is placed for her on the south side of the church: she is considered as a trusty guardian for the dead, and a hallowed self-devoted victim to the memory of her beloved master.—*Brown's Memoirs.*

Curious Relic of Antiquity.—A Greenock newspaper mentions the discovery of a curious piece of antiquity, in a quarry (Auchmead), which is wrought in that part of Scotland. It is described to be a silver or mixed metallic horse-shoe, connected with a petrifaction of wood, and both embedded five feet and a half deep in the solid rock. This situation refers it to a period so remote, that even an antediluvian existence is attributed to it.

Population, &c.—In Great Britain, the number of individuals in a state to bear arms, from the age of 15 to 60 is 2,744,847. The number of marriages is about 98,030 yearly; and it has been remarked, that in 63 of these unions there were only 3 which had no issue. The number of deaths is about 332,708 yearly, which makes nearly 25,502 monthly, 6,398 weekly, 914 daily, and 40 hourly. The deaths among the women are in proportion to those of the men as 50 to 54. The married women live longer than those who continue in celibacy. In the country, the mean term of the number of children produced by each marriage is 4; in towns the proportion is 7 for every two marriages. The number of married women is to the general number of individuals of the sex as 1 to 3! and the number of married men to that of all the individuals of the male sex, as 3 to 5. The number of widows is to that of the widowers as 3 to 1: but the number of widows who marry again is to that of widowers in the same case, as 7 to 4. The individuals who inhabit elevated situations live longer than those who reside in less elevated places. The half of the individuals die before attaining the age of 17 years. The number of twins is to that of ordinary births as 1 to 65. According to calculations founded on the bills of mortality, one individual only in 3,126 attains the age of 100 years. The number of births of the male sex is to that of the female sex as 96 to 95. —*Edinburgh Phil. Journal.*

Culture of Turnips.—The following is a successful method employed by Mr. Knight, of Downton, in the culture of turnips in seasons like the present. "The manure was taken from the heap, and immediately spread, and the seed was sown in large quantities, about four pounds to an acre, upon the dung without loss of time. The ground was then immediately collected into what are called out-bout ridges of 27 inches wide, that being just half the ordinary space between the wheels of a cart or waggon. The seed was thus chiefly collected into the middle of the ridge, and intermixed with the moist manure. It in consequence immediately vegetated, and the plants were seen to rise abundantly on the tops of the ridges, the most favourable situation for their future growth. I have seen this mode of culture succeed perfectly, when every other has failed. I will take the opportunity of pointing out some purposes, to which common fern may be applied with advantage in seasons, which, like the present, threaten a deficiency of food for cattle during the succeeding winter. Some years ago, I cut before Midsummer, a large quanty of fern, with the intention of

using it for litter only; and I found that both my cows and horses ate it with avidity, and appeared to thrive upon it. This plant contains a very large portion of mucilage at this season, and also of saline matter; which render the manure obtained from it extremely valuable."

Earthquake.—At the end of October, an earthquake was experienced at Shirauz, in Persia, which destroyed many buildings; and, among other national monuments, overthrew the celebrated tombs of Hafiz and Saadi. Thus, two years in succession has this part of the world been visited by the same appalling phenomenon.

Vaccination.—In other countries of Europe general vaccination is ordered by government: no one who has not had cow-pox or small-pox can be confirmed, put to school, apprenticed, or married. Small-pox inoculation is prohibited; if it appears in any house, that house is put under quarantine. By such means the mortality from the small-pox in 1818 had been prodigiously lessened. In Copenhagen, it was reduced from 5,500 during 12 years to 158 during 16 years. In Prussia it was reduced from 40,000 annually to less than 3,000; and in Berlin, in 1819, only 25 persons died of this disease. In Bavaria only five persons died of small-pox in eleven years, and in the principality of Anspach it was completely exterminated. In England, on the other hand, in England, the native country of this splendid and invaluable discovery, where every man acts on these subjects as he likes, crowds of the poor go unvaccinated; they are permitted not only to imbibe the small-pox themselves, but to go abroad and scatter the venom on those they meet. A few years ago it broke out in Norwich, and carried off more persons in one year than had ever been destroyed in that city by any one disease, except the plague. A similar epidemic raged at Edinburgh; and last year it destroyed within one of 1,300 persons in the London bills of mortality.

Law.—It appears from a return made to the House of Commons in 1822, that a near relation of the Lord Chancellor has received from him a grant of the six following offices:—1. Register of affidavits in the Court of Chancery; 2. Clerk of the letters-patent to the Court of Chancery; 3. Receiver of the fines of Lunatics; 4. One of the Cursitors for London and Middlesex; 5. The clerkship of the Crown in Chancery in reversion; and 6. The grant of the office for the execution of the laws and statutes concerning bankrupts, in reversion likewise. All of these offices are for life, and all of them are executed by deputy. The annual amount of each is set down in the report at the several sums of 1,260l. 14s. 10d; 451l. 5s. 5d.; 581l. 2s.; 500l.; 1,081l.; and 4,554l.; and some of them are believed to be rated much below their present real value. Of the four first he is now in actual possession, receiving from them probably not much less than 3.500l. a year, and should he survive the occupant of the other two, the reversion will swell his income to about 9,000l. a year. It certainly is true that the Lord Chancellor has in strictness right to bestow these places upon whom he pleases; but the gentlemen alluded to has never done, or been required to do, any service to the law; and whether Lord Eldon holds beneficial appointments himself, or confers them on his immediate connexions, a certain degree of moderation ought never to be disregarded.—*Miller on the State of the Civil Law.*

The Stone.—M. Thibault (de l'Orme), a young medical professor of great distinction in France, has just presented to the Academy of Surgery in Paris, a paper in which he describes a new method of dissolving the stone in the bladder. Few inventions have laid under contribution a greater number of the sciences, and few have ever promised more happy results. A most ingeniously constructed instrument conducts into the bladder a little pocket, very thin in its texture, but capable of resisting the action of the strongest acids. By an admirable mechanical contrivance, the stone is enclosed in the pocket, which is subsequently closed in such a manner as to prevent the possibility of the escape of any of the liquids which are injected into it. The action of the dissolvents, powerful in itself, is augmented by the electrical current of the voltaic pile, which, alone, is capable of dissolving the hardest bodies. This paper has excited a great sensation; and the report of the Academy upon it, which will no doubt contain the details necessary to the elucidation of this most valuable invention, is expected with considerable impatience.

Translation of Boethius.—By the industry and research of Mr. Lemon, very extraordinary and interesting discoveries have recently been made in the State Paper Office. Amongst other valuable papers, an entire translation of Boethius, by Queen Elizabeth; the prose in the hand writing of her Majesty's Secretary, and the whole of the poetry in the Queen's own autograph. Parts of a poetical translation of Horace, written by the Queen, have likewise been found. What is far more important, as it relates to the history of that period, nearly all the documents connected with the events that occured during the reign of Henry VIII., especially the King's various divorces, have likewise been brought to light; particularly the whole case of Catherine Howard. It is intended to submit these literary and historical relics to his Majesty.

Navigation of Balloons.—In Mr. Jolliffe's narrative of his recent balloon excursion from Regent's Park, in company with M. Cornillot, he sa "I think I may assert,

with confidence, that a balloon may, without difficulty, be impelled in an horizontal direction, at any required point of elevation; at the distance, for example, of two or three hundred yards from the earth's surface—and that wishing to take 'a sail in the air,' may gratify his inclination (if confined within the limits just mentioned), without incurring any greater risk than that to wish he would be subjected should he choose to 'swim in a gondola.'

Egyptian Antiquity.—Chevalier Drovetti has presented to the king of France a remarkable monument of antiquity, which he found at Sais in Egypt. It consists of a single piece of rose-coloured granite, eight feet three inches (French) in height, five feet one inch in breadth, and four feet eight inches in depth. The sides are all ornamented with hieroglyphics, which M. Champollion Figeac expounds to mean, 1st. that this stone was dedicated to Neith, the tutelar goddess of the city of Sais; 2dly. that in the niche or opening in the front of this sanctuary was encaged and fed her living symbol, a vulture; 3dly. that the stone was consecrated by the Amasis. Net-se, the son of Neith, who is the Amasis of the 26th Egyptian dynasty, a native of Sais, and the same who, after a reign of forty years, was vanquished by Cambyses. This makes the date of the monument between 530 and 570 years before the Christian era.

Russia.—The agricultural society of Moscow, over which Prince Galitzin presides, and to which the late Emperor Alexander gave a considerable grant of land near Moscow, for the purpose of establishing a farm, is going on very prosperously. It has already collected in its school above eighty pupils from various parts of Russia, even from Kamskatcha; and the journal of its proceedings has been so much in demand, that it has been found necessary to reprint the volume for the first two years.

Idol.—Captain Coe, commander of the squadron in the East-Indies, has presented to the Cambridge University an alabaster statue of a Burmese idol, taken from the sacred grove near Ava, and two religious books beautifully executed on the palmyra leaf, to which none but the Burmese priests are permitted to have access.

Navigation of Rivers.—A. M. Lagnel has constructed a machine which is at present at work on the Rhone, by which he contrives to tow vessels against the stream at the rate of three quarters of a league in the hour; the ordinary rate of vessels towed by horses being two leagues and a half, or three leagues a day. He has presented a model of this machine, on the scale of an inch to a foot, to the French Academy of Sciences.

Discovery of a new Island.—In July last the Pollux Dutch sloop of war, Captain Eeg, discovered a new and well-peopled island in the Pacific, to which the name of Nederlandich Island was given. Its latitude and longitude laid down at 7° 10′ S. and 177′ 33′ 16″ E. from Greenwich. The natives were athletic and fierce, great thieves; and, from their shewing no symptoms of fear when muskets were discharged, evidently unacquainted with the effects of fire arms.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The present month, though barren in parliamentary debates, has been very fruitful with respect to the electioneering spirit that has pervaded it. From the 8th, nothing of consequence has occurred either in or out of Parliament (whose session though prolific in point of acts has been somewhat destitute of importance), but the noise, tumult and party violence of London and provincial elections. To begin as in duty bound with the metropolis, after a severe struggle, Messieurs Thompson, Waithman, Wood and Ward, have been returned members for the City, to the exclusion of the Right Honourable the Lord Mayor (Venables). At Southwark a contest still more severe has taken place, which however has terminated, contrary to expectation, in the re-election of Sir Robert Wilson, of Spanish and continental celebrity. One circumstance occurred during this election, which may serve to convey an idea of the excitement requisite to stir up the public mind on occasions of this nature. The celebrated Lavalette was every day exhibited, like a lion, on the hustings, in order that not one of the achievements of Sir Robert in the cause of liberty should be overlooked. This clap-trap, we understand, was got up by means of his managing Committee, at least, so says report. Throughout the country peace, if we except Preston, has been hitherto tolerably well preserved. Here Cobbett, the indefatigable plebeian Cobbett, has been ruling in all his plenitude of insolence and vulgarity. Not only has he contrived with his usual adroit felicity to turn all his staunchest admirers into enemies; but, after going through the whole vocabulary of Billingsgate, and bespattering Messieurs Wood, Stanley and Barrie, with the mud showers of his abuse, has fairly given his Committee the slip, and bolted for a few days (to use a sporting term) from the Preston course. At Ilchester, Hunt has rendered himself equally notorious; but, by displaying greater command of temper, and giving in more shrewdly, as it were to local prejudices, has rendered himself no contemptible opponent of Sir T. Lethbridge. At Reading party-spirit has been carried to an unusual excess: the inhabitants of this bo-

rough have from time immemorial been reformers in the most extended sense of the word; Mr. Monck, though himself a Whig and professing the most enlightened principles of the party, is yet not sufficiently a partyman to please this peculiar borough. Consequently, though he "hath made his election sure," he has been notwithstanding unpopular, inasmuch as his conduct has been throughout contrasted with that of Mr. Spence, his favourite and successful colleague. In Northumberland the cause of the ministry has been chiefly triumphant; the same, with one or two exceptions, throughout Wales. At Westmoreland, however, the mighty struggle between Brougham and the supremacy of the Lowthers, has already taken place. All parts of the north are convulsed with the impending struggle; party-spirit rages throughout, to an ungovernable excess, and it is as yet a moot point whether the great advocates of Aristocracy and Protestantism, or the eloquent upholders of Whiggism and Catholic Emancipation will gain the day. A word or two before we quit the subject of elections, on this last topic. The "No Popery" cry, as it is somewhat quaintly called, has now become feeble in voice and spirit; it is no longer the *sine quâ non* of a member of parliament; for many have been elected, who are not only in favour of the Catholics, but have even distinguished themselves (Brougham for instance) by the most violent and decided measures in their behalf: this is an instance of the spread of intellect and the "march of mind," as Mr. Brougham observed on the hustings. We have nothing further to mention in our political summary which must of course be brief, on the subject of home politics; with respect to the continent all has been equally pacific: the Emperor Nicholas still perseveres in his intentions of following the footsteps of Alexander, and has already transmitted overtures of a pacific nature to the Reis Effendi at Constantinople. The poor Greeks meanwhile, in the midst of all this show of mildness and humanity, seem unanimously devoted to slaughter—to slaughter of the most fiendish, unrelenting and exterminating nature. Never during the brightest ages of Grecian glory, did these noble-minded warriors evince truer patriotism than they have done for these ten years past. But all is vain; they are doomed to destruction, and the pinnacles of Saint Sophia drip with the blood of the Ionian heroes. Ibrahim Pacha is yet at Trippolitza, awaiting only a due reinforcement in order to enable him to commence operations against Napoli di Romania. Lord Cochrane has promised to talk to him. Spain still preserves its legitimate claims to barbarism and bigotry, and has the singular merit of being a century behind the rest of Europe in all arts of politeness and humanity. France is quiet and jesuitical: and Portugal, though at the commencement of the month it seemed threatened (through the intrigues of the Queen mother) with anarchy, has by good luck escaped all civil and political revolution. The partial rebellion of Saint Petersburgh has been reduced; the insurgents have been banished to Siberia; and this, with the account of the Emperor of Austria's dangerous indisposition (which we merely notice *en passant)* completes our digest of the month.

NEW ENGLISH PEERS. — *Whitehall, June* 13, 1826.—His Majesty has been pleased to create the following new Peers of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland.

Frederick William Earl of Bristol, to be Earl Jermyn of Horningsherth, Suffolk, and Marquess of Bristol.

William Marquess of Thomond, to be Baron Tadcaster, of Tadcaster, York.

Ulick John Marquess of Clanricarde to be Baron Somerhill, of Somerhill, Kent.

James Earl of Balcarras, to be Baron Wigad, of Haigh-Hall, Lancaster.

Thomas Viscount Northland, to be Baron Ranfurly, of Ramphorlie, Renfrew.

Sir Charles Long, Knight, &c. to be Baron Farnborough, of Bromley Hill Place, Kent.

Sir John Fleming Leicester, Bart. to be Baron de Tabley, of Tabley-House, Chester.

James Archibald Stuart Wortley Mackenzie, Esq. to be Baron Wharncliffe, of Wortley, York.

Charles Duncombe, Esq. to be Baron Feversham, of Duncombe Park, York.

Charles Rose Ellis, Esq. to be Baron Seaford, of Seaford, Sussex.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

VON WEBER.

June 5.—Carl Maria Von Weber was born on the 18th of December 1786, at the town of Entin, in Holstein. From his earliest years he evinced the possession of superior talents, which were fostered by the unremitting and anxious solicitude of his father, under whose superintendance he received a liberal and classical education. His time was devoted to the study of music and painting; but, manifesting a decided preference for the former, he was, when ten years of age, placed under the tuition of Heuschkel, to whose instructions he was indebted for much of the energy and effective style of his performance on the piano-forte. With this learned and eminent professor he remained a twelvemonth, after

which he successively prosecuted his studies under Michael Haydn, Kalcher, and Vogler. His first publication appeared in 1798, and consisted of six fugues in four parts, distinguished for purity and correctness, and which received a favourable notice in the "*Musikalische Zeitung.*" It was while with Kalcher that he began to devote himself exclusively to the study of operatic music, and it was under the inspection of that master that his opera of *Die Macht der Leibe und des Weins*, (the Power of Love and Wine) was written. This, with a mass, and some other pieces composed at the same period, was subsequently destroyed. In 1800, he produced his opera of *Das Waldmadchen* (the Girl of the Wood) which was performed with great success at Vienna, Prague, and St. Petersburgh. Considering it, however, as an immature performance, Weber used every effort to check its circulation, and having carefully revised and re-arranged it, it was re-published in the year 1806, under the title of "Sylvana." A notice of this opera in the "*Musikalische Zeitung,*" suggested to the mind of Weber the idea of composing in an entirely new style, and of reviving the use of the ancient wind instruments. With this view, he composed, in 1801, the opera of "Peter Schnell and his Neighbours." Although it met with little success on its performance at Augsburg, the high praise conferred upon it by Michael Haydn, shews it to have been a work of great merit.

In the progress of a journey which he made in 1802 to Leipsic, Hamburgh, and Holstein, he collected and studied all the works which treated of the theory of music; but, entertaining doubts as to the correctness of the rules laid down in most of them, he recommenced the study of harmony from its very elements, with the view of forming a system of his own, in which he combined many original ideas with the best rules of the ancient, and the improvements of the modern masters. His analysis of Sebastian Bach's "Vogler, 12 Chorale," is a work of much research, and of great utility. In the year 1804, on the completion of his musical education under the Abbé Vogler, he accepted the offer of the directorship of music at Breslau, where he resided until the year 1806, when the commencement of the war in Prussia obliged him to leave that city. While at Breslau, he composed his opera of "Rübezahl," or Number Nip.

In 1806, he accepted an offer from the Duke of Wurtemberg, and removed to Carlsruhe in Silesia, where he composed two symphonies, several concertos, and other pieces. He also produced his "Sylvana," a Cantata, "Der erste Ton," some overtures, and several solo pieces for the pianoforte.

In 1810, he made a successful tour through Frankfort, Munich, and Berlin, and on his return composed, under the Abbe Vogler, his operetta of Abon Hassan.

In 1813, Weber visited Prague, where for three years he was engaged in remodeling the opera of that city. At Prague he composed his Cantata, *Kampf und Sieg*, and a melo-drama, entitled Preciosa, or, the Gypsey Girl. The German cities now vied with each other in making him the most advantageous offers, all of which he refused, until invited to Dresden, for the purpose of forming there a German opera. This appointment he held until his death.

His celebrated opera of Der Freischütz was produced at Berlin, on the 21st of June 1821; and in November 1823, his Euryanthe was performed at Vienna, but did not succeed Der Freischütz first appeared in an English dress at the English Opera House, in the summer of the year 1824, where its success was such as to induce the managers of Covent Garden and Drury Lane Theatres to bring it out at their respective houses in the ensuing winter. With some slight alterations in the story, and aided by the most magnificent scenery, the popularity of Der Freischütz was unequalled and led to an invitation to its author to visit England, to compose an opera expressly for the English stage. The offer was accepted, and he fulfilled his engagement by the production of Oberon, which was performed at Covent Garden on the 12th of May, in the present year.

His health was evidently much impaired previously to his arrival in England, and, since his residence in this country, it gradually become worse until the 3d of June, when his disorder (a pulmonary affection of long standing) received so sudden and violent an accession, as to preclude all hope of recovery. On the morning of Monday, June 5, he died at the house of Sir G. Smart, in Great Portland Street. He was found dead upon his pillow, his head resting upon his hand, as though he had passed from life without a struggle. The following Wednesday, June 7, had been fixed upon for an attempt to revisit his native country.

The opera of Der Freischütz, with all the original music, was to have been performed at Covent Garden Theatre, for the benefit and under the superintendence of the composer, but his increasing indisposition preventing his attendance, it was postponed. On the 26th of May, Weber gave a concert at the Argyll Rooms, at which he presided. Amongst other new compositions with which he delighted the audience, was a song from Lalla Rookh, composed for Miss Stephens, and which he himself accompanied on the piano-forte. The melody only of this song has been committed to paper, the composer supplying the accompaniments from memory. Weber is understood to have left but one work in manuscript, of any importance, a production which was to be entitled "Kunstler Laben" (Life of Artists) upon which he had been employed several years. It consists of a narrative of

the principal events of his life, with observations on great musical works and on the most eminent of ancient and modern composers. He was the author of many articles in the Leipzig Musical Gazette, and also in the Alendzeitung, an evening paper of Dresden.

He has left a widow and two children. On the 21st of June, his remains were interred with great solemnity in the Roman Catholic Chapel, in Moor Fields, most of the distinguished characters in the theatrical and musical world attending as mourners. At the close of the funeral service, Mozart's Requiem was sung by the whole choir.—The following is the inscription on the coffin plate:—

Hic jacet CAROLUS MARIA FREYHERR VON WEBER. Nuper Præfectus Musicorum Sacelli Regii Apud Regum Saxonum Natus Urbæ Eutin, inter Saxones Die XVI. Decembris MDCCLXXXVI. Mortuis Londini Die V. Junii MDCCCXXVI. Anno Quadrigesimo Ætatis Suæ.

THE EMPRESS OF RUSSIA.

May 16.—Her Majesty the Empress Elizabeth Alexrowna, relict of the late Emperor Alexander (before her marriage the Princess Louisa Maria Augusta), was the second daughter of the Hereditary Prince Charles Louis of Baden, who died in 1801. She was born on the 24th of January 1779, and married in 1793. Her Majesty's eldest sister is the Queen Dowager of Bavaria: her youngest sisters are Frederica, late Queen of Sweden, and the Hereditary Grand Duchess of Hesse Darmstadt. Her imperial Majesty never recovered the shock which she sustained on the death of the Emperor, upon whom, during his last illness, she attended with unremitting and devoted affection. A proclamation issued on the occasion of her death, thus concludes:—"This afflicting event took place after a long sickness both of mind and body, which ended in a total extinction of the vital powers, so that her Majesty, on her way from Taganrok, was obliged to stop in the town of Beleff, in the government of Tver, where she died."

SIR ARCHIBALD MACDONALD.

May 18.—The Right Honourable Sir Archibald Macdonald, Bart. late Chief Baron of the Exchequer, was a member of the very ancient house of Macdonald, a family of Norwegian origin, and long independent of the Scottish kings. He was born in the year 1747, the third and posthumous son of Sir Alexander Macdonald, of Margaret Montgomery, daughter of Alexander, ninth Earl of Eglintown. He was consequently uncle to Godfrey Bosville Macdonald, the present Baron Macdonald, of State, in the County of Antrim. He was bred to the English bar, but his practice lying chiefly in Scotch appeals was never very extensive. Good fortune, however, introduced him to the acquaintance of Lady Louisa Levison Gower, the eldest daughter of the late Marquess of Stafford, to whom he was united on the 26th of December 1777. He was soon afterwards elected M.P., for the Borough of Hindon; and, in the year 1780, he was, through the interest of the Stafford family, appointed King's counsel, and raised to the dignity of a Welsh judge. At the general election in the same year, he was returned M.P. for Newcastle-under-Line. As a parliamentary speaker, he is understood to have been easy and fluent, perspicuous and concise. Lord Stafford, on joining the Pitt administration, procured for him in 1784, the office of Solicitor General; and, in 1788, on the promotion of Sir Pepper Arden to be Master of the Rolls, he was knighted, and appointed Attorney-General in his room. After a few years longer practice at the bar, he was promoted to be Chief Baron of the Exchequer, having been previously called to the degree of Serjeant at Law. As a judge, he conducted himself with great candour and impartiality; in private life, he was distinguished by the most amiable and gentlemanly manners. By his marriage with Lady Louisa Gower, he had five children, two or three of whom, we believe, survive their parent. One of his daughters, a beautiful, elegant, and interesting young woman, died at Lisbon, in the year 1802, shortly after her arrival there in the hope of recovering her health. Sir Archibald Macdonald was created a Baronet of the United Kingdom, on the 27th of November 1813. He died at his house, Duke Street, Westminster, where he had resided many years.

LORD INGESTRIE.

May 23.—Charles Thomas, Viscount Ingestrie, the second son of Earl Talbot, was born on the 11th of July 1802. His lordship, who had been some time upon the continent, was taking his usual ride in the Park at Vienna, when his horse ran away with, and threw him, and he was taken up dead. It is remarkable that, on the day after his lordship's death, one of his younger brothers met with an accident while driving a horse unaccustomed to harness, through the Park at Ingestrie in a low carriage on four wheels. The horse set off at full speed and attempted to leap a gate. In consequence the shafts broke, and the young nobleman falling forward, had his thigh forced with such violence between the front of the carriage and the gate, that it received a severe fracture.

THE DUKE OF MONTMORENCY LAVAL.

March.—The Duke Matthieu de Montmorency Laval, cousin of the Duke of Montmorency, the Premier Christian Baron of France, was born at Paris, in the year 1767. Matthieu is an early Christian name in this family, having been borne in

the twelfth century by Montmorency, the Grand Constable of France, who married a daughter of Henry I. of England. From that time to the present, the Montmorencies have filled some of the highest stations under the French monarchy. The subject of this sketch, when a boy, served in America, in the regiment of Auvergne, which was commanded by his father, Viscount de Laval. On his return to France, he obtained the reversion of a captaincy in the guards of the Count d'Artois. When the states-general were convoked, he was elected as their deputy by the nobility of the Bailiwick of Montfort l'Amausy; and being a young man, animated with the grand ideas of liberty, then prevalent, he was the first to deposit on the table of the Constituent Assembly, his titles of nobility, as a sacrifice to the new and fascinating doctrine of equality. Soon finding, however, that liberty, as enjoyed by the French revolutionists, was the sanction of murder and every atrocious crime, he became a voluntary exile, and, in Switzerland, he found an asylum at Coppet, the residence of Madame de Staël. With that celebrated woman he formed a friendship which remained unbroken till her death. The execution of his brother, which took place in 1794, affected him deeply, and he endeavoured to find consolation in the duties of religion. In 1795, he returned to France, only to be thrown into prison, from which, however, he was after some time released, and allowed to remain unmolested for several years. At that period he refused to accept any office, led a sort of monastic life, and devoted himself to works of charity. In 1811, his friendship with Madame de Staël drew upon him the punishment of exile; and, although he obtained his recal, he was always kept under the *surveillance* of the police. On the overthrow of Buonaparte, in 1814, the Viscount de Montmorency was the first to hasten to Nanci, to join Monsieur, now Charles X., whom he accompanied to Paris as his aid-de-camp, and received a distinction still more flattering, the appointment of Chevalier d'honneur to the Duchesse d'Angouleme. In pursuance of this duty, he attended the princess to Bourdeaux, and, after seeing her safe to London, he joined Louis XVIII. at Ghent. By the battle of Waterloo, he was again restored to his country, and called to the house of peers, in which assembly he has been generally regarded as an ultra-royalist. When, in 1821, his party gained the ascendancy, he was admitted into the cabinet, as minister for the foreign department. In conjunction with M. de Chateaubriand, he was sometime after despatched to the congress of Verona. His conduct upon that occasion was universally admitted to be frank and honourable; but, in consequence of his differing in opinion with M. de Villele, respecting the expedition of the French into Spain, he found it expedient to resign his ministerial office. Louis XVIII. was then pleased to testify his opinion of his services by raising him to a dukedom. Montmorency remained ever afterwards out of office; but he enjoyed the unbounded personal confidence of the royal family, by whom the extreme fervour of his religious sentiments was not regarded as any defect of character. On the contrary, it was probably the cause of his being selected to superintend the studies of the young Duke de Bourdeaux. The Duke was recently chosen a member of the French Academy; but, at the reading of his inaugural speech, he appeared to be suffering under a serious illness which rapidly grew worse, and, about the middle of March, he was considered to be in imminent danger: he seemed shortly after to recover a little, but the hope proved fallacious. He went to several churches to offer up his thanksgivings: at the church of St. Thomas Aquinas, he had scarcely knelt down, when, by a sudden and fatal shock, he fell dead on the pavement!

DR. MILNER.

The Rev. John Milner, D.D., Roman Catholic Bishop of Castaballa, in Ireland, and Vicar Apostolic for the Middle District of England, died at Wolverhampton, in the early part of May. This divine, distinguished equally as an antiquary, a theologian, and a party writer, was educated at St. Omer's. When he took orders, he became priest to a Roman Catholic congregation at Winchester. The warmth with which he advocated the cause of the Church of Rome, both in writing and preaching, obtained for him the appointment of bishop. On the agitation of the Catholic question some years ago, the Irish priesthood nominated him the agent for the management of their cause in England; but his conduct in the affair of the veto, and some of his assumptions, so much offended the Romanists in this country, that several strong resolutions were passed respecting his conduct. He afterwards repaired to Rome with other Irish prelates, to get a declaration rescinded, by which our sovereign was allowed a veto in the appointment of Catholic Bishops. To those who are desirous of tracing the literary, theological, and political career of Dr. Milner, the subjoined list of his works may prove acceptable:—Discourse on his Majesty's Recovery, 8vo. 1789; Discourse delivered at the Consecration of Dr. William Gibson, Bishop of Acanthos, 8vo, 1791; Certain Considerations on Behalf of the Roman Catholics, 8vo. 1791. The Divine Right of Episcopacy 8vo. 1791; Historical and Critical Inquiry into the Existence and Character of St. George, Patron of England, 8vo., 1792; Ecclesiastical Democracy detected, 8vo. 1792; Funeral Oration delivered on Occasion of the Murder of Louis XVI., 8vo. 1793; A Reply to the

Report published by the Cisalpine Club, on the Protestation, 8vo. 1795; Dissertation on the Modern Style of altering Ancient Cathedrals, 4to. 1793; The History and Survey of the Antiquities of Winchester, 4to. 1799; Letters to a Prebendary, being an Answer to Reflections on Popery, by the Rev. Dr. Sturges, 4to. 1800; An Elucidation of the Conduct of Pope Pius VII. with respect to the Bishops and Ecclesiastical Affairs of France, 8vo. 1802; The Case of Conscience solved, in answer to Mr. Reeves, on the Coronation Oath, 8vo. 1802; A View of the Chief Arguments against the Catholic Petition, 8vo. 1805; A Pastoral Address to the Catholics of the Middle District, 8vo. 1806; Authentic Documents relative to the miraculous Cure of Winifred White, of Wolverhampton, at St. Winifred's Well, in Flintshire, 8vo. 1806; Inquiry into certain Vulgar Opinions concerning the Catholic Inhabitants and Antiquities of Ireland, 8vo. 1808; An Examination of an Article in the Antijacobin Review, on Sir John Cox Hippesley's Additional Observations, 8vo. 1808. Substance of a Sermon preached at the Blessing of the Catholic Chapel of St. Chad, Birmingham, 8vo. 1809; An Elucidation of the Veto, 8vo. 1810; Letters on the Question respecting the Veto introduced into the House of Commons by Mr. Ponsonby, 8vo. 1810; Instructions addressed to the Catholics of the Midland Counties of England, 8vo. 1811; Treatise on the Ecclesiastical Architecture of England, 8vo. 1811; A short Pamphlet in No. VI. of the Pamphleteer on the Catholic Question, &c.

DR. SYMMONS.

April 27.—The Rev. Charles Symmons, D.D. who died at his villa, at Chiswick, where he had resided many years, was a native of Wales. The early part of his collegiate education was at Clare-hall, Cambridge; but was afterwards incorporated of Jesus College, Oxford, where, in the year 1794, he took his bachelor's and doctor's degrees. He, at that period held the rectory of Narbeth, in Pembrokeshire, and was one of the prebendaries of Brecon.

Living in retirement at Chiswick, Dr. Symmons greatly distinguished himself in the literary world, The loss, however, of his son and daughter—young persons of considerable talent, and of still greater promise,—in comparatively early life, imparted a melancholy tinge to his character. In politics he was a stern and unbending whig; and he enjoyed the friendship of the late and present Marquesses of Lansdowne, Charles Fox, Dr. Parr, &c.

In the capacity of editor, reviewer, commentator, or biographer, Dr. Symmons was incessently occupied. His best known original publications were as follow:—A Sermon for the Benefit of decayed Clergymen in the Diocese of St. David's 1789; Inez, a Dramatic Poem, 8vo. 1797; The Life of John Milton, 8vo. 1806; The Prose Works of John Milton, with the Life of the Author, 7 vols., 8vo. 1806; Poems by Caroline Symmons, and Charles Symmons, D.D., 8vo. 1813; A Version of The Æneid of Virgil, 4to. 1817, and second edition, 2 vols, 8vo. 1820; and, very recently, a Life of Shakespeare, prefixed to Mr. Singer's edition of the works of our great dramatist. Refuting the calumnies of Dr. Johnson, his Life of Milton is one of the best specimens of biography in the English language. His translations, however, of some of the Latin and Italian poems of Milton, are far inferior to those of Cowper. In his Life of Shakespeare, Dr. Symmons has evinced a keen perception and a lively feeling of the exalted genius of his subject. His translations of Virgil's Æneid, is also a masterly work. Summarily, it may be said of him, that he was a profound scholar, a writer of great elegance and animation, both in prose and verse; a man of a truly benevolent heart and liberal mind. He was an occasional contributor to the Monthly Review; and at one period, he was connected with the British Press newspaper. In him, that excellent institution, the Literary Fund, possessed one of its warmest and most efficient supporters. We think it creditable to his literary judgment, that he was a staunch believer in the authenticity of Rowley's Poems.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

THE febrile disorder mentioned in the last report as having set in about the middle of May has continued, and even increased in violence, so that it may fairly be said to constitute, at the present moment, the *epidemic* of the season. The usual course and character of the disease are as follow:—The patient, with little or no warning from previous feelings of languor, becomes suddenly affected with heats and flashes, a sense of pain, weight, or great uneasiness about the pit of the stomach, and loss of power in the lower extremities. To these *leading* or *common* symptoms are superadded many others, depending however principally upon the habit of body of the individual. In full and plethoric habits, the feverish symptoms run high. Vomiting and diarrhæa attack others in whose constitutions *irritability* predominates. Shortness of breath accompanies the disease in one case; a dry teazing cough, in another. The nervous system appears to the reporter to be very little, and never at all *seriously* affected in this prevailing disorper. What its course may be when uninfluenced by medical treatment we can hardly

venture to form a judgment, for the suddenness of seizure, and the urgency of the symptoms induce all parties to apply instantly for assistance. But he is convinced that with common attention, it is a perfectly *mild* disorder. It runs its course with the aid of medicine, in about five or six days, and appears to leave no dregs behind it. The convalescence is as rapid as the attack was unexpected; and this indeed may be laid down as a rule of very general application in the practice of medicine. The disease itself appears to consist in a disturbed condition of the functions of the upper bowels, particularly the stomach and liver. In some cases, the disorder spreads upwards, so as to interfere with the offices of the diaphragm and lungs. In other cases the inferior portions of the alimentary canal participate in the derangement. The reporter is inclined to believe that distension of the gall bladder is, under common circumstances, the *immediate* cause of many of the most urgent gastric, or *bilious* symptoms as they are called. Hitherto, it does not appear that the *quality* of the bile, as secreted by the liver, is materially affected. By accumulation, it is probably rendered somewhat more viscid and irritating, but it is a reasonable supposition, that while the brain and nervous system continue unaffected, the *secretim* of bile will not be seriously interfered with. At a more advanced period of the season, especially if the same heated condition of the atmosphere continues which has been remarked since the present month began, there is every reason to expect that the fever will assume a more formidable character, and be the occasion perhaps of no inconsiderable mortality.

The reporter has continued to experience the beneficial effects of calomel in this disease. He looks upon it as the chief weapon in the physician's hands in this particular epidemic. The most useful auxiliaries have proved to be ipecacuanha, and castor oil. The former in small and frequently repeated doses, given in combination with the calomel; the latter exhibited occasionally, so as to ensure the effect of the former remedies. Other symptoms must be met, as they arise, by the employment of saline effervescing draughts, cretacerous mixture with laudanum, or the camphorated mixture with æther. Within the last few days, the reporter has observed *inflammatory* symptoms making their appearance. In one or two instances he has taken blood from the arm, and yesterday afternoon he found it expedient, in one case, to cover the epigastrium with leeches. These cases may perhaps prove the forerunners of some general and important change in the character of the epidemic. The great *dryness* of the atmosphere, so unusual in this climate, which has been lately perceptible, is perhaps sufficient to account for the phænomenon.

The last ten days of the month of May revived the *bronchial* affections which had been dormant for some time previous. They did not however prove either severe or tedious, and now they may be considered as almost entirely eradicated from the catalogue of *prevailing* diseases. Measles and scarlet fever have been very generally met with during the last month, but not shewing any particular degree of violence or malignity. The reporter has had under his care a considerable number of cases of fever attended with that kind of eruption, called by Dr. William erythema. They have all been females, and the principal though not the only seat of eruption has been the fore part of the legs. In one of these cases the febrile symptoms ran so high as to make it necessary to take blood from the arm.

Small-pox appears now to be somewhat upon the increase. Insulated cases of it are to be met with in all parts of the town, but happily of a mild character;—most happily indeed, for painful as it is at all times, to witness this disease, none but those who are daily conversant with it can form an idea of its horrors during the summer months: especially when to the confluence which copious perspiration contributes to produce is superadded that *malignant* condition of the blood and humours which long continued heat has such a tendency to generate.

Among the *chronic* disorders to which the last month has given birth may be ranked, those affections of the head which arise from præternatural *determination* of blood to the vessels of the brain. Of these one of the most frequent and most distressing has been giddiness. Few sensations are more dreaded than this, and it is seldom allowed therefore to continue long without an attempt at medical aid. In some cases it will yield to the free operation of an ipecacuanha vomit, but the reporter has more generally found it necessary to direct the application of cupping glasses to the back of the neck. The relief afforded by them is often instantaneous, and the dexterity with which they are applied in the metropolis by professed cuppers renders them a most potent auxiliary in the treatment of disease.

Leprous affections of the skin have been very common since the hot weather set in. These complaints appear to depend principally upon some peculiarity in the structure of the skin in certain individuals, and they consequently admit of little or no relief from medicinal treatment.

Before concluding, the reporter would wish to call the attention of the reader to the necessity of great attention to the state of the bowels, at this period of the year. The remark may be thought *trifling*, but it has a more extended bearing than might at first be supposed. It is not that the mere confinement of the bowels is productive of any great

inconvenience, but this symptom is the first evidence of that *heated* or excited state of the system, which, if neglected, will end in the developement of *bilious* fever; and it should therefore be instantly met by appropriate remedies. A black dose taken in time may save many a day of miserable oppression. GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John-street, Golden-square, June* 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

DID not our readers require a few relative particulars, we might with much truth and propriety, in respect to the earth's products, its condition and the stock thereon, adopting the soothing and comprehensive phrase of a certain class of our brother watchmen, exclaim—all's well! Would, that we could speak as favourably of the situation and prospects of those, through whose never ending and exhausting labours are derived, all those indispensable requisites and comforts of existence. But the ease of the labourers, with a view to the amendment of their condition, remains yet a puzzle to the most profound reflection, aided however by the largest share of economic science. The commonplace assertion of their former adequate good circumstances, is groundless and futile. They *never* have, in this plentiful and luxurious country, enjoyed the fair and just reward of their labours; and even in the best of times a remnant of them has been abandoned to something very like starvation. With respect to their masters, we regret to anticipate some temporary, perhaps considerable diminution of profits, as the first effect of the projected and absolutely necessary amendment of the corn laws; reminding them at the same time, of the peculiar advantages derived to their class, during the course of that long war patronized by certain classes who now so loudly complain of that enormous legacy of debt and taxation which it bequeathed to the country. Among the various public motives for dissolving the corn monopoly, there is a paramount one which needs not be specified.

The continued showers at the beginning of the month, penetrated to the root; and mild weather succeeding, all vegetation assumed that rapid and luxuriant start which had been expected. They revived the inert and dormant seeds, changed the pale and sickly hue of plants into their natural and beautiful green, and washed off the vermineous impurities from flower, bud and bine, a somewhat long and dry interval since, leaves the soil in need of the renewed assistance of rain. Wheat is not only a very extensive crop in all the corn districts, but of as high promise as most farmers can recollect. It appears great on all lands adapted to its production, and even on inferior soils, promises an average. In looking over however, considerable breadths of wheat in several corn counties of note, we admired, not for the first time, the beautiful and plenteous accompaniment of *weeds* of the highest and most radical order, congratulating in our mind, the prosperous circumstances of those, who could afford to indulge in such expensive ornaments. Of how much of the fat of the land, does a good luxuriant crop of docks and thistles, annually self-sown, deprive an acre of corn? What is the money price to the farmer, of a good acre of weeds? To eradicate weeds by broad-casting and fallowing, is simply the plan of aged children. To such we address the following late extract from another reporter on beds, a repetition indeed, but which would do honour to letters of gold—"It is only by rowed crops, well hoed between the rows, and then carefully hand-weeded between the intervening corn, that they can be subdued, nor is this effected without perseverance." He might have added that, constant hoeing and hand-weeding, with a view to clean land, is equi-necessary with ploughing. Finally, with respect to weeds or extra vegetation, a farmer has no more necessity to grow them upon arable land, than he has to learn to walk upon his head. All hail to those experienced and facetious personages, who continue to prescribe peculiar modes of destroying or making shorter by the head, this weed and that weed, or laying salt on their heads instead of their tails! We pronounce of the whole *kit, delenda est Carthago;* and we point out the means, more facile, more cheap than common broadcast drivelling, a good crop to a China orange. A most essential national benefit would attend the general adoption of the rose culture—additional employ for our now supernumerary labourers. Old Pliny taught—and he was *vere adeptus,* and had reflected—'farm less and cultivate more.'

There were fine ears of wheat in the hundreds of Essex, on the first day of the month. We have known them earlier. The prospect for blooming is good; and, our good fortune not forsaking us, harvest may commence on or before the 20th July. We entertained an opinion at the beginning of the year, that the stock of wheat in the country, was larger than for many years past, and the intelligence we have lately received, seems to be a confirmation. We never entertained a doubt of this country being able to produce a surplus above consumption, but that is not altogether the cardinal point, in the view of corn law, to a commercial state. All the Lent corn flourishes, with some deduction from the difficulties arising out of the drought. Oats and beans promise well, but the pease, like the hops, were injured in some degree, by the lice. Turnip sowing, especially Swedes, commenced perhaps full early, but the land was ready, and the farmer wished to take time by the forelock. Meadow grass unfed, though it suffered by the drought,

has improved greatly and will be productive; but the pastures which from the failure of turnips, were eaten early and bare, will not render much product until autumn. The stock of old hay is much exhausted. The clovers in this country, one of the best for that plant, have greatly improved. Of potatoes we have no account. It will be a great fruit year, with some exceptions. The hops, well washed and mundified by the rains, have taken a new lease, and are likely to prove better than bargain. The sheep-shearing was risked early, in our changeful climate, and the clip will make a large addition to a hitherto immoveable stock, though they write from the north, of a prospect of demand. Fat and lean stock gradually decline in price. Some small advance in the country, of the price of good horses, still twenty per cent. below last year's price. Importation of horses from the Netherlands, continues on reduced terms. Here we have the reciprocity (we recollect the birth of that term—Falkland's Isles) of free trade. We breed race horses and asses for the continent, and the continent supplies us with cart horses. Intestine war between the buyers and sellers of corn, respecting the use or disuse of the new measure; serving to prove the legislative error in not making the universal adoption of the imperial bushel, imperative. A word to the wise. We have been informed of several considerable farms let at an advanced rent, which impressed us with admiration at the temerity of one party and the confidence of the other. We should have added above, that the breeding of draught horses proceeds universally, and with such spirit as to promise an ample home supply. The too general and groundless dislike to draught oxen, is a national loss. The turnip fly is in considerable activity, both on the hops and the artificial grasses. Seeds a tight crop.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4*s.* to 5*s.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Veal, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 8*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*—Milk fed, 5*s.* 8*d.*—Lamb, 5*s.* to 6*s.* 4*d.*—Raw Fat.—

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45*s.* to 68*s.*—Barley, 24*s.* to 32*s.*—Oats, 21*s.* to 32*s.*—London loaf of fine Bread, 4lb., 9½*d.*—Hay, 63*s.* to 105*s.*—Clover ditto, 75*s.* to 126*s.*—Straw, 34*s.* to 44*s.*

Coals in the pool, 25*s.* 6*d.* to 36*s.* 6*d.* per chaldron.

Middlesex, June 23d, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—Since our last report several cargoes of new sugars have arrived from the West-Indies, and in consequence of which, the grocers are purchasing freely.—Good Jamaicas from 54s. to 70s. per cwt. The crop this year has turned out fine both for rum and sugars, and the market is rather brisk.

Coffee.—There has been a considerable demand for this article for exportation; fine ordinary St. Domingos sell from 50s. to 58s. per cwt.; Demararas 60s. per cwt.; low and middling Jamaicas 63s. and 64s., and fine 78s. to 80s. per cwt.

Cotton.—By public Sale at the East-India House, Bengals sold for 5⅛d. to 5¼d. per lb. The purchases by private contract during the week may be estimated at about 2,800 bags of Egyptian, at 7¼d. to 7½d. per lb. Surats 4½d. to 5¾d., and Bengals at 5d. to 5⅝d. per lb.

Spices.—The inquiries after spices have not produced as yet a contract to any extent; nutmegs of last sale, an advance of 1d. per lb. has been offered, but refused. Pepper has been offered for sale, but taken in for want of purchasers.

Tobacco.—Is in demand for exportation, and inquiries for ordinary Maryland and Virginia have been made for the Trade; several offers have been made, but as yet not accepted.

Indigo.—The demand for this article increases for exportation; accounts from India confirm that the last crop is about 125,000 maunds; but prices did not give way, partly from the competition of buyers for France, America and Persia, and partly from the scarcity of seed, which has risen full 50 per cent., the whole quantity being inadequate to produce an average crop this year, should the season even be favourable.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 8.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 90.—Bourdeaux, 25. 90.—Berlin, 7.——Frankfort, 155.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 25.—Trieste, 10. 22.—Madrid, 35.—Cadiz, 35.—Bilboa, 35.—Barcelona, 35.—Seville, 35.—Gibraltar, 31.—Leghorn, 47¾—Genoa, 43¼.—Venice, 46¼.—Naples, 38½.—Palermo, per oz. 115.—Lisbon, 50½.—Oporto, 50¾.—Rio Janeiro, 43.—Dublin, 1½—Cork, 1½ per cent.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 11*s.* 9*d.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9¼*d.*—Silver in bars, 4*s.* 11¼*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Barnsley CANAL, 285*l.*—Birmingham, 280*l.*—Derby, 200.—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—

Grand Junction, 265*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 400*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 840*l.*—Neath, 355*l.*—Oxford, 650*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 800*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 2¼ dis.—Guardian, 15½*l.*—Hope, 4*l.* 10*s.*—Sun Fire, 0.—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 51½*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 155*l.*—British, 16 dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Charles Lord Strathaven to be one of the Lords of his Majesty's Bedchamber, 27 May.

The Right Hon. W.H. Freemantle to be Treasurer of his Majesty's Household, 27 May.

Lieut. Gen. Sir Henry Ward to be Governor of the Island of Barbadoes, 29 May.

The Right Hon. C. W. W. Wynne; Henry Earl Bathurst; the Right Hon. G. Canning; the Right Hon. R. Peel; Robert Banks, Earl of Liverpool; the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson; Arthur, Duke of Wellington; James B. W. Marquess of Salisbury; John Baron Teignmouth; the Right Hon. J. Sullivan; the Right Hon. Sir G. Warrender, Bart.; J. Phillimore, Doctor of Laws; and W. Y. Peel, Esq., to be his Majesty's Commissioners for the Affairs of India, 2 June.

The Earl of Liverpool; the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson; Viscount Lowther; Lord Granville C.H. Somerset; Earl of Mount Charles; and E. A. MacNaghten, Esq., to be Commissioners for executing the offices of Treasurer of the Exchequer of Great Britain, and Lord High Treasurer of Ireland, 7 June.

Approved of by his Majesty.

Mr. J. W. Gibsone as Consul at Liverpool for his Majesty the King of Prussia.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

The Right Hon. W. F. V. Fitzgerald to be Paymaster-General of Forces, 10 June.

Horse Gu.—Capt. H. Hanmer, Maj. and Lieut.Col. by purch., v. Drake, who rets., Lt. R. J. Harrison, Capt. by purch., v. Hanmer; and Corn. L. Kenyon, Lt. by purch., v. Harrison, *all* 18 May. Ens. Lord C. Wellesley, from 75 F., Corn. by purch., v. Wellesley prom., 20 May.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—J. E. Thewles, Corn. by purch., v. Buller prom., 18 May. R. Richardson, Corn. by purch., v. Bolton prom., 8 June.

2 *Dr.*—Capt. J. Weymss, Maj. by purch., v. Mills prom.; Lt. W. H. Oram, Capt. by purch., v. Weymss; Corn. J.Carnegie, Lt.by purch., v. Oram; and F. C. Forde, Corn. by purch,, v. Carnegie, *all* 10 June.

6 *Dr.*—Corn. F. Wollaston, Lt. by purch., v. Heigham prom.; and Hon. C. W. Jerningham, Corn. by purch., v. Wollaston, both 10 June.

3 *L. Dr.*—Lt. A.Baker, Capt. by purch., v. Bragge prom., 10 June.

8 *L. Dr.*—Capt. John Earl of Wiltshire, Maj. by purch., v. Crauford prom. in 94 F.; Lt. J. T. Lord Brudenell, Capt. by purch., v. Lord Wiltshire; Corn. G. Shedden, Lt. by purch., v. Lord Brudenell; and F. Thomas, Corn. by purch., v. Sheddon, *all* 9 June.

10 *L. Dr.*—Capt. Lord J. Fitzroy, from h. p., Capt., v. R. Burdett, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May. F. S. Wedderburn, Corn. by purch., v. Lord Frankfort prom., 10 June.

13 *L. Dr.*—W. J. Hooper, Corn. by purch., v. Everard prom., 8 June.

16 *L. Dr.*—Corn. W. Van, from Cape corps, Corn., v. Brown prom.. 18 May. H. F. Bonham, Corn. by purch.. v. Penleaze prom., 20 May.

17 *L. Dr.*—W. C. Douglas, Corn. by purch., v. Greville prom.; and Staff-Assist. Surg. H. G. Parken, As.Surg., v. Holmes prom. in 81 F., *all* 20 May.

1 *or Gr. F. Gu.*—Lt.Col. C. P. Ellis, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. W. C. Eustace, who exch., 18 May.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—Lt. J. D. Rawdon, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Culyer prom., 10 June. G. Drummond, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Rawdon, 10 June. Lord F. Paulett, Ens. and Lt., 11 June.

3 *F. Gu.*—Corn. J. G. Taubman, from 3 Dr. Gu., Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Berners prom., 10 June.

1 *F.*—Capt. C. S. Hobkins, Maj. by purch., v. Glover prom., 10 June. Lt. W. Carter, Capt. by purch., v. Hobkins, 10 June. Ens. H. W. Neville, Lt. by purch., v. Cross prom.. 11 May. W. B. Johnston, Ens., v. Wood, dec., 1 June. As.Surg. W. Dillon, from 3 R. Vet. Bat., As.Surg., 25 May.

2 *F.*—Hosp. As. T. Atkinson, As. Surg,, v. Campbell prom., 11 May.

4 *F.*—Capt. J. England, from h. p., Capt., v. W. H. Scott, who exch., rec. diff., 1 June. Lt. J. Gordon, from 63 F., Lt., v. Barrow, who exch., 18 May.

5 *F.*—Capt. C. Musgrave, from h. p., Capt., v. H. E. O'Dell, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May. Ens. H. D'Anvers, from h. p. 43 F., Ens., v. Simpson app. to 95 F., 18 May.

6 *F.*—Lt. W. H. Hill, from h. p. 14 F., Lt., v. M'Queen app. to 44 F., 1 June.

8 *F.*—Ens. W. Senhouse, Lt. by purch., v. Stewart prom.; and J. Singleton, Ens. by purch., v. Senhouse, both 17 June.

10 *F.*—Lt. W. Hemmings, from h. p. 93 F., Lt., v. R. Uniacke, who exch.; and Serj.Maj. E. Shanley, from 8 F., adj., with rank of Ens., v. Shinkwin, who res. adjtcy. only, both 1 June.

12 *F.*—Ens. H. G. Forssteen, Lt. by purch., v. Adams prom.; and J. W. P. Parker, Ens. by purch., v. Wilson prom.. both 10 June.

13 *F.*—As. Surg. J. Patterson, from 45 F., Surg., v. H. Hamilton, who rets. on h. p., 25 May. St. G. Cromie, Ens. by purch., v. Browne prom. in 44 F., 8 June.

14 *F.*—J. May, Ens., v. Layard prom., 11 May.

17 *F.*—Ens. H. Wotton, prom. from 63 F., Lt., v. Despard dec,, 8 June.

19 *F.*—Capt. T. Raper, Maj. by purch., v. Dobbin prom., 10 June.

23 *F.*—Capt. T. E. Bigge, from h. p., Capt., v. Sir W. Crosbie, who exch., rec. diff., 1 June.

25 *F.*—C. J. R. Collinson, Ens. by purch., v. Ilderton prom., 25 May.

26 *F.*—Capt. G. Hagarth, from h. p., Capt., v. H. Babington, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

27 *F.*—T. Wood, Ens., v. Grove app. to 63 F., 8 June.

29 *F.*—Lt. Col. J. Simpson, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. Sir J. Buchan, who exch.; and U. Boyd, Ens. by purch., v. Hopwood prom., 10 June.

32 *F.*—Maj. F. Gascoyne from h. p., Maj., v. Hicks prom., 11 May.

33 *F.*—Capt. J. Budden, from h. p., Capt., v. G. Barrs, who exch., rec. diff., 25 May.

34 *F.*—Lt. W. W. Rooke, from 2 Life Gu., Capt. by purch., v. Goldsmid prom., 10 June. Capt. R. Airey, from h. p., Capt., v. W. W. Rooke, who exch., 11 June.

35 *F.*—Ens. R. A. Maxwell, Lt. by purch., v. Semple prom., 8 June.

37 *F.*—Maj. H. H. Manners, from 60 F., Maj., v. Dunbar prom., 25 May.

39 *F.*—Lt. J. D. Forbes, Capt. by purch., v. Reynolds, who rets.; and Ens. J. F. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Forbes, both 10 June. R. Foot, Ens. by purch., v. Butler prom., 8 June.

42 *F.*—C. Steuart, Ens. by purch., v. Chawner prom., 10 June.

43 *F.*—Capt. Hon. A. C. J. Browne, from h. p., Capt., v. J. Cooke, who exch., rec. diff., 11 May.

44 *F.*—Lt. S. M'Queen, from 6 F., Lt., v. E. H. Clarke, who rets. on h. p. 14 F., 1 June.

45 *F.*—Lt. W. Trevelyan, from Engineers, Lt., v. Kearney. app. to 86 F., 8 June.

47 *F.*—Lt. P. J. Douglas, from h. p. 9 F., Lt., v. Walker, whose app. has not taken place; and J. B. Wyatt, Ens., v. Wyatt, who res., both 8 June.

49 *F.*—Capt. J. W. Dunn, from h. p., Capt., v. H. Maxwell, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May. Lt. C. C. Coote, from h. p., Lt., v. D. M. Sanders, who exch., 25 May.

52 *F.*—Capt. R. D. King, from 53 F., Capt., v. Stepney St. George, who rets. on h. p., rec. diff., 25 May.

53 *F.*—Capt. C. R. Murray, from h. p., Capt., paying diff., v. King, app. to 52 F., 25 May.

54 *F.*—Capt. J. Arnaud, from h. p. 34 F., Capt., v. J. Gray, who exch., 8 June.

56 *F.*—Ens. A. D. Cuddy, Lt., v. Keating dec., and W. Wybrow, Ens., v. Cuddy, both 18 May.

58 *F.*—I. Blackburne, Ens. by purch., v. Bell prom., 25 May. H. Howard, Ens. by purch., v. Howard prom., 1 June.

60 *F.*—Maj. A. F. Ellis, from h. p., Maj. (paying diff. to h.p. fund), v. Manners app. to 37 F., 25 May.

61 *F.*—W. H. Dick, Ens. by purch., v. Cosby app. to 3 L. Dr., 25 May.

62 *F.*—Lt. R. Power, Capt. by purch., v. Read prom.; Ens. F. Kerr, Lt. by purch., v. Power; and E. E. Stopford, Ens. by purch., v. Kerr, *all* 10 June.

63 *F.*—Lt. W. W. Barrow, from 4 F., Lt., v. Gordon. who exch., 18 May. Ens. T. Grove, from 27 F., Ens, v. Wotton prom. in 17 F., 8 June.

64 *F.*—Br. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy, from h. p. 27 F., Maj., v. M'Donald prom., 18 May. Capt. R. Johnson, Maj. by purch., v. Fitzroy prom.; Lt. W. Ravenscroft, Capt. by purch., v. Johnson; Ens. R. B. Du Pre, Lt. by purch., v. Ravenscroft; and M. J. Western, Ens. by purch., v. Du Pre, *all* 10 June.

66 *F.*—J. Mellis, Ens. by purch., v. Nelley prom., 10 June. As. Surg. W. Henry, Surg., v. Egan, dec., 8 June.

67 *F.*—Br. Col. N. Burslem, from h. p. 14 F., Lt. Col., v. R. Gubbins who exch., 25 May.

68 *F.*—Ens. A. M'Nabb, from 74 F., Lt., v. G. Carson dec., 11 May.

69 *F.*—Lt. E. Hopwood, from h. p., Lt., v. Hon. R. King, who exch., rec. diff., 12 June.

71 *F.*—H. E. Austen, Ens. by purch., v. Saumarez prom., 10 June.

73 *F.*—Lt. A. Tennant, from 35 F., Capt. by purch., v. Drew, prom. in 91 F., 10 June. Lt. T. Nowlan, from Ceyl. Regt., Lt., v. W. Bouchier, who rets. on h. p. 99 F. 11 May.

74 *F.*—Ens. E. C. Ansell, from 75 F., Ens., v. M'Nabb prom. in 68 F., 11 May.

75 *F.*—Ens. Lord C. Wellesley, from h. p. 82 F., Ens., v. Ansell, app. to 74 F., 11 May.

76 *F.*—Capt. E. R. Stevenson, Maj. by purch., v. Vilett prom.; Lt. W. N. Hutchinson, Capt. by purch., v. Stevenson; Ens. Hon. C. Gordon, Lt. by purch., v. Hutchinson; and J. Thompson, Ens. by purch., v. Gordon, *all* 17 June.

77 *F.*—Capt. E. Jones, Maj. by purch., v. Bradshaw prom.; Lt. W. Castle, Capt. by purch., v. Jones; Ens. W. J. Clarke, Lt. by purch., v. Castle; and B. C. Bordes, Ens. by purch., v. Clerke, *all* 10 June.

82 *F.*—Ens. J. Nagel, Lt. by purch., v. Ashe prom. in Cape corps. 11 May. H. Hyde, Ens. by purch., v. Nagel, 20 May.

84 *F.*—Br. Col. W. B. Neynoe from h. p. 4 F., Lt. Col., v. J. Maitland, who exch.; Lt. H. W. S. Stewart, Capt. by purch, v. Lord Dungarvon. who rets.; and Ens. A. Broom, Lt. by purch., v. Stewart, *all* 25 May. Lt. J. J. Peck, from 89 F., Lt., v. E. G. Glasgow, who rets. on h. p. 18 L. Dr., 8 June.

85 *F.*—Ens. W. Cooke, Lt. by purch., v. Martin prom.. 10 June. Ens. M. C. Seaton, from 25 F., Ens., v. Wynyard prom., 21 May. R. O. Ward, Ens. by purch., v. Cooke, 10 June.

86 *F.*—Lt. F. Kearney, from 45 F., Lt., v. Perry prom. in R. Afr. Col. Corps, 8 June.

88 *F.*—Maj. H. Hailes, from h. p., Maj. v. M'Gregor prom., 25 May.

89 *F.*—Lt. T. G. Twigg from h. p. 18 L. Dr., Lt., repaying diff.. v. Peck, app. to 84 F., 8 June.

91 *F.*—Capt. R. Drewe, from 73 F., Maj. by purch., v. Hay prom.. 10 June.

92 *F.*—Lt. J. Gordon, from h. p., Lt., v. J. McNabb, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

93 *F.*—As. Surg. E. Bush, from 14 L. Dr., Surg., v. P. McLachlan, who rets. on h. p., 18 May.

94 *F.*—Maj. A. C. Craufurd, from 8 L. Dr., Lt. Col. by purch., v. White, who rets., 10 June. Lt. Col. G. W. Paty, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. A. C. Craufurd, who exch., 11 June.

95 *F.*—Ens. T. Simpson, from 5 F., Adj. and Ens., v. C. Main, who rets. on h. p. 43 F., 18 May.

96 *F.*—Capt. A. Cairncross, Maj. by purch., v. Mansel prom.; Lt. C. B. Cumberland, Capt. by purch., v. Cairncross; Ens. P. F. de Meuron, Lt. by purch., v. Cumberland; and J. W. A. Wray, Ens. by purch., v. De Meuron prom., *all* 10 June.

97 *F.*—Ens. T. R. Travers, Lt. by purch., v. Mairis prom.; and C. Nagel, Ens. by purch., v. Travers, both 10 June.

98 *F.*—Assist. Surg. R. Lawder, from 2 R. Vet. Bat., As. Surg., v. A. Smith, app. to Staff, 25 May.

99 *F.*—Capt. G. T. Colomb, from h. p., Cap., v. H. Rickards, who exch., rec. diff., 18 May.

Rifle Brigade.—Capt. G. S. Byng, from h. p., Capt., v. T. MacNamara, who exch., rec. diff. 11 May.

1 *W. I. Regt.*—Hosp. As. D. Browne, As. Surg., v. Brady app. to 93 F., 25 May.

2 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. W. L. Brereton, from h. p., 1 F., Capt., v. R. Hamilton, who exch., 25 May.

Ceylon Regt.—Lt. A. Montresor, from 78 F., Capt. by purch., v. Auber 11 May. Lt. R. G. Davidson, from h. p. 99 F., Lt., v. Nawlan app. to 13 F., 11 May. J. Woodford, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Van Kempen prom., 24 May. Hosp. As. W. Lucas, As. Surg., v. Wilkins app. to 2 F., 25 May.

Cape Corps (Inf.)—Lt. W. Ashe, from 82 F., Capt. by purch., v. Bushe prom., 11 May.—(*Cav.*) P. Grehan, Corn. by purch., v. Segrave prom., 8 June.

Royal Afr. Col. Corps.—Maj. Gen. Sir N. Campbell, Col., v. Maj. Gen. Turner dec., 18 May. Ens. H. W. Wise, Lt., v. Graham dec., 9 May. Ens. F. P. Nott, Lt., v. Foss dec., 10 May. Ens. G. Landles, L.., v. Turner dec., 11 May. M. G. Dennis, Ens., v. Wise, 9 May. A. M'Donell, Ens., v. Nott, 10 May. P. Stapleton, Ens., v. Landles, 11 May. W. F. Vernon, Ens., v. Robinson dec. 1 June. Lt. F. Perry, from 86 F., Capt., v. Ross dec., 8 June.

Brevet.—Br. Maj. J. Jackson, 6 Dr. Gu., Lt. Col. in army, 25 May. L. C. A. Meyer, late Lt. and Rid. Mast. of Pr. Regent's Hussars, rank of Capt., 1 May.

Staff.—Maj. T. Huxley, from h. p., Inspecting Field Officer of Militia in Nova Scotia, with rank of Lt. Col. in army, v. Woodhouse, who res., 25 May.

Hospital Staff.—To be Surg. to forces: As. Surg. E. Burton, from 9 L. Dr., v. Dakers dec., 1 June. —*To be As. Surgs. to forces:* Hosp. Assists. J. A. Topham, v. Watson prom., 11 May; G. Bushe, v. Campbell, app. to 6 F., 1 June; W. M. Forde, v. Hume prom., 1 June.—*To be Hosp. Assist. to forces:* J. Molyneaux, v. Sidney app. to 25 F., 2 May; R. Poole, v. Callander app. to 83 F., 18 May; G. R. Watson, v Benza prom., 25 May; E. Overton, v. Portelli prom., 25 May; M. Hanly, v. Topham prom., 25 May; J. Fitzgerald, v. Russel app. to 77 F., 1 June; J. Strath, v. Brodie app. to 13 F., 1 June; J. Ferguson, v. Forrest app. to 20 F., 1 June; J. Smith, v. Duncan app. to 78 F., 8 June; S. J. Stratford, v. M'Gregor, app. to 42 F., 8 June.

Unattached.—To be Lt.-Cols. of Inf. by purch. Br. Lt. Col. Lord C. Fitzroy. from 64 F.; Maj. G. P. Bradshaw, from 77 F., v. Col. J. D. Morgan, who rets.; Maj. J. Mills, from 2 Dr.; Maj. J. O. Glover, from 1 F., v. Lt. Col. J. D'Arcey. of Artil., who rets.; Maj. W. Hay, from 91 F.; Maj. R. C. Mansel, from 96 F.; Maj. T. Dobbin, from 19 F.; Capt. A. Cuyler, from Colstr. F. Gu., *all* 10 June. Maj T. Vilett, from 76 F., 17 June.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.* Capts. A. Goldsmid, from 34 F.; W. Bragge, from 3 L. Dr.; E. M'Arthur, from 19 F.; T. Reed, from 62 F.; G. W. Prosser, from 7 Dr. Gu., *all* 10 June. Hon. C. Napier, from 88 F., 17 June.—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.* Lieuts. J. Berners, from 3 F. Gu.; E. F. Elliott, from 33 F., both 10 June; H. Moore, from 96 F., v. Gossip, whose app. has not taken place, 23 Apr., V. H. Mairis, from 97 F.; W. Forbes, from 7 F.; C. L. Wingfield, from 13 F., R. Westenra, from 7 F.; J. P. Kennedy, from 50 F.; G. T. Heigham, from 6 Dr.; R. F. Martin, from 85 F.; E. Armstrong, from Cape Corps Cav.; H. Dallas, from 2 Life Gu.; H. W. Adams, from 12 F., *all* 10 June; W. Stewart, from 8 F., 17 June.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Ens. B. F. D. Wilson, from 12 F.; T. Le M. Saumarez, from 71 F.; J. P. Nelley, from 66 F.; E. Hopwood, from 29 F.; E. H. Chawner, from 42 F., *all* 10 June.—*To be Ens. by purch.* H. M. Madden, v. J. Hooper, whose app. has not taken place, 10 June. C. Holden, v. Grehen, ditto, 8 June. C. A. Benson, 17 June.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Col. Sir R. Church, 2 Greek L. I.; Maj. R. Ryan, 93 F.; Capt. J. T. Galbraith, full pay 64 F.; Capt. R. M'Donald, 21 F.; Capt. M. Armstrong, 9 F.; Lt. J. Bannatyne, 8 F.; Lt. G. Hagar, 46 F.; Lt. J. M. Nairne, 92 F.; Lt. J. R. Nason, 92 F.; Lt. Col. H. Renny, Insp. Field Off. of Militia; Lt. Col. A. Geils, 73 F.; Lt. Col. M. W. Lee (Col.) 96 F.; Lt. Col. C. Maxwell, 30 F.; Maj. D. Joly, 6 W. I. Regt.; Maj. W. Stewart, 30 F.; Capt. D. Grahame, 6 F.; Lt. H. W. Brooke, 6 W. I. Regt.; Lt. Col. D. M'Niell, Portug. Off.; Maj. D. Gregorson (Lt. Col.), 31 F.; Maj. W. L. Hereford (Lt. Col.), 23 F.; Capt. F. Chambre, 36 F.; Capt.. A. Prole, 83 F.; Capt. E. Dymack, 36 F.; Capt. W. Roland, Portug. Off.; Capt. J. H. Holland (Maj.), 69 F.; Capt. W. Lord Avanley, 100 F.; Capt. E. P. Hopkins, 4 F.; Capt. W. E. Buchanan, 82 F., *all* 10 June. Lt. Col. W. Percival, 67 F.; Maj. Melchior, Baron Decken, 6 Line Bat. Germ. Leg.; Capt. R. Holden, 130 F.; Ens. J. Borthwick, 9 F., *all* 17 June.

Unattached.—The undermentioned officers having brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted promotion upon h. p., according to G. O. of 25 Apr. 1826.—*To be Lieut. Cols. of Inf.* Br. Lt. Cols. J. Haverfield, from unattached full pay, 4 May; J. Hicks, from 32 F.; 11 May; A. S. King, from 10 F., 11 May; J. Austin, from 97 F., 11 May; R. Park, from 39 F., 18 May; J. M'Donald, from 64 F., 18 May; J. Dunn, from 98 F., 18 May; W. Dunbar, from 37 F., 25 May; J. B. Glegg, from 49 F., 25 May; G. Miller, from Rifle Brig., 25 May; M. Clifford, from 89 F., 1 June; A. Kelly, from 54 F., 1 June; J. Maxwell, from 15 F., 1 June; Sir E. K. Williams, from 4 F., 1 June; W. Balvaird, from 99 F., 1 June; Sir S. R. Colleton, from Royal Staff Corps, 1 June; D. M'Douald, from 19 F., 1 June; F. Jones, from 26 F., 8 June; C. A. Macalester, from 35 F., 8 June. —*To be Majs. of Inf.* Br. Majs. R. Erskine, from 4 F.; F. Cambell, from 8 F.; S. Fox, from 30 F.; Hon. R. Murray, from 58 F.; W. Riddall, from 62 F.; G. Nicholls, from 66 F.; W. Burke, from 66 F.; C. Harrison, from 53 F.; W. H. Newton, from 75 F.; G. J. Rogers, from 18 F.; T. Dent, from 10 F.; P. Edwards, from 75 F., *all* 11 May; J. Crosse, from 36 F.; D. K. Fawcett, from 60 F.; W. Pilkington, from 92 F.; D. Denham, from 17 F.; R. Howard, from 30 F.; G. Woseley, from 25 F.; W. Lockyer, from 34 F.; H. Ellard, from 65 F.; M. M'Pherson, from 42 F., *all* 18 May; T. Hogarth, from 34 F.; E. Whitty, from 26 F.; W. Gray, from 94 F.; S. Cuppage, from 39 F.; T. Falls, from 20 F., *all* 25 May; A. Bowen, from 3 F.; H. Ellis, from 93 F.; T. Weare, from 35 F.; J. B. Lynch, from 35 F.; W. K. Rains, from 38 F.; J. Rowan, from 1 F.; J. Mitchell, from 97 F.; J. Jenkin, from 84 F.; A. Lyster, from 8 F.; W. P. Cotter, from 8 F.; S. D'A. Kelly, from 10 F.; D. Goodsman, from 61 F.; A. Bernard, from 84 F.; D. Digby, from 65 F.; W. Bennet, from 69 F.; W. P. Yale, from 48 F.; D. Baby, from 24 F., *all* 1 June; Br. Lt. Col. N. Thorn, from 25 F.; Br. Maj. A. Campbell, from 22 F.; Br. Lt. Col. J. Maule, from 26 F., *all* 8 June.

Royal Engineers.—2d-Lt. E. Durnford, 1st-Lt., v. Kennedy rem. to line, 20 Apr.

Regt. of Artillery.—Maj. W. Lloyd, Lt. Col., v. D'Arcy ret.; Capt. and Br. Maj. W. Cleeve, Maj., v. Lloyd; 2d-Capt. C. Clarke, Capt., v. Cleeve; 2d-Capt. Sir W. Smith, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Clarke, *all* 10 June.

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 21st of May and the 24th of June* 1826; *extracted from the London Gazettes.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Birchinall, J. Macclesfield
Carr, R. Preston, Lancashire
Clark, J. Montreal and Quebec
Colledge, T. Killesby, Northamptonshire
Fairclough, Hindley, Lancashire
Hodson, B. Worcester
Jones, O. Liverpool.
Marmion, A. Preston, Lancashire
Pearson, G. and G. F. Baker, Macclesfield
Ratcliffe, S. Mellor, Derbyshire
Strickland, J. Steeple Morden, Cambridgeshire
Swindells, J. Hyde, Cheshire
Wood, J. Manchester

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 314.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

Alderton, J. Norwich, carpenter [Barnard, Norwich; and Rackam, Tombland, Norwich, and Nelson, Milman-street, Bedford Row
Alder, D. Lawrence Pountney-place, merchant [Bolton, Austin Friars
Andrews, T. Soho-square, linen-draper [Bolton, Austin Friars
Anderton, T. Leeds, grocer [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Hargreaves, Leeds
Ansell, G. and C. A. Bank Printing Ground, Wimbleton, Surrey, calico-printers [Clare and Co., Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Ashton, J. Heady Hill, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [M. Mackinson, Temple
Babb, J. G. Oxford, malster [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Baldwin, J. F. Tiverton, Devonshire, linen-draper [Rendell, jun., Tiverton.
Barnes, N. H. Bath, victualler [Hellings, Bath
Barlow, H. Macclesfield, Cheshire, silk-manufacturer [Loney, Macclesfield
Bartlet, J. Hove, Sussex, builder, [Turner and Co., Brighthelmstone
Bayley, J. Collyhurst, Lancashire, flour-dealer [Norris, Manchester
Beauvais, A. John-street, Berkley-square, wine-merchant [Butt, Great Russell-street, Bloomsbury
Bell, J. Liverpool, merchant [Ram bottom and Co, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Co., King's Bench-walk, Temple
Bentley, N. Hinckley, Leicestershire, grocer [Hindmarsh and Co., Jewin-street, Cripplegate
Bevil, J. W. Oxford, grocer [Nettleship and Co., Grocer's Hall
Bickerdike, G. Huddersfield, inn-keeper [Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield
Bishop, E. Sheerness, banker [Bartlett and Co., Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Black, W. Liverpool, bookseller [Haughton, Liverpool
Blacket, R. and S. Osset, York, cotton-spinners [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Archer and Co., Osset
Blore, I. C. Liverpool, confectionner [Morecroft and Co., Liverpool
Borrowdale, I. S. Lothbury, wine-merchant [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Bower, W. Barnstable, Devonshire, silk-mercer [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
Brandon, R. Lucas-street, Rotherhithe, market-gardener [Drew and Co., Bermondsey-street, Southwark
Brett, W. and J. Holah, Burslem, Staffordshire, grocers [Lawes, Tunfield-court, Temple
Brook, G. Honley Wood Bottom, Yorkshire, clothier [Whitehead and Co., Huddersfield
Brydon, W. and D. Mackenzie, Cornhill, druggists [Simpson, Austin Friars
Buckley, B. Claines, Worcester, builder [Hilliard and Hastings, Gray's-inn-square
Buckwell, H. Hove, Sussex, baker [Faithful, Brighton
Bulmer, S. Oxford-street, woollen-draper [Saunders and Bayley, Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square
Bunn, R. Newcastle-on-Tyne, miller [Young, Poland-street; and Keenlyside, Newcastle
Calbreath, J. G. Houghton-le-Spring, Durham, grocer [Williamson, Gray's-inn
Capes, G. Barton-upon-Umber, Lincolnshire, draper [Goy, Burton-upon-Umber
Carr, D. Birmingham, grocer [Henderson, Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Goolden, Bristol
Carr, W. H. and G. Over, Durwen, Lancashire, cotton-spinners [Winstanley and Co., Preston
Carr, J. Wyersdale, Lancashire, road-contractor [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; and Woodburn, Preston
Chalenor, T. Huddersfield, baker [Brown, Huddersfield
Chard, J. S. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, tanner [Miller, Frome Selwood
Chadwick, B. High-street, Mary-le-bone, chemist [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand
Cheesewright, W. Devonshire-street, Mile-end, London, bill broker [Young and Co., Mark-lane
Child, W. Cow-lane, Smithfield, carpenter [Fox, Austin Friars
Clarke, J. Worcester, coach-proprietor [Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square; and Hill, Worcester
Clerke, G. Cherry-tree-court, Aldersgate-street, watch-manufacturer [Brembridge and Co, Chancery-lane
Cliffe, J. and W. Armitage, Paddock, Yorkshire [Whitehead and Co, Huddersfield
Clough, J. B. Liverpool, merchants [Lace and Co., Liverpool
Coley, W. P. and H. H. Browne, Old Broad-street, wine-merchant [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street
Colbron, H. Brightelmstone, timber-merchant [Hutchinson, Furnival's-inn
Comtesse, L. Upper King-street, watchcase-manufacturer, [Platt, Church-court, Lombard-street.

Cook, E. jun., Eye, Suffolk, grocer [Walter, Symonds-inn, Chancery-lane; and Edmund and Wayman, Bury-street.
Cook, W. jun., Brightelmstone, Sussex, grocer [Faithful, Brightelmstone
Coxhead, B. L. Cannon-street, London, grocer [Bastock, George-street, Mansion House.
Crucifix. J.C. and J. Smith. Strand, London, blacking-makers [Goddard, Thavie's-inn, Holborn
Crumb, W. jun, Shoreham, Sussex, ironmonger [Burrish, Birmingham
Dawes, R. Drayton-in-Hales, Shropshire, mercer [Stanley, Stanley-in-Hales
Davy, W. Norwich, iron and brass founder [Taylor and Co., King's Bench Walk, Temple; and Parkinson, Norwich
Davis, M. Great Bolton, Lancashire, timber-merchant [Pendlebury, Bolton
Dauncey, T. Cateaton-street, general commission agent [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-square
Dignam, J. Newman-street, Oxford-street, money-scrivener [Taylor, Fenchurch-court, Fenchurch-st.
Dore, W. H. Bath, scrivener [Mackinson, Middle Temple
Douglas, T. Buck-lane, St. Luke's, builder [Young and Co., St. Mildred's-court, Poultry
Downes, G. Gainsford-street, Horselydown, cider-merchant [James and Co., Ely-place, Holborn
Dunhill, J. jun., Wakefield, Yorkshire, tailor [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Sholefield and Co., Horbury, near Wakefield
Duty, G. Louth, Lincolnshire, builder [Wing, Holborn court, Gray's-inn
Dysart, J. Liverpool, merchant [Adlington and Co., Bedford row
Edwards, H. Crutched Friars, wine-merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Edwards, R. Neath, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper [Baynton and Co, Bristol
Elleson, E. Cockspur-street, Charing-cross, goldsmith [Handley, Gray's-inn-square
Essex, G. Bristol, bookseller and stationer [Williams, Bristol
Etheridge J. Three King-court Lombard-street, drysalter [Warne and Co., Leadenhall-street
Everhall, S. Manchester, fustian manufacturer [Hampson, Manchester
Everth, J. Austin Friars, merchant [Gadsden and Co., Austin Friars
Eyles, J. Hammersmith, carpenter [Naylor and Co., Great Newport-street
Farrar, J. Liverpool, merchant [Mawdsley, Liverpool
Fearnley, C South Sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street, London, merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Foden, E. Warwick, printer [Worthorn and Co., Castle-street, Holborn; and Loveday, Warwick
Francis, E. Maidenhead, coach-maker [Smith, Golden-square, and Maidenhead
Fuch, J. C. Finsbury-square, merchant [Gatty, Haddon, and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Gibson, H. and A. Greaves, Plantation Mills, Lancashire, calico-printers [Clark, Rickards, and Co., Chancery-lane
Godwin, W Stanmore, linen-draper [Carter, Lord Mayor's Office, Royal Exchange
Goold, A. Bradford, Wilts, coal-merchant [Stone, Bradford; and Day and Co., Gray's-inn
Gosden, T. Bedford-street, Covent Garden, bookbinder [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Gough, R. Brislington, Somerset, dealer [Pool and Co, Grays-inn-square; and Ball, Bristol
Gough, T. Stockport, Cheshire, builder [Heywood, Stockport
Gould, S. Isleworth, Middlesex, calico-printer [Rogers and Co, Manchester-buildings, Westminster
Grant, R. Birmingham, draper [Barker, Gray's-inn-square and Manchester; and Whately, Birmingham
Greenfield, E. Cuckfield, Sussex, tanner [Faithful, Brightelmstone
Haig, J. New Kent-road, London, cabinet-maker [Kiss, Gloucester-buildings, Walworth
Hall, T Chesterfield, Derbyshire, grocer [Hindmarsh and Co., Jewin-street, Cripplegate
Hampton J. and R. Windle, Liverpool, coal-merchants [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row, and Liverpool
Harris, A. Dursley, Gloucestershire, commission agent [Tanner, Basinghall-street
Harding, J. Hem, Shropshire, grocer [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; and Pritchard and Sons, Broseley, Shropshire
Harding, T. High-street, Poplar, builder [Mitchell and Co., New London-street, Fenchurch-street
Henry, S. Chester, draper [Ellis, Sons, and Co., Chancery-lane
Henshall, W. Edgely, Cheshire, shopkeeper [Heywood, Stockport
Hickman, W. Brighthelmstone, Sussex, grocer [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Hodgson, W. Leeds, flax-spinner [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Raynar, Leeds
Hogg, W. Cardiff, Glamorganshire, shopkeeper [Bigg, Bristol
Holbeck, L King-street, Golden-square, embroiderer [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
Hopkins, W. Gower-street North, Pancras, plumber, [Hodgson, King's road, Bedford-row
Horncastle, J. Crooked-lane, money-scrivener [Cooke, Seymour-place, Euston-square
Houlding, C. Liverpool, boot-vender [Mackinson, Middle Temple
Hudson, W. Paddock Foot, Yorkshire, innkeeper [Walker, Lincoln's-inn Fields
Hughes, J, E. North, and E Hughes, Manchester, cotton-spinners [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hull, C. North-street, City-road, warehouseman, [Richardson, Cheapside
Humphreys, E. and B. Bailey, jun., Size-lane, drysalters [Parton, Bow Church-yard
Jackson, R. Coalpool, Staffordshire, cornfactor [White, Lincoln's-inn; and Stubbs, Walsall
Jafferson, J. Marshall-street, Carnaby-market, brewer [Poole and Co, Gray's-inn-square
Jervis, C. Hinckley, Leicestershire, banker [Sculthorpe, Hinckley
Jones, R. Romford, grocer [Reeves and Co., Ely-place, Holborn
Jones, R. Gloucester, warfinger [Cooke and Co., Gloucester
Jones, J. Cheltenham, bootmaker [Goodwin, Cheltenham
Jones, J. Dudley, draper [Seddon, Manchester
Ivens, W. Torrington-square, London, merchant [Sweet and Co, Basinghall-street
Keay, W. Phœnix-row, Great Surrey-street. Southwark, coach-maker [Benton, Union-street, Southwark
Kent, J. Huddersfield, York, hop-merchant [Lever, Gray's-inn; and Laycock, Huddersfield
Kirby, J. Holbeck, Yorkshire, maltster [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Hargreaves, Leeds
Knight, W. Holloway, broker [Tottie and Co., Poultry
Lakeman, Dartmouth, maltster [Teesdale and Co., Fenchurch-street
Lane, J. Strand, London, cheesemonger [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Launitz, C. F. Bucklersbury, merchant [Baxendale and Co., King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
Lawson, J. Prince's-square, Ratcliffe, chairmaker [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
Lawes, J. Weston Mills, Somersetshire, mealman [Hellings, Bath
Lawes, S. Charlton, Hants, farmer [Bousfield and Co., Chatham-place, Blackfriars; and Mann, Andover
Leefe, E. Queen-street, Worship-street, coal-merchant [Gregson and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Lewis, J. S. Bristol, factor [Strickland and Co., Bristol
Liddel, J. Huddersfield, bootmaker [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Cloughs and Co., Huddersfield
Linsel, W. P. Sun-street, linen-draper [Sole, Aldermanbury
Littel, G. Gun-street, Spitalfields, builder [Aird, King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street
Littler, J., T. Hudson, and F. W. Bowyer, Church-court, Clement's-lane, dry-salters [Shepard and Co., Cloak-lane
Lloyd, W. Hereford, wine-merchant [Smith and Co., Red Lion-square; and Hall and Co., Hereford
Lumbers, R. Chester, draper [Brackenbury, Manchester
Lycett, P. T. St. Peter the Great, Worcester, glover, [Wimburne and Co., Chancery-lane; and Long, Worcester
Mackenzie, G. Bridgewater-street, Somers-town, merchant [Brown, Lombard-street
Mackie, E. Maidenhead, sadler [Smith, Maidenhead
Malleys, S. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, merchant [Pricket, and Co., Hull
Manning, J. Kingston-upon-Thames, Surrey, cloth-manufacturer [Jay, Grays-inn-place
Marsh, J. King's Arms-yard, Coleman-street [Brutton, Old Broad-street

Mawson, C. J. J. Manchester, manufacturer [Lingard and Co., Stockport; and Kershaw, Manchester
Mellor, J. Macclesfield, builder [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; and Harrop, Stockport
Mills, W. J. Union-street, Borough, victualler [Benton, Union-street, Southwark
Moggridge, G. Birmingham, japanner [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Lyndall and Co., Birmingham
Moore, W. Cirencester, Gloucester, draper [Tilleard, Old Jewry
Morris, T. Hyde, Stafford, ironmaster [Bourdillon and Co., Bread-street, Cheapside; and Simcox, Birmingham
Mullett, R. C. Minerva-terrace, auctioneer [Hiarich and Co., Buckingham-street, Strand
Nabb, J. Manchester, grocer [Rymer and Co., Manchester
Neale, J. Leicester, victualler [Bond, Leicester; and Holme and Co., New-inn
Neale, A. Frome, Somersetshire, victualler [Coles, and Co., Andover
Neville, J. G. Sheffield, victualler [Siddell, Sheffield
Noble, R. Chipping Ongar, Essex, builder [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields
Old, J. Bridgewater, Somersetshire, inn-keeper [Boys, Bridgewater; and Blake, Cook's-court, Chancery-lane
Panton, J. Borden, Kent, farmer [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
Parker, A. Cheltenham, builder [Vizard and Co., Lincoln's-inn-fields; and Pruew, and Co. Cheltenham
Patten, P Martock, Somersetshire, miller [Adams, Martock
Peacock, W. T. Greenwich, market-gardener [Tilleard, Old Jewry
Pearce, J. W. Chester, corset-maker [Ward, Chester; and Ellis, and Co, Chancery-lane
Pears, J. and G. Watling-street, agents [Pullen and Co., Fore-street
Pearse, J. Bristol, porter-merchant [Cooke, Bristol
Perkins, W. Bermondsey-square, Southwark, tanner [Tattersall, New-inn
Phillips, G. E. Tooley-street, Borough, upholsterer [Wright, Alie-street, Goodman's-fields
Plempton, J. Old Change, London, warehouseman [Shirreff, Salisbury-street, Strand
Pooley, J. and J. Hulme, Lancaster, cotton-spinners, [Kay, Manchester
Porker, W. Vigo-street, Regent-street, jeweller [Bishop, Gough-square, Fleet-street,
Powell, J. Worcestershire, grocer [Brampton, Worcester
Randall, F. A. and A. Broughton-place, Hackney-road, bill-brokers [Reilly, Clement's-inn
Read, J. Newcastle-on-Tyne, ship-broker [Williamson, Gray's-inn; and Ingleden, Newcastle-on-Tyne
Read, J. Regent-street, linen-draper [Jones, Size-lane
Reynolds, W. Bilston, Staffordshire, victualler [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charterhouse-sq.
Rice, J. Great Torrington, Devonshire, grocer [Hobson and Furlong, Northernhay, Exeter
Richardson, W. and A. Farrow, Kensington Gravel-pitts, brewers [Fairshorne and Co., King-street, Cheapside
Ridley, H. St. Dounat, Glamorganshire, draper [Daniel, Bristol
Ridge, R. Park-terrace, Regent's Park, London, ironmonger [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's fields
Riley, P. Kingston-on-Hull, hatter [Shaw, Ely-place, Holborn; and Brown, Hull
Roberts, R. Ruthin, Denbigh, draper [Williams, Ruthin; and Tooke and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Robinson, W. F. Jermyn-street, St. James, hotel-keeper [Robinson and Co., Charterhouse-square
Rowbothon, J. Long-lane, Bermondsey, skinner [Tilson, Coleman Street
Ryder, J. Liverpool, broker [Mawdsley, Liverpool; and Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Saer, D. Gellyhalog, B. Thomas, Narberth, Pembrokeshire, and W. Matthias, Haverfordwest, bankers [Evans and Co., Haverfordwest
Sansbury, J. Palatine-place, Stoke Newington, builder [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Saunders, S. Newport, Isle of Wight, cabinet-maker [Anderton and Co., Chancery-lane
Saville, J. Milnsbridge, Yorkshire, clothier [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; and Sykes, Milnsbridge
Scott, W. and J. jun., Wakefield, merchants [Lamb' Wakefield
Sedgwick, F. Fenchurch-street, merchant [Fenton Austin Friars
Shaw, T., Lambert, J., and Shaw, W., Huddersfield, merchants [Allison, Huddersfield
Sherrin, J. Wells, Somersetshire, shopkeeper [Welsh, Wells
Shipway, T. Bedford-square, Commercial-road, flour-factor [Dimes, Prince's-street, Bank
Shute, G. Watford, Herts., surgeon and apothecary [Tilson, Coleman street
Skillman, B. Tokenhouse-yard, London, stationer [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard
Smith, T. Whitson Eaves, and J. Locker, Hanbey, Staffordshire, bankers [Tomlinson, Staffordshire Potteries
Smith, S. jun., Sopwell Mill, Hertfordshire, miller [Alexander and Co, Carey-street, Chancery-lane
Smith W. B. Seigley, Staffordshire, iron-master [Parker and Co., Birmingham
Smith, J. Broad-street, merchant [Clarke, Austin Friars
Smith, T. Kennington-lane, Lambeth, ironmonger [Rogers and Co., Manchester-buildings, Westminster
Solliers, N. A. Fenchurch-street, wine-merchant [Jones and Co., Mincing-lane
Southern, W. Manchester, inn-keeper [Whitehead and Co., Manchester
Spencer, C. J. Carlisle, upholsterer [Mounsey and Co., Staple-inn; and Ewart, Carlisle
Stevenson, T. Fetter-lane, baker [Allen, Bouverie-street, Fleet-street
Stevens, T. Weston-street Maze, Southwark, baker [Rippon, Great Surrey-street, Strand
Stillitoe J. Stafford, grocer [Stanley, Newport, Shropshire
Stock, A. Wigan, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Haughton, Liverpool
Storrar, R. Minories, baker [Farris, Surrey-street, Strand
Stratton, J. Trowbridge, Wilts, clothier [Bevan and Co., Bristol
Stringer, T. and Hickson, J. Macclesfield, machine-makers [Loney, Macclesfield
Tarrant, S. and J. Carter, Basing-lane, London, auctioneers [Jones, Size-lane
Tate, Edward, New Shoreham, Sussex, merchant [Osborne and Co., Brighton
Thomas, E. Cherry Garden street, Bermondsey, master-mariner [Vigo, St. Catherine Cloisters, near the Tower
Travis, W Audenshaw, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer [Whitehead and Co., Manchester
Tucker, B. jun., Bristol, carpenter [Baynton and Co., Bristol; and Day and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn
Sunnicliffe, T. M. Hanley, Staffordshire, druggist [Dent, Hanley
Turner, J. Finsbury-circus, London, builder [Fisher and Co., Thavies-inn
Turnor, A. H. Mile end, builder [Sherwood and Co., Canterbury-square, Southwark
Ulph, W. and B. Jackson, Norwich, dyers [Childs, Upper Thames-street
Unger, J. A. Fen-court, Fenchurch-street, merchant [Bourdillon and Co., Bread street, Cheapside
Wallbridge, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, currier [Fryer, Wimbourne Minster
Walters, M. Gravesend, boat-builder [Williams and Co, Gray's-inn-place
Wallbank, N. Keighley, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner [De la Lare, Keighley
Walker, W. Nottingham, hosier [Carter, Lord Mayor's Court office, Royal Exchange
Ward, H. N. Bread-street-hill, merchant [Foss and Co, Essex-street, Strand
Warren, J. Abchurch-lane, dentist [Hyde, Great Winchester-street, Broad-street
Warne, W. Clarges-street, Piccadilly, lodging-house keeper [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Waterhouse, J. Oldham, Lancashire, druggist [Kershaw, Manchester
Whitworth, W. Leeds machine-maker [Wilson, Greville-street, Hatton-garden; and Coupland and Co., Leeds
White, R. Upper Mary-le-bone-street, upholsterer [Saunders and Co., Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square
Whittenbury, J. Great Cambridge-street, Hackney-road, London, builder [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields
Williams, J. Macclesfield, Cheshire, upholsterer [Seddon, Manchester

Wilson, H. Gloucester Coffee-house, Piccadilly, wine-merchant [Hill, Welbeck-street, St. Marylebone
Wilkinson, J. and J. Mulcaster, wood-street, Cheapside, warehousemen [Bower, Chancery-lane; and Owen and Co., Manchester
Wilde, E. Royton, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Hampson, Manchester
Williams, T. West Smithfield, cutler [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
Winscom, J. Andover, Hants, linen-draper [Fleet and Co., Andover
Witts, T. and M. J. Ingleby, Cheltenham, drapers [Sweet and Co., Basinghall-street
Wright, S. Salford, Lancashire, dyer [Lawler, Manchester
Wright, W. Prince's-street, Hanover-square, dealer in medicines [Manning, Furnival's-inn
Wright, W. and D. Morel, Wood-street, Spitalfields, machine-manufacturer [Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury
Weight, J. and J. Uley, Gloucestershire, clothiers [Beck, Wootton-under-Edge; and Birket and Co., Cloak-lane, Cheapside

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DIVIDENDS.

Adkins, W. Coventry, July 5
Archer, W. Maidstone, July 8
Aspry, W. Bruton-street, Hanover-square, June 20
Aughtie, T. Poultry, June 24
Bamford, J. Egham, Surry, July 1
Barrow, L. Strutton-ground, Westminster, June 27
Barney, R. Woolverhampton, Staffordshire, July 8
Beeley, E. and J. Yeomans, Birmingham, June 20
Bennett, R. jun., Dukinfield, Cheshire, July 5
Bibby, R. Liverpool, June 21
Bishop, R. and T. Bedson, Aston, Warwickshire, June 20
Blizard, W. Petersham, June 20
Bradley, J. Liverpool, July 6
Brammall, D. Whitehouse, Sheffield, June 15
Brenchley, J. and J. Milton, Kent, July 1
Brittain, R. Birmingham, June 27
Britten, W. jun., Northampton, June 23
Briddon, S. Manchester, July 12
Burridge, W. sen., and W. jun., and J. Burridge, Portsmouth, July 4
Camplin, R. Goldsmith-street, London, July 1
Carman, D. Lothbury, July 8
Chater, E. Cornhill, June 17
Challenor, J. Stonesend, Newington, July 1
Chapman, G. Old Broad-street, July 4
Clare, R. S. Harrington, Liverpool, June 14
Coates, W. Kidderminster, July 8
Cooke, B. Manchester, July 10
Couchinans, S. Throgmorton st., June 27
Crane, S. and H. S. Stratford, July 8
Crokat, C. and T. Wilkie, Lawrence Pountney-place, July 15
Damant, W. Sudbury, July 8
Daniel, J. Newgate street, July 11
Davidson, J. New Brentford, June 27
Day, T. S. F. H. and W., Norwich, June 28
Dickinson, W. Lad-lane, June 27
Dolby, T. Catherine-street, Strand, June 24 and July 1
Dunsmure, J. and J. Gardner, Broad-street, July 13
Durham, J. Catherine-street, Strand, May 7
Earle, J. Liverpool, June 22
Eastwood, J. and G. Kay, Melsham, Yorkshire, July 1
Eaton, R. Swansea, Glamorganshire, July 12
Ekins, J. Oxford-street, June 24
Evans, J., J. Jones, and W. Davies, Aberystwith, June 20 and 22
Ferguson, J. Liverpool, June 13
Fisher, R. Low Hesket, Cumberland, July 10
Fletcher, J. Abington, July 7
Forster, G. Berwick-upon-Tweed, June 28
Garland, J. Austin Friars, June 20
Gibbins, J. W. W. Smith, and W. Goode, Birmingham, June 23
Gird, H. Leicester, June 19
Glennie, A., J. S. Glennie, and W. Fry, New Broad-street, June 24
Gould W. and F. Greasley, Maiden-lane, June 24
Graham, J. jun., Low Houses, Cumberland, June 28
Green, W. and J. H. Sampson, and R. A. Smith, Sheffield, June 27
Gregson, R. Liverpool, June 28
Grovenor, W. L. sen., E. Chater, and W. L. Grovenor, jun.; and C. Rutt, Cornhill, June 17
Haviside, A. Bucklersbury, June 27
Hammond, G. Maunby, Yorkshire, July 10
Harris, T. and J. Price, Bristol, July 20
Harding, S. Oxford-street, July 4
Harmer, J. Great Surrey-street, June 17
Harvey, M. B. Witham, Essex, and J. W. Harvey, Hadleigh Hall, Essex, June 27
Harrison, S. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, July 28
Harrison W. and C. New Sleaford, Lincolnshire, July 28
Hart, G. and W. Pittock, Church-street, Deptford, June 10
Herving, C. Strand, July 11
Hetherington, D. King-street, Cheapside, July 1
Hibbert, W. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, June 27
Hibbert, J. Hylords-court, Crutched Friars, June 27
Hill, S. Regent's-street, tailor, July 8
Holah, C. Hastings, June 27
Holmes, J. Bridge-road, Lambeth, July 1
Honeybourn, J. Portsea, Southampton, July 17
Houghton, J. Manchester, June 6
Hunt, J. R. Wrench, and W. Hunt, jun., Stewart's-buildings, Battersea, July 4
Jackson, J. jun., Ilketstone, June 17
Jones, J. Hillingdon, June 20
Jones J. and J. Leominster, Herefordshire, June 10
Jupp, J. Horsham, Sussex, June 17
Keast, W. St. Earny, Cornwall, June 16
Kings, R. Ledbury, June 26
King, F. Warwick, June 20
Lacy, T. Basinghall-street, June 4
Langford, T. T. Lambs-conduit street, June 17
Mackenzie, P. and W. Sheffield, June 24
Mackinnon, L. Liverpool, June 27
Mead, W. and C. Emacomb, Battersea, July 4
Menzies, J. Charles-street, Manchester-square, June 24
Miles, J. Old Broad street, May 27
Morton, A. A. Rodick, and C. Morton, Wellingborough, Northampton, July 8
Morris, S. Long Itchington, Warwickshire, June 20
Murgatroyd, J. Midgley, Yorkshire, June 26
Noakes, W. Old City Chambers, July 4
Norris, S. Cobham Row, Cold Bath Fields, June 17
Osbaldeston, E. Hertford, June 24
Passman, J. King's Arms Yard, Coleman-street, June 24
Pettifier, H. High Holborn, June 24
Pickman, J. Shoreditch, June 24
Pickering, H. B. Coventry, July 5
Piercy, J. and R. Saunders, Birmingham, June 24
Piper, T. and G. Dewdney, Dorking, Surry, June 27
Pomares, J. Freemans Court, Cornhill, June 17 and 20
Reynolds, J. Bread-street hill, July 1
Rich, W. Wigan, Lancashire, July 4
Robertson, J. Red Lion square, Clerkenwell, June 20
Robotham, J. Macklesfield, June 27
Robine, F. Regent-street, London, June 24
Rogers, W. Upton, July 1
Roscow, R. Liverpool, July 6
Sadler, G. and J. Frith, Great Guildford-street, July 1
Safford, S. Mettingham, Suffolk, June 6
Salmore, J. W. and J. Heslop, Manchester, July 10
Sandison, W. Cork-street, Burlington Gardens, June 27
Sanderson, W. W. and J. Nicholas lane, Lombard-street, June 10
Sandwell, J. Pitfield-street, Hoxton, June 20
Sargent, G. F. Marlborough place, Westminster, June 17
Sawyer, J. Lincoln's-Inn-fields, June 13
Scott, J. and H. Bragg, Walbrook, July 5
Searle, S. and S. B. Saffron Walden, Essex, June 20
Self, S. Norwich, July 7
Shaw, J. W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, June 27
Shaw, J. Gower-street, Bedford-square, June 1
Sharp, J. B. Exchange-buildings, July 1
Smith, J. and J. Cateaton-street, July 1
Smith, A. Lime-street-square, June 27
Soames, J. Oxford-street, June 20
Sowerby, P. sen. and jun. Liverpool, July 5
Square, J. W. Prideaux, jun. and W. W. Prideaux, Kings Bridge, Devon, July 11
Stanley, G. Upper Ground-street, parish of Christ Church, July 8
Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, July 12
Storker, D. and A. D. Welsh, Leadenhall-street, July 4
Stroud, T. Union-street, Bath, June 17
Sykes, T. Bath Easton, Somersetshire, June 10
Tanner, D. Monmouth, June 24
Thorp, T. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, June 20
Thomas, W. Blewitt's-buildings, Fetter-lane, June 27

Thompson, S. Carlisle, June 19
Todd, E. Liverpool, June 30
Turner, P. Liverpool, July 5
Unsworth, J. Clayton-square, Liverpool
Want, G. S. Skinner-street, July 8
Watt, G. T. Old-street, June 17
Wells, J. and W. Onion, Bishopsgate-street-without, June 17
Whitely, W. and J. Leeds, July 5
Wilkinson, W. and W. C. Gill, Holborn-bridge, June 24
Williams, M. Old Bailey, London, June 27
Williamson, S. T. Southampton, June 27
Wilson, S. Liverpool, July 8
Winsel, W. Ivy Bridge, Devon, July 8
Wingfield, T. Bolton Le Moors, Lancashire, July 5
Wise, S. and C. Brenchly, Maidstone, June 27
Wise, T. W. Jermyn-street, July 1
Workman, T. W. Rodborough, Glocester, June 17
Young, S. Sheffield, June 15
Young, P. jun. and R. Atkinson, Wapping, July 4.

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Hon. and Rev. L. Powis, to the Rectory of Pilton, Northampton—The Rev. A. Dashwood, to the Rectory of Thornage, with Brinton annexed, Norfolk—The Rev. H. M. Spence, to the Rectory of West Haddon—The Rev. S. H. White, to the Rectory of Maidford—The Rev. T. Adnutt, to the Rectory of Croft, Leicestershire—The Rev. Archdeacon Bull, to a prebendal stall in York Cathedral—The Rev. J. W. Hughes, to be Chaplain of All Souls College, Oxford—The Rev. E. H. Hoare, to the Rectory of Isham superior, Cambridgeshire—The Rev. S. White, to the Vicarage of Maidford, Norts—The Rev. G. Peacock, M.A. F.R.S., to the Vicarage of Wymeswould—The Rev. R. M. Master, M.A., to the Curacy of Burnley, Lancashire—The Rev. R. G. Rogers, M.A., to the Rectory of Yarlington, Somerset—The Rev. W. F. Bayley, M.A., to be Prebendary of Canterbury—The Rev. E. Goodenough, D.D., to a prebendal stall in Westminster Cathedral—The Rev. W. Williams, M.A., to the perpetual Curacies of Leafield and Ascot-sub-Wychwood—The Rev. J. Lupton, to be one of the Chaplains to the Radcliffe Infirmary—The Rev. — Johnson, M.A., to the Vicarage of Moltram in Longdendale—The Rev. E. Rodd, D.D., to a prebendal stall in Exeter Cathedral—The Rev. W. B. Whitehead to the Vicarage of Chard—The Rev. H. F. Lyte, A.B. to the new district Church of Lower Brixham, Devon—The Rev. W. Jones, to the Vicarage of Welwick, and to the Rectory of Holmpton, Yorkshire.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

May 19.—The tenth anniversary of the Medical Benevolent Society, founded for the relief of the distressed members of the profession, was celebrated at the Albion, Aldersgate Street, his Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex in the chair.

22.—The annual public examination of the children of the Incorporated Society for clothing, maintaining, and educating poor orphans of Clergymen of the Established Church, took place at the school, St. John's Wood, in the presence of His Grace the Archbishop of Canterbury, &c. &c.

A numerous meeting took place at the Three Tuns Tavern, High Street, Borough, at which it was resolved to establish a Mechanic's Institution in the Borough of Southwark.

23.—The fifty-ninth anniversary dinner of the Gloucestershire Society, was celebrated at the Thatched House Tavern. From the report of the Committee it appeared that at the recent ballot, ten boys and two girls were elected for apprenticeship, with premiums of £15 each, making a total number of 1,110 children benefitted by the society since its formation. Several new subscribers were announced.

24.—A dreadful accident occurred at Mr. Maudsley's steam-engine manufactory, owing to the falling in of an iron roof erecting on the premises, on and about which from eighty to one hundred workmen were employed, a number of whom were killed, or dreadfully mangled.

25.—The annual meeting of the Society for promoting the enlargement and building of Churches and Chapels was held, the Archbishop of Canterbury in the chair. The report stated that, at the close of last year, the available balance in the Treasurer's hands being considerably under £3,000, it was deemed necessary to make an instantaneous appeal to the public, which had been attended with considerable success. The committee acknowledged his Majesty's gracious donation of £1,000, and many other liberal donations. In fifty-six cases the amount of grants made by the Society was £8,765, by means of which 13,067 additional sittings were created, and of these 10,649 were free sittings. Since its commencement the Society had created 126,612 new sittings, of which 94,254 were free.

The anniversary of the Institution of the Sons of the Clergy, was celebrated in the usual manner at St. Paul's Cathedral, and attended, notwithstanding the unfavourable state of the weather, by a very numerous assemblage. About £960 was received.

26.—Lord John Russel proposed a Resolution to the House of Commons on the subject of bribery at elections, which was carried, the Speaker giving the casting vote.

An overland dispatch was received at the East-India House, from Bombay, dated on the 4th of February announcing the fall of the Fortress of Bhurtpore, which was carried by storm by the army under the command of Lord Combermere, on the 8th of January.

29.—The London Society of Arts awarded its annual premiums in the Opera House, the Duke of Sussex presiding. Mr. Robert Cowen, of Carlisle, received the gold medal, value thirty guineas, and the usual compliments, for his invention of an apparatus for carrying off the metallic dust arising from dry grinding in the manufacture of cutlery, needles, &c.: Mr. Roberts (late of Whitehaven) received the silver Vulcan Medal, and ten guineas, for his improved safe lamps to miners, which corrects an inconvenience in Sir Humphrey Davy's safe lamp, out of which the oil flows when the lamp is held very obliquely; to obviate this, and prevent the oil from smearing the wire gauze which incloses the flame, Mr. R. has applied a hemispherical cover to the oil pot, which receives whatever oil may flow out of it when the lamp is on its side. Mr. Spencer, Dock Yard, at Chatham, received the gold Vulcan Medal, for his improved method of letting go an anchor—an improvement sanctioned by its general adoption in the navy. Mr. Skinner was voted by the Society the sum of thirty guineas, for a model of a stage coach, which combines safety, ease of draught, and accommodation to the passengers.

Mr. Douglas Fox, surgeon, of Derby, received the large Silver Medal, as a reward for his new method of making elastic moulds of glue, into which plaster

of Par's or wax composition is poured, and forms most beautiful and delicate casts.

Mr. H. Attenburrow, of No. 11, New Burlington Street, London, son of Mr. Attenburrow, surgeon, of Nottingham, obtained a large silver medal, for an original coloured drawing of a dissected arm.

To Mr. E. Carey, Bristol, for his improved dead-eyes for shipping, and to Mrs. Henry Goode, Ryde, Isle of Wight, for a blind for circular-headed windows, each the silver Vulcan Medal.—To Mrs. Eliza West, North-parade, Bath, for a landscape from nature, the silver Isis Medal.—To Mrs. Lourey, Exeter, for a hat of double split wheat straw, five guineas.

The Worcester Society in London held their eleventh anniversary meeting, Earl Beauchamp in the chair, and attended by about seventy highly respectable members. The donations and subscriptions amounted to about £70.

June 1.—The anniversary meeting of the Law Association took place at the Freemason's Tavern. Nearly 200 sat down to dinner. The capital fund amounts to £12,600.

The proclamation for dissolving the Parliament, and calling a new one, received the royal signature; the writs are made returnable on the 25th of July.

The Recorder made his report to the King, of twenty-three prisoners under sentence of death; His Majesty was pleased to respite all but three, who were ordered for execution.

11.—The anniversary meeting of the Charity Children of London and its vicinity was held at St. Paul's. Upwards of 5,000 were seated in a spacious gallery erected for the occasion, immediately under the great dome. The Bishop of Landaff preached on the occasion.

20.—The subscriptions in aid of the distressed manufacturing classes throughout England, amount to about £130,000.

MARRIAGES.

The Rev. T. A. Partridge, to Louisa, daughter of the late T. T. Drake, esq.—Charles, son of the late J. Balfour, esq., to Maria, daughter of Sir J. E. Harrington, bart.—J. Murray Nasmyth, esq., to Mary, daughter of Sir J. Marjoribanks, bart., M.P.—T. W. Langton, esq., Lieut. R.N., to Frances, daughter of W. Mansell, esq.—R. C. Parker, esq., to Harriet, daughter of W. S. Peckham, esq.,—R. Gray, jun., esq., to Mary, daughter of the late W. Holt, esq. —J. Bulteel, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the Right-Hon. Earl Grey.—W. Vowler, esq., of St. Paul's Church-yard, to Mrs. James, of Blackheath Hill.—J. D. Dickinson, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Alexander.—Capt. J. Lewis, to Mary, daughter of J. Vaughan, esq.—J. H. Clough, esq., to Miss Stone, of Rolleston Park, Staffordshire. —The Rev. H. Oakeley, to Atholl, daughter of the late Lord C. Ainsley.—The Rev. J. H. Cotton, to Mary, daughter of Dr. S. Fisher, of Bath.—Charles, son of the late Sir S. Shuckburgh, bart., to Emma, daughter of the late S. Butler, esq., of Binfield, Berks.—The Right-Hon. the Earl of Hopetown, to the Hon. Louisa, daughter of the Right-Hon. Lord Macdonald.—J. P. Brodie, esq., to Susan, daughter of the late J. Morgan, esq.—At Willesden, E. Osborne, esq., to Mary, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Fly.—The Rev. F. Borradaile, to Demetria, daughter of the late Capt. R. Hudson.—S. G. Cooke, esq., to Emily, daughter of W. Smith, esq.—R. S. Cox, esq., to Amelia, daughter of J. Bult. esq.—R. H. Stewart, esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late J. Buschman, esq., of Surinam.—B. B. Owen, esq., to Sarah, daughter of E. Cohen, esq., of Herne Hill.—The Rev. T. Chaffey, to Charlotte, daughter of G. Theakston, esq.—J. H. Story, esq., to Sarah, daughter of H. Waymouth, esq.—Captain G. Probyn, to Alicia, daughter of Sir F. W. Macnaghten.—W. M. Tottner, esq., to G. F. daughter of J. Mazzinghi, esq., of Cadogan Place.

DEATHS.

86, The Rev. B. N. Turner, M.A.—The Rev. F. Lee—Rev. J. Wolfe, A.M.—55, Harriet, wife of A. K. Newman, esq.—E. Bayley, esq.—72, Mrs. Louisa M. Harris—23, Sarah the wife of E. S. Stephenson, esq.—T. D. Boswell, esq.—Jane, wife of R. L. Appleyard, esq.—74, Mrs. Wood, sister of Col. Wood, M. P.—Right Hon. Lady C. Lemon—Hon. Pierce B. Cooper—Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Lloyd of Lynn.—74, Rev. J. Bean—85, J. Ramsden, esq.—15, Louisa, twin daughter of Lady C. Crofton—Capt. J. Maxwell, of H. M. Ship Aurora—62, At Pentonville, the Rev. J. Latchford—67, Rev. R. Burnside—39, Carl M. V. Weber—Lady P. Tomline, the lady of the Lord Bishop of Winchester—Mary, wife of Major Horsley—Mrs. Brunton, relict of the late J. Brunton, esq.—74, At Battersea, Lady E. Pratt, daughter of the late Lord Camden.—19, The Right-Hon. Lady L. Boyle, daughter of the Earl of Cork and Orrery—21, The Right-Hon. Lord Dorchester—J. Stephenson, esq.—53, T. Laing, esq. —21, Mary, daughter of P. Clutterbuck, esq.—15, Louisa, daughter of P. Gavron, esq.—Mary, wife of Capt. Anderson—46, Louisa, wife of J. Payne, esq.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Madras, Capt. W. Stewart, to Mrs. Bownes, daughter of W. Hill, esq., M.D.—At Calcutta, the Rev. J. Hawtine, Archdeacon of Bombay, to Margaret, daughter of the Hon. J. Franks—At Purneah, R. B. Perry, esq., to Ellen, daughter of the late P. Goullet, esq.—At Burmuda, J. H. Darrell, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Hurst, esq.—In France, Miss Trinder, to Capt. D. Buffa—W. Clyatt, esq., to Mademoiselle F. M. Guilbert—At Gibraltar, W. Wiltshire, esq., to Emma, daughter of the late A. W. Const—At Berne, J. J. Walsham, to Sarah, daughter of the late W. Bell, esq., of Woolsington, Northumberland.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Death of General Holt.—We have to record the death of this celebrated man, which took place at his residence in Kingstown. Previous to the disastrous rebellion of 1793, he filled the situation of barony constable, in the county of Wicklow, and was of the established religion. In some of the sanguinary and wanton excesses which distingtished the conduct of the military parties stationed in the disturbed districts, at that melancholy period, the residence of Holt was burned to the ground, and all his property destroyed. Stimulated by a desire of vengeance, he took up arms, and placed himself at the head of a numerous band of the disaffected; and, acquainted with all the fastnesses in his native mountains, erected his standard on their summits. His first attacks on the authorities were of such a nature, that long after the extinction of rebellion, and when the country was slowly returning to a state of calm, he continued to be the terror, as well as the object of pursuit of the local authorities. Disappointed in many attempts to make him prisoner, and feeling the force of his summary vengeance, the Government gladly acceded to his offers of surrender, on condition of his expatriating himself for ever. His conduct while in New South Wales, whither he was exiled, was so exemplary, that he obtained a full pardon, and returned to his native country, were he continued to reside to the period of his death.

At Paris, the lady of Admiral Sir Sidney Smith—The wife of W. Webster, esq.—In France, 21, Cathe-

rine, daughter of the late Lieut.-Gen. Desborough—At Caen, Henrietta, wife of J. Ambrose, esq.—At St. Petersberg, 38, Ellen, Viscountess Strangford—At Sierra Leone, 26, Capt. H. Curwen—Capt. Pearce—Dr. Morison—At Anantpoor, 26, G. R. son of J. Gosling, esq., of Gloucester Place—At the Cape of Good Hope, J. Lloyd, esq.—42, J. Digby, esq.—At Calcutta, 24, Rachel, widow of the late H. Money, esq.—W. Jackson, esq.—At Bombay, D. Malcolm, esq.—At Arracan, 20, Lieut. A. Wight,—Dr. A. Walker—Lieut.-Col. W. Baker—G. M. S., son of the late Sir W. Robe, K.C.B.—At Chittagong, Lieut J. G. Magregor—On her passage from India, Mary, wife of the Rev. J. F. Beddy—Lieut. A. Pitcairn—At Boulogne-sur-mer, the Right-Hon. Ralph, Lord Viscount Neville—47, Dr. J. Cole, M.D.—24, At Algiers, James, son of G. Woodfall, esq.—J. H. Bradford, esq., of Boston, United States of America—At Truro, Capt. Andrews—At Patna, Rose, wife, of J. Sandford, esq., of the Bengal Civil Service—At Vienna, Lord Ingestre, son of Earl Talbot—At Pegue, Capt. J. Cursham—At Masulipatam, Capt. W. James—Anna, daughter of T. H. Symons, esq.—At Zurich, 62, Hans C. Gesner, the celebrated painter.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

A meeting of the Botanical and Horticultural Society of Newcastle-upon-Tyne was held lately, when the usual prizes were distributed.

Four very handsome silver cups, with appropriate inscriptions, were presented lately to Mr. J. Thoburn, and Mr. Wm. Coppin, of Blyth, by the Secretary of the Friendly United and Eligible Insurance Association, at North Shields, as a testimony of the meritorious service rendered by those gentlemen to the ship Effort while stranded at the entrance of Blyth harbour.

May 30, an explosion of hydrogen gas took place at Whitfield Colliery (which supplies the London market with Townley coals), thirty-seven men and boys came to a premature death.

Married.] R. Weldon, esq., to the daughter of R. Barker, esq.

Died.] At Morpeth, Capt. A. Dickson, R.N.—At Newcastle, 35, T. Davidson, esq.; Alice, wife of W. Selby, esq., of Biddleston; Elizabeth, wife of T. Todd, esq.; C. Ogle, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Married.] At Carlisle, R. Matthews, esq., of Lowhall, Castlesowerby, to the daughter of C. Hudson, esq., of Haltcliffe-bridge, Greystock; the Rev. C. H. Wybergh, to Miss A. M. Minshull.

Died.] At Wetheral, 56, J. Hall, esq.; 68, the Rev. J. Ponsonby.

YORKSHIRE.

The first stone of the Leeds Commercial Buildings was laid lately by Lepton Dobson, esq., who, at the conclusion of the ceremony, presented the chairman of the fund for the relief of the unemployed in Leeds, with a purse containing 100 sovereigns, being the amount of the dinner tickets intended to have been held on this occasion.

The new Port of Goole, and the grand canal connected therewith, are to be opened on the 5th of July.

Married.] At Whitby, W. Richardson, esq., to Anne, daughter of M. Nelson, esq; the Rev C. P. Worsley, to Caroline, daughter of P. Acklom, esq., of Beverley—At West Rownton, Sir T. S. Pasley, bart., to Jane, daughter of the Rev. M. J. Wynyard.

Died.] At York, Catherine, relict of the late T. Selby, esq., sen.—At Barnsley, Francis, wife of the Rev. W. Wordsworth—At Northallerton, E. Smith, esq., M.D.—At Attercliffe, 23, the Rev. J. Browne; 32, the Rev. J. Hodgson—At Fishlake, Elizabeth, wife of the Rev. W. Holbrey; J. Greenwood, esq.

LANCASHIRE.

The Liverpool and Manchester Railway is to be commenced in about two months, and will require, at least, three months to complete it.

The Manchester Natural History Society is now in possession of the skeleton of the elephant that died in Salford about eighteen months since, which then formed part of Wombwell's collection. The skeleton has been reconstructed, and the different bones fixed in their proper places, by Mr. W. Bentley. The skin has likewise been preserved and stuffed, and is placed at the foot of the stairs leading to the museum of the society.

A female ringed snake was killed lately in the garden at Woodfold Park, near Blackburn, five feet in length; and more than forty eggs were extracted from it.

Married.] At Liverpool, R. Lewtas, esq., to Alice, daughter of the late R. Gardner, esq.—At Todmorden, R. Richardson, esq., to the daughter of J. Buckley, esq.

Died.] At Much Urswick, 107, Mrs. Jane Braithwaite—At Southport, the wife of W. Anderson, M.D.; 93, G. Bulcock, esq.; Elizabeth, wife of R. Marsh, esq.; E. Milne, esq., of Manchester, and on the same day, his brother, W. Milne, esq.

CHESHIRE.

The new London road through Stockport was opened on the 19th of June. A splendid public procession was formed on the occasion, to commemorate the anniversary of the battle of Waterloo.

Married.] The Rev. W. H. G. Mann, of Bowden, to Barbara, daughter of R. Spooner, esq.

Died.] At Cheadle, J. Baxter, esq.; 23, Charles, son of T. Worthington, esq.; 76, J. Moore, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

The tenth anniversary of the Derbyshire Church Missionary Society was held lately; Mr. B. Cox read the report, and stated that the sum of £1,273. 3*s.* 6½*d.* had been collected during the past year; being an increase of £107. 12*s.* 4½*d.* over the sum collected the previous year, and making the sum total raised from the commencement of the institution £9,157. 6*s.* 2*d.*

A handsome piece of plate was lately presented to Lieut.-Col. Sir Robert Wilmot, bart., by the non-commissioned officers and privates of the Derbyshire yeomanry cavalry.

Married.] A. L. Maynard, to the daughter of the late R. Waller, esq.

Died.] At Ashbourn, Major Sowter; the Rev. J. Wolfe, A.D.—At Ripley, 84, Admiral Faucourt.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The annual meeting of the Nottingham Mechanics' and Artizans' Library was held lately; the report noticed the continued prosperity of the library, which now consists of 1,338 volumes. There are forty-two share-holders (nineteen of whom have made presents of their shares to the institution), and 375 subscribers.

Married.] At Burton Joyce, J. J. Bigsby, M.D., to Miss Sarah Jamson; the Rev. T. C. Cane, of Southwell, to Mary, daughter of J. Brettle, esq., of Thurgarton; G. O. Heming, esq., to Jane, daughter of J. Freeth, esq.

Died.] At Southwell, 84, T. Spofforth, esq.; 93, C. Morley, esq.; 80, W. Ffarmarie, esq.

LINCOLNSHIRE.

On the anniversary of the restoration of Charles II., some workmen, employed in taking down an old building at Allington, near Grantham, found a linen bag among the rubbish, containing a large quantity of ancient silver coins, chiefly crowns and half-crowns of the above monarch, of various dates from 1666 to 1671, in high and beautiful preservation, with a great many others of the reign of Charles I., partly coined at Oxford in the time of the rebellion, also in excellent preservation.

Died.] At Canwick, 74, Susannah, relict of Col. H. W. Sibthorp; the Rev. H. Dodwell, M.A.—At Lincoln, 100, Mrs. Chislett.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A tablet, bearing the following inscription, has lately been placed in a village church near Belvoir Castle, the poor inhabitants of which had largely partaken of her Grace's bounty.

"This tablet was erected by the curate of this church, in grateful remembrance of the friend and benefactress of the village poor, Elizabeth, Duchess of Rutland, who, in the flower of her age, and in the midst of her usefulness, was suddenly taken from this world to a better, November 29th 1825, aged 45 years"

Married.] At Loughborough, H. Toone, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of C. Lacey, esq.; G. Carter, esq., of Leicester, to Mrs. Crotty—At Kegworth, — Bournby, esq, to Elizabeth, daughter of R. Sutton, esq.

Died.] Ann, widow of the late J. Eyre, esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

A wild duck has lately taken possession of a rook's nest at the top of a lofty oak tree, at a place called Wharton's Wood, belonging to Lord Crewe, in the parish of Madeley, and is now hatching a nest full of eggs. The drake has been observed perching on a bough by the side of the nest, and occasionally sharing with his mate the duties of incubation.

Married.] At Penn, Thomas, son of W. Phillips, esq., of Chetwynd-house, Salop, to Ellen, daughter of W. Thacker, esq., of Muchall-hall; W. Block, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Hooman, esq.—At Burton-upon-Trent, T. Robinson, esq., to Sarah, daughter of — Cooper, esq.

Died.] At Litchfield, 71, W. Mott, esq.

WARWICKSHIRE.

The Birmingham and Staffordshire Gas Company have lately commenced lighting certain streets in Birmingham, as an experiment to try the necessary pressure. The result proves, beyond all doubt, that gas may be carried to almost any distance. The distance from the gasometer, at West Bromwich to the extremity of the leading main pipe, is nearly eight miles.

Married.] At Wootton Wawen, the Rev. T. Lea, to Mary, daughter of the Rev. P. S. Ward; J. Rickards, esq., to Phœbe, daughter of the late W. Parkes, esq.; the Rev. E. Willis, to Laura, daughter of Colonel Steward; N. L. Torre, esq., to Eliza, daughter of R. W. Elliston, esq.

Died.] At Moseley, 70, the Rev. F. Palmer—At Hampton, the Rev R. Lillington—At Guys Cliff, 74, the relict of B B. Greathead, esq.—At Weddington, Amicia, relict of the late G. Hemming, esq.; 82, D. Oliver,

SHROPSHIRE.

Married.] At Great Dawley, the Rev. J. M. Wood, M.A., to Miss Hannah Parton—At Shrewsbury, W. L. Lacon, esq., to Mary, daughter of R. Leigh, esq.; the Rev. H. Jones, A B, to Elizabeth, daughter of the late Rev. J. Langford, A.M.

Died.] 70, The Rev. J. Mayor—At Wellington, Sarah, wife of H. Langley, esq.—At Oxon, the Rev. R. Spearman, M.A.; 53, R. Thomas, esq.

WORCESTER.

A most alarming fire broke out lately at Cropthorne, which destroyed six houses, a barn, stable, and other outhouses, and two smiths' shops.

The Worcester Florocultural Society held their second spring meeting lately, at which a magnificent exhibition of tulips afforded the highest gratification to the admirers of those beautiful productions of nature. The usual prizes were awarded.

Died.] At Bayton, Jane, daughter of the late Rev D. Davies—At Moseley, 70, the Rev. E. Palmer—At Badsley, 22, Joseph, son of J. Jones, esq.—At Evesham, 20, Jane, daughter of the late Capt. McPherson.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The Leominster Canal Bill has passed both Houses. A Bill has also passed for the effecting a sale of part of the Glite lands belonging to the Rectory of Kingswinford, and the mines in and under the same, to the Right Hon. John William Viscount Dudley and Ward, and for other purposes.

Married.] At Tarrington, T. Turner, esq, to Miss Sarah Smith; P. Warburton, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late H. H. Williams, esq.; the Rev. T. Underwood, to Mary, daughter of the late T. Harvey, esq.; the Rev. E. B. Bagshawe, to Jane, daughter of the late W. Partridge, esq.

Died.] 74, C. Tunstall, esq.; John, son of the Rev. J. Jones, of Dorston; Anna, daughter of T. H. Symonds, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The Society of Arts and Sciences have voted Mr. E. Carey, Lloyd's Surveyor at Bristol, a silver Vulcan medal for his new improved dead eyes for shipping.

Tewkesbury Severn Bridge, and the roads connected therewith, were lately opened to the public. The upper Lode Ferry is consequently entirely disused.

The Bank of England have determined to establish a branch bank at Gloucester. Mr. Down (lately of the bank and firm of Pole, Thornton, Free, Down, and Scott) is appointed to superintend it.

Married.] Rev. M. F. Townsend, M.A., to Alice, niece of the late H. Stevens, esq.—At Stoke Gifford, H. Every, esq., son of Sir H. Every, of Eggington House, Derbyshire, bart., to Maria, daughter of the late Dean of Salisbury—At Newent, J. Freeman, esq., to Constantia, daughter of Archdeacon Onslow—At Berkeley J. Hickes, esq., to Mary, daughter of W. Pearce, esq.—The Rev. E. L. Bennett, to Ellinor, daughter of the late W. Codrington, esq.—At Frome, the Rev. W. Dalby, M.A., to Miss Sheppard, daughter of G. Sheppard, esq.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Capt. Layman, R.N.—R.W. Ashworth, esq.—Elizabeth, the wife of Lieut.-Col. Eyre—At Randwicke, J. Hogg, esq.—At Dudbridge, J. Hawker, esq.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] The Rev. C. Girdlestone, M.A., to Ann, daughter of B. Marrell, esq.

Died.] Jane, the wife of the Rev. J. Hughes—At Chalford, Capt. E. Jennings—At Nuffield, 91, the Rev. J. Pearse, A.M.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The Aylesbury Florist Society lately held their first exhibition for the present season; the show of tulips exceeded that of any former year for the size and and beauty of the flowers. The usual prizes were distributed.

Married.] The Rev. H. Wilson, to Emma, daughter of Col. Pigot—R. B. Evans, esq., to Miss M. Peters.

Died.] At Maidenhead, 84, the Rev. Dowell—19, J. Smith esq.

HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

The following is the account current of the Hertfordshire Saving Bank, up to the 20th of May 1826.

	£.	s.	d.	£.	s.	d.
Received				203,378	13	4
Returned	83,581	8	1			
Invested	119,389	4	1			
In hand	407	12	2			
				203,379	13	4

xclusive of the interest up to this day.

A handsome marble tablet has been erected in Barnet church, by the parishioners, to the memory of the late Rev. Wm. Marr, who was twenty-five years curate of that parish.

Married.] At Ware, J. Tomson, esq., of Nether Crawley, to Miss Taylor, daughter of W. Taylor, esq.—At Broxbourn, J. Newman, esq., to Eliza, daughter of Dr. Jordan.

Died.] At Leighton Buzzard, Rev. J. Wilson; 32, G. N. Caswall, esq.—At Royston, J. Phillips, esq.; Mary, wife of the Rev. J. Hull—At Buntingford, Mary, relict of the Rev. J. Avorne.

NORTHAMPTON.

A public meeting was held lately at Oundle, for the purpose of forming a Ladies' Bible Association for that town and its vicinity.

Married.] At Warkworth, Thomas, son of J. Tate, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Daud, esq., of Woodside; C. Gillbee, esq., A.B., to Maria, daughter of the Rev. C. Williams, A.M.

Died.] The Rev. F. Cumming.

CAMBRIDGE AND HUNTINGDON.

The sixth general meeting of the Auxiliary Religious Tract Society of Cambridgeshire and its vicinity was held on the 24th May, and was numerously and respectably attended.

The Chancellor's gold medal, for the best English Poem, by a resident undergraduate, was adjudged to Mr. J. Sumner Brockhurst, of St. John's College, Cambridge.—Subject, "Venice."

Married.] At Great Stukeley, J. Heywood, esq., to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. J. Bailey.

Died.] At Impington, 70, Mrs. Catherine Hovenden.

NORFOLK.

The labourers employed in digging gravel in the grounds formerly belonging to St. Leonard's Priory, on the brow of Mousehold Heath, found the skeleton of a very tall man enclosed in a stone grave. They have, on several previous occasions, found similar remains of mortality, together with coins, pavements, &c.

A Committee for the Relief of the unemployed Poor in this city have resolved that the £6,000, granted to Norwich by the London Committee, should be expended in labour only, by which means the poor settled inhabitants will be set to work, and enabled to make such earnings as will support their families. Seven acres of land on Mousehold heath have been hired, which will be cultivated with the spade, and planted with potatoes. The Court of Guardians are also in treaty for twenty-five acres of land, to be cultivated and planted in the same way; and many land occupiers in the neighbourhood have also promised to put out their land to be dug in future (in cases of emergency) at plough prices.

Married.] At Stockton, K. Murchison, esq., to Anne, daughter of J. D. Nesham, esq.—At Walcot, Major C. Gardiner, to Harriett, daughter of C. Plunket, esq.; Capt. G. Probyn, to Alicia, daughter of Sir F. Macknaghten; the Rev. J. H. Cotton, to Mary, daughter of Dr. Samuel Fisher.

Died.] At Great Yarmouth, 37, Capt. R. Hays; 64, T. Sparkes, esq.; 74, H. Thomas, esq.; 37, Elizabeth, the wife of the Rev. W. Hardwicke; 70, the Rev. J. Barnet.

SUFFOLK.

A pike was caught lately in the canal belonging to the great house at Tattingstone, near Ipswich, weighing 25¾lbs.

Married.] S. G. Cooke, esq., of St John's Green, to Emily, daughter of W. Smith, esq.

Died.] J. Coleman, esq.; Sarah, wife of S. Jackaman, esq.; 74, H. Baxter, esq.—At Bamfield, 87, W. Aldis, esq.; Ann, wife of J. Gurdon, esq.

ESSEX.

At the sale of the valuable collection of tulips of Mr. S. B. Searle, of Saffron Waldon, several members of the Chelmsford Florest Society were present. The produce of the sale, consisting of 154 lots, was upwards of £600. The sale of the ranunculuses was postponed, in order to afford the public the better means of judging the merits of the sorts by witnessing their blossoms.

An oyster was lately taken from a bed at Brittlesea, which weighed, when taken out of the shell, 5½ ounces; it contained two ounces of liquor, and the shell weighed two pounds and a quarter.

Married.] J. D. Dickinson, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the Rev. J. W. Alexander; J. England, esq., of Sevington, to Caroline, daughter of the late R. Bridge, esq., of Langdon.

Died.] At Chelmsford, 55, Priscilla, wife of Sir Joseph Esdaile, knt.—At Saffron Walden, 53, the wife of G. Walton esq.—At Leytonstone, 83, C. Briscoe, esq.—At Walthamstow, 44, Miss Leech; 73, J. Beales, esq., of Ardleigh.

KENT.

Married.] At Cranbrook, the Rev. H. Cleaver, M.A., to Caroline, daughter of the Right Hon. Lady Louisa de Spaen; the Rev. R. H. Cooper, to Miss M. Larke—At Dover, P. Hesketh, esq., to Eliza, Debonnaire, daughter of the late Sir T. J. Metcalfe, bart.

Died.] At Deptford, 69, Jane, widow of the late W. Oswald, esq.—At Sevenoaks, 85, Mrs. J. Pery, daughter of the Rev. J. Pery, D.D.

SUSSEX.

Married.] At Midhurst, the Rev. H. M. Spence, to Elizabeth, daughter of the Rev. W. Harding.

Died.] At Brighton, Georgiana, wife of J. Cramier, esq.; 54, W. Murray, esq., of Dundee, Jamaica—At Steyning, Ann, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Green—At Brighton, Mrs. Leigh, widow of the late Rev. W. Leigh.

HANTS.

The third anniversary of the Portsmouth, Portsea, and Gosport Church Misionary Society was held lately at Portsea, G. Grey, esq., President, in the chair. The Report stated that the sum raised during the last year had exceeded £203, and that, after deducting incidental expenses, £191. 14s. had been remitted to the parent society, making the grand total of contributions since the formation of the association £1,829. 7s. 9d., and that the income of the parent society amounted to £46,000. The Report stated that, in the Society's nine missions, there were forty-five stations, connected with 296 schools, containing upwards of 14,000 scholars, including 676 youths and adults, and that these stations and schools were occupied by 440 labourers.

Married.] At Portchester, M. Fras. Paul Emile de Bonnechose, to Charlotte, daughter of Capt. Gourly, R.N.—At Steventon, E. Knight, esq., to Mary, daughter of Sir E. Knatchbull, bart., M.P.

Died.] At Lyndhurst, R. Houghton, esq.—At Kingsworthy, 63, W. Short, D.D.

WILTS.

Married.] At Warminster, Sir W. Handcock, bart., to Elizabeth, daughter of T. Harding, esq.—At Calne, — Phillips, esq., to Catherine, daughter of F. Child, esq.—At Downton, W. H. Lawrence, esq., to Lydia, daughter of J. Cheyney, esq.

Died.] At Great Durnford, 72, Mrs. L. M. Harris; Mary, the wife of A. H. Young, esq.—At Seend, P. Awdry, esq.

SOMERSET.

While digging the foundation for the abutment of the new bridge at Boroughbridge, the workmen found in the clay, about twenty-one feet below the surface, and immediately under the peal stratum, a perfect stag's horn, with part of the skull. These remains corroborate the statement of William of Malmesbury, who says, in describing the adjacent Isle of Athelney :—

"Athelney is not an island in the sea, but is so inaccessible on account of bogs, and the inundation of the lakes, that it cannot be got at but in a boat. It has a very large wood of alders, which harbours stags, wild goats, and other beasts."

The first stone of the new bridge at Shepton Mallet was laid on the 19th of June. Col. Tynte attended with the Provincial Grand Lodge of Masons.

Married.] At Bath, J. Pistor, esq., to Elizabeth, daughter and co-heiress of the late C. Worthington, esq.—At Cossington, the Rev. C. Harbin, to Abigail, daughter of G. Warry, esq.; G. T. Brice, esq., son of the Rev. G. T. Brice, to Eleanor, daughter of R. A. Salisbury, esq.

Died.] At Bath, 70, the Dowager Countess de Lawarr, widow of the late John Richard Earl Delawarr; the Rev. S. T. Wylde; Mary, relict of the late W. Messingberd, esq.; J. Hicks, esq.; the Rev. J. Boucher—At Westbury, 67, J. Hardwicke, esq.

DORSET.

The Wareham Friendly Society, established in June 1825, held their first annual meeting on the 17th of May, which was most respectably attended.

The annual meeting of the Sherborne Friendly Society was held on Monday the 22d May.

The Sherborne Branch Bible Society, lately held their thirteenth anniversary meeting. The Report gave a most satisfactory account of the continued prosperity of the Society.

The fifth anniversarp meeting of the Winfrith Friendly Society, was celebrated on Tuesday the 23d May. The secretary read the report of the preceding year, stating the enrolment of many new members, and the increased state of the fund.

Married.] At Beaminster, J. England, esq., of Sevington, to Caroline, daughter of the late R. Bridge, esq.—Rev. J. M. Colson, jun., to Julia, daughter of the late A. Story, esq.

Died.] 67, Rear Admiral Rynes—73, Rev. P. Bingham—Mary, wife of the Rev. P. Hugh—17, Henry, son of T. Willmott, esq.—At Dorchester, 23, K. Fraser, esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Colyton Friendly Society held their anniversary meeting on Monday the 22d of May. Sir W. T. Pole, bart., announced that the contributions had been liberal, and that the funds of the Society were in a flourishing state.

A new school house, for the instruction of poor children, on Dr. Bell's system, has lately been erected at Sandford, near Crediton, at the sole expence of Sir Humphrey Davy, bart.

The foundation stone of an extensive building, intended for a broadcloth manufactory, has been laid at Heanton Punchardon, Devon, to be completed in October next.

Married.] At Buckland Filleigh, the Rev. E. Lempriere, to Lucy, daughter of the late P. Foulkes, esq.—J. Butter, esq, M.D. F.R.S., to Elizabeth, daughter of the late J. T. Veale, esq.—At Yealmton, S. Palmer, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the Rev. R. Lane.—At Swimbridge, the Rev. J. Russell, jun., to Miss Bury, daughter of the late Admiral Bury.—At South Brent, Capt. E. Herring, to Ann, daughter of W. Lee, esq.

Died.] At Plymouth, Lieut. Col. P. Westropp.—At Sidmouth, Capt. G. A. Allen—At Davenport, Capt. P. Dunn.—At Dawlish, P. B. Bull, B.A., 32.—At Plymouth, Capt. J. Maxwell.—At Dawlish, Mrs. Hall, relict of the late W. Hall, esq.—At Swimbridge, 53, Miss Hogg, daughter of the late T. Hogg, esq.—78, Miss Opie, only sister of the late celebrated J. Opie, esq., R.A.—At Morchard Bishop, Mary, relict of the late J. Lane, esq.—At Exeter, 16, Eliza, daughter of S. Mortimer, esq.—83, L. Hoffman, esq.

CORNWALL.

A most excellent lode of antimony ore has lately been discovered on the lands of Lord de Dunstanville, at Endellion.

A lobster was taken at Port Winkle, on Thursday, June 1st, weighing eleven pounds, and measuring three feet from the fins of the tail to the end of the large claws.

On Thursday, June 8, the foundation stone of a new church was laid at Stratton-place, Falmouth.

Married.] E. Herring, esq., to Ann, daughter of W. Lee, esq.—At Tregony, M. Robarts, esq., to Sarah, daughter of J. Hearle, esq.

Died.] At St. Austell, Mary, daughter of Capt. Anthony.

WALES.

The Grand Cambrian Concert took place on Wednesday, 24th May.

Married.] At Llangadock, D. L. Herries, esq., to Caroline, daughter of the late M. P. Lloyd, esq.—At Tenby, J. H. Leeche, esq., of Carden Park, Chesire, to Elizabeth, daughter of A. J. Stokes, esq, of St. Botolphs, Pembrokeshire.—F. A. Morris, esq., to Sophia, daughter of J. J. Holford, esq.—The Rev. J. Roberts, M. A., to Catherine, daughter of J. Moulsdale, esq.

Died.] At Llandillo Hall, 62, D. Lloyd, Esq.; 71, H. Jones, esq.—At Llanfyllin, 70, Mrs. Griffiths, wife of the late R. Griffiths, esq.—At Carmarthen, 85, Mrs. Jones, relict of the Rev. R. Jones—At Bodryddan, the Rev. W. D. Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph.

SCOTLAND.

In the general assembly, lately held, of the Church of Scotland, a discussion took place relative to Gretna Green marriages. The strongest disapprobation was expressed of the county magistrates or borough justices who allowed them to be attested in their presence, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the best means of preventing them.

The foundation stone of the new pier at Crail was lately laid, with masonic ceremony.

Thursday, June 1st, a general meeting of merchants, shipowners, and inhabitants of Leith, was held, to receive the report of the committee on the affairs of the harbour and docks, which stated that the bill had passed both houses of parliament, and received the royal assent on the 29th of May.

The repairs have been completed on the Caledonian Canal, which was opened from sea to sea, with fifteen feet water, on the 18th June.

Married.] At Edinburgh, T. Borland, esq., to Ann, daughter of the late F. Strachan, esq.; D. Macdonald, esq., of Lochinver, to Jessie, daughter of the late A. Mackenzie, esq., of Letterew; A Johnston, esq., M. D., to Sarah, daughter of T. Whellier, esq.; Capt. R. S. Wilson, to Catherine, daughter of J. Ewat, esq.; S. Richards, esq., to Mary, daughter of J. Jones, esq.—At Glasgow, W. White, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the late A. Marshal, esq.; W. Dods, esq., to Harriet, daughter of J. Sheriff, esq.—At Leith, R. K. Elie, to Elizabeth, daughter of J. Blackwood, esq.; Capt. M. Moncrieff, to Isabella, daughter of the late A. Campbell, esq.; J. Wallace, esq., to Jane, daughter ot the late J. Macklaurin, esq.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Mrs. Christian Read, relict of the late J. Bertram, esq.; Helen, daughter of the late Lord Polkemmet; Miss Dirom, daughter of the late A. Dirom, esq.; 76, Miss Jean, Daughter of Dr. Mayelston; the Rev. D. C. Stewart.—At Dumfries, 85, the Rev. W. Inglis; 65, the Rev. T. Bagnale.—At Fifeshire, 82, J. Bruce, esq.—At Borgue, Mrs. Blair, daughter of the late R. Laing, esq.; the Rev. J. Hayden.—At Cupar, Fife, Col. D. Boswell.—At Rossbank, 81, Dr. Carmichael: Mrs. General Forbes; W. Dymock, esq.; Margaret, daughter of the Rev. Dr. Dickson.

IRELAND.

Married.] At Dublin, W. Frazer, esq., to Grace, daughter of the late Major Baddely; A. Franks, esq., to Sarah, daughter of E. H. Percy, esq; G. Woodward, esq., to Mary, daughter of R. Manson, esq.; the Hon. and Rev. H. S. Stopford, archdeacon of Leighlin, to Annette, daughter of W. Brown, esq.—At Limerick, J. Yates, esq., to Miss Jennings, daughter of Capt. Jennings.

Died.] At Dublin, Gen. Holt; 80, L. Crosthwaite, esq.; Mrs. Jesse Magee, wife of R. Magee, esq.—At Waterford, J. Coghlan, esq.; B. Sweet, esq., of Ballinascarthy.—At Ranelagh, Sir R. Waller, bart.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th May to 19th June inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

May.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. P. M.10
20			56	63	47	29 63	29 85	73	63	SE	NE	Clo.	Fine	Fair
21		○	55	67	50	29 90	30 03	74	69	N	N	Fine	—	Fine
22			60	72	49	29 93	29 93	66	66	NNE	ENE	—	—	—
23			64	70	53	29 85	29 75	60	76	NE	NNW	—	—	—
24	53		57	66	52	29 70	29 66	76	87	WNW	NNE(va.)	Ovrcst.	Rain	Rain
25			54	59	53	29 57	29 52	87	90	N	NNE	S.Rain	—	Fair
26			58	62	54	29 55	29 66	82	80	E	E	Fair	Fair	Rain
27	15		60	66	52	29 68	29 75	77	84	ENE	ENE	Clo.	Show.	Fair
28			61	64	51	29 74	29 67	71	84	NNE	N	—	—	Rain
29			52	55	50	29 68	29 76	82	94	N	NNE	Rain	Rain	—
30	135		53	55	51	29 75	29 80	94	95	NW	NE	—	—	—
31			54	59	51	29 80	29 75	88	89	ENE	E	Ovrcst.	Fair	Clo.
June														
1			53	61	52	29 74	29 74	84	86	NE	NNE	Rain	—	Rain
2	56		53	56	49	29 75	29 85	90	84	NE	N	—	—	Fair
3			63	65	52	29 92	30 05	67	63	NW	NW	Fine	Fine	—
4			64	68	54	30 06	30 08	64	76	W	WNW	—	—	—
5			63	67	55	30 14	30 18	66	65	NNE	ESE	—	—	Fine
6			59	71	59	30 16	30 08	68	69	SE (var.)	NNW	—	—	Clo.
7			62	67	57	30 09	30 09	67	79	NW	NNE	—	—	Fair
8			63	69	55	30 10	30 05	66	64	NE	NNE	—	—	—
9			68	75	57	29 89	29 84	63	69	NE	NNE	—	—	—
10			62	74	56	29 83	29 90	67	76	ENE	N	—	—	—
11			63	74	60	29 94	30 02	73	75	NNE	SE	—	—	Fine
12			68	77	63	30 10	30 13	68	68	NE	SE	—	—	—
13			74	79	63	30 12	30 11	59	66	NW	W	—	—	—
14			69	80	63	30 11	30 08	67	66	W	W	—	—	—
15			72	78	55	30 02	29 95	60	62	W	NNW	—	—	—
16			64	68	55	30 15	30 12	55	60	N	SSW	—	Clo.	Clo.
17			66	73	62	30 24	30 15	60	64	NW	WNW	—	Fine	Fine
18			75	78	67	30 15	30 18	62	63	NW	N	—	—	—
19			73	75	59	30 24	30 30	64	67	E	SSE	Clo.	Fair	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of May was 2 Inch 35-100th of an inch.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of May to the 21st of June 1826.

May	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for Acct.
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	200	77⅞	77⅞ 8⅜	—	94½ ⅝	18½ ⅜	83¾ 4⅛	—	7 8p	8 9p	77⅞ 8⅜
23	201	77⅞ ⅜	78⅛ ⅝	84¼ ¾	94⅝ 95	18⅝	83⅞ 4⅛	234½ 5	7 8p	8 9p	78⅜ ¾
24	201 ½	77⅞ 8⅛	78¼ ⅞	84¾ 5	94¾ 5⅛	18⅜ ¾	84¼ ¾	234	7p	8 10p	78⅜ 9¼
25	201 2	78¼ ⅜	79 ¼	85½	95 ⅜	18¾ 13-16	84⅜ ⅞	235	—	8 9p	79¼ ½
26	—	78¼ ⅝	79½ ⅜	85⅞	95⅛ ½	18 13-16	84⅞ 5⅛	235 4½	7 8p	7 9p	79⅜ ⅞
27	202	78¼ ⅜	79 ½	84¾ 5	95⅜	18⅛ 15-16	—	—	7 8p	8 10p	79½ ¾
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	201 2	78¼ ½	79½ ¼	85⅛ 6	94⅝ 5⅛	18⅞ 13-16	84⅞ 5	—	6 7p	8 10p	79½ ⅝
31	201½ 2½	78¼ ½	79½ ¼	85¾	94¾ 5⅛	18⅞ 13-16	84¾ 5	237 8	6 7p	8 10p	79½ ¾
Jun											
1	201 2	78¾ ⅜	79½ ⅜	85⅜	94⅝ 5¼	18 13-16 ¾	84¾ 5	—	6 7p	8 10p	79⅝ 80
2	201½ 2¼	70⅞ 9⅜	—	86½	—	18⅞ 19	85⅜ ⅞	—	5 7p	8 9p	80⅛ ¾
3	201¼	78⅞ 9⅛	—	—	—	18 15-16 19	85⅜ ½	—	7 8p	8 10p	80⅛ ½
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	202¼	79⅛ ¼	—	—	—	18 15-16 19 1-16	85½ ⅜	—	8 9p	8 10p	80½ ½
6	—	79⅛ ⅜	—	85¾ 6¼	—	19	85⅜ ⅞	237¾ 8	8 9p	8 10p	80½ ⅝
7	201½	79¼ ½	—	86¾	—	19 1-16 ⅛	85¾ 6	—	9 10p	8 10p	80½ ⅞
8	—	79⅜ ⅜	—	86½	—	19 1-16 ⅛	85¾ ⅞	—	9p	8 10p	80⅝ ⅞
9	200 1	79⅛ ⅜	—	86⅜	—	19 1-16 ⅛	85⅜ ¾	—	9 11p	6 10p	80⅜ ⅝
10	200 1	78⅞ 9¼	—	—	—	19⅛	85½ ⅝	—	9p	6 8p	80⅛ ⅜
11	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
12	—	79⅛ ⅜	—	85⅝ ¾	—	19 1-16	—	—	6 8p	4 7p	80⅜ ⅝
13	199 200	78⅞ 9⅛	—	85⅜	—	19	85⅛ ½	—	6 7p	4 8p	80½ ⅜
14	199 200	79 ⅛	—	85⅜	—	18 15-16	85⅜ ⅝	—	8p	5 8p	80¼
15	199 200	79⅛ ¼	—	85⅞ 6	—	—	85½ ⅝	—	—	6 9p	80⅞ ½
16	201	79⅛ ⅜	—	86¼	—	19 1-16	85⅝ ¾	—	8 9p	8 9p	80½ ⅝
17	199½ 200½	79⅛ ¼	—	85¾	—	19 1-16	85½ ¾	—	9p	8 10p	80⅜
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	—	79⅜ ½	—	85¾ ⅞	—	19 1-16 ⅛	—	—	—	8 11p	80½ ⅜
20	—	79⅛ ¼	—	85⅞ 6¼	—	19 1-16	85¾ ¾	—	8 9p	8 11p	80¼ ¼
21	199½ 200½	79 ¼	—	86 ⅛	—	18⅞ 19 1-16	85½ ¾	—	9 10p	8 11p	79⅞ 80¼

E. Eyton, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill, and Lombard Street.

THE

MONTHLY MAGAZINE.

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DEBTORS.

Debtors—why talk of debtors? what new circumstances have arisen to demand attention at this particular time? None in kind, and none need there be, but enough in degree—the old oppressions and their accumulating aggravations are quite sufficient, at any period, to fix the thoughts of such as are not utterly indifferent to all that does not immediately touch themselves. But what more can be done than has been done? Have not debtors been separated from criminals, wherever the existing space admits of separation? Have not many of the prisons been enlarged, and are not the rest in a course of enlargement? Have not the insolvent acts been softened and softened till it is almost a farce to speak of their severity? And will not, at last, three months' imprisonment absolutely free the insolvent from his creditors? No: debtors are not every where separated from felons; the prisons are not every where enlarged, nor likely to be—nay, many of the debtor-prisons are private property, and fairly out of the reach of public control; the insolvent laws have not lost their character of severity, nor is three months' imprisonment a farce—no, nor is it an acquittal of the debtor's obligation. But what more can be done, unless you at once throw open the prison-doors, and leave the deluded creditor a helpless, unprotected prey to the swindling sharks that throng the metropolis?—Why, that is very much what we are going to propose; and as to the creditor, we are strongly inclined to believe that, left to himself, he would protect himself better than any law has ever done or can do.

Imprisonment for debt, then, it is which we denounce. Imprisonment is in its nature a penalty—the severest that can be inflicted, short of capital punishment—and reservable, therefore, for crime alone. But, say our opponents, who are always nice distinguishers, to confine for security is one thing, and to imprison for punishment another. What idle distinction is this! It is still confinement—it is still imprisonment; the fact is the same, be the object which it will; and imprisonment for debt is equally odious, oppressive, and inapplicable.

Is debt a crime or is it not? Why, a fraudulent debt is surely a crime. We are not inquiring about fraud but about debt. Is every debt a crime? Why that cannot be precisely said; but still it is not

easy to discriminate. The proof is so often solely in the breast of the debtor; he alone can tell whether, when he incurs a debt, he knows he has forthcoming resources, or probable grounds for believing himself able to repay at a given time. It is only by inference—partly by guess and partly by evidence, that we are able to distinguish between debt and fraud. But does the *law* make any distinction? Does the law inquire first into the fact? No; it imprisons forthwith—without inquiry either before or after—at the demand and will of the creditor—right or wrong; and here it is that we complain, and justly complain.

If the debt be a fraud, prosecute and punish it as a fraud; if it be a debt, a debt in the common acceptance and common apprehension of mankind, treat it as a debt and only as a debt. Well, but it is treated as a debt. A debt, if not a crime, is at least an injury; and for that injury imprisonment is inflicted—it is the remedy the law gives—the means of enforcing satisfaction—no more; as soon as that satisfaction is made, the imprisonment is at an end.

Then, we say, the means are iniquitous—the remedy is inappropriate, and the law should be changed. The imprisonment proceeds manifestly on the false supposition that debt must be a fraud, or, at least, that the debtor can pay and will not, and therefore must be compelled. But the truth is, nine times out of ten, the sole reason of non-payment is inability, not perverseness. Perverseness, indeed!—the thought is absurd. What mortal, with a grain of spirit, with a shade of right feeling, with any sense of independence, to say nothing of any sentiment of honour or justice, but shrinks from the insolent tone of a creditor? The man must be insane or an idiot who subjects himself to the impertinent, but just demand of a claim, which he has it in his power to prevent.

No; the appropriate remedy is not imprisonment of the person, but seizure of his property: but if there be no property—what, would you imprison where there really is no property? Recollect, we suppose the absence of fraud. Of what use will the imprisonment be? Where there is nothing, nothing can be had. Oh, but imprisonment, though it will not bring payment, will have a tendency to deter others. Then you treat it as a *crime;* and our question is, how a debt ought to be treated? We say, the seizure of the debtor's property is the appropriate remedy—the sole remedy; and where there is no property there can be no remedy—no reparation.

The debtor is able to pay, or he is not. If he be able to pay, the natural, the appropriate remedy, as we have said, is to attach his property. Of what use is the person? None, you allow, but to enforce payment. But if he be so disposed as to prefer arrest to payment, the probability must surely be, that he will prefer imprisonment to payment. Of what service then is the power of arrest? No, the right and unquestionable course is seizure of the goods; and the activity and acuteness of the law should be directed to render property of every kind easily accessible and promptly available. If the debtor be unable, which we insist is the general fact, of what use again is the person? None—none whatever to the creditor; but too probable ruin to the debtor. It is a case, where the creditor must submit to the inconveniencies attending his own imprudence. But the creditor may have no blame to charge himself with; his simplicity has been imposed upon; the debtor has made false representations. Very well, then it becomes a case of fraud; and let your laws be pointed to detect and punish that fraud.

We have said, nine cases out of ten, the debtor is really unable to pay; of this we feel sure from the nature of the thing, and something too from our own experience in the world; but we recollect a strong fact to the purpose. Within these three or four years, the debts of those who took the benefit of the insolvent act, in one year, amounted to more than a million, and the average dividend collected from the property was actually not quite one farthing in the pound.

Debt must be regarded as a crime, or not as a crime. It is not a crime—it has not the characteristics of a crime. There is no violence—no treachery. I cannot pay you now, but I shall be able by and bye: will you give me credit? The creditor is a consenting party. The debt cannot be incurred without his consent. But the debtor, by risking the chances of his own solvency, exposes the creditor to the chances of loss, which he has no right to do; and this it is which entitles him to so sharp and authoritative a remedy. Then make it illegal to incur a debt at all, and moreover to give credit. Do not punish one, where both are to blame. For the fact is, the creditor knowingly hazards the risk. The very taking of credit proves to him his debtor's present insolvency. If the debtor ventures to incur the debt on the belief of his future competency, the creditor ventures to incur the risk of loss on the belief that the debtor will be able and willing to repay him; it is strictly his own concern—a voluntary act, and he should be made to abide by the consequences of his own actions. No, say you, he gives credit under the protection of the law of arrest, by which he knows he can enforce payment. Then, if there were no law of arrest, he would not consent to the creation of the debt. No. Why then need he so vehemently oppose the abrogation of the law? He may be a law unto himself; he has the matter in his own hands, and can effectually secure himself by refusing to part with his property, except on prompt payment, or equivalent security. It is the shopkeeper, the dealer, the seller generally, who opposes;—why should he do this, when we see that he has a complete and peremptory remedy in his power? Oh, says he, if we do not give credit our neighbours will, and we shall thus be thrown entirely out of business; and that credit we cannot grant without the protection of the law of arrest. But if there be no law of arrest, your neighbours, who of course act on the same principle as yourself, will also refuse credit, and thus you will be again on equal terms. The truth is, these reasons are all empty pretences. Every dealer likes to give credit; he makes his advantage of it; he lays an equivalent, and more than an equivalent, charge upon his wares; he binds his customer to him, and thus secures a continuance of his custom. This is an advantage, he feels it to be so, and will by all means retain it; but the question is, is it one for which a nation is to legislate—is it one, in which the general interests of a people are concerned—is it one, for which an extraordinary power should be granted, destructive of the great charm of life, to be exercised at the will and caprice of the heedless, disappointed, or exasperated individual?

But not only is imprisonment oppressive and inapplicable, because debt is not a crime, the law which inflicts it is also defective in principle: it is partial in its application, and disproportionate in its effects. It is defective in principle, because the point at which it commences is perfectly arbitrary. It is not the nature of the offence, but the quantity which determines—a quantity measured by a nominal value, whose

real value is fluctuating with every change of the market. If it be just to imprison for twenty pounds, it is so for twenty pence. To one man twenty pence is as important as twenty pounds to another—all is relative. Yet, obvious as this is, ten pounds was—we know not how long—long enough to allow of great fluctuations in value—the minimum of arrest. That minimum was, some years ago, extended to fifteen pounds, under the pretence of augmented nominal prices, when, for that very reason, at that very time, thirty, or even forty pounds would have been nearer the mark. What justice or equity is this that arrests one man for fifteen pounds, and protects another, because the amount of debt is less by a shilling or two, though the injury done by the protected case be probably the greater? What saving virtue is there in this redeeming shilling or two? Inequalities like these are mockeries. Adhere to the letter of the law, and the debtor who owes fifteen pounds has hard measure meted to him, when he sees another escape, who is less guilty by a shilling or two; and the creditor equally so—particularly the creditor whose dealings are with small customers, who take care not to swell their debts to the prison-point, or whose petty circumstances necessarily keep them below it.

But of what use after all is this nominal limitation of which we are so apt to boast too—when the law allows of law-expenses going into the minimum—when it allows of law-expenses beginning at any point, so that a debt of any amount, however small, may, by process, be quickly brought up to the arrestable sum? Better far allow of arrest for the original debt, were it but a shilling, than studiously legislate to put money in the pockets of the lawyers, and make a bad case worse. What privilege and protection is this? Admit the principle of arrest, and imprison for debt without limitation, and let the law take its course forthwith; then, if a man owe five pounds, and be unable to pay, it is better surely for him to be arrested for that sum than be subjected to the glorious privilege of being harassed by successive and expensive processes, till the miserable five be tripled to fifteen, and then be imprisoned. It will not be disputed, we suppose, that five pounds are sooner paid than fifteen—fifteen did we say? the current of expense stops not there. He must pay for the final writ, four or five pounds more, out of which we know not how many persons must have a fingering; he must satisfy the bailiff, whose conscience—such is his 'dreadful trade'—is of course of a good stretching quality, and not only him, but his follower, who is no bashful imitator of his master; and not only these things, but he will have to pay, on his personal peril, fee upon fee on his entrance into prison—the gaoler and his deputies must live, and his fellow prisoners must regale to welcome his arrival, and all at his cost;—and not only this again, but he will have to purchase the common necessaries of life at exorbitant prices—mixed up all the while with the miserable, the degraded, the depraved—thrown out of his usual career of gaining his livelihood, of acquiring the means which would best enable him to discharge the original claim,—growing worse and worse every day, not only by this deprivation, but by extraordinary expenditure,—demoralizing rapidly by his forced associations with those, whom the tyranny of creditors is fitting fast for desperate wickedness; and finally, in addition to these oppressions, when by some lucky or legal chance he re-enters the world, he finds himself shunned and suspected, his wife and children beggars or paupers, cut off from

his former resources and wonted connections, and unable—and too probably now, at last, no longer solicitous to recover his ground.

And here, by the way, can we fail to recollect that the session of 1825 closed, and suffered the law, which elevated the minimum of arrest to fifteen pounds, to expire? Yes, and the old law of ten pounds, which had not been repealed, only suspended—only lay dormant it seems, was started again into life and activity by the prying and prowling attornies; and what was the effect? Ten thousand writs, it is said, were issued for sums between ten and fifteen pounds, to the surprise of the sufferers, and of course to their cost. But what matters it, it will be asked, if the ten pounds could quickly have been expanded to fifteen by legal expences? Oh yes, it does matter; because a debt of ten pounds could not be made fifteen without regular notice; it must actually be brought up to fifteen before you can enforce; but when it is actually fifteen, then you arrest without notice at all. Has the government ever dreamed of making compensation to those who suffered under this neglect of the law-officers of the crown? Had we been among the sufferers, we should have been strongly tempted to try an action of damages against the Attorney-General. When great numbers of the clergy, some years ago, subjected themselves to certain penalties for non-residence, we remember, the government stept in to shield them from the consequences of their own imprudence. But see, what it is—in this land of equality—where the law is the same for the rich and the poor—to belong to an order of some influence, and to be one of a class so worthless as to be liable to arrest for ten pounds!

But while we talk of the humanity of our laws, and triumphantly instance this precious protection of arrest under fifteen pounds—which we see is all hollow and delusive; there actually exist, on every side of us, courts of conscience, as they are piously called, which are not empowered to take cognizance of any debt but what is *below* forty shillings, and yet have authority to imprison. A case is recorded by Neild, of a man who was imprisoned for months for a debt of fourpence, which had been enlarged to seven or eight shillings by fees of court. Nay, scores of cases are occurring every month, if not equally ridiculous—not to say so savagely barbarous,—yet for sums so utterly insignificant as unhappily to awaken the incredulity of the uninformed rather than to rouse their horror. But look to the damning and conclusive fact, that within fifty years, forty thousand persons have been discharged for one hundred and twenty thousand pounds by that admirable little industrious society instituted for the relief of small debts—that is, EIGHT HUNDRED DEBTORS HAVE BEEN RESCUED FROM PRISON ANNUALLY FOR THE LAST FIFTY YEARS, AT THE RATE OF THREE POUNDS A HEAD.

Merciful heaven! is there a government upon earth, pretending to any intelligence, that can inflict such intolerable oppression—is there a people of any cultivation in any part of the globe, with power to speak its will by its representatives, that can calmly submit to such transcendant tyranny, that can dastardly sigh and suffer, and not stir a finger to shake off this hateful and disgusting badge of barbarism? And is this country England? England—that bruits so riotously of its love of liberty, that exults in the superiority of its liberal institutions, that boasts of its charter and its constitution, and glories in its writ of habeas,—when the astounding and galling truth is, that any miserable wretch who owes a few shillings, may, at the will and whim of his cre-

ditor—not the decision of a court of justice—be deprived of that blessed right—the right to breathe the open air of heaven, at the very moment when his superiors—the wealth and rank of the country, are triumphing in the distinction that Englishmen are in the possession of more freedom and independence than is shared by any other people in the world? How long did we insult over the poor-spirited French for wearing wooden-shoes, and submitting to *lettres-de-cachet;* while, with us, every creditor has the power, when he will, to exercise the privilege of the old Bourbon government, and issue his *own* private *lettre-de-cachet.* Truly, we are a nation of boasters, if ever there was such a nation upon earth. The Athenians were fools to us.

Thus far we have discussed the principle of the law of arrest: but not only is that principle defective; the law itself is partial in its application. It does not embrace the whole community. Some are completely and by special exception exempt, and others are placed under a set of regulations totally at variance with it. The trader, at least certain classes of traders, are placed under laws of their *own*—for, to be sure, they must have had the making of them. If a man deal in certain articles, and can get into debt to a certain amount—to an amount six or seven times beyond the common arrestable sum, the law—what? transports him? No. Imprisons him at least? No—protects him; protects his person; takes from him his property indeed, and distributes some of it among his creditors, but actually reserves a certain proportion, and generously replaces it in the hands of the bankrupt; and this not once, but twice or thrice, or as often as he finds dupes to trust, and himself unable to make good his engagements. Now what on earth is there to account for this distinction between the bankrupt and the common insolvent? Why is the one to be less rigidly dealt with than the other? But to complete the climax of absurdity—to exhibit the unsteady principle of the laws, or rather their utter want of principle and consistency, in the broadest manner, it is not *all* trading and trafficking that entitles you to this protection. No landlord, no farmer, no innkeeper, or schoolmaster, for sundry strange reasons, for which always '*vide*' Blackstone, can by possibility share in the favour.

And yet, with all this, there are people who resist every proposal for a revision of the laws, in the full conviction that they are all excellent, incomparable, unimprovable. Thanks to our better stars, the Secretary for the Home Department has, by some unknown process, come to think them somewhat susceptible of amendment; and the old opponents, of course, to a certain extent, give way to the authority, if not the intelligence of office; but their influence will still be strong enough to prevent any complete and enlightened reform. We shall have nothing but palliatives—nothing but half-and-half measures; no principle spreading through whole classes of offences, effective of real and rational equality—nothing that will decisively tend to simplify, fix and define,—to render justice steady—to reduce crime and the temptations to it—to check litigation, and cut down lawyers' fees—nothing of this sort is to be expected on this side the institution of political reform.

But not only does the law thus favour whole classes by placing them under peculiar protections; but there are others, not coming under these protections, who are expressly exempted from liability to arrest. No peer, no member of the House of Commons, no *lawyer* can be arrested. There is no imprisoning any of these persons for debt. In the name of common-sense and consistency, why? Oh the peer (Black-

stone again) is always counselling the crown; the member always levying taxation; the lawyer is "always in court, and before the eyes of the judges." And why not the parson, who is, of course, always in the church, or the physician who is always with his patients, or the sempstress, who is always at her needle? Precious reasons for an age of common-sense! Reform—oh, reform it altogether. Let the law for one, be the law for all.

Well, then, we have seen the punishment of imprisonment for debt is inappropriate; defective in principle; unjust in operation; partial, disproportionate, and we should add *gratuitous*, if it were not indisputable, that all oppressions which are the consequences of legal enactment, meant for the benefit of a whole community—and that is the only genuine object of a law—are gratuitous—uncalled-for, that is, by any general necessity; and, of course, ought to be removed by immediate repeal.

For the repeal, then, of the law of arrest, we call—absolutely. What without substituting any thing in its place? Not precisely so, since something, we suppose, must be conceded to existing prejudices: our remedy may be, where there is property, attachment of that property; but where there is none, impunity. Impunity? Yes; but then, observe, if there be no remedy, there is, what is better, a preventive, and that is the care and caution of the creditor. But is this a doctrine fit to be promulgated? What nation under the sun has ever lived without the penalty of slavery or of imprisonment for debt? None, that we know of; but that is of very small importance. We know all nations, ancient and modern, have exercised great cruelties against debtors, and done nothing to check the folly of creditors; and for that very reason we think a change desirable—at least worth trying. Severity never yet prevented crime; and severity in the form of imprisonment has not prevented debt, and will not; but we feel confident that impunity will do so, for no man will trust who has no longer the means of enforcing. The true remedy then is—to throw the creditor completely on his own resources.

But for the repeal of the law of arrest—substituting as much or as little as you will—we are urgent, not only because the law is oppressive, but because it is unnecessary; and for our own parts, if we consulted nothing but our own convictions, and could venture to judge of others by our own feelings, we would rest the grounds of repeal on the gratuitous mischief produced by the operation of this law—convinced as we are, that were the law of arrest completely withdrawn, even with nothing substituted in its stead, creditors could and would take care of themselves, particularly after such long and lengthened experience of the real inutility of the law—vastly more to their own interests, and if they could be supposed to think of others, to the interests of their customers too.

But we know the prejudices, particularly of men of business, are a little inflexible; still, though we think them, and many others beside them, inaccessible to reason and argument, inaccessible even to the appeal and force of facts, except by the slowest steps, we do not think them insensible to humanity—though we cannot readily get at their understandings, we can at their sympathies. The discussion of principles seems vague and shadowy, and what may be right or may be wrong, to those who are unaccustomed to weigh them; and make little

or no impression, at least none that will furnish motive enough to stir an inch in working a change. But talk to them distinctly and forcibly of substantial, tangible, practical evils—evils that are revolting to natural humanity, that plunge men from respectability into miseries—visiting embarrassment and misfortune with penalties, disastrous expenses, and mental agonies,—that demoralize the victims and pauperize the families of the victims,—and you gain a listening ear, and perchance an active friend, who will shake off his lethargy, and aid you in removing them.

If men would but take the pains to learn the real state of our prisons, if they would but themselves contemplate the actual condition of the prisoner, if they would but themselves visit those dens of infamy, the Fleet, the Bench, White-cross prison, or the Marshalsea, or any of the debtor-prisons in and about London, if they would but with their own eyes look upon the misery within them, convinced we are that more reluctance would be felt in casting a debtor into them, and more alacrity would be shewn in removing the obstacles that stand in the way of closing them for ever.

The broad fact stares us in the face, that the debtor-prisons are more miserable than our criminal-prisons. But why is this? Because, comparatively, the wants of the criminal are provided for; some care is taken to employ him; some attempts are made to reform him; while the wants and wishes of the debtor, mental, moral and corporal, are left very much to chance. The debtors are less under the protection of the magistrate; they are left more to their own government, and that government, as may be supposed, is of the most despotic description. Miserable alike, nothing but tyranny and violence can extort fine and obedience from the miserable. The law oppresses them without, and their fellows within. The law and its administrators evidently always go on the cruel supposition, that the debtor is a wilful one, a solvent, a refractory one, and no shield is held over him. He can, if he will, and therefore he must be tortured till he consents to open his purse-strings, and satisfy all demands, lawful and *legal*. If he will not pay a small sum, they will make him pay a larger. He shall not only acquit the debt, but shall pay the expense and trouble of enforcement. Every officer concerned shall be fed by him. If he will give trouble and cause expense, the rascal shall make satisfaction for it. The sheriff, the under-sheriff, the bailiff, his follower, the spunging-house, the gaoler, the turnkey, all shall conspire to plunder him. When he enters within the walls, he shall pay weekly for the space he stands or sleeps upon, and gain shall be wrung from him by the very bread he eats, though his wife and children stand round, suffering at the very moment from the extortion. The unhappy wretch is indeed the miserable object of extortion from beginning to end—we may say from the highest officer of the law to the very lowest. Why are lawyers so eager, in town and country, to get the appointment of under-sheriff? For the gain that is made by the office. Out of whose pockets? The debtors. Under-sheriffs of Middlesex, for instance, are said to have given £1,500 or £2,000 for the office. To whom? The sheriff, of course. And how do they indemnify themselves? Out of the pockets of the debtors. The office of secondary was, not many years ago, sold by public auction for £10,200. Then comes the sheriff's officer, who, in like manner, pays for his office, and must be repaid out of the pockets of the debtor. So of the inferior

officers—each one, in short, buys of his superior; and the luckless, the oppressed, the afflicted debtor, must be pay-all of the whole devouring series. Turn we to the debtor-gaols—to the Fleet—to the King's Bench: the emoluments, considerable as they are—in the Fleet, £3,000 or £4,000 a-year are plucked from them by fees, and as much, or more at the Bench—all are torn from the pockets of the exhausted debtor.

The truth is, the public, generally, know little or nothing of the real condition of the debtor, and of the oppressions to which he is subject—he is out of sight; if they did, we have too high an opinion of the humanity, if not of the justice of our countrymen, to believe that such enormities could survive another session—even of an unreformed Parliament. That Parliament has had committees, time after time, sitting, and reports of all the London prisons have been made, over and over again; all the iniquities, at least the principal, have been exhibited by willing and unwilling witnesses; but what has been the result? Nothing. The examinations are carefully recorded, regularly printed, duly presented, and habitually shelved—that is all. The evil is beyond their management, because they have never attempted any thing but alleviations and palliatives, partial remedies and petty reforms; they will not—they seem as if they dare not look to the principle, the origin, the object—dare not compare the result with the purpose—the end with the means; if they did, they would see that nothing short of a complete extirpation of the system would be productive of any real benefit; and, common humanity once roused within them, and once in activity, would impel them, with indignation and disgust, to sweep the debtor-laws from the statute-books.

Alarming as may seem to some this doctrine of ours, we have a firm conviction, that it would be productive of some of the happiest results that ever followed legislative measure, upon the domestic comforts of the nation. For what would follow this abolition of the law of arrest and imprisonment for debt? The stoppage of the credit system. And upon what source can you lay your finger and say, Here is a cause equally prolific of evil with this credit system? We defy the world to do it. How operates this precious sytem? Generally—we cannot now particularize—that people of all classes run into excesses—that money is spent before it is earned or received; that the income of next year is consumed this, instead of the income of last—that no reserves are thus made for contingencies, and when contingencies actually fall, they are without resources to meet them. Every class of life, from the capital to the base of society, injures and is injured; they prey and are preyed upon. They are driven to oblique courses, to shuffle, and contrive, and evade—to mortgage, to raise loans on disadvantageous and disgraceful terms. They are tempted by the facilities of credit, to purchase not what they can pay for, but what they can get credit for; not what they necessarily want, but what they ambitiously desire; not what once suited their proper station, but what their immediate superiors must have. The son sports, the wife dresses, the table sparkles with the wines of the South, and groans with the luxuries of the East and the West; servants swallow them up, and stewards lend what was once their own. Descending to the lines below, the scene scarcely varies; the professional man, the trader, the agent, all avail themselves of the same facilities; 'fly their kites,' and live beyond their actual and solid means, till we reach

the labourer—the victim of all above him—who has neither money nor credit.

We look upon the credit-system, in short, as the parent of more disorder, disturbance, and crime, than all the other causes of irregularity in society put together; and for much of the enormous, and we may add, alarming extent, to which it has been carried of late years, we may thank our prodigal and paper government. The spendthrift borrowings, the tricks and treacheries of the stocks, the extollings of credit, the vaunted achievements of financial dexterity, the wonders of sinking-funds, and miracles of compound interest—the advantages and glories of these things have been sung by the servile agents of power, and lauded in the tribunals of justice, till every man who confined himself to his real and substantial resources was brought to feel ashamed of his own contemptible timidity. Loans could be raised—loans, too, that were to liquidate themselves, and the expense come out of nobody's pocket. If a government could do thus, why not individuals? We shall find a time to trace this matter home; in the mean while—no arrest and no imprisonment for debt. Let creditors look to themselves, and not part with their goods without an equivalent. Then will they no longer need the stern protection of iron laws; then will vanish at once the anxieties of the creditor, and the heart-aches of the debtor; and lawyers and bailiffs, who, vampire-like, suck the life-blood of the miserable, go—*ad malam rem.*

MY LODGINGS: A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

I AM, whether for my sins or no I cannot exactly say, a single gentleman. For years I have been habituated to a rambling life—an Arab existence, that knows not to-day where it will be to-morrow, but takes circumstances as it finds them, and is ready for any part of the world in something less than ten minutes. For months past, however, this Bedouin disposition has evinced symptoms of what lawyers would call a settlement; I have become stationary like St. Paul's—fixed as Primrose-hill—a specimen of absolute immobility. Whether my reasons for such local adhesiveness are of native growth, or merely forced up, as it were, upon the hot-bed of eccentricity, the reader, when he has perused this veracious narrative, must himself judge. To begin with my lodgings: they are situated on the confines of civilization at Camberwell, and form the ground-floor of a house, exceedingly tall for its age, being only two years' old; containing three stories and a decent-sized garden, skirted by an unhappy-looking patch of mould, which a philanthropist might dignify as a meadow, but an agriculturist would baptize a nondescript. Beside this amphibious half-acre, and just at the extremity of the garden, stands an enormity *yclept* a summer-house, in which, on Sundays, my landlord and family regale themselves; the one smoking the leaves to death with tobacco; the other, more romantic, admiring the beauties of their domain; on which may be seen, at times, a stray porker, a duck or two, a dog, a cat, or the fore-quarters of a donkey (a neighbour of mine), as he peeps wistfully through an adjoining hedge at the thistles which luxuriate in this, to him, forbidden paradise. Thus

much for the scenery: the natives are equally characteristic. My landlady is a person who, having once been on intimate acquaintance with two hundred pounds a-year!—since defunct—considers herself a privileged grumbler, and has accordingly taken out a patent in the high court of hypochondriasm, much to the discomfiture of her husband and her children's respective physiognomies. Her tribulation, however, to do it justice, is of the genteelest cast; she speaks in a low mincing tone; treads her kitchen in the very spirit of pathos; and, save when in liquor (which the best of mortals must sometimes be), seldom or never swears. By swearing, I should say, that she rarely condemns her own or other people's eyes, souls, or limbs—these orthodox English anathemas are reserved for great occasions; but with respect to the lighter style of execration, such as "zounds!"—"jemini"—"jingo"—"odds-bobs"—"good gracious"—"my stars"—"my eyes!" &c.; by which the utterer would be understood as compromizing the matter with his conscience—all such verbal elegancies she luxuriates in to satiety. Her children, like herself, are peculiar; reserved and ragged, with faces the very title-page of tribulation, and a genius for affliction that I never yet saw equalled. As for the husband, he is like all other husbands, remarkable for nothing but a brace of legs like compasses, and a black head of hair, bearing in character and colour no faint resemblance to a shoe-brush.

The next in importance to this accomplished family—for, in lodgings (such are their lax opinions of religion), the nearer you approach to Heaven the more you are despised—is, I am told, myself, of whom I shall say nothing further, than that I am the sole occupant of the ground-floor. The second story is tenanted by a half-pay officer, at that peculiarly unpleasant age when a man is justified in thinking himself elderly, yet not altogether without excuse if he ape the dandy, and strive to make and consider himself acceptable to women. This gentleman is a lieutenant, somewhat bilious, but interesting, with an amazingly-old face, young figure, and half-military half slovenly *tout ensemble*. He is much given to talking about India, backbiting England, and "doing the amiable"—on Sundays especially, when he sports a joint and the gentleman—towards the ladies of our establishment. Above him, in one of the attics, vegetates a poet, "fat and pursy," but exceedingly good-natured. This genius, whose pastoral propensities are marvellously quickened by the meadow and summer-house above-mentioned, is a sad annoyance to the Lieutenant; for, being immediately over head, and addicted, moreover, to inspiration, he is always walking up and down the room; so that the soldier (albeit in time of peace) yet knows no interval of repose. There is also another cause of dissention between them: the poet, like most of his craft, is sadly given to borrowing—not money, for no one in his senses would think of lending it him—but simply such household articles as boot-jacks, razors, brushes, &c., with now and then a shirt or two, or, it may be, even a pair of inexpressibles. Now I need not tell you that, to an officer on half-pay, the peremptory return of such loans is indispensable; whereas on these points the minstrel is glaringly deficient, and kept a pair of the Lieutenant's boot-hooks so long in his possession, that when the man of war sent to have them returned, the borrower could no where find them; and he was in consequence compelled to put on his boots with two forks, the prongs of which, directed to the accident by his irritation, plunged full half an inch

deep in the calf of his left leg. With the exception of these trifles, the representatives of Mars and Apollo are both on good terms with each other; for the bard, being high in poetic favour with "La Belle Assemblée," and sometimes even contributing to the "Literary Gazette," is looked on by the warrior as a Chatterton, and brought forward to corroborate his hypothesis, that genius is too often neglected. For my own part, I should think more highly of his genius were it less periodical in its display; but, somehow or other, I am almost daily compelled to admire it, just ten minutes before dinner, when he "drops in," to use his own expression, merely to discuss a metaphysical point with me (in a coat out at the elbows) upon the merits of Donne, Cowley, and the poets of that school. This, you'll allow, is dreadful!

In the attic opposite the minstrel lives—I should say, lived—a most prepossessing Spanish lady, a widow, with her only daughter, Leonora—a pretty, simple little girl, aged sixteen, with tender pensive black eyes, shrouded by finely-pencilled dark lashes; an exquisitely-formed mouth, sylph-like figure, and voice the "most musical, most melancholy" I ever yet heard. This last family came to us about four months since, just at the time when Cadiz surrendered to Prince Hilt. Their gentleness, their melancholy, their subdued unobtrusive bearing, and, above all, a certain innate sense of decorum that characterized every thing they did or said, endeared them to the whole house, and convinced all who saw them that they had once known better days. At first they lived on a small pittance, which my landlady (an admirable politician) discovered was paid them weekly; but about a month after their arrival even this ceased, and they were then compelled to earn a subsistence by needle-work. It was a pleasant thing, I remember, and one that I can never recal without a sigh, to see Leonora, with all the elastic cheerfulness of youth and innocence, trip up and down stairs in the morning to prepare her mother's breakfast, and give me, as she passed my room-door towards the kitchen, the usual daily welcome. To all of us she had something pleasant to say (she could not, if she had tried, look otherwise than good-natured); yet, notwithstanding the cheerfulness thus excited by her presence, an impression, I know not why it was, at times came over us that she was not long for earth.

To people in the same situation with myself, I need not say that in lodgings—when once you are fairly housed—there is a sort of free-masonry established: such as the interchange of various kind offices, the loan of divers little household necessaries, together with those expressive courtesies, which keep up, as it were, a perpetual good-humour among the lodgers. At the same time, the strictest regulations with respect to rank are practised and enforced by the landlady. The aristocracy, for instance, or patrician portion of the house, are those who live on the ground floor (the furniture and internal economy of which are of superior character); the next in rank are the tenants of the first, then come those of the second story, and lastly, the natives of the attic, each of whom *sports* but one room, and is, consequently, in my landlady's phrase, "no gentleman." Leonora and her mother were both in this last predicament. Not that it mattered much whether they were "*gentlemen*" or no (indeed I am inclined to think they were not, from the circumstance of their being of the wrong sex), but that they must, as a matter of course, suffer the neglect attached o those who, instead of dwelling

on earth, live a mile or two up-stairs among the clouds. To obviate this annoyance, I took every opportunity of speaking of them to my landlady as foreigners of the first water—"probably princesses in disguise, Mrs. C—," quoth I, "and therefore it would be politic in you to treat them with the most scrupulous attention." This appeal was successful; and as the rest of the establishment, looking up to me as its head, shaped its opinions by mine, the widow and her daughter were treated with all suitable respect. And God knows, poor things, they had need of it, for, about six weeks after their arrival, the spirits of our favourite Leonora began to flag, her countenance became pale, her eyes lustreless, her voice low and desponding. At first we considered that she was merely suffering under the effects of an uncongenial climate—but soon our fears increased, for no visible cause appeared to countenance any such suspicions, so that it was only in the strange hopelessness of her look that we could guess at her probable malady. And that malady was love! Love in its most changless form—Love in its severest despotism--Love in that mad, overwhelming energy, which leaves its conquered victim no chance of repose but in the grave. The way we discovered our poor little girl's complaint was as follows: I had invited her mother and herself, together with the Lieutenant, to drink tea with me one evening, when the "Sun" newspaper happening to lie on the table, the soldier took it up, and, with the usual military instinct, turned to the Saturday's Gazette, where, among other army promotions, he read aloud the exchange of a certain Captain H—, of 2d Foot Guards, to a regiment which had just been ordered off for Ireland. This was enough for Leonora; she cast but one look—I shall never, never forget it;—one brief look of the most intense withering agony at her mother, and then clasping her hands upon her bosom, fell motionless to earth. The next day the widow, with tears and sobs, came down to give me an explanation of this scene, and to request (as her only friend) my advice. It seems that about a month before, Leonora was one evening crossing the Bird-cage Walk towards Chelsea, when just beside the barracks, a heavy shower came on, and a young officer, who happened to be passing at the time, politely offered her his umbrella; which, with all the unhesitating simplicity of her nature, she accepted. He, of course, walked beside her, and finding that she was a Spaniard, and having himself served in the Peninsular war, he addressed her unhesitatingly in her native tongue—in that language with which all her earliest and fondest recollections were associated. To shorten a somewhat trite story, he persuaded her to give him a second—third—fourth—and even a fifth meeting, until at last they were in the habit of seeing each other every evening;—happy, the one in her affections, the other in his anticipated triumph. The fastidious reader will here perhaps cry out, "the girl deserved her fate"—True, in a strict moral sense she did: but can no allowances be made for the unsuspecting simplicity of a young foreigner—for one whose sole knowledge of English life was drawn from the free vivacity of her own Spain? Let others think what they please upon the subject—to her it matters not, for the poor girl has been long since consigned to her last home, never more to feel the agony of marked neglect, or that dull slow withering of the heart, whose hopes die day by day, while its sensibility remains unblunted to the last. May heaven be more merciful to her than man!

On hearing these distressing circumstances, which, under a promise of strictest secrecy, the mother had wrung from her almost senseless child, I instantly recommended an application to Captain H—. It was, however, too late; he had set out a week before for Roscommon, so that all we could now do was to try and heal the stricken heart of his victim. Vain endeavour—she obstinately rejected consolation, and, with a sort of pettish tenacity, persisted in clinging to her grief as to the only friend she had left. Me she refused to see, for the recollection of her exposure had struck home to her heart, and she could never divest herself of a certain consciousness of disgrace attached to it. Sometimes I would knock gently at her room door, in the hopes of being perhaps admitted; but it was invariably opened by the mother, and a low faint voice, so faint that it scarcely even rose to a whisper, would at such times be heard, exclaiming, "Pray, mother, do not let Mr. D— enter: do not, I intreat, I implore you, mother." To such an appeal no answer could of course be made; so the wayward girl was left to her own childish fancies; nor did I see her from that very day until the memorable moment of her death. And that moment was fast approaching. For some weeks she had appeared a little to recover, but a cold caught by exposure to the night air brought on all the old symptoms, and in a few days gathered her to the unfortunate of past ages. To this hour I cannot recal her image, as I saw her for the last time seated upright in an old arm-chair, looking so pale, so melancholy, yet so beautiful and interesting, without a pang of acutest agony. I seem to feel that there is a gulph placed between me and the past, which memory perpetually, but in vain, is endeavouring to overleap.

To return. The day before her death, our poor girl sent me down a note, written in pencil with her own hand, in which she thanked me for all past kindness, implored me to forgive her reserve, and entreated that, if I ever thought of her, it would be with tenderness. This note I still retain. It is blotted, particularly towards the end, with tears, as if the writer felt conscious that she was affixing to it a name which in a short time would be forgotten. After death I was permitted once, and but once, to see her. She lay calm and happy, with her eyes and lips closed; while a faint smile still lingered like a glow of sunset on her face, and proved that her dying moments had been cheered by some recollections which not even death itself could efface. As her mother was unable to defray even the most ordinary funeral expenses, the Lieutenant, the poet, and myself (together with our landlady, who, to do her justice, behaved throughout with kindness), contributed our joint pittance, and bore poor Leonora to her long home, in Newington church-yard, where she now sleeps, about two yards off the main road—happy, if not in hope, at least in the absence of reflection.

Thus, gentle reader, have I introduced you to the domestic politics of "my lodgings." The word "my," by the way, is a misnomer—they are "mine" no longer, for I cannot support existence in a place from which, like the Jehabod of the Jews, the glory has for ever departed. Again, therefore, I set out a wanderer—happy, too happy, if I can meet with another Leonora; this, however, I cannot—dare not expect—it is enough to have met her once, and now that the reality is gone, to feed imagination on the remembrance.

THE MAN AND THE TIGER.

A Fable.

Exigua res est ipsa justitia. *Lat. Prov.*

In eastern climes, with prudent care,
The hunter laid his cunning snare;
For deep within a neighbouring wood
Lurked the fell tigress with her brood.
Caught in his toils, a common fate
The monster and her young await;
One only whelp, whose brilliant hide
With darker bars was richly dyed,
From death preserved, was nursed and tamed,
And from its native rage reclaimed.
Like to his kindred cat he'd pur,
And smooth with pliant paw his fur;
Like her he'd stretch before the fire,
And pounce on corks, with mimic ire;
And, innocent of blood, would play
With child or hound the livelong day.
Thus passed his early years, till age
Confirmed his strength, matured his rage;
Then murd'rous fury filled his breast,
And all the tiger stood confessed.
Sudden he seizes on his prize,
His master's son a victim lies.
The eager servants trembling fly,
With many a blow and many a cry,
And drive the felon from his prey,
Roaring his discontent away.
"Ah, wretch!" the master loud exclaimed,
"By every kind caress untamed,
Cursed be the hour in which I staid
The hunter's fell, uplifted blade.
Was it for this I spared thy blood,
Supplied thy youth with daily food?
But thou shalt die, though all too late,
Ingratitude shall meet its fate.
For though revenge should hold the knife,
Justice demands thy forfeit life."
"Fool!" quoth the tiger, "not to know,
By nature I was formed thy foe;
These fangs, these claws, by bounteous heav'n
For bloody purposes were given:
And, though seduced by human art
To play a tame and gentle part,
(Thou canst not alter nature's will)
I must remain a tiger still.
Nay, look at home—consider man,
His habits and his passions scan,
Say, can divine or human law
His fierce and restless bosom awe?
Religion, policy, are vain

The social compact to maintain;
For open war, and subtile snare,
Oppression, murder, theft, declare
(Howe'er by force or art depressed)
The lurking tiger in his breast.
Then hold your hand, and set me free,
Respect humanity in me."
"Yes," cried the master, "I admit
How much 'gainst heaven we commit;
But laws, though broken, are still strong
(Say what you will) to punish wrong;
And though the crime they can't prevent,
Right is maintained by punishment."
"Aye, there," the tiger quick replies,
"Again revealed before my eyes,
The savage stands, as fierce and rude,
Careless or ignorant of good,
As he in far Columbia's land
With scalp and tomohawk in hand.
Justice and laws are but a name
To veil in mystery your shame,
Not fiercer burns the thirst of blood,
In my fell brothers of the wood,
Than when the frequent senate meet,
Of crimes and punishments to treat.
Pride, avarice, rage, and sordid fear
Upon your judgment seats appear;
And justice is compelled to own
What selfishness has done alone.
Pale commerce, trembling o'er its gains,
Incessant calls for deadlier pains;
And luxury would almost dare
To hang the wretch who shoots a hare;
While stern finance is ever willing
To lose a man, and save a shilling:
As if society were meant
For nothing more than punishment!
Disguise the matter how you will,
Murder in form is murder still.
Between the man who braves the wheel,
The axe, the rope, some toy to steal,
And him who dooms that man to die,
And guards with blood his property,
The same relationship I see
As 'twixt that mangled boy and me;
The weaker falls by right divine,
Simply because the strong must dine.
Then, own the truth—e'en I must die,
Your own security to buy;
And when beneath your blade I bow,
'Tis fear, not justice, strikes the blow."

M.

THE LAST BOOK:

WITH A DISSERTATION ON LAST THINGS IN GENERAL.

"Books, dreams, are both a world."—*Wordsworth.*

Most men of letters—that is to say, most men who are in the habit of writing apologies and compliments—must have experienced, at least once in their epistolary lives, the unseasonable misfortune of breaking down on one of the smoothest roads of phraseology, at the very outset of a gracious communication. The "Dear Sir" that stands in elevated loneliness at the edge of one's paper, looking on the white expanse, is retouched and beautified three several times—the dot is put to the *i*, and perhaps some little terminating embellishment to the *r*, before the extreme regret or very ardent pleasure is turned to shape, and provided with a local habitation. Although not perpetrating a direct epistle to "My Dear Public" (to borrow the beautiful and affectionate language of the theatre), I find myself, on the threshold of my intention, in a situation similar to that above adverted to. I am embarrassed, like a new Lord Mayor, about the perpetuity of my title—that is, of my Last Book; for authors, as well as aldermen, are sometimes destined to forego their titles at the end of a season, and mutually surrender their pages to the rapacity of the next in advance. To say the truth, I anticipate a supplementary extinguisher to the light of this Last Book, a sort of *post-obit*, an after-dated appendix. The word "last," it is to be lamented, is not sufficiently final to preclude the emulative subsequency of all we leave behind: we cannot close the doors of language on the thousand little beginnings that tread on the heels of the safest conclusion. A term should be invented comprehensive enough to include those superlatively late comers that usually follow the last—the second edition of company expected to have arrived before, and the host of extraordinaries that have been detained by events. But, as words are at present, last things (so to speak) are generally the last things in the world that are last. Witness the thousand and one last times of the auctioneer, together with the several last appearances of Mrs. Siddons and others, and all the last representations of puff-needing farces and comedies. We will not stay to enumerate the many last poems, and last poems for some years, written by Byron; nor will we admit into the catalogue the last words of the celebrated Mr. Baxter, nor last speeches of any kind, nor the "Last of the Mohicans," nor the last lottery. The inadequacy of the word to include contingencies and possibilities must be sufficiently evident. An inquiry concerning the "Lay of the *Last* Minstrel" would probably produce an account of some just published "rhymes," written in very blank verse, accompanied by an anatomical description of a boarding-school Pegasus. Again, should we be unexplanatory enough to ask for a certain production by the equivocal title of "The Last Man," we might be called upon to answer the anomalous interrogatory—which of the Last Men—Mr. Campbell's prior and poetical candidate, or Mrs. Shelley's subsequent and sybilline one? In short, there is no getting at the last of our never-ending, still-beginning language; and however we individualize them, each of the above-mentioned last persons may pertinaciously insist, with the little philosopher of a certain lyrical ballad, "nay, we are seven." Nor will the "*positively* last," even when put in italics, set us forward (or backward rather) a single step: it is only opening

the door to a comparative and superlative. Since, therefore, no circumspection, no flexibility of terms can settle any thing as final but for the time being, I abstain from drawing out such phrases as the Last-of-all Book, or the Latest of the Last Books; it being clear to the least logical comprehension, that the lapse of one day might produce a Later-than-that-Book. Accordingly, without putting syllables to the rack, I leave the Last Book to engender its bibliographical posterity, merely soliciting for it the patronage of that extensive part of the community, the Last People in the World, who will doubtless place it among the many last things at present so popular. Having now, it is hoped, in a truly modern spirit, excited the requisite portion of curiosity, I proceed to disappoint expectation with an alacrity not to be surpassed by the Northern Novelist himself.

Whether the "balm of hurt minds, great nature's second course," having been ordered to lie on the table of the Long Parliament, had been served up to me by the hand of the Protector, it would be impolitic as well as ungrateful to determine. Quite certain it is that I had sauntered through some ninety-nine pages of the Last New Novel (though least *not* last!) when my eyes involuntarily and uncritically closed—only as I thought during the interval of turning over a page—and, on the instant, I found myself fifty fathoms deep in meditation upon the stupendous pyramid of paper and pasteboard that has been reared by the labours of a single pen. I thought upon the hours of fine phrenzy, the weeks of studious application—of the fever of spirit—the bubbling-up of the blood from the centre of sensation—the thirst of glory, and of bills payable at sight—that had been devoted to its erection. I then ventured a glance at the countless fingers that had been set in motion—the mouths and minds that had been fed and fascinated—the daughters that had got scolded, and the dinners that had got cold—the hearts set beating, and the curtains set fire to—through the agency of the same solitary goose-quill. On what a slight point, even on that of a feather, does the great world of literature perform its evolutions! These reflections occupied scarcely the sixtieth part of a second. The number of quarts of blood that pass through the human heart in an hour has been frequently calculated; the number of thoughts that flash through the brain in one moment, never. I proceeded to enumerate severally, on my mind's fingers, the eighty thousand greatest living authors, each "attended by the pleasures of the world," and a well bound retinue of fifty folio volumes. The estimate overpowered me; my senses were bewildered with black letter and marginal references. Through a vista of writers, all with pens more or less pointed, and all plumed, I descried the prolific hand of Hermes Trismegistus himself—he who is said to have composed (hear it, ye little essayists of a column) thirty-six thousand, five hundred and twenty-five books: I instinctively groaned for the reading public of his day.—Libraries, ancient and modern, stagnant as well as circulating, officiously crowded on my attention, and spread before me their contents and catalogues, darkening the summer sun. I was sailing "alone on a wide, wide sea," and every wave was a volume. The wide-leafed table before me seemed like an open folio; the houses on the opposite side of the street wore a literary aspect; every brick appeared a book—every tenement a library, to which you ascended by a flight of volumes. The white clouds were piled on the blue shelves of heaven, like a

million reams of paper. The very ivy that fringed my window seemed hot-pressed by the sun, and all the visible world awakened no other association than that of one vast Bookseller's shop.—The Long Parliament stood prorogued, Cromwell himself experienced an interregnum, and "Woodstock" fell to the ground. With it, also, the large folio table, the hot-pressed ivy, the reams of uncut cloud, the book-built domiciles —"all forms, all pressures past"—evanished into thin air. I lifted up my eyes, and looked—nay, leaped, over the stone walls of reality, and lo! a scene—which I will endeavour to describe to the reader under the title of

The Garden of Books.

It was situated in the centre of a vast and fruitful valley, planted with the shrubs and flowers of every clime and country, fertilized by streams formed of the clearest drops from every lake and torrent of the earth, from Helicon to the Thamis, and fanned by all the airs of heaven—the rich gale that brings perfume and music from the bowers of Araby and Persia, and the wild exulting breath that plays like the spirit of freedom round the summits of the Alps. On all sides the valley was surrounded by hills of various altitude and aspect; some "high and hard to climb," sprinkled here and there with poppies and poison-flowers—others (a few) ornamented with green and gentle pathways. These hills, I could readily conceive, were the High Places of Criticism, over which (as I afterwards learned from a very perspicuous pamphlet called the *Whole Nature of Dreams*) every volume was destined to take its course in its aerial passage to this the Library of Life. The air was so serene and transparent that it resembled a crystal curtain, through which the naked heaven looked upon the world. And there were sounds, the slightest echo of which was a note of music; and breezes that came panting from the red mouth of the rose; and colours, bright people of the sun, that might be regarded as little rainbow children, quivering and dancing over the calm face of the waters. It was as though the verses of a hundred *Lalla Rookhs* had been transformed, by some necromantic triumph, into audible and visible existences —as though the birds and blossoms that lay enclosed in the amber of poetry, had been suddenly animated and let loose upon the air. Every particle of the earth, every leaf that grew upon it, seemed instinct with the properties of the long-sought philosopher's stone; not an attribute of the spot but had been placed in the great crucible of nature, and had come forth a beauty and a blessing to all. There was a vividness of being that sparkled in the dullest pebble on the ground; the waters were clearer and the shores more green than any I had ever beheld; and the whole was canopied by a sky that might be said to have out-Italianed Italy. This tendency to excess will be immediately recognized as at once a detraction and a charm in the region of books.

Such was the garden wherein all the delightful poems, histories, narratives, dramas, sermons, ballads, tales fabulous and veritable, essays imaginative and demonstrative, that have occupied and elevated the mind of man for ages and ages, were gathered together in one common, or uncommon, family—exempted alike from damp and from dog's-ear—and breathing, with a vital breath, the freedom and harmony of natural life. Such was the Valley of Books, where every page bore the imprint of immortality, and sustained a separate principle of being. And is it wonderful that objects, which have so long lain on the altars of the soul,

should at length catch a spark of the etherial quality? Man, like another Prometheus, has informed them with the fire of genius: they have a motion and a voice—there is a meaning in their very margins: they administer to our wants; they bring us tears, and merriment, and invigorating thoughts; they refresh us with secret assurances, and attend on us in sickness and servitude. Is it surprising then that I should have beheld them, in a visionary hour, impregnate with the spirit of life; when I have deemed them, in cold and common moments, the embodied spirits of benevolence and wisdom? There are certain books which I regard as my oldest and dearest acquaintances—my physicians, my counsellors, my companions. A leaf or two torn from them would be as grey hairs plucked from the temples of a sage—as the rent mantle of Cæsar to the eyes of the weeping men of Rome. To me at least they are something more than machines.—And here were thousands upon thousands,—all that art, science, religion, ethics, natural and unnatural history—all that the industry of man, and the great mine of creation, could find or furnish matter for—were revelling in the "nectared sweets" of a new edition of life, leaping from bough to bough, or floating for ever on the air, like a million birds, with plumed leaves and outspread covers. Here were books, gleaming with an eternal beauty, for which the casket of Darius that Alexander reserved to enshrine the works of Homer were a vulgar depository—books that should find no meaner sanctuary than the heart of the disciple of genius. Nor can such books, though hidden and overgrown with the weeds of memory, lie torpid and unproductive; sooner or later they will communicate their virtues and wonders to the casket that encloses them: as the stone whereon Apollo was accustomed to lay his harp was found to yield at last the very notes of the instrument. These were the productions of men that, according to the poet, had "darkened nations when they died." In another place were clusters of volumes pregnant with a sweet but fatal knowledge, like the apples of old; others like the more modern one that fell upon the head of Newton—giving birth at once to a head-ache and a system—heavy with glorious omens; some like the golden one (these were poems) which Dignity and Wisdom and Beauty contended for on Ida; and not a few (to complete my plate of similies) like those that flourish in the Prophet's Paradise, from whose cores issue girls of such singular beauty, that at their pleasure all the waters of the earth would cease to be bitter. Many you might perceive, resembling the fairest and sweetest fruits, that concealed some hard problem at the centre, with nothing but a withered kernel to repay the effort of breaking it; others, that would seem to sting the very hand that wooed them, held honey enough within to mitigate the pains of life, and sweeten its tasteless draught. Here perhaps, under the shade of a luxuriant bough, appeared a book that had floated proudly upon the full tide of popularity, and had as strangely and suddenly gone down—

"As though a rose should shut and be a bud again"—

(to select one from the many beauties of a gifted but luckless writer, whose existence was—still in his own words—

———"Self-folding like a flower
That faints into itself at evening hour.")

In a word, there were volumes of every size and on every subject; some that emit a music even in the turning of a leaf, and some wherein a leaf that had escaped the knife would be a pretext for passing on to the next

chapter. Many there were whose pages resembled the leaves of the vine—others that emulated the melancholy grace of a cypress branch. Here you would see a book whose delicate and silvery characters had been traced in milk, which the warm gaze of enthusiasm would alone find legible; farther on, another whose bright but chilling sentences were stamped in snow. Anon came rustling on the air the production of a mind that deemed the rivers too shallow, and the hills too low, to perpetuate the history of thought; and immediately you would see a book whose author had taken a lily for his inkstand, and quickened his budding images with dew: you might have "kept it as a thing to pray by." One circumstance that peculiarly attracted my admiration was, that many volumes had so identified themselves with the subjects they discussed, as to have caught the lineaments of their ideal creations. Methought it was a touching sight to see the form of a *White Doe* wandering, in its patient mournfulness, through the mazes of a *Forest Sanctuary;* it was a pleasant one to behold the long-loved *Lady of the Lake* spell-bound by the impassioned strains of a *Troubadour*, that seemed to have borrowed a note from every bird of heaven, and blended them into one exquisite intonation of triumph and tenderness. And then you were suddenly brought where *Manfred*, charmed from his "mood of stern disdain," lay couched amid the *Pleasures of Hope*, yet wishing once more that he could be

> "The viewless spirit of a lovely sound,—
> * * * *
> A bodiless enjoyment, born and dying
> With the blest tone that made him!"

It was a sight equally stirring (to awaken recollection of a time no less golden than our own) to see the splendid imaginations of Sidney, Spenser, Marlow of the "mighty line,"—of honest Deckar and melancholy Ford—of Beaumont, Fletcher—Jonson the rare, and Shakspeare the gentle—embodied in a hundred volumes, making circles in the air, and wreathing the fine old pages of Chaucer, like "a band of children round a snow-white ram." Milton, on swift but steady wings, breathed his etherial air in solitude—displaying to the sun the tail of Juno's bird studded with its hundred eyes, to recompense him for the loss of his own. His themes consisted of alternate light and shadow—of divorce, and connubial perfectibility. The spirit of Andrew Marvell was there—and Robert Herrick, making a May-day of the long festive year. There too was "glorious John," shadowed from courtly contamination by the "Flower and the Leaf" of poetry. Pope, freed from prosaic deformity, lived in symmetrical lines. Chatterton, and Collins, and Percy Shelley, and Burns—poets of misfortune—were banqueting like bees in the summer-time. Many too there were, of a different tone and temper—Selden and Bacon—Steele, Addison and Burke;—and a thousand more, in as many languages, whose very names would make a splendid article—but whom I must pass by in silence, not even whispering an All Hail! to Petrarch or Boccaccio. The choicest of those I have named seemed to occupy the very centre, the "seventh heaven" of the garden: for, it should be observed, there were various degrees of warmth and fragrance in the atmosphere, according to the good or evil done by the several orders of books. Many indeed never entered the garden at all, but were seen to hover about the banks of two rivers that gushed from the Hills of Criticism and encircled the

valley. These rivers, I was informed by a work on the Heathen Mythology, were the last waters of Lethe and Styx. The truth of this was presently confirmed; for several volumes that came fluttering down the hills, and with difficulty contended against the drowsy vapours of the first of these rivers, dipped their covers in the latter and were saved. These books, which were not of the purest kind, retained some of their mischievous propensities: as you mused beneath a tree they would suddenly drop from a bough, with some violence, upon your head—which I understood to be an exemplification of the undue impression they had made in the other world. A vast number, however, faint with the loss of blood, which had been taken to enrich the soil of Criticism, fell after a faint struggle, into the bosom of Lethe—others dropped at once, without advertisement or epitaph. Many an ill-fated volume—depending perhaps too entirely on a simple and antique pathos, on its power to draw tears, not making allowance for the new-invented water-proof hearts—perished thus in silence—

> "Ere it could spread its sweet leaves to the air,
> Or dedicate its beauty to the sun."

This is but a faint sketch of the Garden of Books; I must, however, hasten to incident. As I stood, like Gulliver, admiring the beauty of a band of Lilliputian volumes, I suddenly beheld advancing from the hills on every side, with the profusion and rapidity of hail, what on a nearer view I discovered to be nothing less than a shower of books—every particle of which seemed pregnant with tidings and discoveries. An intense sensation diffused itself through the whole valley; and every frontispiece gave sign of a strange and inward perturbation. The cause was soon developed. A decree (it was said) had passed the great seal of Destiny, that the Genius of Book-making should be banished for ever from the face of the earth, and that any volume found thereon after a certain period should suffer annihilation. Of books remarkable for what is called dry reading, it was proposed to make a fire large enough to thaw a passage to the North Pole; of those found to be of an inflammatory nature it was suggested that, by dropping them into the Atlantic at equal distances, a bridge might be formed, for the accommodation of gentlemen flying from the strong leg of the law. In this state of things, *sauve qui peut* became the only cry, and every printed sheet took flight to secure an immortality in the Garden of Books: the greater number, however, fell unlamented into Lethe.

The shock sustained in the world was as that of an earthquake: methought I could hear, at that immense distance, the groans of compositors, the despair of authors whose fame was yet in manuscript, and the phrenzied discussions of editors and publishers. Of these each appeared anxious to rescue some favourite volume from perdition. Mr. M— begged hard for a particular number of the *Quarterly Review*; Mr. C— for a copy of "his Lordship's last novel." Dr. S— delivered in two petitions—one for the salvation of the *Book of the Church*, and the other for the destruction of the first number of *The Liberal*. It was hinted, moreover, in the *John Bull* that a few copies of *Sayings and Doings* should be reserved for the King's own closet, in case his Majesty should be inclined to honour that work with a seventeenth perusal. A corresponding anxiety was evinced, in the Valley of Volumes, by several books that had been favourites of their masters while on earth. *Lalla Rookh* went sparkling through the garden, murmuring a verse which

I well knew, but which had evidently adapted itself to circumstances; it ran thus:—

> "Oh! if there be on that earthly sphere
> A boon to debtor and creditor dear,
> 'Tis the last sure bill which an author draws
> On the firm that bleeds and breaks in his cause."

Meanwhile my dream varied, and a point of contention seemed to arise among all ranks of authors. The order of fate being irrevocable, and sentence having been passed on every library, it was rumoured that one volume would be set apart as a final victim, and thus each writer claimed for himself the privilege of naming the Last Book. Many were the hands held up, and many the candidates proposed; the Book of Martyrs, a Law-list, a banker's cheque-book, and the Complete Housekeeper, were severally nominated and negatived; when suddenly, to my great surprise, the shouts and lamentings subsided, the number of pamphlets and periodicals that flitted across the mountains visibly diminished, and the immortal tenants of the valley shook their leaves in the sun, and gladdened the air with music, as though nothing had happened. From a stray volume of the *Tatler* I ventured to beg a solution of the mystery. "Would heart of man once think it?" My pen trembles to its feathery tip, lest its verity be suspected. The Genius of Book-making, so far from being deposed, was in excellent health and spirits, and flourishing proudlier than ever. In short, the predicted extermination of the tribe of books was neither more nor less than a *ruse*, practised by a committee of booksellers on the Author of *Waverley* (they believe any thing in Scotland), with intent, &c. to make him write faster, and to alarm him into an abatement of the odd shillings in the—how many thousand guineas? mentioned as the price of his next quire of foolscap. Men will

> "Make flexible the knees of knotted oaks,"

to attain a desired end. Whether the plan succeeded or not it was no part of my purpose to inquire.

I was also unspeakably mortified to find that the Last Book—for the altar of which imagination had reserved her choicest images—the paper whereof was compounded of the robes and winding-sheet of genius, the ink drawn from the eyes and hearts of the enlightened, while the types were as the teeth of famished men—I was grieved to find that this Last Book was no other than a vapid tale of modern fashionable life, that had been advertised, in one of those paragraphs that float on the surface of the daily press, as "The *Last Book* published by —— during the present season!" My indignation at this discovery broke the spell, and I was driven for ever from the Garden of Books; but not before I had taken an inventory of every volume I had seen there, with an epitome of the examinations they had severally passed at the Gate of Immortality.

B.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF HOPE.

> Things may be well to seem
> That are not well to be!
> And thus hath Fancy's truest dream
> Been realized to me.
> We deem the distant tide
> A blue and solid ground;
> We journey to the green hill's side—
> And thorns are only found.

Is Hope then ever so?
  Or is it as a tree,
Whereon fresh leaves unwater'd grow
  For those that faded be?
Sure Hope can never sink,
  But phœnix-like to rise;
Nor was it meant to fade and shrink
  From philosophic eyes.
For some have built of glass
  Their ever-during halls,
And some are crush'd beneath a mass
  Of marble-pillar'd walls.
And who may hope to sail
  From peril and from snare,
When earth beneath the foot may fail,
  And bolts are in the air?
But Hope the storm can quell
  With a soft and happy tune,
Or hang December's frosty cell
  With figures caught from June.
For as the shepherd sends
  Sweet tunings to his flock,
And evermore their progress tends
  Along the winding rock;—
So cheerful watcheth Hope,
  In sunshine and in rain;
So guides us o'er a weary slope
  To brooks upon the plain.
Then wherefore should the sage
  Reward it with a sneer,
Since still upon his splendid page
  It takes no blot from fear?
And even unto me,
  Whose hope hath turned to scorn,
There comes an impulse from the sea,
  A promise from the morn.
When summer shadows break,
  And gentle winds rejoice,
From mountain rude—from placid lake,
  There comes a constant voice.
With a hope and with a pride
  Its music woke of old;
And every feeling then replied,
  In tales as fondly told.
Now illusion aids no more
  The poetry of youth;
Yet still, its fabled sweetness o'er,
  It leaves a pensive truth:—
That tears the sight obscure,
  That sounds the ear betray,
That nothing ever can allure
  The heart to go astray!
Then, Nature, steer me on—
  Thy spirit for my chart;
And be my hope secured upon
  A firm and open heart.
And let me, unendowed,
  Peruse thy simple line,
And boast, amid a city's crowd,
  My theories are Thine!

S.L.B.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. V.

Painters—Painting. (Concluded.)

Jarvis—An Englishman by birth, who went over to America, with no more idea of becoming a portrait painter than you have now, my dear P., of becoming a bishop; but being rather hard pushed, and having a notion, from a little that he saw one day of coach-painting, that he could manage to make a face if he were paid for it, he began the experiment, succeeded very well, and after some twenty or thirty years' practice in the art, has come to be one of the first portrait-painters alive. I know of no man who seizes a particular sort of character—that of a brother droll, for instance, or a decided humorist—so well as Jarvis. I would not have you understand that he is low, or that he is given to caricature. No such thing—I only mean to say, that when he meets with a fine fellow, as fond of joke, or as much given to oddity, serious or profane, as he himself is, that you will be sure to find such a portrait as few men alive could produce. Let me give you an idea of Mr. J. by two or three little anecdotes; they will show his character, not only as a man, but as a painter of other men—*his* character I say, for you see a dash of himself in whatever he does; and show it, I believe, much better than pages of description would. He tells a story better than any man alive (so far as I know)—not excepting Mathews himself, who is indebted to him for a large part of his North American tales, and for the best of the whole, "Uncle Ben;" he is full of humour, brimful of it, and for ever on the stretch after it. So much for his temper; now for the anecdotes.

A dignitary of the church was sitting to him one day; and having heard, perhaps, that our painter was not remarkable for orthodoxy, he beset him repeatedly on the subject of religion. But Jarvis, who had begun to work at the forehead only, and was far enough from the lower part of the face, contrived to escape from every attack, by dropping the pencil as if he were at work about the lips, whenever the Bishop spoke,* and begging him to shut his mouth. For example: The Bishop would say—"What do you think of such and such a matter, Mr. Jarvis?" "Shut your mouth," Jarvis would reply, dropping the brush to the lower part of the visage, as he spoke. In this way he baffled the Bishop, who it afterwards appeared had undertaken to see whether Mr. J. was, or was not a believer.

On some other occasion—he invited a gentleman to dine with him—a gentleman, of whose temper I know nothing, but I dare say that he was addicted to Byron, blank verse, raw beef-steak, the night-mare, tragedy, or something as bad—for when the cloth, a huge white cloth, like a winding sheet, was removed, the gentleman saw before him a human head in a charger—boiled.

But enough—Mr. Jarvis I regard as a chief among portrait-painters; and I knew of nothing more delightful or encouraging to the youthful and ambitious, than a peep at the *inside* character of an artist, who began such a glorious career, of his own head, by imitating coach-painters.

* There are two (if no more) Protestant Bishops in America; and one Archbishop, a Catholic.—*X. Y. Z.*

Harding (a "Na-tive," who is with you now) is another of these men—I shall give you a sketch of him before I get through; and Sully—(Th. Sully) of whom I spoke in my last—another. Sully was thought a very stupid boy. He began his career with a relation who manufactured miniatures; but having stumbled upon a bit of oil-work by Angelica Kauffman, he threw up the trade of dotting ivory, and took to oil. He would sit all day long, and half the night, in a miserable garret, where, to keep his feet from freezing, he was obliged to wrap a blanket about them (not being able to afford fire), and was really so ignorant of the very art, for the practice of which he is now so distinguished, when he threw up miniature painting, that he began his first work in oil with a *drying oil* on *tin*—or perhaps with sweet oil; for it was quite a discovery to him when he met with linseed oil. By the way, I must give you another anecdote of him, which, so little did he know his own worth, long after he had begun to work for a livelihood, might have been made fatal to his self-confidence for ever, if it had been persisted in. Cooper, the tragedian—(an actor, by-the-by, whom you ought *now* to have on your boards—for you have no equal, in several characters, and no superior in a multitude more. His Virginius, for example—though utterly unlike the Virginius of your Macready, is quite of a piece with it)—Well, Cooper is a great friend of Sully's, and is the individual to whom Sully was indebted, when he began his career, for that which has made him what he is. Mr. C. had contrived to establish Mr. S. at New York, where Mr. C. was a sort of pacha. One day Mr. C. (he is full of such tricks) stepped into Sully's room, where he found his *protegé*, Mr. S., occupied with a portrait. "How do you like it?" said Sully, with a timid look. "Very much, very—but—" "But what, pray," said poor Sully, who began to be terrified. "Why—to tell you the truth, my dear friend, it appears to me to be a little green."—"Green!"—"Yes, green." "Why—God bless you," said Sully (examining his pallet, with great anxiety), "there's not a bit of green on my pallet—nor can I," (glancing at the picture), "nor can I perceive any there."—"Oh! it is my mistake, I dare say," said Cooper; "don't give yourself any trouble about it. You are a painter: I am not—and I only spoke at random." After some little chat, Mr. C. went away; but as he was leaving the door, another actor came up, who was going to see Sully. "I say, Dick," said Mr. C., "you are going to see Sully?"—"Yes."—"You will find him at work on a portrait; I wish you would contrive to say, while you are looking at it, that it looks a little greenish, will you?"—"Why so?"—"No matter; just do as I desire, there's a good fellow; just ask him, in a serious way, if it doesn't appear to him a little greenish, and then I would have you clear out, and leave the rest to me." It was done—Sully was "done up." He examined his pallet again; every particle of colour: every part of the canvas; every pencil—and had already begun to doubt whether he had an eye for colour, when a third person called in, who, after looking at the picture for a moment or two, said, "Well—I never did see such a complexion before; did you, Sully?"—"Such a complexion—how—" said poor S., ready to drop through the floor. "Why—I do not know," said the stranger, who had also been put up to the joke by Mr. C.; "only—it appears to me a little—a—a—somehow, I don't know how; something is the matter with my eyes, I dare say, but it really looks to me green." This was too much: Sully caught up a brush, and was about to settle the question for ever, by dashing it over the work, when Mr. C. caught his arm. A hearty laugh, and a hearty

explanation followed; but, severe as the joke was, it did the painter a deal of good, for it encouraged him to rely more upon himself and less upon others.

PEALE, Rembrandt—a *Pennsylvanian.*—There are five or six Peales here, every one of whom is an artist in some way or other; but this Peale is the chief. There is "old Mr. Peale," the founder of the Philadelphia Museum, who from being a saddler by trade, before he left England for America, took to portrait-painting, and pursued it some fifty or sixty years. He is yet alive, and one of the best men that God ever made, though he *will* paint portraits with a chisel, marry a fifth or sixth wife every few years, and outlive all the rest of the world. Then you have James Peale (*brother* of "old Mr. Peale"), a miniature painter of days that are gone by: Raphael Peale, *son* of "old Mr. Peale," a very good painter of still life; Titian, another *son*, quite remarkable for the beauty and accuracy of his drawings in natural history;* Anna Peale (a *niece*), a very good miniature-painter; and Sarah Peale, another *niece*, a very good portrait-painter—remarkably good, I might say, considering her sex, age, and opportunity. But, as I have said before, the chief is Rembrandt Peale (he, too, is a *son* of "old Mr. Peale"), a portrait and historical painter, who has wrought wonders in the art, his advantages considered—or disadvantages rather; for he has had no advantages to keep his heart alive since he took the field. He is a devotee,† and is remarkable for the dignity and sublimity of his heads—for not being able to draw, except on canvass—for unheard-of courage in historical painting, and for qualities which, at some period or other, must make his country proud of him. N. B. He is one of the few painters who have wit enough to alter with a *dry brush*, when people are dissatisfied without reason.

LESLIE, Charles, R.A.—I need not say much of Mr. L., for is there a soul in Great Britain who has not heard his merits talked of (without an allusion to his faults, whatever they may be) till a stranger would have thought Mr. L. a patron for the age, and all the critics dependent upon him for their daily bread? I shall not soon forget his *Anne Page*—nor the fuss that people made about his *Sancho before the Duchess:* for, beautiful as both were, I was disappointed in both, because of the uproar that had been made by the newspaper people. His *Anne Page* I like much better than I do the *Sancho before the Duchess*, although I find nobody to agree with me, and although it (Anne Page, I mean) is too much after Wilkie's *Highlander* (in colouring, I mean), which was hung up near it; and being seen a few yards off would have passed for the colouring of the same hand. Leslie's colouring has no smokiness or stringiness, and Wilkie's had both; and their pencilling is about as much unlike as any two modes of workmanship could well be; and yet, so alike were the two pictures in general treatment, so obviously alike when hung up together and viewed from a little distance, that I could not help charging Leslie with borrowing *a few*. Mr. L. is a sort of genteel-comedy painter—not very unlike Geoffry Crayon, as Geoffry appears in the Sketch Book, not as he appears in the broad rich humour and bold caricature of Knicherbocker. Mr. L. is the Geoffry of the brush only

* In a late work, "Say's American Insects," a work which I hope will be known to British Naturalists, Mr. T. Peale's name appears to a large part of the specimens. The work is just published at Philadelphia.—*A. B. C.*

† A devotee to his art, I mean.—*A. B. C.*

in matters of well-bred pleasantry. He should not have meddled with Cervantes—other people may say what they like, but I say that Mr. L. is much too well-bred, much too refined, and much too "Ladylilicraft-ish" for Cervantes. His portraits are very beautiful—and therefore it is, that when he escapes into history he must make portraits or nothing. But as he cannot hope to find portraits for such cattle as Don Quixote and Sancho Panza, he, according to my thought, cannot hope to give their humour as it should be given; such is my idea. Look at the Lady Duchess that people talk so much about. Is there any sort of character in the face—any sort of expression? I say there is not; I say it is only a portrait—a fine, still portrait; a good one, to be sure, but only a portrait after all. To me she tells no part of the story: she neither appears to enjoy the joke, nor to understand it. Look at the face of Sancho—what a job for Leslie! It was too much for him—no, I should not say that; for Leslie and Sancho are not of the same breed and *never will be;* I should rather say it was *below* Leslie, for so it was. L. wants breadth of humour, but he has no lack of wit, archness, and roguery. He knew this, or if he did not know it, he felt it, and so he put Sancho's head in profile,* a downright evasion of the catastrophe; the fore-finger on the nose, too—the low trick of a low comedian, whose humour lurks in his fingers, who believes that gesticulation is drollery. If a head of Sancho were to be done by Hogarth or Wilkie, would they retreat into profile, think you—in profile and shadow; or would they give expression to a face like that of *the* Squire, by stretching the fore-finger alongside o' the nose? The Negro girl—her visage of genuine breadth is admirable. It is worth all the rest of the picture, which for elaborate finish, drawing, and beauty of arrangement, is indeed a masterpiece.†

Newton,—also with you, and coupled with Leslie in almost every *critique* of the day; God knows why—for no two persons were ever more unlike: Mr. N. being a very indolent, rash, gifted, and showy painter, quite remarkable for genius, hurry, and flourish; while Mr. L. is remarkable for severe finish, labour, study, and detail. Mr. N. is called a "*laborious, tolerable* painter—a shadow of Leslie," by one of your critics:‡ what can be more absurd! I would sooner call him a lazy, in-tolerable painter. The critic says, moreover, that Mr. N. has done his best already. It may be so, and I much fear it is so; for Mr. N. being very ambitious, and lacking true industry, began to talk in his beautiful art before he had begun to reflect; began to compose extempore before he had mastered the alphabet. In other words, he began to publish pictures before he was able to draw a hand or a foot. Speaking of feet, I remember a pair by him, which he is never tired of playing with and repeating; they are those of a girl, sitting with one foot over the other. One would suppose, from the resolute pertinacity with which he sticks to that particular pair of feet, that he never intended to try another pair—never hoped to get above them. N.B.—a pair of hands are the same. His portrait of Sir Walter Scott is one of the best things of our age—So I say. I never saw Sir

* In the last *Sancho*, he has hidden the face entirely, and only shewn the left eye. But such a left eye! it is worth a whole face forty times over, unless the whole face were equal to that one eye.—*X. Y. Z.*

† It is not generally known, perhaps, that Leslie was born in London (of American parents), and that he has lived here the greater part of his life.—*X. Y. Z.*

‡ In the European Magazine, N.S. No. I.

W. S., but I'd swear to the likeness now—swear *to* it, even while others were swearing at it.*

VANDERLYN—a noble artist in the historical department; half spoilt by the French school, in which he studied some years ago and acquired a considerable reputation—that workshop of marble painting or painted marble—of coloured statuary—of dramatic sculpture (of actors in marble, I mean); of all things that men should avoid, *except in drawing*. Mr. V. was born (I believe) in *New York*.

MORSE—a young man of great vigour in portraits, and celebrated for his free, firm handling. If he were encouraged, he would make a figure in historical painting. He was born in *Massachusetts*, and got a prize or two in the Royal Academy some years ago. He is now "*located*" here (in New York) "He shewed me the beginning he had made of La Fayette," says a brother artist in a letter to me, on the subject of painting here. "It is a striking resemblance, and he will be liberally paid—1000 *dolls*. (200 guineas) is the price the corporation have agreed to pay." You see, my dear P., that *na-tive* artists here will soon have the reward which men covet—and covet, not so much because they require it for their support, as because it proves how they and their art are estimated. I speak of a good price—the true reward, after all, for your man of genius. But my friend proceeds in the following strain: "Morse is designed to shed light and honour on his profession; to the ability of a clever artist he joins the manners, feeling, and accomplishments of a gentleman. He has been appointed by the Athenæum of New York to give a series of lectures on painting, and he is now preparing himself for the work." He was a pupil of the late President West.

SULLY, Robert;—a mere boy, but a boy of superior genius, nephew of Mr. T. Sully. He was born in *Virginia* (you observe that almost every state of the Union has produced a good painter now). If he should live ten years, and work as hard as he did when I left him in London, he will assuredly be in the foremost rank of his profession. He is full of poetry—but so full, that you cannot depend upon his work. It may be very fine—it *may* be execrable. His portrait of Mr. Beloe (Secretary of your British Institution), and his portrait of Mr. Northcote, are wonderful pictures for a youth like him.—Mr. Northcote says that he has never been so well painted before, and that he never shall sit again, except for Mr. R. S., who intending the original for the academy at Philadelphia, wishes to make a copy before it goes, and finish it from life. Stop—I have given you two or three anecdotes already: let me give you another, which I would not overlook for my little finger. I have it from the best authority—out of his own mouth. Such things are delightful and ought to be preserved, even though it be in this way, by the head and ears.—Mr. R. S. was employed to paint a portrait for a man, who when it was done, declared himself delighted with every part of the picture, save and except one shoulder of the coat, which did not fit smoothly—I beg his pardon, wasn't a "good fit.'—"Excuse me, Sir," said he—"I never shall forget the mortification I felt on going to the Somerset House exhibition some years ago. The first picture that I saw was a picture of His Royal Highness the Duke of Gloucester, by Sir

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* It may be encouraging for the youthful to know that Leslie's pictures were rejected three years running at Somerset House, and that Newton's were rejected two years running. So I hear.—*A.B.C.*

Mr. N. was born a British subject (in British America).—*X. Y. Z.*

Wm. Beechey. It was a capital likeness—capital—never saw a better; but, Sir, would you believe it? There was a wrinkle in the coat, Sir—just here, Sir—just under the collar—I could not take my eyes off it, Sir, a perfect eye-sore—I would rather have given twenty guineas than see it in such a state"—"Ah," said Sully, "ah—why so?"—"Why, Sir, every body would naturally ask, who made that coat?"—"Well, and what then?"—"Why Sir—I made that coat."—"You!"—"Yes—I!—I made that very coat, Sir."

West, William—(no relation of the late president West, nor of the Irish president West); a *native Kentuckean*, who, after acquiring a snug fortune by making portraits in America, started off to Italy, where he studied six years with an ardour worthy of his art. He is now with you at London, I suppose. You have heard of his portrait of Lord Byron—it is rather chalky, not to be compared with some of W.'s late pictures, and rather meagre; but, nevertheless, a capital and striking picture—and the best likeness, beyond all comparison, that ever has been painted or made of Lord B.—Guiccioli, Byron himself, Lady C. Lamb, Brunan, Hobhouse, Capt. Medwin—every body—all agree that it is not only the best, but the only portrait of Byron (who never sat afterwards for a *picture*). Mr. W. was offered six hundred guineas for the portrait in Paris; but, aware of its value to him if he chose to make a copy now and then, he refused the offer, and has since made a few copies—two or three, I believe, not more, to oblige a friend or two—for, like every other man of true genius, he hates copying. It is to be engraved, I hear; and I am told that an engraving is under way at Paris. Be on your guard; for I happen to know that Mr. W. has never permitted one to be finished from it, although he intends to have one, by some artist of determined celebrity at London. Mr. W. is chalky and cold, in a few of his late pictures; but I have seen others which make me feel sure of his being all that he would wish to be, in portrait and history, when he has got rid altogether of the French and modern Italian habits, acquired by him lately. He is getting rid of them every day now; and was getting more and more reconciled to the English school every hour, when I saw him last.

Harding, Chester,—a *Massachusetts man*:* a most powerful head maker, distinguished for solidity and great resemblance in his portraits. He has improved wonderfully by his trip to London, and will be sure to improve with every trial in his art, if he should live a hundred years longer. It is only six or seven years, you know, since he began to paint chairs—preparatory to painting portraits. And so with Sully the younger—*he* began about four years ago; but then, *he* was prepared for it, and had got a very good notion of drawing. Mr. H. to this hour is unable to draw—cannot draw at all; and yet you do not perceive the deficiency in his heads—nor do you readily perceive it in his figures and attitudes. Harding has a good story to tell too—I have no doubt of its truth. He had been painting a pretty girl, who brought her sister to see the picture. "Lord, Mary!" said she, when she saw it, "why didn't you have blue eyes?"—"Blue eyes, child! why, my eyes are black." "Ah, but blue eyes are so much prettier."

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* He was said to be a Kentuckean, or something worse, in Blackwood, a year or two ago, by a writer (ourself), who, in correcting the error, substituted the back parts of New York for his birth-place. You have heard of the Dublin editor, who said, "Erra-*ta*"—For her Grace the Duke of B. read, his Grace the Duchess of B.—*X. Y. Z.*

Bowman.—I speak of these artists, my dear P., because they have been received in England, or in other parts of the old world. Mr. B. is another head-maker, of great industry and much cleverness—but ignorant of drawing. His notions of colour, too, are horrible: and yet I have seen a picture by him (at Mr. Pettigrew's) of Mr. Taylor, the Platonist, which had the look of an old master's. It was rude, strong, vigorous and peculiar, though caricatured "a few." Why do young painters caricature? Because they see only that which is most obvious. If a mouth be very small, it strikes them with especial force, and they make it still smaller: if a nose be too large, they endeavour to express that fact, as a body may say, with emphasis, and make it larger. So with colours: it is very easy to exaggerate—not easy to avoid exaggeration. There never lived a flesh painter with courage enough to paint flesh as he saw it. If you disbelieve me, get a friend to poke his head through a hole in the canvas, and you will see what I mean. The head will, or it *may*, if he keeps quiet, pass for a painting—but such a painting! It will appear frightful, so unlike will it be to the painted faces—*the standard by which natural faces are tried.* Let me be well understood: I say that no painter dares to represent flesh (or feature, I might say) as he sees it; and I say, that when we see a picture painted, instead of comparing the flesh of the portrait with the flesh of the living head from which it was painted, we compare it with, and try it by, the flesh of some other portrait—the work of Reubens, or Vandyke, or Titian, or Reynolds, or Rembrandt.* Guido is nearest nature in the tone of the flesh, and Vandyke next. As for Titian, he never saw, nor will any other man ever see, what is regarded as perfect flesh in his work. People *begin* with pure colours. If you peep into the drawing-books and watch-papers that are done at school by little bread-and-butter ladies, you find all the cherubs and cupids with blue eyes, red lips, and yellow hair—ultra-marine, pure; carmine, pure; and gamboge, ditto ditto. As they grow older, they learn to mix and qualify. Painters being aware of this, and aware too that, every day, people who are on the search are able to see new colours in every familiar object—colours which they were never able to see in it before—learning to see, as another who studies music learns to hear—that is, to separate and distinguish—they, the painters aforesaid, soon get into a habit of mixing colours, and making short work of whatever puzzles them, by producing what is quite sure to puzzle every body else. Wherefore, the bad colouring—the unnatural, though rich colouring of the old masters. Look at the colouring of Wilkie. Being puzzled, he puzzles. The reader must apply the remark.

Enough. I could mention to you some five or six hundred other portrait-painters of America; but I forbear. They have no engravers, none worth a fig; no sculptors; and hardly such a thing as an architect: (nor have you, I am afraid, if one is to judge by Carlton-house and Regent-street, or the pavilion at Brighton.)

P.S. I have omitted two or three names which I might as well give now; for, if I take up the subject again, I shall give you a thundering epistle on the art, I see plainly. So, here goes, for two or three more, in the words of a correspondent, a capital judge of the art:—"I saw

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* Just as a new actor, when he does a mad scene, is compared, not with the madmen of this or that hospital, the madmen of *nature;* but with the madman of this or that house, with Mr. Young or Kean, or Macready—the madmen of the stage.—*A. B. C.*

one picture," says he, "by Mr. Ingham; he is from Ireland. His conception, I should think, was good; colouring good; draws well, but finishes so elaborately, and is so fond of affecting strong reflections of light among his shadows, that his imitation of flesh looks too like metal or ivory. But the multitude like it, and praise it for high finish.

"Dunlop was intended by nature to be a painter out of the rank and file; but he has taken up the pencil too late in life. The philosophy of his historical pictures, if I may so use the term, is admirable. There is poetry in them too; but he is a feeble draughtsman, and works with timidity: if he were twenty, instead of fifty years of age, he might yet do wonders."

"Do you know much of the south—of the people, and of their character? of their pride, the pride of birth, pride of office, and pride of inherited wealth? The statesman, planter, and lawyer rank there as No. 1; the merchant, No 2; and, I believe, the artist, as a sort of non-descript, who is tolerated in both classes, without belonging to either. You have heard of Frazer (Charles), the old preceptor (in drawing) of T. Sully. Frazer, being high-born, was destined for the bar by his injudicious friends, who thereby sacrificed an excellent artist to make an indifferent pleader. His own good sense, however, is now prevailing, and I trust there is yet time enough left to do something creditable to his genius."—"Painting, you know, is the talent of the Americans, and, even without the aid of encouragement, the market is overstocked with candidates."—"I may mention, though I do not personally know, Mr. Wall, of New York, a landscape-painter in water colours. He is the author of "Views on the North River," which have been published in aquatinta; but the engravings do no honour to the originals.* This gentleman had either been unknown or much neglected for years in the bustling and populous city of New York, until an English officer, Capt. Franks, found him out, and made him fashionable by purchasing all his works that were to be disposed of: now it is difficult to procure a picture of his under fifty dollars (eleven guineas). By the way, Doughty's pictures (Mr. D. is a landscape-painter of singular merit) have much attracted the attention of English visitors; and he has received several handsome commissions from some: a fact which has no little influence upon the perception of our amateurs. He improves, but requires the competition of experienced artists, who might provoke him to a better method of seeing nature." By the by, it is wonderful to me that such men do not undertake a *copy*, a close copy of the North American woods and waters, just as they appear in the rich autumn of the new world. The nature of both here is unlike their nature in other parts of our earth. Our exhibition this year has been made up of portraits. Neagle† is the foremost in excellence. Eickholt‡ and Otis§ have sent fourteen or fifteen each from their factory; but they have the majority of admirers. They are very like and "very cheap." "Jane Stewart‖ is talked of as one who is to inherit

* Very like: for there is not so much as one tolerable engraver of landscape or figures in America. Poor Sully suffered incredibly by this, in two or three matters which he did (for the American edition of Sir W. Scott's works). They were murdered.—*X. Y. Z.*

† Neagle, a man of great power in portraits; bold, free, and full of truth.

‡ A tinman, who makes heads in a "superior" way.

§ A manufacturer of ditto.

‖ Daughter of the celebrated Stewart, already mentioned.

much of her father's power. Four years ago I was in Boston, and saw some excellent copies by her; and since that time she has become a professional portrait-painter."

King—Washington City; formerly a student of West's; a very good portrait painter of remarkable industry; and Inman, (a pupil of Jarvis) a young man who bids very fair.—Of these, and of several others, I have no time to say a word more.

I have done with painters and painting now. A. B.

New York, Jan. 25, 1826.

P.S. I have heard Harding speak very highly of a Mr. Jewett (of Kentucky, I believe); but I have not been able to see any of his portraits. Harding is a capital judge, though, and altogether to be depended upon.—*A.B.*

PARTED TIMES.

I threw myself upon the shore
  When Evening glowed along the sea,
And listened to its ceaseless roar,
  Sounding to me, how mournfully!
It made me think of days and men,
And scenes I ne'er must see again.

It called from their long-buried sleep,
  Shadows of hours that I had been
By the white foam of that blue deep—
  What long, long years have rolled between!
When Life looked a bright star of bliss,
Far, very far from world like this.

I seemed to breathe a living air;
  I bounded with the breeze along;
And every sight was then so fair,
  And Life appeared so bright and strong,
And Love so sweet, I could not dream
They all were but a rainbow's gleam.

And then the sun set darkly red,
  And in a moment it was night,
Deep as the gloom that shrouds the head
  Of one, who oft had seen its light
Sink in the waters, when, with me,
She gazed upon that summer sea.

Those waters are unchanged as then;
  The same sun sinks beneath the wave:
But I am not the same as when
  I walked with her, who in the grave
Beckons me from that dreamless bed,
To leave the living for the dead.

O, mournful is the murmuring wave,
  And sad the parting of the sun—
Yet 'tis a joy such sights to see,
  Recalling, what with Life have done,
Lost images to Memory's eye
Of the byegone eternity! **

FASHIONABLE NOVELS.

The most popular literature at all times will be that of novels. They contain matters which suit all tastes; love for the young, adventure for the romantic, character for the observer of life, conversation for the dull, and employment for the idle. There is no species of writing which so easily adopts the common courses of life, or is so naturally susceptible of the uncommon. Its province is to beguile the popular mind by story; and nothing lends itself to the illusion of story more readily than the popular mind. The whole range of human life is open to it; and principles which philosophy would reject, and persons to which experience has found no likeness—circumstances that have never existed, and hazards which neither human wisdom would meet, nor human courage could overcome—are alike within the grasp of this most potent and comprehensive literature.

Its capability is not discoverable from the mere and trivial use of the novel; it has higher faculties—perhaps of good, certainly of evil—than are to be measured by its display on the shelves of the circulating library or on the table of the boudoir. When Rousseau, in the spirit of combined malevolence and madness, determined to shake the morality of France, his weapon was a novel. When Voltaire struck at the throne, his weapon was a novel. When Diderot, D'Alembert, and their kindred tribe of blood and guilt, determined on the French revolution, their force was thrown into a succession of novels. The mine was charged, and the first spark found it ready for tremendous explosion.

In England, the same attempt to overthrow the ancient principles of the country was made, and the same form was found the only one that could be trusted with the hope of public confusion. The crowd of novels of the Holcroft and Woolstonecroft school were all impregnated with the same materials of public disturbance; the same scorn of the general and natural decencies of society, of allegiance to the state, of moral dignity, of fidelity to marriage, of religion, and the whole train of hallowed and essential duties born of that noblest and most vital of all foundations of freedom and virtue. But their effect was only partial: England was not yet diseased enough in her intellect to receive the dictates of vice and phrenzy for reason and honour; and after a short career of corruption the plague was stayed.

Mrs. Radcliffe's works now made a new æra in novels. She had the most undoubted evidence of genius, originality. No authorship of any time was more distinct from that which had gone before, and none of any time made a more powerful and extensive impression for its season. "The Castle of Otranto" had probably suggested her model; but it was the work of half a century before, and had passed almost out of memory, and altogether out of imitation. But if the idea of mingling supernatural terrors with the adventures of actual life were borrowed from Horace Walpole's little romance, nothing could be more remote from its bareness, feebleness and improbability, than the luxuriant eloquence, the deep and varied interest, and the matchless and splendid picturesque of Mrs. Radcliffe's writings. Curiosity, fear, admiration, and that still loftier and more indescribable feeling that belongs to one standing in the presence of powers beyond the grave, the spirits of the dead, or the great ministers of immortality, filled her magnificent

plans of human passion with an influence of the most imaginative and mind-engrossing nature. Those impressions have now passed away, and they are incapable of revival. No eye will henceforth follow the progress of her stern and sepulchral genius with the straining anxiety and fearful suspense that once laid all England under her spell. But it is impossible to look over her volumes without surprise at the vast and varied beauty, the rich and noble expression, and the solemn and profound power of this extraordinary woman's mind. Her last work, Gaston de Blondeville, is unworthy of her fame; but it was probably written under circumstances of mental *depression*, fatal to thought. Its publication may do honour to the pious homage of her friends, but it does none to their regard for her fame. No verdict ought to be more scrupulously confined to living action, than that which decides on the honours of authorship. The intense popularity of Mrs. Radcliffe's writings soon perished. Sudden decay is of the nature of all that literature which excites sudden admiration. The instances of this maxim are many and incontrovertible. We have seen it in Scott's poetry, in Lewis's, and in a large variety of those exertions of talent, which have for their time been signally attractive. But the Romance of the Forest, the Italian, and still more, Udolpho, will be long looked to with the grave admiration of those who feel a gratification in examining into the secrets of that authorship by which the popular mind is to be especially stirred. The interval that followed between the disappearance of this class of novel and the rise of any rival in popularity was long, and but feebly filled up by the extravagancies of Lewis, and others of his school. A few sentimental novels, from female pens, had an abortive and passing notoriety; and Miss Edgeworth, by her sketches of Irish character, her minute observation of peasant life, and her seeming prudence and power of advising the young, became partially popular. But the world soon grew weary of her cold, laborious, and unnatural style. Her mind was altogether mechanical: her world was the nursery at Edgeworthstown. Her wisdom was the dry and crippled manufacture of old-maidism and governess-ship. How to turn a shilling to the best advantage, or to make the most of a pin-case, superseded the knowledge of life; and her scheme, which was totally founded on selfishness under the name of prudence, and which, under the name of morality, dispensed with the influences of religion, was opposed to the common-sense of the people. She, too, passed away, and the governess-style was at an end. She now scribbles "children's books," and enlightens the rising generation at the rate of sixpence a volume.

The Scotch novels now started into notice: they had the double attraction of newness and mystery. By adopting the historic style, the author relieved himself from the labour of invention. Characters and conversations were already made for him. The facts of his narrative were things of history; the names of his personages in general came to us with the interest attached to the celebrated actors in the most celebrated times. The author availed himself of the proverbial vanity of Scotchmen, by making their poor and struggling nation the scene of his stories. All nations are fond of talking of their ancestry, and fond of this in proportion to their present eclipse by the superior wealth, intelligence, and power of their neighbours. The Scotch, now a mere dependency of England, and known only as furnishing a travelling population of rugged and hard-working men, for the minor manual, and

intellectual labours of the superior people, are remarkable and ridiculous for this ancestral affectation. The author of those novels, palpably a Scotchman, adopted a course which his natural shrewdness must have laughed at; but which was an abundant source of his success. The defender of the ancient honours of their country, he was hailed by every Scotchman as the champion of Scotland; his works became the primer of a people who all write, or pretend to write; and who, write or not, puff each other without mercy; and the propagation of the Scotch novels was magnified into a national duty.

All this is no impeachment of the author's ability; it shows his keenness in taking advantage of circumstances which a feebler observer might have overlooked; but it undoubtedly also shows, that his celebrity has been sustained by circumstances peculiarly fortunate. Another source of his success is the singular rapidity with which his works have been urged on the public;—a rapidity yet, in some instances, overrunning the public demand, and soon felt to be injurious to his emoluments. But a third source is to be found in one of the tricks of publication, harmless, perhaps, in its commencement, but now urged to an extent which stains the moral reputation of the man—the denial of the authorship. There is nothing more natural in a writer than a reluctance to commit himself to the consequences of a disclosure of name; the bitter personality, under pretence of criticism, possibly the professional injury, probably the disrepute of an unsuccessful performance. There can be no right in any reader to demand the name of a writer; but, on the other hand, it is an obvious point of honour that this mystery shall be for the purpose of actual concealment, not for the beggarly object of exciting curiosity, and thereby promoting sale. The artifice becomes more contemptible, if it be played off in all the ways that can at once induce the world to inquire, and, by baffling the pursuit, still keep up the inquiry. A higher reach of reprobation remains, when the author, for the purpose of producing the broader stare of the purchaser, voluntarily comes forward to deny the fact, and makes himself responsible for a direct and inexcusable negative. Yet, under all these charges the author of the Scotch novels, whoever he be, has laid himself; and we have at this moment the extraordinary sight of Sir Walter Scott, by a public letter denying that he is the author, and yet connected with their publishers' affairs to an immense amount, for which no other pretext can be found; and even more than this, the publisher openly exhibiting the MSS. of those novels as the donative of this individual.

After such evidence, all attempt at *profitable* mystery is at an end; and it would be to the credit of the parties to abandon a paltry artifice, which has long since served its purpose, and which no ingenuity, no little system of hinting the truth and declaring the fiction, no humiliating dexterity of the counter, can any longer render effective to the finance of the contrivers.

The Scotch novels ran out their course at last. It must be owned, that, but for those contrivances of sharp-witted, if not of very dignified knowledge of trade, they would have seen the close of their career long before. The perpetual monotony of the characters, the eternal Meg Merrilies, the dwarf, the wandering beggar, the romping heroine, and the nincompoop hero, had drained the public patience. No variety of adventure could reconcile the reader to this endless recurrence of high cheek-bones: and while every man might predict every character in

every forthcoming novel, curiosity lost its stimulant, and taste turned away in weariness and exhaustion. It is admitted that the earlier works of this author were worthy of patronage; they exhibited an acquaintance with life which, if it were limited to Scotland, was yet life, however repulsive; they had a display of knowledge, perhaps superficial and miscellaneous, but still of considerable extent and singularity; and their adaptation of historic fact to feigned adventure was occasionally striking and effective; but, for some years past, the power had departed from him: either the capacity of invention had been worn out, or the style had, by its inherent disabilities, broke down under him. A "historic novel" now is a name of burlesque; no talent could restore it—no vigour could "pluck up its drowned honour by the locks;" but few attempts have been made, and those few have perished at once. The author of the Scotch novels may console himself by the consciousness that he has closed up one avenue to notoriety upon man; he has finally and fully extinguished historical romance for an age.

Another style now came forward. This has generally borne the name of the "knife and fork school." The talent of its authors all ran in one way, and that way was the description of what was *dined upon*, at whatever table they could get leave to approach. An author of this class was at once all fastidiousness and all vulgarity; on his entrance into his unfortunate entertainer's house, his first object was to take note of the servants' livery, and set down in his volume the valuable result of his discovery as to its newness, make, and texture. An ill-made livery was not to escape this keen investigation, and the distinction between the additional arrangement for the day, and the regular establishment, was sure to be ascertained, and as sure to be written down in the forthcoming novel. Once seated at the dinner-table, the author was in his glory; the thickness of pie-crusts—the number of knives and forks—accurately distinguishing all that bore only the look of silver from the reality; the substitution of wines; the bourgeois arrangement of the beer glasses, and the city pattern of the carpet, were the precious documents which were accurately registered for the rapture of the generation to come. This, too, perished, or is perishing; and, shortly, the world will be no more called to wonder at Mr. A.'s "drinking porter with his cheese;" or Mr. B.'s "wearing a blue inside waistcoat, and asking twice for fish."—*Sic transit gloria.*

Tremaine, a romance of gentlemanlike life, was among the death-blows to this style. The author of this novel still keeps his name concealed; but the difference between a real wish for concealment and a pretended one, is amply shown, if not in the complete secresy of this author's name, yet in the absence of all those cunning attempts to set the world upon guessing, which characterized the Scotch novels. Tremaine is evidently the work of a graceful and accomplished mind. Its views of general manners; its familiar dealing with the topics and circumstances of opulent life; its utter absence of all that labour to exhibit its knowledge of the polite world which displays the vulgar writer at the first glance; its delicate perceptions of the lovely, the picturesque, and the true, in both life and nature, place it foremost among the novels of our time. Its chief defect is in what the author probably placed its strength; it is crowded with long conversations on religion; not upon the principles of Christianity—for there all discussion must be valuable, and may be made interesting—but upon the metaphysics of religion, a

discussion of abstract points, on which argument is blind, and decision beyond all hope. On those points our ignorance has been baffled from all antiquity; the power of the human mind is made helpless by natural want of light, and principle is worn away in disputation without use and without end.

Granby, a novel of general life, followed. It exhibited some amusing sketches of scenes familiar to London society; some touches of well-known character, and a tolerably sustained tone of good manners: but its faults were of an order that prohibit much hope from the author, a Mr. Lyster. It is altogether feeble, rambling, and sketchy; evidently exerting its best powers on its conversations, they are destitute of the force or truth of conversation. The principal character, Trebeck, an attempted portrait of Beau Brummell, is a *bore*—a tiresome, stiff, affected *bore*, with but little of the dexterous phraseology, or even of the clever facility of idea, by which that ingenious and contemptible person contrived to make himself the talk of his little day.

The publisher of those novels, it must be acknowledged, omitted none of the usual means of exciting popularity. As Sheridan in the "Critic" says, "The newspapers seldom agree; but when they do, their unanimity is wonderful." Their unanimity on this publisher's productions was miraculous indeed; the *same* panegyric, in the *same* words, was discoverable in them all at the same moment; and the system of *anticipatory* criticism may be said to have reached its bounds. John Bull, for once, agreed from its inmost soul with the *Morning Chronicle*, and the *Old Times* echoed the inspirations of the *New*. The *Morning Post* adopted the strain; and whether the object of the criticism was ponderous quarto or light duodecimo, solemn political foolery, or the small-talk of the smallest bluestockingism, the panegyric was equally abundant, vigorous, and *identical*. "There are more things in heaven and earth than are dreamt of in your philosophy;" and the causes of this incomparable coincidence are among them. These are profound secrets of literature; the mutual *arcana* of publishers and newspaper editors; the last matchless evidences, that the interests of all the lovers of learning are "one and indivisible," from the amount of five shillings to as many guineas.

Lord John Russell, that man of many trades—politician, historian, biographer, tragedian, public orator, Whig in general, and Ex-member of Parliament, in particular—some time since attempted to pluck a new leaf from Parnassus by a romance. It was small, foreign, feeble, and despatched among "*our* noble relatives and patriotic partizans in envelopes of the finest glazed paper, sealed with an Italian motto, and perfumed with attar and musk. The work was worthy of this exquisiteness of wrapper, and had its half-hour of fashion among those who, as Mr. Hoby said, were to be "looked for among the B's." It was some supposed adventure of a British officer with a Peninsular nun—but it is gone, and its "place knoweth it no more."

This promises to be the age of "noble" if not "royal authors." Lord Normanby has lately written "Matilda, a Tale;" and his Lordship might as well have informed us in the title, a tale of seduction. The lovers are, as it becomes the seducer and the seduced to be, both charming—both supremely delicate and high-bred, and virtuous, and unhappy; they have met once in the world of high-life, and loved and separated in furious despair—no man under heaven can tell why. The gentleman

has grown disgusted with mankind, and to avoid them has fled to the Continent; where, of course, the only inhabitants are sheep and goats, and there are no coffee-houses and hotels, gambling-houses and cassinos, profligacies and Palais Royals. Fastidiousness, the elegant reason for every gross indulgence, usurps the soul of the gentleman. The lady's soul is equally occupied; for in her agony of sensibility she *marries!* and sets out for Italy the wife of a rich baronet: but he is a booby, of course, and the lady soon reverts to the memory of the departed exquisite. They meet, both equally sad, languid, and *interesting;* both equally refined, heart-broken, and ready to commit any atrocity they happen to like. The lover is wounded by an assassin; the husband brings him to his house—for, by the laws of romance, a husband never has eyes in his head, nor common sense in his brains. The lady attends him, and with her own fair hands salves and cures the wounded hero—doubly wounded by her charms. However, both cures are effected about the same time; the lovers run off together; and the husband is left to reflect upon the awkwardness of a married man's turning his house into an hospital, and having his wife as head doctor. The parties are for awhile in uncommon rapture; all is orange-groves, rural felicity, asses'-milk, and the Bay of Naples. At length the lover is compelled to return to England for a week; the lady dislikes solitude, and could almost endure her husband again; but in her wanderings on the shore, she sees a wreck, thinks she sees a corpse, and makes up her mind that this corpse can be no other than her lover's. She faints, and dies in childbirth. The lover comes back alive and in high spirits, is shocked, kisses, and buries her. Thenceforth all his life is wretched, and to insure the absence of all delight, he returns (as well as we can remember) to Paris, or some such desperate and solitary place, resolved to seduce no more, at least until he can find an opportunity. We hope that Lady Normanby is not in the habit of novel reading, or that "Matilda, a Tale of the Day," is carefully locked up from her Ladyship.

Lord Blessinton, after three years' travel through Italy, has announced his return by a three-volume novel of the "olden time"—"Vavasour;" a volume per year: severe work for the noble writer, but ten times more severe work for the reader. It is our firm conviction, that no man living has ever gone through that novel; that no man living ever will go through it, and that no man living ever can. It is, of all the specimens of authorship that has met our eyes since Tom Thumb, the most inexplicable, giddy, and unreadable; it is worthy of his Lordship, and of no other ornament of the peerage above or under ground. The motto of the tale should have been from Canning's Knife-grinder: "Story! Heaven bless you, I have come to tell, Sirs; only last night, a-drinking at the Chequers, this poor," &c.

The latest performance of the novel press is "Vivian Grey," immeasurably the most impudent of all feeble things, and of impudent things the most feeble; begot in puppyism, conceived in pertness, and born in puffing. Whether the writer was any thing above a collector of intelligence in servants'-halls and billiard-rooms, no one of course could tell, for no one had ever heard his name before; but the graces of a tavern-waiter, and the knowledge of a disbanded butler, are but sorry things, after all, to trade upon; and this miserable product of self-sufficiency was received with the contempt due to its abortiveness.

However, let his obscurity be as profound as it might, he soon became conspicuous. Murray, the bookseller, probably anxious to get rid of some of his superfluity, listened to the advice of this rising genius, and the result of this exquisite wisdom was the starting of the "Representative;" Mr. D'Israeli, jun. proposing himself as the editor, and promising, in his first essay, to astonish the stupid world with superfine writing; "wit nurtured by champagne," and elegance communicated by nothing less than the soul of dandyism. What this *elegant* could make of the unfortunate *Representative* was discovered in two days, and might have been discoverable in two minutes; *what* he made of unfortunate John Murray, the bookseller, is just as palpable. But his reign was short, and the paper was put into other hands: yet the public scorn was fixed on it already; and nothing is truer than the proverb, that the first folly is irrecoverable.

The next effort of this "early genius" was to set up a little contemptible journal, soliciting subscriptions by the old system of self-praise and impertinence. This journal, too, went to the confectioners after a few numbers. The public will swallow a good deal of nonsense; but there is a limit to its swallow; it could not take down the "Journal," and so it rejected it upon the author.

Our motive for speaking with this sincere scorn of this class of performance, is our feeling that, if personality should be suffered to run the career that it has begun, there is an end to all the honourable purposes of literature. Let it be once understood that low virulence and paltry sneering make their way to popularity, and there are individuals who would strike into that path with all the zeal of vulgar avarice. Of the individual in question we personally know nothing; the miserable efforts that he has made to force himself into the public talk have failed, and we shall probably never have to mention his name again. He would, perhaps, make an useful assistant to old D'Israeli in cutting out paragraphs to manufacture into some other half-dozen dull volumes, and add to the "calamities of authors;" he is evidently incapable of any thing better, and his only chance of escaping perpetual burlesque, is to content himself with "wearing his violet-coloured slippers," "slobbering his Italian greyhound," and sinking suddenly and finally into total oblivion.

EPIGRAM.

Orpheus, reckless of his life,
To hell went to be with his wife;
But many men on earth, no doubt,
Would go to hell to be without.

A DOG-DAY.

Now the dog-star reigns, and the weather is really what Butler describes it—"*insulting* hot." Now old ladies, who dare venture a-shopping, go parasolling their withered perfections along, and entertain a decided dread of injuring the immaterial whiteness of their skins, which have ceased to be compared to "lilies" and "snows," and other sonnet-like similes, for more than thirty summers; and now old gentlemen look very earnestly at their thermometers, and find that they are within a few degrees of self-combustion, or at least of slow suffocation. Now dogs go mad, and dowdies go to Margate; and steam-boats are full, and dancing on deck is thought vulgar, and cigars quite unnecessary. Now people who must stay in town crawl along, a caterpillar's pace, in the shade of dead walls, and look half as dead themselves. Now butchers, as they pass to noseward, remind you of Dicky Suett—they emit such a suety smell; and now butchers' boys are particularly inveterate against blue-bottles, and have not common patience with common flies; and butchers' dogs dream of gnats, and become excessively snappish. Now cooks suffer a daily martyrdom; and scullion-boys have a bitter time of it, and wish they had been born black in the Western Ind, instead of being beaten so by the cudgelling cooks of the western end, who are now more than ever impatient, hot, angry, and savage. Now Aldermen puff and blow like grampusses left ashore, and go about the City, at every hundred yards dabbing their foreheads with their white handkerchiefs, which are in half an hour wet to the initial corners. Now pump-handles are going all day long, like Captain Sabine's pendulums vibrating seconds; and Aldgate-pump seems as if it had not yet recovered from the late panic in the City—there is such a continual run upon it; and now dry dogs stand under pumps barking at the handles, in utter helplessness of themselves, and look with watering eye at the cooling fluid as it pours into pitchers and cans, and think unutterable things of the iron ladle and the idle boys, neither of whom offer them a drop. Now firemen, who are also watermen, throw off as insufferable their Sun Fire-office jackets, and cannot endure to recollect that there ever was such a thing as a house on fire; and if you tell them where there is one in the next street, they break out into a preparatory perspiration; and now amateurs, who row up to Richmond in funnies, find their amusement rather serious and sedentary, and think the towing-horses on the Putney shore have a much easier time of it, for they work in the shade; and now those more adventurous, who get as far as Twickenham *Ayte*, make up their minds to *hate* Twickenham all the rest of their lives. Now pedestrians, who have a taste for rural delights, and have five miles to walk, die through two, and d—n every step of the other three; and now the good-looking, red-faced and white-hatted gentlemen who drive the short stages are suspected to meet with many more half-way houses than ordinary; their wit, too, is more than usually dry. Now table-beer casks become very soon on the tilt, to the alarm of stewards and the astonishment of butlers, who wonder how they could possibly have run out so fast. The coachman and groom are asked if they can account for it: coachee, who comes from the west countree, declares it to be out of his guess; but Ned the groom, who comes from Yorkshire, doubts whether it be not possible for twenty gallons of table-ale to drink up each other in such dry weather! Now publicans use twice their usual quantity of chalk; and

the weekly beer-bill makes the acceptor look as grave at its amount as if it was his own funeral expenses; and now maiden ladies, living on small annuities, swallow twice the accustomed *quantum* of Souchong at a sitting. Now fashionables wish in vain that it was not fashionable to be seen in Rotten-Row when the sun looks perpendicularly down from the heavens; and the *haut ton*, who meet at midnight in full assemblies, may rather be called the *hot* ton; and now it is as difficult to get a seat in the Park as in the Parliament; and those who do, seem as if they had obtained it after many days' contest, and look as if they expected to be chaired as the sitting members for St. James's Mall. Now fat persons of both sexes wish they had not indulged so much in the "good things of this life" in the winter months, for which they pay a horrid interest during the summer ditto; and much they envy the lean and comparatively cool creatures who move about them without being drowned in their own unction, like a goose basted in his own fat; and now elderly gentlemen who wear powder, and wo'n't wear chip hats, are all over admirations (! ¡ ! ¡ !), periods (. · . · .), and commas (, ' , ' ,) on coat-collars and black waistcoats, from "the minute drops" of their profuse, powdered perspiration. Now a short-sighted person of much consequence, who pats an iron post on the top, and cries, "stand out of the way, boy!" feels as if he had committed a mistake, and blistered his fingers; and now it is really an East-Indian sort of indulgence to meet an old friend who looks coolly on one, and begins not to remember whether one's name is Smith or Simpson; and we cannot resent the *cut*, the coolness of the *cutter's* assurance is so agreeable—but, on the contrary, feel grateful. Now bakers look up from their Tartarian territories, and deem the arching heaven over this earth to be a larger sort of oven, in which men are baked instead of meats; and now bakers' men become, if any thing, rather more crusty than their crustiest loaves. Now fishmongers are observed to be particularly anxious, about dusk, to throw a light upon their fish, lest too much darkness should afford an opportunity to their mackerel and other "small deer" to throw a light upon themselves: for it is a villanous piece of candour in your stale fish, that they will not keep their own secret; and now fishmongers need not boil the blue out of lobsters, for if your lobster have any reminiscences of his former cool enjoyments whilst a tenant in the deep, he will stew himself into the becoming red. Now farmers would not mind subscribing for a shower of rain if it were purchasable; and pathways across fields are chapped and gaping; and cows ruminate in dry ponds, and wish themselves camels (for they can carry a pail of water with them), and look with horror at dry fodder, and wishfully at their own milk in the dairy-pails; and farm-yard dogs cannot bark from drouth; and ducks waddle far and near to discover a ditch not quite dry, with duck-weed overgrown, but cannot find such a duck's paradise either near or far, and return home in melancholy procession, ruminating in silence on the "halcyon days" of hard showers and overflowing brooks, dykes, rivers, and rivulets.

"Now the mower *whets* his scythe," and wishes he could *wet* himself at the same time. Now several Miss Smiths tumble quite promiscuously over little hillocks of hay, where it is making; and several Mr. Simpsons, not noticing where they fell, fall over them; and the elder Miss Smith seems quite shocked, and cries "for shame, Serina, Celestina, and Seraphina! how can you be so vulgar?" but is cut off in the middle of her re-

monstrance by a middle-aged Mr. Simpson, who tosses her on to a spare haycock, and seems in no hurry to let her rise again, till she is sufficiently suffocated with hay and smothered with kisses; and Irish hay-makers seem very indignant, but are pacifiable by penny subscriptions for the havoc made. Now a thermometer, if taken into a summer theatre, stands at 130° during the first piece, and at 160° during the farce, which is no joke—and play-goers are to be pitied for their infatuation: and now the Tritons and New-river Neptunes, when they plunge into the tank at Sadler's Wells theatre, hiss like so many bars of hot iron thrown out of an iron foundry; and the gods in the gallery cry out "Throw him over!" taking the noise to be the sibilation of a hypercritical one-shilling critic, and o' the instant some harmless innocent individual, Jones or Jenkins, is tossed into the pit, to the smashing of one chandelier, and the breaking of two necks which have no connexion with the Swan in Lad-lane: wherefore the manager is called for, and Tom Dibdin advances to the foot-lights, makes his speech, bows, withdraws as he bows, and plumps backwards into the "real water" for which that theatre is famous, and the curtain drops amidst considerable applause. Now the Lyceum shrubbery cannot deceive one for a moment into the expectation of coolness, if one observes the stewed dandies and *greens* which make up the show of that half-price paradise for 'prentice-boys; and Mr. Arnold, if he really wishes to keep his theatre open, instead of introducing Scotch and Irish *airs* into his operas, would find it more to his interest to introduce the *airs* of heaven. Now amateur-laureates, having birth-day odes and epithalamia to produce, go mad by dozens; and I, who only attempted a solitary sonnet yesterday, found myself stuck fast at the thirteenth line, in a profuse perspiration; and as the twine-merchant passed under my window, crying "Buy a *line*, felt inclined to make a bargain with him, in imitation of my particular poetical friend, the late Leather-lane lyrical, when in similar circumstances of despair; for he, poor fellow, made use of that "last *line* of all that ends this woeful tragedy," in a very unlyrical manner, and tied himself up by it to his tester, suicidally dying of an unfinishable sonnet in the dog-days: an awful warning to all rash rhymesters not to attempt bringing down a sonnet till September, when sonnets are in season, and bring-downable. And now another poet, who begins an *Ode to the Dog-star* somewhat i' this fashion:—

What, ho! red dog-star—sultry ranger
Of summer skies—thou dog in manger,
That cannot this green world enjoy,
And those who would dost half destroy—
Art a volcano, where young comets gorge?
Or Vulcan's foundry, where fierce Jove doth forge
His thunderbolts? or a burning-glass—a hole
Burning right through this earth, to melt that Pole
Which Captain Parry finds he cannot pierce,
With all his skill in naval *carte* and *tierce*,
And make a passage, when he next shall venture,
Not by the old way, but plump through the centre?
Or dost thou mean to burn earth to a cinder,
And make its firmament's festoons thy tinder?

finds such fiery thoughts "very tolerable and not to be endured," and that his inkstand and brain are both dry as "remainder biscuit," and resigns himself to his obscure destiny and the dog-days.

 C. W.

CASABIANCA.*

The boy stood on the burning deck
  Whence all but him had fled;
The flame that lit the battle's wreck,
  Shone round him o'er the dead.

Yet beautiful and bright he stood,
  As born to rule the storm;
A creature of heroic blood,
  A proud, though child-like form.

The flames rolled on—he would not go,
  Without his Father's word;
That Father, faint in death below,
  His voice no longer heard.

He called aloud:—"say, Father, say
  If yet my task is done?"
He knew not that the chieftain lay
  Unconscious of his son.

"Speak, Father!" once again he cried,
  "If I may yet begone!
And"—but the booming shots replied,
  And fast the flames rolled on.

Upon his brow he felt their breath,
  And in his waving hair,
And looked from that lone post of death,
  In still, yet brave despair.

And shouted but once more aloud,
  "My Father! must I stay?"
While o'er him fast, through sail and shroud,
  The wreathing fires made way.

They wrapt the ship in splendour wild,
  They caught the flag on high,
And streamed above the gallant child,
  Like banners in the sky.

There came a burst of thunder sound—
  The boy—oh! where was he?
Ask of the winds that far around
  With fragments strewed the sea!

With mast, and helm, and pennon fair,
  That well had borne their part—
But the noblest thing which perished there
  Was that young faithful heart!

F. H.

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* Young Casabianca, a boy about thirteen years old, son to the Admiral of the Orient, remained at his post (in the Battle of the Nile) after the ship had taken fire, and all the guns had been abandoned, and perished in the explosion of the vessel, when the flames had reached the powder.

ON THE PROPER USE OF THE EYES.

"Quam multi sunt qui, oculis patentibus, nihil vident."

It is an odd whim of the philosophers that the nostrils were made for taking of snuff; that the bridge of the nose exists for the gestation of spectacles; and that legs were purposely divaricated, that they might wear breeches. Much more plausible is the idea that heads were created for hats; seeing that so many people make no other use of that part of their person than to employ the hatter. This likewise accords with the dictum of that unlucky man, who vowed to heaven that he believed, if he had been bred a hatter, men would have taken to being born without heads! But of all the absurd applications of the doctrine of final causes, none is more extravagant than the notion, so generally prevalent, that "eyes were made to see withal." How men, and wise ones, too, should have fallen upon such an error, passes my powers of conjecture: for it is quite clear, that if they really looked beyond their noses, they could not so have stumbled at the threshold. True it is, that the structure of these organs exhibits an admirable adaption of parts to optical purposes. The form of the crystalline lens, the density of the several humours, the light-absorbing blackness of the *pigmentum nigrum*, the lucid transparency of the cornea, the delicate irritability of the iris, and a thousand other coincident phenomena, have been noticed by every possible professor of physico-theology, as conspiring to render the eye a perfect camera obscura. Yet the good gentlemen entirely overlook, that their whole *sorites* depends upon the reality of the supposed function of the optic nerve; and nobody yet can boast of having caught that pulpy membrane in the act of seeing. That the optic nerve sees is a mere inference; but what, I pray you, does the subtilest induction weigh against matter-of-fact? and we all know that this same matter-of-fact is directly against their hypothesis. On this point I might content myself with referring to the conscience of the reader, requesting him (with all that deferential solemnity which befits the occasion) to lay his heart on his hand,—I mean his hand on his heart,—and declare, on the honour of a gentleman, what he thinks on the subject. Were the matter put to a general vote, and no corrupt interest should arise to convert it into a close borough question, "the noes" would have it, "all Lombard Street to a China orange." However, as conscience in these times is but a ticklish commodity, it may perhaps be best to take the *onus probandi* upon myself, rather than distress a good customer by too trying an appeal; and to this end, I shall proceed to state such pregnant instances and such cogent reasons as will satisfy the most sceptical, that, even in the ordinary affairs of life, few persons really look before them, or are at all governed by impressions derived through the instrumentality of the eyes. In the first place, then, I shall take leave to cite in my behalf the testimony of a proverb, not less remarkable for its elegance than for its truth: namely, that "seeing is believing, but feeling has no fellow;" a proverb that plainly indicates how accidental and imperfect is the relation of the eye to real knowledge, and that teaches, like the miser in the comedy, the superior confidence due to the "touch, touch, touch." Let me, however, not be mistaken. I do not wish to be understood as asserting that men do not sometimes see with their eyes, since such happens to be the arrangement of membranes, humours and nerves, that the thing is possible, though doubtless

sufficiently rare; all that I pretend is, that if vision really had been in the contemplation of nature when she formed that part of the animal economy, mankind in general must have seen to some better purpose; and not, in this blessed nineteenth century, still continue groping their way, as in the Cimmerian darkness of the ninth. Moreover, had seeing been the special destination of the eye, vision surely would have been essential to the economy of society; whereas, if there be any weight in about one million and a half of the best Birmingham bayonets, nothing can be more treasonable, seditious, and dangerous to the best interests of social order, than to make any such use of the improperly so called "visual orbs." What indeed is a Carbonari, or a Radical, that "monster hated of God and men," but a sort of political Paul Pry, who, without so much as a "hope that he does not intrude," insists upon seeing whatever is going forward in state affairs, and obstinately resists the belief in the most vital propositions, when discredited by the testimony of his own eyes? This is a terrible habit, and a manifest violation of the natural law. Why, *in rerum natura*, should not a professor be as blind as an aulic counsellor? or why should a newspaper editor pretend to see more than a peer of the realm? "Here I think be proofs;" but if they do not suffice, let the reader look to the natural instincts of the species, which lead them to distrust their own eyes, and in every thing that respects their dearest interests, to place themselves under the guidance of the first mountebank who will undertake to be their leader; always, however, preferring the guide who goes widest of common sense, and who lies with a hardihood proportionate to the absurdity he broaches. What, in the name of heaven, is the whole of society, but a game compounded of follow-my-leader, and of blindman's-buff,* no matter how often we bruise our skins and break our noses in the chase; no sooner are we down, than up again and away. Oh! man, man, whimsical and inconsistent that thou art, why is it that, while thou thus refusest to trust thine own eyes, thou shouldst so pertinaciously insist on thy neighbours seeing with none others!

But, leaving these high matters, another convincing proof of the important verity under consideration may be drawn from the prevalence of opera tubes, spectacles, and spy-glasses, which are all so many mute evidences that seeing is at least no function of a man of fashion, or, in other words, of a man *par excellence*. Do we not daily observe that when humble merit, or friendship out of favour, is to be passed by unseen, the cutter applies his eye to his quizzing glass, and levels it full at the person to be cut, for the very purpose of proving to him that the eye conveys no image to the sensorium. Further, if seeing were indeed the habit of our nature, would it be possible for statesmen to so frequently overlook the real merits of a question, and to lose so much time on personalities and outworks. Would it be possible for the cunningest members of society to mistake so egregiously their true interests, "et propter vitam vivendi perdere causas?" The imperfection of the organs

* "A voir les sociétés d'aujourd'hui ne diroit-on pas que les hommes ne s'assemblent que pour jouer à Colin Malliard? Chacun s'empresse de mettre le bandeau sur les yeux de son voisin. On s'exerce, on s'applique à donner le change pour n'être pas connu. On donne en effet dans le pot au noir; on se casse le nez dix fois avant même que d'avoir saisi le premier objet qui nous tombe sous la main."—*La connoissance de l'homme moral par celle de l'homme physique.*

of vision is still more clearly illustrated in the frequent trials for crim. con., in almost every one of which it appears that the complaining husband was incapable of seeing what was immediately before his nose. In fairness, however, it must be stated, that this species of blindness has by many philosophers been referred to the mental rather than to the human nature of the animal. Again, let me intreat the reader to ask himself what he means by "fine eyes." He will probably answer, black eyes, blue eyes, hazel eyes, or more specifically Jane's eyes, or Josephine's eyes, or Nanny's eyes. If he be poetical, he may say laughing eyes, sparkling eyes; "the sleepy eye that speaks the melting soul;" the "eye like Mars to threaten and command;" or the "poet's eye in a fine phrenzy rolling;" in short, he may make fifty answers, and it will be fifty to one that he does not once say "good seeing eyes," which would be the natural reply, if seeing were not a mere episode in the history of the organ. Of all the senses, sight is indeed confessedly the most imperfect. The wisest men are often the dupes of appearances; nay, the very formulary by which we express a doubt of reality, is by the term "apparently:" all which could never have happened if vision had been the end and object of nature in the fabrication of the eye. But this luxuriance of proof and instance is painting the lily and gilding refined gold; the evidence is perfectly irresistible. But perhaps, however, it will be said, if the eyes have not this use, what the d——l were they made for?—and that is a question which, I own it, has puzzled me very much. Not that I think a man is obliged to answer every impertinent question that indiscretion or fatuity may put. Besides, how many objects are there in nature and art for which no use can be assigned? What is the use of the Pyramids of Egypt? or the columns in front of Carlton House? What is the use of a bishop's wig? or, if you be a dissenter you may add, of the bishop himself? What is the use of a bill in chancery? What is the use of thick ancles? Of Sheffield-ware plateaus? Or of gentlemen ushers? Why, in short, may not the eye be a surplus eye in nature, as well as a sixth finger, or a horn on the forehead? If every thing useless were taken away, what would become of the polished Corinthian capital of society, with all its pensions, places, and pluralities? What would become of Waterloo Bridge? What of the standing armies of Europe? What of the stage doors? or, to come nearer to our subject, did ever anatomist discover the use of the male breast, or of the thuroid gland? And, if nature has made these organs without an obvious use, why may she not have done the same with the eye? This, I confess, is a mystery I never could explain to my entire satisfaction; and I am strongly inclined to think that the eye is an organ which does not discharge the same function in all men alike, but varies in its uses, according to the temperament, disposition, and social position of the individual. Thus, for instance, I have found that barristers make much use of the eye in terrifying witnesses into perjury; especially when they happen to be the "least taste in life" askew, or to be armed with huge bushy brows. Among the lower order of evangelical divines, the eye is employed as a forcing pump to raise the stagnant waters of the soul. Some preachers use them as guide posts pointing by the elevation of their whites the road to heaven; while many of their pretty, pouting auditors point with their eyes, as Mr. Moore sings, "the other way, the other way." One use which is made of the eyes (chiefly by Irish gentlemen), is in butchering

the ace of spades, and in snuffing candles with pistols. Others chiefly employ them in pocketing billiard balls. Country ladies use their eyes with great effect in taking inventories of caps and bonnets in time of divine service, or in detecting an absent dish, or an ill-trussed turkey, at a friend's dinner table. Town ladies use the eye as an amorous telegraph, or a sentimental carrier pigeon. In the House of Commons, the Speaker's eye is a great help to rising young speakers, in getting over their exordium. Tom Starewell's eye is in constant occupation, putting modest women out of countenance; and General Hardbottle might as well have no more eye than a mole, since the deduction of daylight in a bumper (the sole use which he made of his peepers) is gone out of fashion. The use which lovers make of their eyes is proverbial; whence Plotinus derives ἔρως from ὅρασις about as naturally as ὀσπὲρ from King Pippin.* Some use their eyes principally in weeping, and these are chiefly females. They may be divided into two classes: the sentimentalists, and the extortioners: the former strive to weep themselves into good husbands; the latter to convert their eyes into diamonds, their tears into pearls, or to weep themselves into an opera box or a coach-and-four, which, it must be admitted, is turning their eyes to some purpose. Perhaps the most general—I might say universal—service to which the eye lends itself, is in forming the raw material for an oath. Now, whether this be applied to our own eyes, or to our neighbours, it is equally beneficial. To this custom Ovid alludes when he says "*damnabitque oculos,*" which cannot otherwise be translated than by the coarse, but energetic language of the *canaille.* Soldiers have no other occupation for this organ than in obeying the word of command: "eyes right," "eyes left." Citizens have usually an eye to the main chance. The perambulators of the Strand require to keep an eye to their pockets. Shopkeepers have an eye to their customers' muffs. The Americans poach eyes for their mutual accommodation, as our boxers sew them up; and lastly, an essayist must have an eye to the length of his paper, which reminds me that it is time to have done with my subject, least the wearied reader should discover—"oh, most lame and impotent conclusion"—that this article is nothing more nor less, than "all my eye and Betty Martin." T.

* As thus:—ὀσπερ—ἠπερ—ὀπερ—diaper—napkin—nipkin—pipkin—pippin king—king Pippin.

The Choice of the Modern Hercules, or Wealth and Wisdom.

Give Wealth and Wisdom for a choice,
  The pref'rence then demand;
Though all for Wisdom raise the voice,
  Yet few hold out the hand.

The mind that human nature knows
  This reason well will suit:
The useful seed while Wisdom sows,
  'Tis Wealth that reaps the fruit.

HAROUN, THE LONELY MAN OF SHIRAZ.

(A Persian Tale.)

Haroun Aboulim was an honest hard-working basket-maker of the renowned city of Shiraz, one of the most splendid cities of Persia; but though early as the bee, and industrious as the ant, honest Haroun was as poor as a pilgrim, and not half so patient. Wandering in one of his daily fits of discontent by a pleasant stream which winds about that city, he fell into the usual rumination on the poverty of his estate. "Why," exclaimed he, "should I toil for ever, day and night and night and day, and yet want food and comfort, while there are those idle ones in Shiraz, who think it too laborious to pour out a precious liquor into a golden cup for themselves, and who, having all that they want, enjoy nothing that they have? The lazy lord of yonder stately palace of a hundred towers, glutted with the gifts of fortune, and crammed with the daintiest good things of life, lolls from morn till night on carpets of the richest weavings of the Persian loom, and is fattened with flattery and the finest fowls, and surrounded by a hundred women, the fairest of Circassia, whom he neither loves nor delights, but whose business it is to strive to delight him, though they cannot love him. He is fat with the choicest foods, and so pursy, that he cannot rise from his cross-legged squat without the help of two of his stoutest eunuchs, nor sit down again with less help; whilst I am so thin, that two men might hardly hold me down to earth in a high wind. A hundred slaves, more pliant to his purposes than the lithest willows which I twist into baskets, wait on the watch to prevent a single want, whilst I have a thousand wants which no one will even notice, much more prevent. They pour on his beard the fragrant oils of Ataghan, whilst mine is only moistened with my melancholy tears. They waft cool perfumes around his chambers, as if the wholesome air of heaven was not sweet enough for his most delicate nostrils. They steep him in baths whose waters are made voluptuous with essences drawn from the roses of Cashmeer, and the lilies of Teflis, and as he reclines in the bath the voices of singers please his ear with the soft songs of Mirza; whilst I am compelled to perform my sacred ablutions in the common river, with no other singing but the nightingale's, and no richer perfume than that which the roses on either bank fling liberally to the open air: these are sweet enough, truly, but though they are of the world I have not the world to thank for them. These several things serve to prove what I have long suspected," finished the discontented Haroun, "and what indeed our greatest philosopher, the divine Sadi, the light of the world, asserted to his believing disciples, *that though whatever is was to be, yet nothing is as it should be.*"

It was the hour of sunrise, and that once-worshipped god of the Persians was then lifting his glorious forehead over the heights of the city; and from every minaret the Mussulman's bell of prayer called on all true believers to rise to their orisons. Haroun heard not the call, but he knew the hour, and quieting the murmurs of his mind for a moment, he turned eastward, and prostrating himself on his face, worshipped in silence and seriousness the new god—the one god—of whom Mahomet was the prophet. His prayers performed, he arose from the green earth, and forgot in devouter thoughts the discontented axiom

of Sadi the philosopher. Next to his devotions, it is a believing Persian's duty to ablute himself morning and evening. Haroun, who was either too much a lover of loneliness, or too sullen to visit the public baths, contented himself with the more wholesome waters of the river; and stripping his scanty and tattered vestments off, he plunged into the stream with so hearty a good-will, that you might have supposed he never meant to come up again with a living face to the light. He came up again, however, after some moments, and it was easy to perceive, by the length of time he had passed under the water, that something extraordinary had kept him there longer than was usual, for he came up to the surface gasping for breath, and shouting out vehemently, when he had caught it again, "Oh great and good Alla! what hast thou sent me here?" After much struggling, and diving down again and again, he appeared to be moving some heavy body from the deep water to the shoals of the river side, a labour which he very ingeniously performed by striking out backwards with his feet below the wave, his head still being above it. After a few moments' rest, he rolled on to the shore a huge earthern jar, such as is used by the merchants of the East to transport their oils in from trading-mart to trading-mart. Without waiting to dress himself, further than to slip into his loose trowsers and poor pelisse, he began, with many sinewy efforts, to rear the ponderous jar, heavier than its size might seem to warrant, with the weight of its contents. Having placed it on end, he perceived that its mouth was hermetically sealed: he looked about, therefore, for some instrument to break it, and finding nothing so capable as a huge stone which had been flung up by the tide, he seized it, and lifting it high over his head with both hands, dropped it, like the hammer of a smith on his anvil, upon the mouth of the jar, which broke in with the blow, and displayed to his staring eyes contents more precious than the oil of Tarshish—gold and diamonds! Poor Haroun almost shrieked with surprise and with the agitation which this sudden gift of fortune's had struck through all his senses. After some delirious moments spent in shouts of joy, in clapping his hands, and dancing extravagantly about this precious jar, he threw himself, in his delirium, on the ground, and gave praise to Mahomet, who was then the best of prophets, for Haroun then was the best of believers. Then leaping lightly on his feet, he began to think how he might conceal and convey away with secresy his new-found treasures, which would else be no sooner found than lost; but the extravagance of his mind would allow him no cool moment for thought, and all he could do was to dabble with his hands among his gold and jewels; and now put on the seal, and now snatch it off, to gaze with more than a miser's fondness on his glistening darlings. Then he shut them down again, and cried out, "Oh, Alla! what a murmuring wretch was I, to agree with the blasphemous Sadi, that though whatever is was to be, yet nothing is as it should be!" And then he fell to dancing again, and hugging the jar with embracing arms, as fond as if it had been a fair-eyed girl of the valleys of Circassia. At length, his delirium being spent, and his joy, from its intensity, turning to tears, he sat himself down by the jar, still clasping it within his arms, and fell into this fantastic rumination. "Surely I am son to Fortune, and never knew Penury but by his hated name, or, if I did, never shall be more acquainted with him, for I am now richer than Ophir for gold, and brighter than Golconda for diamonds! In riches, I am the companion of kings, for greatness ever follows

fortune, and wisdom follows greatness: I am great now, and I shall be wise in due season—I can wait till I am served. But greatness cannot lie, or sit, or even put his head into low hovels without injury to his greatness; it is therefore highly becoming that I should quit directly my wooden hut on the osier isle, and seek for a palace ready erected to deposit my greatness in, or else to command that one shall be erected fit and proper for my reception. In the mean time I shall be requested as a particular favour to take up my abode in the palace of the King; and as I fully purpose not to be proud, and forgetful of my former poverty, I may, after some hesitation, consent, and shall merely require of him to retire to his hunting-court in the plains, till I have done with it. He will of course comply with this moderate and modest proof of the confidence he may safely entertain of my high regard for him, and I shall live splendidly and feed sumptuously at my leisure. My bread will be served to me on platters of silver, my meats in dishes of gold, and my sherbet in vases and cups carved out of the onyx, and the jasper, and the chrysolite, and a hundred precious stones will enrich the brims. My slaves will fear my frown; I shall shew no feeling for them, for he who feels for a slave is a slave himself at heart. My women, of course, will all love me; they must be handsome, for I am handsome, I have every reason to think. I will not indulge incontinent appetites, therefore a hundred of the fairest of the fair of Georgia and Circassia shall content me; and, with the blessing of Alla, these will produce to my bed—say, two hundred sons and daughters, as the olive branches of my domestic happiness. The boys will become princes, from their extraordinary deserts, as generals, conquerors, and legislators; and the European world, which is but a small part of the world after all, will tremble at the name of any one of the race of Aboulim: the girls will become empresses, queens, and princesses, from the beauty which they will inherit from their father and mothers: more monarchs, and those the mightiest of the mighty, will sigh for them than can possibly win them, for only the most imperial of emperors and kingly of kings will, of course, be successful in their ambitious pretensions to degrade the daughters of Aboulim to condescend to sit upon their thrones. The rest must wait with becoming resignation till I have begotten a hundred other daughters, when they may perhaps, but it is just as it may happen, be honoured in their turn, upon their betraying a proper sense of the high honour reserved for them. As for the rejected, they may either hang, drown, slay, or poison themselves, whichever is most convenient to them; or, if they decline either of those deaths, and can still desire to live under the disgrace of my refusal, they have but to resign their several thrones, and the father of emperors, the begetter of kings, and the filler of thrones, will, in the munificence of his generosity, take care that their subjects shall not want sovereigns while there is one of the sons of Haroun Aboulim the Sublime unprovided for. I shall live to witness all these exceedingly possible circumstances come to pass, and shall be the wonder, envy, and admiration of the world. My baskets (were they baskets, which I amused my idle hours in making? Yes, I think I recollect they were baskets!) my baskets, I say, will be sought after by the curious of all parts of the globe, who will prize them as highly as they deserve to be estimated, as the rarest and most curious of curiosities: nation will war with nation for the possession of one of them, and thousands, nay, millions of common lives will be consider-

ed a cheap sacrifice, a too moderate price for the purchase. Every kingdom in the world will send out ambassadors to do homage to me; and the princes and nobles who will come in their trains, will consider themselves exceedingly honoured if I condescend to kick my slippers in disdain among them. After a hundred years of enjoyment of these poor honours, so unworthy of me, and which, indeed, will come infinitely short of my great deserts, tired of the feeble endeavours of the world to do me sufficient homage, I shall die—(must I die? Is there any absolute necessity that I should? Yes, I suppose I must die, out of respect to so absurd a custom—an act of conformity which the little minds of the vulgar world are apt to insist upon from the great ones), and the remaining world will weep my death, and the thousand cities that are in it contend for the honour of my birth; but there I shall disappoint the avaricious of so high an honour, for I shall leave it as a strict injunction to the princes my sons, who will at their deaths impose it on the kings their sons, who, when they die, will enjoin the emperors their sons, who, resigning the insignificant crowns of this world to reign in paradise, will command the empresses, their wives, to impress upon the minds of the young emperors, their sons, the heavy responsibility of the duty which will devolve upon them, in confiding to the princes, their sons, the great secret which their sons' grandsons are not too unguardedly to reveal to their sons, lest their sons' sons should too precipitately disclose the sublime, the important fact, which only their last son's son should publicly declare (the two thousand years of this mighty mystery being expired), that I was certainly born in the ever-renowned and then more than ever to be renowned city of Shiraz, when all the other famous cities of the earth will console themselves in their disappointment, as well as they can, with the murmuring maxim of Sadi the philosopher, "that whatever is was to be, though nothing is as it should be."

Here his delirious dream of greatness was interrupted, for at that moment he thought he heard (as he still lay on the ground encircling with both arms the waist of the jar) the seal lifted gently off by a hand which was not his, and looking up, he saw, to his consternation, a sturdy villain, whom he recognized as a well-known river-robber, standing over him with a dagger in one hand, whilst the other was thrust wrist-high among his gold and jewels. Haroun started, and for a moment looked fear-struck; but recovering his courage, he roared out, "What dost thou here, villain?"—"What, callest thou me villain?" retorted the robber roughly; "art not thou a greater villain, that hast more gold than thou canst carry, whilst I have not a beggarly piece of gold to give to a faquir for his blessing, when I ask it? But nothing is as it should be: one man has every thing, and another nothing. I shall, however, strive to make a more equal partition of the good things of the world, and shall lighten thee of a part of thy share of too much." And so saying, he began snatching up the diamonds and gold, and thrusting them by handfuls into his pockets. Haroun, at this, leaped on his feet in disregard of his dagger, and dealing him a right-handed blow under the ear, being by nature strong, and by this outrage made stronger, he sent the grasping robber stunned and headlong into the river, where he sunk like a lump of lead to the bottom, Haroun looking on at his struggles, and not attempting to save him, though, being an expert swimmer and diver, he might, if he had felt so inclined; but the maxim of Sadi, that

"whatever is was to be," deterred him, and so he let the shrieking and struggling wretch drown under his very nose, and like a good Mussulman gave Mahomet praise, that so much of his riches had escaped the robber's hand.

Now it happened, unluckily for the lucky Haroun, that the whole of his encounter with the robber had been observed from the opposite shore by some of the myrmidons of the law, who, having crossed the river by the first bridge, had come round to the spot where Haroun was still employed, partly in thanksgivings to Mahomet for his marvellous escape, and partly in contrivances how he might best convey away his treasures. He had just resolved to carry off as much of them as he could safely secrete about him, and then, after sealing up the jar, to roll it back into the river again, and daily to visit it till he had emptied it; he had filled his pockets, and was about to seal up the jar, when he was seized on the sudden by two of the hardest hands he had ever felt, and looking round, he saw that he was in the iron gripe of the law. His heart sunk within him, and his knees rattled together like dry bones. "Come, come, my honest friend," said one of them, "as you have just murdered a man, and cannot spend these riches between this hour and that when the bowstring will be your necklace, we will carry you and your treasures, in the King's name, to the palace of the Cadi, where you will find justice, and an executioner of excellent skill in his art, and be thoroughly satisfied that every thing is as it should be."

There were six of these officers—it was in vain, therefore, for Haroun to think of remonstrating with them as he had done with the robber, so he submitted himself without a blow. Having bound his hands behind him, they ordered him to march on before them, which he did, casting, however, many a wishful look at the jar, as two or three of the stoutest of his guard haled it along. Poor Haroun's present situation contrasted so miserably with the extravagant expectations he had indulged in, in his late reverie, that he could not help exclaiming, in that tone of melancholy humour which was characteristic of him, "Where are the kings my sons, that they suffer Haroun Aboulim the Sublime to endure these insults?" The officers hearing this, thought him mad from the extreme love of wealth: then they looked at him, and thought him too young for a miser: however, they respected his jar and its contents very honestly, although Haroun, continually turning round to the three lusty fellows who bore it slowly along, seemed to hint at a silent suspicion which he entertained, that they had itching palms.

At length they reached the palace of the Cadi; and there the medley mob of curious citizens who had followed at the heels of the unfortunate Haroun became numerous and more numerous. He was proverbial among them for his discontented disposition, and for his sullen scorn of his poor estate, and the poor companions which poverty makes a man intimate with, as if to reconcile him to his own lot, by shewing him the lot of others as much neglected by fortune as himself; and now, learning that he was seized as a murderer, and that great treasures had been found in his keeping, they took care to testify how well they remembered his few faults; and some spat at him, and some threw dirt in his face, and others dirtier execrations, till he had reached the very threshold of the palace: but honest Haroun heeded not their scoffs, nor did he care much for their spittle; he contented himself with recommending to them that they had much better preserve the latter to wet their fingers withal

in case they should happen to burn them ; and then discontentedly consoled himself, " that nothing was as it should be."

It was in that day the law of Shiraz, that where one man had killed another, he should make all the reparation in his power to the surviving wives and children, if there were any, and it was agreed to by both parties—by husbanding the one and fathering the other, so that the culprit was condemned to life rather than to death: he had, however, the option, whether he preferred the bands of matrimony to the bowstring of justice. But if there were neither wives nor children, he was strangled forthwith, unless he could produce golden objections to this summary proceeding, and these met with the entire approbation of the Cadi, who had, in these cases, a particular leaning to the side of mercy, and loved very much to see the two scales of justice, one kicking the beam with a bowstring rolled up in it, and the other kissing the ground with a satisfying consideration of pieces of gold flung promiscuously in by no miserly hand. Indeed the Cadi's love of mercy was well-known, and a handsome bribe handsomely, that is, covertly, conveyed, was never known to fail in loosening the bowstring at the tightest moment in which a reprieve could be of service. It was but the day previous that he exhibited this tender failing of his, in the case of a young gentleman of good family, who had unfortunately happened to strangle his grandfather merely to obtain his handsome grandmother, who happened in this particular instance to be a year or two younger than the young gentleman himself, instead of being, as is too commonly the case, a century or thereabouts older: he was, however, condemned to the bowstring, at the particular intercession of several really venerable grandmothers, who thought, very wisely, that an example was necessary in this instance, for there was no knowing to what such a crime might lead if it was not timely checked; there were, alas! to the shame of the charity of the citizens of Shiraz, some who thought that those old ladies were sinister in this recommendation, and that their anxiety for justice arose from another feeling—their despair that any young and handsome grandson of theirs would ever run the same risk for the same end.

It was customary to tighten the bowstring about the necks of the condemned, whether they were to be strangled or spared, to keep up the appearance of justice, lest the poor rascals of which mobs are composed should cry out, that the bowstring of the law was not made to fit the necks of your rich rascals, which had been a calumny that might have made Justice herself to pull the bandage she wears over her eyes down over her entire face, to conceal her shame. The fatal string was, therefore, duly entwined round the neck of the young gentleman, and the word " to pull" was given, but just as he began to chuckle in the throat, and look sanguine in complexion, and to stare blind Justice rather rudely in the face, the merciful Cadi relented, and cried out, " Pray don't hurt the young gentleman!"—the two ends of the bowstring of Justice dropt harmlessly over his shoulders like a tasselled ornament; and the condemned grandson rose on his feet, and, like a polite young gentleman as he was, he made the grand salaam of compliment to the Cadi; who also rose, like a well-bred and urbane judge as he also was, and returned his salutation; but, unfortunately for the credit of clemency, he dropt at the same moment, from beneath the ample folds of his robes, a heavy purse of gold which he had just received from the young grandmother's hand, as she stood behind the judgment-seat, who,

poor young gentlewoman, doubtless thought it extremely hard that she was to lose a husband who was so venerably old, and a lover who was so handsomely young, both in one day. The rascal mob murmured at this delicate distinction of the Cadi's, who indignantly ordered the court to be cleared, after a dozen of the more obstreperous had been well bastinadoed for their impertinence in interrupting the course of justice. However, he repaired this seeming dereliction in the same day, for a ragged, rascally, poor villain was brought before him, charged with stealing, from an incontrollable hunger which the vagabond indulged in, part of a cold kid that had been left in the Cadi's larder; and having neither gold, nor friend who had it and was willing to come down with it, he was strangled with the utmost punctuality, and the Cadi ate what he had left of the kid with the greater relish, that any one should have admired it so much as to run his neck into the bowstring for dining off it.

Before this lover of justice and mercy, the trembling and chap-fallen Haroun was dragged by the many-armed law. "We have brought into the presence of the mirror of magistracy, the medium of mercy, the mouth of wisdom, the tongue of truth, the sword of severity, and the tight string of terror, a singular sort of knave, who has robbed even a robber," said the officers to the Cadi. "Robbed him of what?" demanded the Cadi. "Of life," answered the myrmidons of the law. "Bring in the bowstring, and order up the coffee," commanded the magistrate. "But," urged Haroun, with a whining voice, "this robber, whom I have only drowned, my lord the Cadi, would have robbed my lord the King!"—"Of what, knave?" roared the Cadi. "Of this jar of jewels and gold, which I had commanded him in the King's name to aid and assist me in conveying to the coffers of the muscle of monarchs, the pearl of princes, the diamond of dignity, light of the sun and moon, goldsmith of the stars, lord of the four-and-twenty umbrellas, parasol of Persia, milk of mercy, cream of courtesy, and seat of the five-and-twenty fistulas, the princeliest proof of the duration of his sitting on the throne of his ancestors (who were the first-made of men), and of the length of his reign over Persia, which reigns over all the rest of the world," answered the wily Haroun, who knew well enough that the only safe way to play unarmed with power was to smooth down its paws, and forget that it had talons. "Oh, if that is the case, let the coffee take precedence of the bowstring, and we will in our clemency hear thee unfold thy tale," countermanded the clement Cadi. The coffee was brought: "And now, slave, propound the possession of this wealth." Then Haroun told the story of his finding the treasure, and where; and calculating very shrewdly, that a living basket-maker was better than a dead one, he made it appear how honestly he meant to serve his lord the King in the whole affair, and that his zeal for his rights had been the sole cause of the unfortunate death which he had dealt the robber. "I could have saved him, as I am a good swimmer," urged the wary Haroun, "but would it have become an honest man and a true subject to save a robber of his King?"—"You are an honest fellow and a brave subject, and argue like a wise one, too," said the Cadi, putting off his judicial frown for a judicious smile. "The treasures which you have found are undoubtedly the King's, for they were taken from a river in his kingdom: I therefore claim them in the name of the king my master," continued the Cadi, laying his hand upon the mingled heap of

diamonds and gold. As he drew it back again, Haroun observed that to the Cadi's hand, being perhaps rather warm and moist, several of the diamonds had adhered rather tenaciously, especially in the palm and between the fingers; but it would ill have become him to observe more than this, especially in a minister of justice, whose hands, besides the diamonds, held the two ends of the bowstring of strangulation. The Cadi, having adjusted his inner robes, which at that moment, from his fumbling so much among them, seemed to sit ill upon him, began now to make the usual judicial inquiries. "Had this robber any wives?" for no man in Persia who has the courage to wive at all, has the prudence to restrict himself to one wife; he must have a plurality of wives, or none. "He had, my lord the Cadi," answered an officer. "How many?"—"Only four," was the reply. "Only four!" exclaimed Haroun; "Oh Mahomet! that a thief should be indulged with four wives, whilst an honest poor man like myself has not yet been blessed with one! But this, among other things, induces me to agree with the philosopher Sadi, that 'nothing is as it ought to be.'"—"What children had he?" still further inquired the Cadi. "Forty, my lord," replied the officer. "You must husband the wives, honest Haroun, and father the children," commanded the Cadi, addressing himself to the astounded basket-maker. "What!" exclaimed he, "marry an honest man to the four wives of a notorious robber?"—"The better reason," urged the Cadi; "you may thus make honest women of them."—"But the young rogues, his sons—what can I hope for with forty thieves for my sons? I have not forty jars to suffocate them in," half whimpered he. "Teach them honesty," counselled the Cadi, as he toyed with the diamond heap, and slid his hand under his robes. "Oh Mahomet, this is too much!" cried Haroun; "bring in the bowstring, and shew me the suddenest way to Paradise."—"Tush, tush, man," soothed the Cadi; "the King, in consideration of your loyalty and singular honesty, will, in his liberality, portion you with a hundred pieces, and you will be rich, which few honest men expect to be, if not happy, which no husband with four wives hopes to be."

At this moment the bowstringers entered. Haroun eyed them attentively, and sighed out, "Well, lead me to my fate!"—"Which fate?" inquired the officers; "the string or the wives?"—"Is there any difference?" asked Haroun of one of the executioners, who happened to be an old acquaintance; "I ask you as a friend?" continued he, looking in his face with a face most pathetically perplexed. "There is; and be advised by me," said the humane strangler; "the King, being old, has a marvellous love for gold and diamonds, and will not fail to reward him who adds so largely to his stores as you have done. It is the interest, too, of the Cadi to see that you are not forgotten in this matter, for he will not forget himself. Be advised, then, good Haroun, and live."—"Well, since it must be so, the wives—whatever is was to be, I suppose," murmured he discontentedly.

He was accordingly led out of the court to the house of the robber, which was hard by, and in a few minutes they had entered the doors. It was a handsome and well-furnished mansion, which showed that the late proprietor was a thriving thief. His wives and children were with all possible tenderness informed of the melancholy circumstances of his death: the wives were employed in domestic matters at the time; they did not, however, suspend their business for a moment, but went on

with their work as if nothing had happened to their late lord and master. The children were at their sports when they were informed of their father's death; they whooped and gambolled, and continued their race after the blue-winged natives of Kashmeer just as before the melancholy tidings, and seemed nothing moved, unless their emotion was expressed in their riotous rollings over the grass and over one another. "I have four of the most tender-hearted wives in Shiraz, and forty of the most filial children that ever blessed a man who was not their father! But whatever is was to be, I suppose, and though nothing is as it should be, there are many things which might be worse than they are. I must be content, and squeeze as much honey out of my lemons as I can," sighed the disconsolate Haroun, as he motioned the officers to withdraw: they obeyed, and he was left to his own solitary reflections. "Well," mused he, "with the diamonds I have secreted about me, and the hundred pieces I am promised, the husband of the four wives and the forty children of a robber is at any rate richer than the single basket-maker with no pieces and diamonds. As I am in the pit, I must live in it; so my wives, do you hear, jades, prepare a bath and a bed for your new lord and master, and I will love you as much as the old one to-morrow." "Ah, my lord," sighed the four wives with one voice, as if by concert—"My lord!" humphed Haroun, swelling at the title; "come, this is an improvement on the poor knave the basket-maker of yesterday!"—"My lord," continued the women, "if you love us no more than our late lord, we should be happier to remain disconsolate widows, for he was old." "Well, well," said Haroun, "enough for to-morrow is the evil of to-morrow. There, bid the thirty boys, my sons, to cease shouting, and the ten girls, my daughters, to hold their prattling, that the stranger their father may sleep. But well remembered, sweet wives—I am hungry as well as weary: what, now, have you for supper? for I will not wink till I am fed." One of the women left the chamber, and in a moment returned with a large silver dish, holding, as its contents, a boiled chicken, lying inisled, as it were, in a small ocean of the milk of goats thickened with the whitest of rice. "That is a dish fit for the cousin of the sun!" exclaimed the delighted Haroun, rubbing his hands with satisfaction, and smacking his lips with expectation. His fingers were in the dish in a moment, and in another the tenderly-boiled fowl was amputated limb from limb. "By the mouth of Mahomet," said he, chuckling and choking with hungry haste and enjoyment of his savoury meal, "I cannot help thinking how the old rascal, your late husband of this morning, hoped to have relished this fine fowl for his supper to-night! and now he is where he cannnot eat—and may be eaten, for I'll be sworn the fishes are already nibbling at his nose, which was a taking bait for a prince among the fishes, it was so rosy and well fed." As he uttered this conceit he threw himself backwards on his pillows with a fowl-bone in his mouth, half-choking with that and his laughter. It was the first time he had laughed for many a moon; and he stretched his sides now till he was glad to hoop them in with equal hands, whilst his lungs crowed like a cock's. The wives affected to be hurt at his levity, and looked as disconsolate as widows ever appear to be. "And how the old ruffian roared," continued Haroun, "to be saved from drowning! You would have thought he had been the most honest and worthy fellow in Shiraz, instead of being the greatest rascal in it—except the Cadi. Had I been in his place in the river,

and he in mine out of it, I would not have bawled for life with half the lungs he used, no, not for a hundred purses added to the hundred and fifty he hoped this morning to live long enough to take from their lawful owners. But thus it is; your rich rogue loves to live, whilst your poor honesty wishes only to die. However, to pay the devil his tribute-money, I must confess that the old rascal had a princely taste in women, for he has left me four of the handsomest wives that the sun shall see in a day's journey. Come hither, you pretty rogues." The disconsolate widows smiled, and began to cling about him. Haroun kissed them all with thorough heartiness, and with a fondness which was new to them. This was a promising compliment from a good-looking young fellow, and they shewed by their attentions to him how sensible they were of the force of it. "And now, wives, take away the dish, and hand me a kaleoon of the best Shiraz, and some sherbet, for I will smoke, drink, and ruminate awhile." These delicacies were brought him ere the words of his wish were cold; and between the sippings of sherbet and the puffings of his pipe, he indulged his attentive wives with a few interrupted terms of endearment. After some time thus spent, he dismissed them, with this command: "Wives, leave me, for I feel that I am growing profound." The fact was he was growing fuddled. They obeyed; and knocking out the old man's ashes from the top of the pipe, he finished it with as much satisfaction as if he had begun it. "Well," ruminated he, "Time was not bald in a day, nor the world made after dinner of an orange. I am not so rich as I was in the morning—but I am richer, ay, and happier than I was last night. Give Alla thanks, honest Haroun, for you are in favour with fortune: you have four handsome wives, abundance of fair children which you never had the trouble of begetting, a house instead of a hut, a hundred pieces of gold in promise from the Cadi, and a hundred or so of diamonds, which you may carry into Turkey, under pretence of visiting a rich relation there, and so safely dispose of them, and come back with camels laden with merchandize to your wives and children, who may yet, under your tuition, seeing as they must the worth and wisdom of their father, become princes and princesses; and you may yet be renowned throughout the world, for converting the sons of a robber into honest and great men." With flattering thoughts such as these, together with sherbet and tobacco, he gradually lulled his senses, and after he had stretched himself with a yawn and a shudder at its close, he dropt his pipe, which was now out, and then himself, on the couch, and was asleep. His wives returned, and seeing that he was drowned in a deep slumber, they began to examine the superficies of their new lord; and as he was a younger and a handsomer man than their late lord and tyrant, it was agreed by the four voices as one that the exchange was certainly for the better; so they covered him up carefully and comfortably, and on tiptoe left the chamber.

He had not long been asleep when it might be perceived, by his tossing, and tumbling, and muttering, that he was dreaming. His imagination, excited by the accidents of the day, began to wing to the remotest lands of speculation, and now he was, in his deceitful dream, a merchant rich as the Ind; and now a king, beloved of his people and the terror of the rest of the world; and now he was again the poor basket-maker, eating of scanty bread; and now still lower in the grade of misery—a beggar, spurned from a rich man's door. But at length,

from the hurry and contradictions of his dreaming, his fancy flew with a more regular wing, and he thought he was lying in a beautiful valley, discontented and pining under the ills of life, and wishing for death, when a beautiful acacia, against which his back was leaning, began sensibly to move, although there was not so much wind in that valley as would have flickered the flame of a little lamp; when turning his eyes round to behold the occasion of it, he saw, and was wonder-struck, the trunk of the tree gradually open, as it had been riven from the head to the root by a slow but sharp lightning; and a beautiful spirit, whom he instantly knew, from traditional description, to be one of the better genii, stepped forth from its centre, enveloped in a golden-coloured glory, that shot around her a thousand separate beams, which in a few moments paled into a more silvery light, and at the same time mingled its distinct beams, till they melted into a wide and radiant halo, as if the moon had fallen from her height in the heavens, but had not lost any ray of her beauty or glory. There was a delicious noise of music around him, which seemed, to his ear, to arise from the very bosom of the earth, through the lips of the violets and roses which grew about his feet; which, although it was night, as he dreamed, yet opened visibly and gradually to his eye, as if they had mistaken the light that spread among them to be the blaze of the sun; and the waters of the valley, which before ran noisily along, seemed to lose their motion, and stood in silence, or only slightly stirred under the vibrations of that unearthly harmony. Haroun, awed by the presence and the manner of the appearing of so fair a vision, had turned himself from his recumbent posture, and had bent himself on one knee, keeping his face to the green earth, which glittered as if sprinkled with diamonds more numerous than the myriad stars of the milky way. And now the good spirit addressed him, the unearthly music meanwhile not altogether ceasing, but only subduing itself into a quieter accompaniment of her voice, as if it were indeed a part of it.

"Arise, Haroun Aboulim, from that posture of lowliness, for thy virtues have exalted thee to a place in the favour of the good Genius whom I serve, and I am his messenger to thee, bringing thee a knowledge which shall make thee even richer than thy deserts, great as they are, would warrant. Know, then, that thou art the son of Haroun Schemzeddin, the wealthiest diamond-merchant and usurer of the East; he who might have bought the world if it had been to be purchased, so boundless were his riches; but none knew the extent of them save the good spirits, who watch over all, the good and the bad, the poor and the rich, for he had amassed too much to confess his wealth, though it was suspected. It was in that war which ravaged and desolated the beautiful valleys and gorgeous cities of Persia, that thy father, fearful lest the rapacious enemy, and his hardly less rapacious countrymen, should seize on his great treasures, under the all-concealing cloak of night sank his gold and diamonds beneath the waters of the stream which refreshes the thirsty of Shiraz, intending, when the dove of peace had returned to Persian bowers, to bring them as covertly to the day again. But, in the mean time, in the first contest within the walls of the city, he was struck to the heart by a death-aimed arrow, and died on the instant, with no word of disclosure on his lips of where his treasures lay hidden. Thou wast then an innocent and helpless child, protected by the good genii, and had never been owned as his son: for though he

was ancient when he died, he had never either wedded, as heaven enjoins, nor had he, till thy begetting, indulged in the sin of dalliance, which heaven forbids, for his one god was gain; but in an evil hour, having indulged with the enemies of Mahomet in forbidden wine, as fire begets fire, so sin begat sin; thy mother fell in his way, and, more from the love of his gold than the desire of his love, she went to his bed, and thou wast begotten, to be left, after them, a living memorial of their dead deeds of sin and shame. Thy mother, however, reaped not the corn she thought she had securely sown, for the old merchant, in his more sober hours, saw that the eye of her design looked into his coffers, and he cast her off with a wanton's morning wages—a little gold and much loathing. Thou, poor child of sin, wast born in the very rising of that moon which set on thy father's grave, and wast never acknowledged for his son, for indeed he never beheld thee, nor did he know of thy birth, else perhaps his heart, though locked and sealed with avarice, might have opened at beholding the son of his old age, and melted to pity of thy innocent helplessness; but it was ordained otherwise, and heaven is just and merciful. Thy miserable mother died in giving thee life, and thou wast all-deserted, except by the succouring hand of the good Providence, who poured the milk of a mother between thy little lips from the bosom of a stranger; and thus thou wast reared to live, and, from an infant, became that goodly tree, when its fruits are good, a man. The hardness, and neglect, and poverty of thy youth thou thyself art acquainted withal, I need not therefore remember them for thee; but think not they were unobserved, or that they will go unrewarded: no, for although the son of sin, thou hast never shewn the vices of thy parents, but hast lived soberly, chastely, and honestly by the unprofitable sweat of thy brow—not, indeed, without some murmurings at thy poor estate, yet still with no wicked impugning of the wise will of heaven, which better knows and regulates than man what and when it shall give, and when and what it shall take away. This forbearance and these virtues are now to be rewarded. Know, then, that the treasure which thou didst this day discover was a parcel only of the wealth of thy father, a little part, for under the same wave thou shalt find still twenty jars of gold and precious jewels, each one worth a monarch's crown and a king's ransom." Haroun, at this news, started violently from his couch: but the dream had too fast chained his senses to suffer him to awake. The beneficent Being continued. "Be wise, Haroun, in thy happiness, and be tongueless in thy secrecy. Let the king, thy master, enjoy in quietness the treasures he has claimed, so shall he not disturb thee in the possession of the treasures which still are thine. These thou wilt bring up from the bosom of the waters by night, letting none but the two elder of the boys, now thy children, know the secret of their concealment, for these, by a charm I have placed upon their tongues, are made trustworthy, though they were the sons of one whom honesty might never trust. Be not too prodigal in the show of thy great fortunes, but live wisely, and then thou shalt not fail to live virtuously; for who that is wise but must understand the worth and value of virtue, so as resolutely to eschew evil. Be a husband to the women now thine, who may be brought back to goodness: for there is nothing so vile but has a seed of virtue in it, which, though it lies unrooted in the bosom, as upon stony ground, may, with the culture of a careful hand, become instinct with being, and bring forth

excellent fruits in due season. To their children be more than their father, for he would have made them the ministers of evil, but let it be thy task to make them the ministers of good; they are as yet uncorrupted by the sins of their father, being innocently young, and may become the olive-branches of thy table, and the examples of the young yet unborn. Go now, bring forth a twentieth part of thy treasures; be wise in husbanding them, be wary in concealing them; be generous, above all things, in their use, especially to the poor, whom thou, who hast pined with poverty, must naturally pity, knowing what wretches suffer in their need. Be not lifted with pride, nor poor with too much riches, and thus shalt thou be as great as thou hast ever dreamed to be, and as happy as heaven can render thee on earth, and blessed with the blessed hereafter. Arise, Haroun, from thy reverent posture, and go and be happy thyself, and make the poor and miserable happy!"

Here the good genius ceased, and Haroun, as he still dreamed, made many a holy promise to the strict performance of her will, and arose, as he thought, from the ground, and being motioned to depart for his home, he touched his forehead reverently with both hands, again bowed his face to the earth, and when he lifted his eyes once more to gaze upon the beautiful and beneficent Being, she was gone like the dew from a sun-kissed stone. He started at this so violently that he awoke, and on looking about him, beheld that the chamber was illumined by a light that did not seem the light of day—it was more beautiful; and he heard audibly a faint hum as of receding music, which died gradually away like the last sighs of an expiring perfume. He could hardly believe that he had dreamed, but rather imagined that he had had audience of the good spirit's minister where he then lay, and not in the valley of his vision. However, whether delusive dream or waking certainty, he resolved to examine further into the river, and leaping up hastily from his couch, and slipping on his pelisse, slippers, and cap, he left the house alone and quietly, and bent his way eagerly to the river's bank, as fast as impatience, that fast-footed mule, could carry him.

It was not yet sunrise, although it was early day, and no one was yet abroad. Arrived at the spot of all his hopes, he prostrated himself, and breathed a hasty prayer, then stripping himself in a moment, he dived like a diamond-slave to the bottom, where swimming under water downward toward the sea, the first object which he met with was the dead body of the robber, lying entangled among the weeds. He recollected the diamonds he had snatched from him yesterday, and so determined to bring him again up to the light: this was soon done, and he dragged him on shore; the dagger was still fast clutched in one hand, and the diamonds in the other. Haroun forced open his death-frozen fingers, and extracted the glittering prisoners, and then left him on the shore as if newly washed up, with the dagger still pointed in his hand, which would confirm the story of his death. He looked with pity on him, the terror of the honest and the slayer of the harmless, and could hardly forbear shedding a tear over his lifeless body, as terrible in death as it was in life. He then plunged again into the stream, and explored the bed of it for some time without success, when, just as he was beginning to despair, and, wearied with fatigue, had crawled up the bank, intending to search no farther, convinced that his dream was all a delusion, he beheld, a little lower down, a small golden-scaled fish

leap out of the blue waters, and then drop in again, and the next instant it was followed by the bursting up of a thousand drops of water of a diamond-like lustre and beauty. "O, excellent spirit!" he exclaimed, "if I understand the true meaning of those indications, the golden fish shews me where the gold lies, and the water-drops where the diamonds lie darkly buried." The fish leaped up again, and the water sprang up like a fountain, and fell in twice a thousand drops into the very circle which their last agitations had made on the surface of the stream. He was now convinced, and leaping in once more, swam to the spot marked out for his search by the rippling rings which still widened on the surface, and diving down, there beheld, as well as the water getting into his eyes would permit him, the twenty jars, standing like so many funeral urns of the ancient dead, side by side in a regular row, as if they had been fixed there by some strong-handed power. It was enough, he was satisfied—so getting out of the river, he hurried on his few garments, and hastened home like one distracted, where arriving, he called up his wives, who had not yet shaken off the fingers of sleep from their lids; they heard his call and awoke. "Be happy, my wives, be happy, and bless the gracious and good Alla! for you are the first favourites of heaven and all good spirits." They understood not his words nor his wildness; but nevertheless they seemed happy enough that they had lost their cruel late lord and tyrant for a merry and wild young fellow.

"Call up my children," commanded Haroun, "for I must see them directly, that they may know that they have a father who is a father from heaven to them; call the little rascals my children-chickens hither, for I have some crumbs of comfort will make each of their two eyes to sparkle with the lustre of four stars, and their lips to tingle with shouting. Go, bring them before me, go—I long to embrace the young rogues, whilst my heart is overflowing with human kindness for them—ay, and for all mankind—go, my dear good wives." The wives stared and wondered, and, what is most extraordinary, though they were inquisitive, they did not ask a question of Haroun as to the meaning of his extravagance. As for him, he dropt from exhaustion on the couch which had been his bed in the morning. He seized his kaleoon, and attempted to sooth the hubbub of his mind into calmness by its grateful, brain-appeasing fumes. At that moment the children entered with child-like shyness and awe of their new father; they were a handsome lively nest of young rogues. Haroun's good-natured eyes assured them that they had nothing to fear from him, for they ran over with humanity, and a yearning tenderness for their innocent, helpless state. His good-looking and good-humoured face, too, was all over one smile of pleasure and satisfaction; and his voice was like a song of love; so that in a few moments he was half choked by their caresses and half smothered by the young urchins themselves, who rolled and clambered up him and over him as he lay on the couch, like so many playful whelps about their father the lion. These indications exhibiting, as decidedly as he could have wished, their opinion of the new father in fond preference of the old one, he kissed them twenty times all round, and telling the boys that they should become princes and the girls empresses, he dismissed them to their breakfast of rice and romping, and calming himself as well as he might, he bade his wives array themselves in their richest robes, if they had any, and if not, to command

the presence of the silk merchant, that they might be attired as became the wives of the richest poor man in Shiraz, for they must set out for the mosque that morning, to have all the rites which were to transfer them to their new lord, duly solemnized, as became a good Mussulman. At this news the wives kissed him very kindly on both cheeks, and having set a breakfast of fowl and fruit and a pleasant liquor before him, they retired to dress themselves as their beauty deserved. Ere he had finished his meal they returned, and truly they might have graced, by their comeliness, the house of a much greater lord than Haroun Aboulim, the basket-maker of Shiraz.

And now, to sum up the fortunes of Haroun the Lonely Man, now no longer so, he honourably and even proudly married the four wives of Abu Benzaddin the robber, adopted their children as his, had many sons and daughters of his own by them, and having drawn up the twenty jars at cautious intervals of time, he became gradually the richest merchant in Persia, and none knew how, unless, as was conjectured, he had been rewarded by some good genius for his patient endurance of poverty, and the humane willingness with which he submitted to the tender severity of the law, in becoming a kind father to the children of Abu Benzaddin. He lived to a good old age, and was known to all parts of the trading-world for the rare and exceeding worth of the diamonds he dealt in; he acquired the title of "the happy man of Shiraz," instead of his old gloomy title; and the king came purposely from Ispahan to visit him, and was wonder-struck at his exceeding riches, and happiness, and generosity. His sons became a glory to him, for some of them were wiser than most men, and all were virtuous; and some became, as his ambitious spirit had dreamed, princes, for in their travels through the cities of the East in search of adventures, they were beloved by the princesses of the several courts at which they were distinguished visitors, both for their prowess and handsomeness; and the daughters either became princesses, or were the wives of the richest merchants of the world, and lived as such, for splendour and honour. And then Haroun having seen nearly every thing accomplished that he had ambitiously desired, died in peace with all men, and beloved by all men; is to this day the proudest name and example among the merchants of Shiraz; and over his tomb, which is constructed of the richest and most costly materials, is still to be seen, engraved on a plate of gold, his dying words—"*It was to be, and it is, and every thing is as it should be.*"

C. W.

MADRIGAL.

Qu'avez-vous fait de mon amour,
Bonheur fatal, funeste jouissance?
Etoit-ce pour te perdre, ô trop malheureux jour!
Que je vous attendois avec impatience?
Rendez, trompeur, rendez-moi mes désirs,
Et je vous rendrai vos plaisirs.

St. Evremond, tom. i. p. 66.

Deceitful day, which gave me first
Of Celia's charms the long-sought treasure:
Restore my hopes, my fears, my passion—
I will give thee back thy pleasure.

LETTER ABOUT AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The elections are over: one hundred and forty new members have been returned to Parliament: and there is an end, for this time, to the six weeks' saturnalia of riot and rascality, which, once in seven years, is permitted to afflict our country. There are some pursuits in life, and some associations, which, from their very nature, dispose the minds of those engaged in them to misanthropy. Medical practitioners acquire a strange intimacy—more, I should think, than a pleasant one—with the vices of mankind; and lawyers, who have passed their lives in active practice, seldom think romantically of the virtue of their species; but of all the departments of worldly affairs, I doubt if there be any in which, taken as regards the mass, human nature exhibits itself to such entire disadvantage as at an election.

The broad, and admitted, system of LIE, in the first place—the sweeping and transparent HUMBUG that runs through the whole proceeding—would be ludicrous—an excellent jest to laugh at—if the grave nature of the business did not render levity somewhat indecent. There is the "qualification oath," to begin with; by which your candidate will *swear* to the *bonâ-fide* possession of a property, of which all the world shall know that he has *no* possession, but such as is *purely fallacious, and colourable.* Then comes the septennial cant about "bribery and corruption;" and that which is still more impudent, the horror, and deprecation, and recrimination about "indirect influence," and "secret coalition," and "illegal manufacture of franchise"—all this absolutely coming from the lips of men who are, at the same time, straining the very engines so deprecated to the utmost, and whose only real ground of apprehension is—each and every one—that he may not be able to use them to so much purpose as his antagonist. And then there comes the base—the shameless—libellous—low abuse;—the bloodless blackguard squabbles between men from whose rank and state we look for better feeling. The merciless tyranny exerted to compel votes, and the mean servility employed to solicit them. Then comes the robbery and rapacity of "agents"—rascals, the insolence of whose extortion is a greater offence than the pecuniary loss sustained by it! The gullibility of the mob, as filthy as its greediness, or even as its ferocity; and the disgust of seeing Englishmen ready for any violence, or any meanness, that a debauch of beer or brandy is to repay. And then we have the position of the precious candidate—the man, whose first attributes to fit him for the post he asks for, should be those of the purest integrity and the proudest honour! To see that very man, as it were, courting insult—exposing himself to every description of personal indignity! To find him familiar with all dirty, petty artifice, suborning perjury, and inventing fraud! To see him accepting aid to-day from hands which, to-morrow, he would shame to touch: and owing his success (if he does succeed) to means and principles, such as an honourable mind would shrink, and recoil from employing—It shews something, all this, like a grovelling—like a prostration—which—(we seldom lick the dust for nothing)—a high-minded man, *perfectly disinterested,* would hardly care to submit to! "His whole life," I heard a newly elected borough member protest the other day, "devoted to the service of his constituents," would be "too little to repay the boon he owed them!" That very

man, every body knew, could not afford to devote one tithe of his "life" to any other object than that of decently and competently earning his own fortune. "From house to house" he should go—"from door to door"—returning thanks to those who had "favoured him" with their suffrage. Returning thanks for what? For the liberty of dedicating a large portion of his time and labour—of devoting his "whole life,"—to the business of persons for whom, individually, he cared nothing, and who were to pay him nothing for his service! For having had leave given to take upon himself an arduous, unpaid office; which, *duly* and *honestly* administered, must entail great exertion, expense, and anxiety upon him, without affording any return of profit or reward! And this was not a close borough, but an open, populous town. This is the regular beggarly trash which is talked, and listened to, at elections. Those who choose, love to see a (supposed) superior debase himself before them; never dreaming that his submission can come from any thing but a consciousness of their merits; and he who is chosen proves his fitness to support the nation's rights, in exact proportion to the readiness which he evinces to give up his own! It is a filthy system that of our election altogether, though one perhaps which, as happens with a great variety of other schemes, it is easier to find fault with than to mend: but, incomparably, between the two offences, if I had to decide which was the worst, I should say that the *buying* of votes did not compromise honesty so completely as the *begging* them.

For success, the "begging" and "buying" arrangements should go hand in hand, however—one won't do without the other; or, if either is omitted, certainly the "buying" is the one that you should stick to. Cobbett "begged" as hard as ever man begged in the world, and bullied; but still he was thrown out for Preston. And indeed it is a curious proof how little real influence our Fleet-street friend has with the country—five thousand pounds would *ensure* him a seat; and yet he is not in Parliament! The Preston defeat is said to have given a heavy blow to the "Register;" and I should not at all wonder if that were the case. During the time of the election the sale perhaps might be expected to fall, because the paper was only a reprint of the reports from the Morning Herald; but since Cobbett *himself* began again, he is evidently shaken; and he felt that he should be so, for he was very loth and backward to begin. In fact, events, bad as they are, are doing very little to fulfil his prophesies. His abuse is too coarse, and, what is worse, too stale—people are tired of listening to it. And the egotism, which—with the best face that he could put upon it—was always a ticklish string to harp upon, is destruction now, after this broad exposure, that people don't take him at all at the rate of his own estimation. If he persists in the old style—the calling nicknames, and swearing that "*he* is the only man in the country," and so forth—nothing can save him from being pooh-poohed;—in fact, the cry has begun already. And yet if he lays this down (which he would probably be glad to do), he admits his own defeat; and then certainly loses (with such people as the Register circulates among) three-fourths of his readers.

Cobbett stands just now in a very difficult situation, and one from which I should not be surprised if he did not recover. Hunt, who never had a chance of being elected in Somersetshire, but who nevertheless had the tact to bear his disappointment with manliness and good-humour, is a thorn in his side, and has written a letter (which it would not be easy to answer)

charging him openly with fomenting the disturbances in Lancashire. In the mean time, the districts in the North are kept from open tumult chiefly by contribution; the King has sent another thousand pounds to the Spital-fields' weavers; and at Dumfries a mealman has had his bones broken—who seems to have been a sort of person that deserved it.

Agriculture looks up fairly, taking the country through; though the want of rain in May and April has brought the hay harvest to nothing. The heat has been excessive during the greater part of the last two months; so much so, that ponds and lakes have been evaporating (according to the newspaper calculations) at the rate of near half a cubic inch a day. The evaporation of ale and porter, too (in some districts), has gone on with extraordinary rapidity during the same period; so much so, that, unless the distress of the population of the manufacturing towns should go to balance it, there ought to be a great increase upon the article of excise in the next quarter's revenue. Human beings, too, have shewn a disposition to "evaporate,"—no doubt in consequence of the extreme dry weather: three persons rose from the surface of the earth on Friday night last in a balloon from Vauxhall. "They effected their descent" "without injury" (except to the fields and gardens) about midnight, in the neighbourhood of Richmond. And "returned immediately in a post-chaise and four" to the "Royal Gardens!"—where a gala on the preceding evening, for the benefit of the Spanish Refugees, by the way, produced nothing.

Theatrical affairs are moving very eccentrically: Mr. Bish has abandoned his contract for Drury Lane. The drawing of the "last lottery," moreover, (I don't know whether the two events have any natural connexion,) is postponed until the 18th of October. About that time, Mr. Price, the American gentleman who has taken the theatre on Mr. Bish's lease, will return from New York: where he has proceeded, it is said, in search of leading performers. Mr. Bish is lucky upon any terms, in having got out of his speculation, for theatrical property is about as bad, just now, as any property well can be; how far an American is likely to be popular as a purveyor of public amusements in England seems rather problematical, but the event of Mr. Price's first season possibly will shew.

Very few new books indeed in production at present; and dramatic novelties none at all worth mentioning. Ouvrard, the French contractor, has published a first volume of his memoirs: it will not have much interest except for mere commercial and financial people; but Ouvrard seems to have been a bold and successful speculator, and a man of general capacities. At the English Opera-House, a very dull play has been picked out of a very dull story—one of the "Tales of the O'Hara." I believe it "went off well," however, as the minor newspapers say; for audiences go on under suffering it, night after night, with admirable patience. At the Haymarket Theatre, a new actor (Mr. Osbaldiston,) made his appearance. I apprehend he "went off" well too, for I have never heard any thing about him since.

The barbers of London seem to be very impertinent people; I think they are always getting into scrapes of late. There were three taken up out of Birchin Lane, the other day, for being beaten by one shoemaker; and the Lord Mayor threatened to send them all—where they, said the shoemaker (probably in virtue of his occupation) ought to be

sent—to the *tread*-mill. But I only mention this to tell you of a new *coiffeur*, of uncommon splendour and pretensions, who has just appeared in Paris; and who carries on his trade with an attention to precision and philosophical principle beyond any thing that had heretofore been attempted. A friend of mine met with this artist, whose name is Monsieur Tête de Loup, about a fortnight back, under very peculiar circumstances. Arriving from Switzerland in considerable haste, at the Hotel de Lillois, he desired the valet of the house, while he unpacked his portmanteaus, to send him a hair-dresser; and was surprised, in about ten minutes after, to see an extremely well dressed man, of very grave demeanour, but a perfect stranger, enter his apartment. His first impression was immediately that there had been some informality in his passport, and that the visitor was an agent of police. But this was not the case; the Frenchman excused himself when requested to sit down; and intimated—that he came to cut the hair of "Monsieur." "On which," says my friend, "as he declined sitting down, I sat down myself; and being in a hurry, caught up a napkin, and desired him to make haste." But he excused himself again with a low bow; and said: "Pardonnez-moi, Monsieur; je ne suis que *physiognomiste*; je vais appeller mon *second!*" when, opening the door of the chamber again, a second barber actually appeared, accoutred in the usual apron and jacket, and furnished with the weapons of his trade! The "physionomist" then, with great solemnity, took a chair opposite to that of his patient,—considered his features attentively for some minutes; and turning to his attendant, said: "Visage de Maro! (Virgil) Maronez, Monsieur." After which he rose from his seat, and quitted the room with another profound inclination; leaving my acquaintance in a stupor of surprise, from which, but for the commencement of operations by the "second," he would, I dare say, have continued to this moment.

Speaking on the subject of surprise, I should observe that the breath of all the world has just been taken away, by the publication of Lord Grey's correspondence with Mr. Beaumont, of Northumberland. The documents are not such as one can comment upon; but, as to the inference which must be drawn from them, there can be no question. Mr. Beaumont's first letter must not only have been written from a mad-house, but put into the post at the time of the full moon.

Speaking of "barbers" and then of Mr. Beaumont, makes me think of "Mr. Barber Beaumont." But that is not what I was going to observe—I was going to say something especially concerning "barbers." I stated last month that Mr. Peter Moore's wig was the worst wig in Christendom. I was wrong; it is not the worst: Mr. Christopher Smith's is the worst.

People are making a great fuss just now about the postponement of the drawing of "the Last Lottery!" The "Last Masquerade" for the season takes place at the Opera-House in a few nights. They advertise these entertainments now by "letters of assignation" in the papers. —"The lady in the blue cloak, who was at the Argyll-Rooms on the 4th inst., is *intreated* to be at the Opera-House on the 18th. B. will be dressed in the character of the Grand Signior, and have a bottle in his hand of Wright's champaigne—(which continues to be sold, of the first growths, at 63s. a-dozen, for prompt payment, under the Colonnade, &c. &c.)" The first specimen of this style appeared in the "Representative,"

and people were scandalized at the supposed immorality. In fact, the paragraph was as harmless as any of the rest of the paper.

Our accounts from Manchester, and the weaving districts generally, get worse and worse every day; and I hear some people affecting to trace the distress to a "stagnation of trade" consequent upon the "diminution of the paper currency;" and to the "want of confidence,"—(preventing orders from being given, &c.)—which exists among commercial men. This exposition amounts, I think, to the figure that we call "humbug." If a want of *confidence to trade* be really the cause of the overstocked market, some persons—and a great many persons—accustomed to consume, must be in want of their usual commodities. Now, where are these persons who have "corn and oil," and are yet unclothed and unperfumed for want of well-filled shops, and "confidence to exchange?" Is the Duke of Devonshire—that Duke who sent to France to buy provisions for his Russian voyage—is his Grace without hose or breeches?—let that fact be maintained.

Now I am on the question of "France," and "provisions," Wright's champaigne is cheap; but there are people who know how to go to work to get champaigne cheaper. I called yesterday upon an acquaintance in Lincoln's-Inn, who is to be called to the Bar in a few weeks; and found him *making the wine* that is to be drank on the occasion, with his own hand, and in his own chambers! This is so excellent an idea, that publicity ought to be given to it, for the sake of imitation. *Mem.* To caution my friends not to drink any wine at "calls" for a long time to come—but nobody that is worth cautioning ever does drink any.

The Globe and Traveller newspaper alarmed me last week, by the announcement of "*a great sensation*," created by the appearances of Miss Forde and a Mr. Lee at the Haymarket theatre. These are dangerous times to be trifling with the public sympathies; but, thank heaven, the danger seems to be over!—I don't see any further observations about it. Perhaps the shock was only local: I think I have witnessed such occasionally before: just operating round Exeter 'Change, between the Globe and Traveller and the Morning Post offices.

A very odd anecdote is telling against Lord B******,(*) whom you recollect in 1823 figuring away at Naples. I don't vouch for its truth; but, right or wrong, you have it—as the blackguards say—"as cheap" as I had. When B****** went down to stay some time in Gloucestershire, immediately after his father's death, he heard by chance that there was a young farmer living about two miles from the castle who bore a remarkable personal resemblance to himself. As he had been abroad for many years, and was only then just of age, he knew very little of the tenantry; but the story struck him, and he took an opportunity of calling at the man's house; when the likeness did seem certainly to be a most extraordinary one. "It is very odd!" said Charles L—— who accompanied B*****. "I never saw such a likeness in my life! and the fellow's age, too, must be as nearly as possible the same as your own!"—"Why, it is strange," returned B******, "but there are ways of accounting for such things.—Your family are old tenants of our's, I believe, Jenkins? Was your mother in the habit much of coming to the Castle?"—"Noa, Sir," replied Mr. Jenkins; "not my mother, I believe, never:—but *my feyther*, I hear say, were down at castle very often."

(*) Our friend must excuse us, in cases like this, from publishing names.—Ed.

The *Journal de Perpignan* contains an account of a whole family of cannibals having been arrested in France: "Another lamentable result," says the English paper that copies the paragraph, "of the high price of provisions!" To me it seems a little absurd, this violent horror of cannibalism. We kill five thousand men, and that is found to be all as it should be: we eat only one, and every body cries out "how monstrous!" Besides, I am not at all sure but that man—being the most perfect of all animals—must necessarily be the *best* to eat!

A letter from Bolton, in The Times of the 22d of this month, contains some sound practical observations as to the causes of the existing distress; and especially execrates that system of getting up cheap goods—shewy in appearance, but perfect trash—for foreign markets, by which present large profits have been realized on the part of the speculators, to the lasting injury of our commercial reputation, and consequent diminution in the demand for our manufactures. A great deal of this mischief, too, has arisen, there can be no question, from that very "confidence," and "credit," and facility of obtaining "accommodation," the absence of which is now so heavily regretted. But people not actually engaged in trade have very little idea of the extent to which this ruinous traffic has been carried. The facts commonly come out in the course of proceedings at law; and chiefly in those mercantile actions which are described in the newspapers as "having no public interest." An account came to be adjusted not long since in the Court of King's Bench, concerning the shipment of some colours—house-painters' colours—to South America; where it was proved that the more costly articles, such as the greens and blues, which were invoiced as colours of three and four shillings a pound value in England, had been, in reality, such as were not worth more than ten-pence or a shilling a pound—and in some instances not worth so much!

Heigh ho! a laxity of true principle, I am afraid, seems to be growing upon us in most of the affairs of life! The other night, in the neighbourhood of St. James's, a gentleman was watching two *écarté* players, and saw that one was cheating the other. Feeling the discovery to be a delicate one, he crossed the room to a sporting friend, and asked him "what he should do?"—"Do?" replied the Achates, who was a man of experience, "Go and *back* him as high as you can."

An evening paper informs us that Colonel Berkeley, and his brother, Mr. Augustus Berkeley—of course with another "sensation"—have appeared at Cheltenham in the new play "The Knights of the Cross"—(taken from Sir Walter Scott's Tales of the Crusaders)—at an expense of seven hundred pounds in dress and decorations! Which of the admirable amateurs represented the character of "Cœur de Lion" is not stated; but, what are the peculiar claims of Cheltenham over the rest of the world, that it should be blessed to enjoy all this happiness! Why do not the stage-struck great make the Capital the scene of their noble emulation, and delight us at Covent Garden or Drury Lane? It is in London always, and especially by the galleries, that amateur acting is the most justly appreciated. I dare say the managers of either of the patent theatres would let Colonel Berkeley act every night, for a week, for seven hundred pounds.

Talking of theatres, an ingenious writer in the Examiner newspaper proposed, last Sunday, that they should be opened in future of a *morning* instead of in the *evening!* This is, of course, in order that the people

may be more certain (when they are open) to be at *leisure* to go into them. Such a scheme would suit the shopkeepers and trading people particularly! It is quite a wonder that it should not have been hit upon before.

There would be one advantage however, certainly, gained by having plays represented in a morning, and that is, that the actors who performed in them would have a better chance of being sober at that time than they have in the afternoon. Here has been that very senseless person Mr. Elliston, assaulting Mr. Poole, the farce-writer, again, at Vauxhall! and the penny "Theatrical Registers" are rejoicing in large letters over the event. Mr. Elliston will be as well-known at Bow-street, in a little while longer, as "Lady Barrymore." But it is lamentable to see a man who once possessed high talents, and enjoyed the favour of the town, disgracing his decline of life by vulgar intemperance and excess.

The same paper (the Examiner) that wants to go to the play in a morning, gives the following important piece of chronological information:—"Next Wednesday will be the anniversary of the execution of Elizabeth Fenning, who was executed on July the 26th 1815, at the Old Bailey, under circumstances of the greatest doubt as to her guilt, and whose unmerited sufferings excited universal sympathy." There must be something more meant in this paragraph than meets the eye. The writer is canvassing very likely for the next vacant editorship of the Newgate Calendar.

The new tunnel under the Thames, from Rotherhithe to Deptford, is proceeding with every prospect of success. The miners have already sunk a shaft of more than seventy feet in depth, and penetrated near sixty feet farther immediately under the bed of the river. The undertakers are in great spirits, and may certainly say with *Richmond*,

> "Thus far, into the *bowels* of the land
> Have we marched on without impediment!"

Nothing striking in the way of geological curiosity has yet been discovered; the diggers go on working constantly through one soil—a solid blue clay.

Something is said of Parliament's being assembled for a short session, before Christmas, in consequence of the distress in the manufacturing counties. Unless a grant of money were to be voted—which will be avoided if possible—I don't see what would be gained by such a measure. The foreign corn, however, must come in to a certainty; and, for the comfort of Mr. Jacob's report, wheat can be brought here—fit for the London market—from Hamburgh, under six and twenty shillings a quarter:—which is something below Mr. J—'s six, or eight and forty! Purchases have actually been made of wheat capable of being ground into London flour, shipped clear on board, at the mouth of the Elbe, under twenty shillings a quarter.

There is one beautiful little bit, however, in Mr. Jacob's report—quite a tid bit—the bit about the "Barons." The whole country has been quite infested with "Counts," and "Barons," and such nobility, since the peace! They pour in from all quarters—the rush of dignity has been quite overpowering. Then be it known, that, to insense the English public as to the real importance of these illustrious persons in the places where they come from, Mr. Jacob has translated the Emperor of Russia's late decree—which ordains, that (in Poland) no person shall assume the title of "Baron," unless his income be "£25 a-year;" of "Count," un-

less he have "£75 a-year;" nor of "Prince," unless he can command "£120!"

This sort of "grinning honour" has never been much to our English taste. And Mr. Southey, with a seat in Parliament almost forced upon him, plainly and manfully declines to sit, upon the ground that his fortune does not permit him conveniently to occupy such a station. I think Southey has done wisely; for, with powers (properly applied) of the highest order, the House of Commons was not the arena upon which he would have turned them to account. If it be true that he has quarrelled with the Quarterly Review, they will have need of a strong hand to supply his place. Rather a stronger, I think, than they will readily know where to meet with. I hope it is a mistake.

It is curious, however—looking to the reason Mr. Southey gives for not sitting in the Parliament—to see how, from time immemorial, the quality of poverty seems to have attached itself to what the Provençals would have called the *gaye* professions. A few painters, here and there, have had the luck to escape; but poets and soldiers, through the world, have invariably parted it between them. In the "Dialogues des Cheminées," a French work in the style of the "Diable Boiteux"—where the chimneys on each side of a narrow street confer upon matters in which they are concerned, No. 1 is made to complain that there has been no fire made in his grate for three months. His proprietor sits and writes all day long in the cold:—the proprietor of No. 1 is an author. The opposite chimney, No. 2, expresses great surprise at this account; as there is a fire on his hearth all day long, and yet his proprietor writes incessantly:—but it turns out that this writer, at No. 2, is a forger. Cobbett, by the way, who knows something of the matter, seems once or twice to have had an opinion, that forgery was more profitable than any other style of composition.

There are two or three other very odd ideas in that little book—the "Dialogues of the Chimnies." One flue overhears a plan laid for breaking himself open, to get at money which is supposed to be hidden behind him. And a long argument takes place between two others, Nos. 5 and 6, as to whether witches really do go up chimnies on broomsticks! upon which No. 6 protests absolutely that none have ever gone in that way up him. The poverty, however, like an heir-loom, has come down to poets even to this day. Handsome prices are given for books: but Wordsworth and Coleridge would be out-bought by many a chandler. Sir Walter Scott did seem once as if he would have been an exception: he had made a large sum of money. But the spell was too strong upon the tribe to be broken: he has lost it all again.

The very devil seems, this last month, to have been at work among the player people! Mr. Bish has been quarrelling with the Drury Lane proprietors; and Mr. Elliston has cumfisticated Mr. Poole; and Mr. Sinclair has brought an action against the managers of Covent Garden. And, at last, one of the farthest people we would have looked for to find engaged in a quarrel or misdoing—Mr. Velluti, of the Opera-House,—has been taken up by the ladies, chorus singers of that establishment, and carried before Mr. Dubois, the Commissioner of the Court of Requests. It is the vulgarest fallacy in the world to talk of the *empire des femmes* that exists in France; the influence of women in England is stronger twenty times over. Signor Velluti's plea was cast in court by acclamation, before his agent had time to say a word in his behalf; and if the Signor had unhappily been present, and any one of the fair plaintiffs had

bly suggested that he should be hanged, summarily, in a rope composed of her own garters—upon the spot the judge on the bench would have pronounced the sentence, and the crowd in the hall would have gone to blows which should execute it.

How the right was in the above dispute I don't know—and indeed that was a point which nobody seemed at all inclined to take the trouble to consider ;—but nothing could be more certain than that—let the claim be what it might—against fourteen orators in petticoats, the Signor had not the least chance in resisting it. In the end he was adjudged, by universal assent, to pay the ladies who summoned him a guinea each—the people only regretting that it was not a great deal more. And "Miss Rummins," who had commanded the female strength on the occasion, led her forces off in the direction of the Haymarket, escorted by half the idle young fellows in London.

It is confidently affirmed that a gentleman deeply concerned in *colonial* property (but whose name I forbear to mention) has determined, when the Slave question comes forward in the next session of Parliament, to call upon *several members* who have distinguished themselves by exposing the *cruelties* and *atrocities* practised upon *the negroes* in the West-Indies, to explain the consistency of their attendance at *the Opera* during the season now concluding, and the season of last year. For my own part, I say nothing, because we all know that colonists are wicked, unfeeling wretches; and that they should be allowed to go on mutilating and degrading human creatures, for their interest or amusement, is a proposition not to be talked about with common temper. *Si ego hoc fecissem!* said the wolf, indeed, when he saw the sheep hanging in the butcher's shop; but that wolf was only a wolf—and, besides, he was a wolf that knew nothing at all of the social contract of modern times. People have learned better than to suppose, now-a-days, that, because one man steals a horse, another may look over a hedge. Besides, there is no parity in the two cases; there is as much difference between them as between black and white.

For a striking change of subject—"Indus" and the "Pole"—to conclude with, the following paragraph, in a daily paper, has excited more interest in London than all the politics and distresses of the "North" for the next six months will do:—

"In the General Assembly of the Church of Scotland a discussion took place, on Tuesday last, relative to *Gretna-Green marriages*. The strongest disapprobation was expressed of the county magistrates, or borough justices, who allowed them to be attested in their presence, and a committee was appointed to inquire into the best means of *preventing them*. Should this committee succeed, fewer post-chaises-and-four will drive to the North with heiresses and boarding-school girls."

This is a matter too serious to be agitated in the last page of a letter; but it demands immediate attention, and I shall certainly discuss it in my next. It is an attempt, on the part of those who have got money, to cut away the best chance of those who have it to get; and the whole "ingenuous youth" of the country ought to unite in opposing it. Here are people living poor that they may die rich, and getting themselves damned for the good of their families! What is to become of the daughters and nieces they take so much pains for? because it is useless to expect that a soap-boiler (of himself) can ever get rid of money; and he would only do himself some mischief if he were to attempt it. Even as Jethro spoke unto Moses, I should say, in pure charity, to such a man, "Verily, the thing that thou doest is too hard for thee: choose out men that may bear the burthen with thee!"

PHILOSOPHICAL, CHEMICAL, AND SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

Statistics.—The following table will shew the state of the population in Holland during six successive years:

In 1820..	5,642,552	In 1823..	5,838,123
1821..	5,692,323	1824..	5,913,526
1822..	5,767,038	1825..	5,992,666

The ratio of the deaths is about 1 to 44, while in France it is 1 to 39. The proportion of births to the population was 1 to 27 in France, in 1824, and consequently the proportion of the deaths to the births was as 27 to 44. The constant ratio of male to female births holds good in Belgium as elsewhere, and is nearly the same as in this country: the ratio is 1,000 to 950; in England it is 1,000 to 947; in France 1,000 to 937; and in Naples 1,000 to 955. This proportion, of which the cause will in all probability for ever be unknown, is not less remarkable for its singularity than for its constancy."—*Rev. Encyc.*

Africa.—Mr. Shaler, who resided for ten years at Algiers as consul for America, has furnished some particulars regarding the languages of Africa, which, to every scholar and antiquarian, must be replete with interest. In the north of Africa there is a tribe denominated Kabyles, or Berebers, whose language, called the Showiah, has, as far as has been discovered, no resemblance to those spoken by the other tribes, and which there are many reasons to believe is of great antiquity; it is supposed to be identified with that of the Tuaries, who inhabit the interior parts of Libya to the borders of Egypt. Should this position prove correct, and there are strong grounds for sustaining it, the Tuaries and Kabyles must be considered people of the same origin; that is, the same people and the same language prevail throughout the whole northern range of Africa, from the Atlantic to Egypt: and this people and language show marked peculiarities which distinguish them from any other now known; their origin, therefore, becomes a very curious subject of inquiry. Mr. Shaler's opinion (and he supports it by considerations not easily to be shaken) is, that the Showiah is a language of greater antiquity than any other spoken in Northern Africa. It is remarkable, that every trace of the Roman language appears to have been eradicated by the Saracen conquest; nor has it been discovered that the language in question has any analogy to the Persic or the Arabic, and of course it must have been formed before the introduction of those tongues into Africa; and there appears to be nothing unreasonable in believing that the Tuaries are an original unconquered people, and the depository of an ancient language, which being identified with that of the Kabyles, the Showiah, naturally leads to the conclusion, that it is one of the most ancient in the world, which has withstood and survived the conquests of the Carthaginians, the Romans, the Vandals, and the Arabs.

Cotton-seed Gas.—From some experiments made by Professor Olmsted, it seems probable that the cotton seed, which constitutes by weight nearly three-fourths of the entire cotton crop, and which in most of the cotton districts of America has hitherto been neglected as useless, will be employed as an eligible substance for gas-lights. The gas is easily and abundantly obtained from this seed, and affords a degree of illumination quite equal to that of the oil gas, of which indeed it is only a variety, and superior to most varieties of the bituminous coals. It is inferior to the pure olefiant gas; and this is the fact with the inflammable gases obtained from perhaps every substance, except alcohol decomposed by sulphuric acid. The kernel of the hickory-nut comes the nearest to the olefiant, and is but little inferior; the quality of the gas is considerably debased by using the entire nut, the woody covering of which affords a gas which burns with a paler flame. A pound of seed yields 16,288 cubic inches, or more than a hogshead of the gas. The quantity of seed annually produced in the United States, above what is required for replanting, would afford 2,827,500,000 cubic feet of illuminating gas; but little, if at all inferior to that produced directly from oil.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Longevity of Animals.—Professor Schultze, of Gottingen, has published some very curious experiments upon the existence of cercæriæ ephemeræ, and has added some facts relative to the duration of life in other animals. Birds are the shortest-lived of all vertebrated animals; yet he relates that a parrot, which in 1633 was brought from Italy into France, was living in 1743, consequently more than 110 years old. A not less remarkable instance of longevity is also adduced: in 1497 a fish was taken in a reservoir at Kayserslauten, which had been placed there 267 years before, which was proved by a copper ring fastened round the head of the fish. Bouffon considers that whales reach the enormous age of 1,000 years: this is a mere hypothesis.

Philology.—The Italian language is particularly admired for its harmonious softness—that nearly every final letter should be a vowel was made by Voltaire a subject of reproach. Had the philosopher of Ferney been alive at the present day, he would not perhaps have failed to institute a comparison between this "emasculated tongue," as he was pleased to call it, and the dialects in use among the South Sea Islanders. We

learn from the North American Review, that in the Tahitian and Hawaiian languages, every syllable, and consequently every word, ends with a vowel. Whether the same rule is applicable in so great a latitude to the other Polynesian dialects, has not been fully ascertained. No Tahitian can pronounce a word accurately which ends in a consonant, his voice glides irresistibly into a vowel sound. From a superficial examination it may safely be affirmed that, compared with other languages, whether ancient or modern, the Polynesian exhibits features novel, curious, and peculiar, distinguishing it by strong marks of difference from every other known tongue. It is not likely that any other unwritten language exists which is so widely diffused; and certainly none spoken by so many distinct tribes of men, and at the same time with so little variation of dialect. The subject is yet in the dark; when its intricacies shall be fully developed the result will possibly lead to a discovery of the origin of the Polynesian race, and its affinity with the other branches of the human family, and still further to the solution of the long agitated problem, the first peopling of the American continent.

Animal Heat.—The following is stated by Despretz to be the temperature of the bodies of the animals named, when the temperature of the air was 15° 15′ centigrade.

	Mean Temp.
Nine men aged 30 years	37° 14
Four men aged 68 years	37·13
Four young men aged 18 years	36·99
A full grown sparrow	41·67
Two rooks just beginning to eat	41·17
A dog three months old	39·48
Three male children, one to two days	35·06
Two adult ravens	42·91
Four owls	40·91
An adult male cat	39·78
An adult guinea pig	35·76
Two carps	11·69
An adult screech owl	41·47
An adult tarsal	41·47
Three pigeons	42·98
Three sparrows well feathered	39·08
Two tenches	11·54
Water in which the fish were swimming	10·83

Annales de Chimie.

Philology.—According to a work published in Germany by the learned philologist Adelung, there exists on the earth 3,064 languages: 587 in Europe; 937 in Asia; 276 in Africa; 1,264 in America. The author doubtless comprehends in this enumeration the various idioms and *patois* in use in the different provinces of the same country.

Moving Rocks.—In the report of the Commissioners of the state of Massachusets, on the direction of the canal between Boston and the rivers Connecticut and Hudson, it is stated that a shaking rock had been discovered in the bed of the river Deerfield; its size is small, it being only six feet in diameter. It appears that the number of trembling, or moveable rocks, is much greater in the northern part of America than in the rest of the world.

Cyrene.—From a report made to the Academy of Inscriptions and Belles-Lettres relative to the researches of M. Pacho, we learn that there are scarcely any traces remaining of Cyrene as it originally existed, and but few of it as it appeared under the Ptolemies. Most of the ruins now to be found there belong to the time of the Romans: indeed, to almost none can a higher date be assigned with certainty. Of the ancient monuments of which the ruins are not buried, there is but one temple of which the pillars are standing: it belongs to the Roman age of the city; all the rest are sepulchral.

Zoology.—Professor Silliman, in the last number of his very valuable American Journal of Science and Arts, has given a description of a new species of North American quadruped, the arvicola ferrugineus (nob.) vulgo white-bellied cotton rat. Its total length from the snout to the root of the tail (which last is four inches long) is seven inches; and it is nearly six inches in girth. What is most singular in the structure of this animal is the size of its feet, which are very little larger than those of the common mouse; and the fore-legs, which measure less than one inch and a half to the extremity of the nails, which are black, compressed, sharp, and hooked, as in the squirrel. This animal never burrows, but conceals itself in hollow trees, generally forming a hole in the side, somewhat after the manner of the woodpecker, where they retreat in case of emergency. They inhabit the cotton fields exclusively, carry their young on their back, and with their family thus secured, climb dead trees as nimbly as the squirrel. It inhabits the borders of the Mississippi. The same interesting work contains a notice of a new species of salamander, inhabiting Pennsylvania, S. flavissima, which will occupy an intermediate station between the S. bislineata and S. rubriventris. The total length of the body is three inches two-tenths: *i. e.* length of the tail, 1-9; of the body, head inclusive, 1-3.

South America.—The following estimate of the population has been furnished by a citizen of the republic of Guatemala to a foreign journal distinguished for its accuracy. In Guatemala, the seat of the federal government, and capital of the state of that name, from 35,000 to 40,000 souls; Leon, capital of the state of Nicaragua, the same number; St. Salvador, capital of the state bearing that name, 25,000; San Jose, capital of Cortereca, 25,000; Comayagua, capital of a state bearing the same name, 20,000. The whole population of this

country, formerly under the dominion of Spain, may be estimated at 2,000,000, of whom the natives compose one-half; the Mulattos and whites, about equal in number, form the other half, for the negros are so few that they need not be taken into consideration.

Soup from Bones.—The various means of extracting gelatine hitherto published require no inconsiderable attention and expense. The managers of the hospital of Montpellier have succeeded in a more economical method, *viz.* The bones are broken with a hatchet into pieces from one inch to one inch and a half long, with which an earthen pot is made two-thirds full; water is then added, an earthen cover is adjusted, and the pot is placed in an oven immediately after the bread is withdrawn. After remaining four hours, the pot is found to contain very fat and gelatinous soup. This being poured off, the pot is again filled with water, placed again in a hot oven, and affords, after an exposure of six hours, broth less rich than before, but still of good quality. It is filled a third time with water, and being heated seven or eight hours, yields a fresh supply. These three portions are then mixed together, and being properly seasoned with vegetables, the whole affords a very nutritious and valuable article of diet. 13 lb. 3 oz. 14 dw. of bones extracted from coarse meat produce 46 lb. 5 oz. 9 dw. of broth, which is a sufficient quantity for dealing out to four hundred and forty of the hospital poor. There is no process which requires less skill and is more economical, for it saves even the expense of fuel.—*Bulletin Universel.*

Population of New York.—According to an enumeration recently made the city of New York contains 162,391 inhabitants.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Erie Canal.—It is mentioned on good authority that the tolls on the New York canals for this season (January 1826) will amount to at least 500,000 dollars: this will be 100,000 more than was estimated by the commissioners of the canal fund. Last year the amount of tolls was 289,320·58, thus giving an increase to this year of at least 210,000 dollars.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Lead Mines of the United States.—The total quantity of lead received from mines belonging to the United States is 192,113 pounds—108,855 from Frozen River, 83,255 from Missouri. The business is yet in an incipient state, and the product of the next year, it is estimated, will yield the United States about 350,000 pounds. The mines are leased at the low rate of ten per cent. on the lead produced.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Cicadæ.—The cicada, or locust, when he first rises from the earth, is about an inch and a half in length, and one-third of an inch in thickness. While making his way to the surface, he has the appearance of a large worm or grub: the hole which he makes is about the same diameter with his body, perpendicular, and seems to be made with equal ease through the hardest clay or softest mould. When they first rise from the earth, which is invariably in the night, they are white and soft; they then attach themselves to some bush, tree or post, and wait until the action of the air has dried the shell with which they are enveloped; the shell then bursts on the back for about one-third of its length, and through this opening the cicada creeps as from a prison. Their bodies are then very tender, and they can neither fly nor crawl to any considerable distance. In this state they remain until morning, their wings gradually unfolding; and as the day increases they, by little and little, and frequent attempts, learn to fly for a few feet: so that by night they are able to fly for several rods. In their efforts to disengage themselves from their shell or envelope, many of them lose their lives, either from a want of strength to burst away, or from the narrowness of the passage occasioned by their coming to the surface of the ground too early, and the action of the air drying, burst their covering before their bodies were prepared for the change. For this original information relative to the habits of the cicada, which occasions such ravages in America every fourteen or seventeen years, we are indebted to Professor *Silliman's Journal.*

Imitative Gold.—M. Dittmer has shown, in the Hanoverian Magazine, that the following mixture, compounded by Dr. Hermstadt, may be substituted for gold, not only with respect to colour, but also to specific gravity, density, and ductility: sixteen parts of virgin platinum, seven of copper, and one of zinc, equally pure; place these metals together in a crucible, cover them with powdered charcoal, and melt them completely into a single mass.

Paper.—The Brothers Cappurino, paper-makers at Turin, have found the means of supplying the want of rags, by the fabrication of a new kind of paper from the thin bark of the poplar, willow, and other kinds of wood. The Academy of Sciences having examined the specimens thus produced of writing, printing, and wrapping paper, acknowledge the goodness of them, and praise the invention: so that his Majesty has granted to the brothers an exclusive privilege, for ten years, for the manufacture of paper from ligneous materials.—*Journal de Turin.*

Printing upon Zinc.—At the book-store of Leake, at Darmstadt, has appeared the first great work whose prints are taken from plates of zinc; it is a collection of architectural monuments, which will consist of twenty numbers. The drawings are made upon zinc as upon stone, and the expense of engraving is thus avoided. The editor is, in consequence, able to sell each number, containing twelve folio plates, at

five francs, upon common paper. In an economical point of view, this process deserves to be recommended.—*Bulletin Universel.*

New Division of the Thermometer.—Lieutenant Skene, who accompanied Captain Parry in his expedition of 1820, has renewed the idea of dividing the thermometric scale according to the fusion of two solid bodies, and not according to the fusion and vaporization of one, as hitherto has been done. In truth, the circumstances proper to give a fixed degree of temperature by the vaporization of a liquid cannot be united at will, while the fusion of a solid body to a liquid state is determined only by the affinity of the particles of the body for each other and for caloric, and depends upon no other cause. Mr. Skene proposes to establish as the thermometric unity, the difference of temperature between the degree at which mercury fuses, and that at which ice melts, care being taken that these two substances are perfectly pure. This unity is to be called a degree, and to be divided into 100 minutes. The point at which ice melts would, as at present, separate the cold from the heat, and be marked o. The ascending minutes would have the sign +, the descending ones the sign —. An advantage would result by the highest temperatures, even those at which the least fusible metals are melted, being denoted by low numbers. Between the melting of ice and the boiling of water there would not be more than about 2° 50′; zinc would melt at 9°, &c.: numbers more easily to be remembered than those at present employed. The graduation of thermometers would certainly be more difficult, and could only be entrusted to skilful artists: this, however, would be of the greatest benefit, fully appreciable, indeed, only by those who have felt to what a degree the scientific world is infested with thermometers on which not the slightest reliance can be placed.

Depth of the American Lakes.—Lake Erie has about thirty-five fathoms of water above its lowest bed, though it is not often more than twenty-five in depth. Lake St. Clair is shallow, rarely exceeding four fathoms. Lakes Huron, Michigan, and Superior are in places 900 feet deep, sinking about 300 feet below the level of the ocean.—*Silliman's Journal.*

Spontaneous Combustion of Chlorine and Olefiant Gas.—It has long been known that chlorine and hydrogen in mixture are liable to explode when struck by the direct rays of the sun. But we believe the first account of a similar action on the part of chlorine and olefiant, or heavy carburetted hydrogen, is related by Professor Silliman in the last number of his American Journal. It is well known that these bodies, when mingled in about equal volumes, combine quietly, and become condensed into the peculiar aromatic oily-looking substance since called chloric ether. "This effect," he says, "I had so often witnessed, and had never seen any material variation in the result, that I was not prepared to look for any thing else. But in an experiment of this kind, January 5, 1826, happening to mingle the chlorine with the olefiant gas in such a manner that the latter gas was uppermost, the combination went on more slowly than when the reverse order was observed, and the oily matter was gradually precipitated, but was less abundant in quantity than usual; and repeating the experiment in the same manner, the gases had remained in contact a few minutes, apparently without mingling much except at their surfaces, the chlorine preserving its peculiar colour, and the other gas its colourless transparency, when suddenly a bright flash pervaded the bell glass, which was of the capacity of five or six quarts; it was raised out of the water with a slight report; a dense deposit of charcoal lined the glass and floated on the water of the cistern, and the chlorine disappeared. The appearances were much like those which are exhibited when a rag dipped in oil of turpentine is placed in a jar of chlorine gas. Reflecting on the circumstances, I was led to believe that the peculiar effect in this case arose from the fact that, owing to the great difference in the specific gravity of the two gases, the action took place principally at the two surfaces of contact; and thus the chlorine acting upon a comparatively thin stratum of inflammable gas, the two became so heated as to pass into vivid combustion. Every new occurrence in practical chemistry which may involve danger ought to be exactly stated, that we may be aware of contingencies not otherwise anticipated."

Canal from Paris to Havre.—It is a favourite object with the present King of France to establish a navigable communication between Paris and the sea, and a proposal has been made to construct a canal on the right bank of the Seine from Havre to Gauville, to follow the bed of the river from Gauville to Rouen, merely cutting off at Yainville a considerable angle, and from Rouen to Paris to run a canal, on whichever side of the river may be most convenient, and crossing the river each time above the dams employed at present to regulate the depth of water. The proposed canals to be 65·618 feet broad at the bottom, 144·36 at the top, and 19·685 feet deep. These dimensions would allow not only large merchant-ships, but frigates of 18-guns, to come up to the French capital. The distance from Paris to Havre, which at present is 229·91 miles, would by this plan be reduced to less than 180·2. The total expense is estimated at 10,458,333 pounds sterling. A plan has likewise been proposed for establishing a rail road between Paris and Havre. At present thirty-five days are required for the trans-

port of merchandize by water from Havre to Paris, and the cost is twenty-five shillings per ton; or four days by waggon, when the charge is five pounds; between these two extremes there are many means, when the cost is in the inverse ratio of the speed. A company has now offered to construct a double rail road, and to deliver goods at Paris in sixty hours from Havre, at the price of £1. 5*s.* 8*d.*, or at Havre from Paris in the same time for 18*s.* 1*d.* It is as yet uncertain whether or not this scheme will be put in execution.—*Rev. Encyc.*

American Hogs. — Rattle-snakes and copper-headed snakes were very abundant in the woods of Ohio at the first settlement of the country: but since hogs have been suffered to run in the woods, they have nearly destroyed the race of snakes. It is said that the bite of a poisonous snake does no injury to a hog. If this be the fact, I know not how to account for it, unless it be that the great quantity of fat with which the cellular membrane is loaded prevents its absorption into the system, or acts as an antidote to the poison in the same manner that dried oil does. It is certain that hogs are fond of this kind of food, and eat it whenever they can catch it.—*Silliman's Journ.*

Astronomy.—For the benefit of all practical astronomers, we publish an index to Harding's Celestial Atlas:

Andromeda, 10, 18, 19, 26.
Apparatus Chemicus, 1, 2.
——— Sculptoris, 1, 9.
Aquarius, 8, 9, 17, 18.
Aquila et Antinous, 8, 17.
Argo Navis, 3, 4.
Aries, 10, 11, 19.
Auriga, 12, 20, 21.
Bootes, 15, 23, 24.
Cæla Sculptoris, 2.
Camelopardalus, 18, 20, 21.
Cancer, 13, 21, 22.
Canes Venatici, 15, 23.
Canis Major, 3.
——— Minor, 12.
Capricornus, 8, 9.
Cassiopea, 19, 26.
Cauda Hydræ, 5, 6.
Centaurus, 6.
Cepheus, 19, 25, 26.
Cetus, 1, 2, 9, 10, 11.
Columba, 3.
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Corona Borealis, 15, 24.
Corvus, 3,
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Cycnus, 17, 18, 25, 26.
Delphinus, 17.
Draco, 23, 24, 25.
Eridanus, 2, 11.
Felis, 4.
Gemini, 12, 21.
Globus Aerostaticus, 8, 9.
Hercules, 16, 24 25.
Hydra, 4.
Leo, 5, 13, 14, 22.
——Minor, 13, 14, 22.
Lepus, 2, 3.
Libra, 6, 15.
Lynx, 21, 22.
Lyra, 16.
Machina Electrica 1.
Monocerus, 3, 4, 12.
Officina Typographica, 4.
Ophiuchus, 7, 16.
Orion, 2, 3, 11, 12.
Pegasus, 17, 18, 26.
Perseus, 19, 20.
Pisces, 9, 10, 18, 19.
——— Notius, 9.
Pyxis Nautica, 4.
Quadrans Muralis, 23, 24.
Sagittarius, 7, 8.
Scorpio, 6, 7.
Scutum Sobieski, 7.
Serpens Aquaticus, 13.
——— Ophiuchi, 7, 15, 16.
Sextans Uraniæ, 4, 13.
Taurus, 11, 12.
——— Poniatowsky, 16.
Ursa Major, 14, 21, 22, 23.
Virgo. 5. 6, 14, 15.
Vulpecula et Anser, 17.
Vultur, 17, 24, 25.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

Linnæan Society.—June 6. A paper, by the Rev. Lansdowne Guilding, F.L.S., on a new genus of insects named Oiketicus, was read; also a paper by the Secretary, J. E. Bicheno, Esq., on Methods and Systems in Natural History.

June 20. The following papers were read: Concise Notice of a Species of *Ursus*, from Nipal, a skin of which has been presented to the Linnæan Society by H. T. Colebrooke, Esq.; by T. Horsfield, M.D. F.L.S. Description of a new British Freshwater Helix, by the Rev. Revett Sheppard, M.A. F.L.S. Of the term Oistros, or Oestron, of the ancients, and of the real insect intended by them in this expression; by B. Clark, F.L.S. &c. &c.

Astronomical Society of London.—May 12. A paper, by the Astronomer Royal, was read, containing an explanation of the method of observing with the two mural circles, as practised at present at the Royal Observatory; also extracts from three letters from M. Gambort, Director of the Observatory of Marseilles, to James South, Esq., respecting the discovery and elements of the orbit of a comet, supposed to be the same with that or those of 1772 and 1805. The reading of Mr. Herschell's paper on double stars was continued.

Royal Asiatic Society of Great Britain and Ireland.—June 3. Donations were presented from M.M. E. Burnouf and C. Lasseu, Capt. Melville Grindlay, Lieut.-col. W. Francklin, and Maj.gen. Hardwicke.

A paper by Sir A. Johnston on the history of the Hindu Princes of Madura was read.

June 17. The last meeting for the season was held this day. The donations were received from the Horticultural Society: Lieut.col. Farquhar, Lieut.col. Coomb, H. T. Colebrooke, Esq., Lieut.-col. Warren, Col. M. Wilks, Capt. Duff, Mrs. Williams, and Geo. Paterson, Esq.

Lieut.colonel Lushington, Lieut.colonel Francklin, and Captain G. Everest were elected members of the society.

Lieut.colonel Farquhar communicated abstract registers of the thermometer and barometer at Singapore, for 1822 and 1823; and also an abstract register of the thermometer at Malacca, for 1809.

A translation of some extracts from the Akhlake e Naseri, by Col. Wilkie, was read. This work is a treatise on the knowledge of the human soul, to which the attention of the translator was drawn, from the similarity of the arguments lately used by some English divines, in answer to some physiological works on materialism.

The Society's meetings were then adjourned to Nov. 4th.

FOREIGN.

Marseilles.—The Royal Academy of Sciences, May 7. The Abbé Boyer, of the Order of Malta, was received in a

very distinguished manner. The Chevalier Reguis, president of the academy, opened the proceedings by a discourse on "the necessity of studying the ancients, in order to justly appreciate the moderns." In treating this subject, the speaker opposed, with great skill, the innovations with which literature was menaced by the "romantic school." The Abbé Boyer, in his inaugural discourse, defended the clergy from the charge of being adverse to the progress of knowledge, and pointed out the benefits which the Gallican church had conferred upon literature and the arts. Some other communications, both in prose and verse, were made to the society by Messrs. Jauffert, Négrel-Feraud, and Sabre, and the meeting broke up.

Paris Institute.—Academy of Sciences, April 3. Mr. Warden was elected corresponding member in the section of geography. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire communicated some observations made upon eggs impeded in their development by external means, particularly upon a pullet, which had only one lobe to the superior surface of the brain. This monster was produced by covering, with wax, one of the sides of the egg. M. Moreau de Jonnès entered into some statistical details on the present state of commerce. A memoir of M. Richard was read, upon the pellicular tension on the surface of liquids—(Referred to Messrs. Ampere and Dulong.) M. Richard offered some reflections upon the molecular action of liquids upon themselves.

April 10. Some difficulty having arisen at Bourdeaux in the erection of lightning conductors for the custom-house, the Minister of the Interior referred the subject to the Academy, and also requested some commissioners to be appointed from their body, to examine the works produced at the school *Des Ponts et Chaussés.* Messrs. Girard, Fourier, and Fernel were appointed. M. Marenger, a physician of Strasburg, recommended by letter the use of acetate of ammonia, relative to which he had formerly made some discoveries; this, together with some other pieces, was referred for examination to their respective committees. M. Geoffry St. Hilaire stated some more observations which had been made at the establishment for artificial incubation, at Auteuil. Messrs. Latreille and Bosc made a favourable report on the arrangement, by M. Dejean, of the genera which compose the tribe of simplicipedes, of the family of carabi. Communications were received from Messrs. Gambart and Schumacher, about the comet which appeared in February and March.

April 17.—M. Solier presented a memoir on a boat adapted to ascend the current of rivers—(Referred to Messrs. Dupin and Navier.) M. Arcy read a letter from M. Vale, of Nismes, dated April 4, announcing his discovery, at 4 A.M., of the 3d, of the comet of which the reappearance was expected at 4h. 6m. mean time of the 4th, its R.A. was 262° 51′ 25″, its declination 41° 22′ 38″ S. Some other proceedings took place, but which were of minor importance.

Athenæum.—May 1. The only communication made to this literary body was by M. Auguste Faber, author of the poem entitled "Caledonia." This eminent writer repeated, from memory, his tragedy, in three acts, of "Irene, or the Heroine of Souli." The beauty of the composition, added to the charm of the author's delivery, obtained for it the most enthusiastic reception. The work will be submitted soon to the public.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Memoirs and Recollections of Count Segur, Ambassador from France to the Courts of Russia and Prussia, &c. &c. Written by Himself. Vol. II. 1826.—Another driblet of Segur's memoirs and recollections. Our readers, we presume, are acquainted with the former volume, and want no farther intimation of the writer's character. He is the same talkative, busy, and omniscient, but really intelligent person.

The present volume describes his return from America, with the flattering welcome he met with from all classes, as one of the chivalrous champions of American liberty; his two or three years residence at Paris, employed in his father's office, while taking part in all the ephemeral interests of the time—balloons, mesmerism, and M. de Calonne—the great phenomenon of the day, the gayest charlatan perhaps that ever seized the seals of office—the cynosure of all men's eyes, and women's too; his appointment to the embassy of Russia; his interview with Frederic of Prussia, on his way to Russia; his first audience with the Empress; the coolness of his general reception by the court and courtiers; the address with which he conciliated the all-potent Potemkin, and through him secured the favour (political only) of Catherine; the agreeable and luxurious tour which he made with the Empress into the interior of the empire, in the course of which he seized a critical moment for initiating a treaty of commerce favourable to France; the difficulties he afterwards encountered in prosecuting the said treaty, and the final success with which he surmounted them; and concluding abruptly with his starting in company with the Empress in her well-known expedition to the Crimea, for the particulars of which, tan-

talizing as it is, we must wait Mr. Colburn's pleasure.

The great feature of the volume is the Russian embassy, and no man had ever finer opportunites for qualifying. The correspondence of the ambassadors of every court in Europe, for the previous twenty years was thrown open to him by the official authority of his father; and he himself was indefatigable in collecting information, and obtaining interviews with experienced diplomatists. Among others, he waited on the well-known Count d'Aranda, then ambassador in France from Spain, and solicited his advice.

"Ah," said he with a smile, "you are alarmed at the studies which diplomacy requires? *Do you understand me?* (an habitual phrase of his.) You think you must toil over maps, treaties, and old books? You want me to give you lessons in politics? Well, I will do so: we shall begin whenever you please. *Do you understand me now?* Come and see me to-morrow at twelve o'clock, and I promise you that, in a short time, you shall know all the politics of Europe. *Do you understand me now?*"

I returned him thanks, and was punctual to the appointment next day; I found him sitting in an arm-chair with a bureau before him, on which was placed a large map of Europe.

"Sit down," said he, "and let us begin. The object of politics is, you know, to learn the strength, the means, the interests, the rights, hopes and fears of the different powers, so that we may be on our guard against them, and may, on proper occasions, conciliate, disunite, or oppose them, or form alliances with them, according as our safety or interest requires. *Do you understand me now?*"

"Perfectly," I replied; "but this is exactly the knowledge that seems to me to require deep study and much difficulty to become master of."—"By no means," said he, "you are mistaken; in a few minutes, you will be perfectly master of the whole business. Look at this map, and see all the European states, great and small, with their extent and boundaries. Examine it well, and you will find that not one of these countries presents a regular compact whole, a complete square, a regular parallelogram, or perfect circle. There are always to be found some saliant points, some vacancies of territory and irregularities of outline. *Do you understand me now?*

"Look at the colossal empire of Russia; in the south, the Crimea is a peninsular projecting into the Black Sea, and that formerly belonged to the Turks; Moldavia and Wallachia are saliant points, and have coasts on the Black Sea, which would be suitable to make the Russian territory compact, particularly if, by advancing towards the north, Poland were added to it; look again towards the north, there is Finland covered with rocks; it belongs to Sweden, and yet it is very close to Petersburgh. *Do you understand me?*

"Let us now go to Sweden: do you see Norway? It is a broad strip that naturally depends on the Swedish territory. But, after all, it depends on Denmark. *Do you understand me?*

"Let us visit Prussia:—remark how long, narrow and unconnected this kingdom is; how many points must be filled up to extend it on the side of Saxony, Silesia, and then on the banks of the Rhine! *Do you understand me?* And what shall we say of Austria? She possesses the Low Countries; which are separated from her by the German States, while she is close to Bavaria, which does not belong to her *Do you understand me now?* You will meet with Austria again in the centre of Italy; but how far distant it is from its proper territory; while Venice and Piedmont would suit it perfectly!

"Well, I think I have said enough for one lesson. *Do you understand me now?* You see at present that all these powers wish to preserve their saliant points, fill up their vacancies, and render their territory firm and compact when they find an opportunity. Well, my dear Sir, one lesson is sufficient, for this is the whole essence of politics. *Do you understand me?*

"Certainly," I replied, "*I understand you*, particularly when I cast my eyes upon the map of Spain, and see, on its western side, a long and handsome strip of territory, called Portugal, which would perfectly suit, I rather think, the compactness of Spain."

"I see that *you do understand me*," replied the Count d'Aranda. "You are now quite as learned as me in diplomacy. Adieu—go on gayly and boldly, and you will prosper. *Do you understand me?*" Thus ended this short and singular course of politics.

ANECDOTES OF FREDERIC.

One day that he was on the point of entering a grand state party, he was informed that two ladies were disputing for precedence at the door with shameful noise and obstinacy. "Tell them," said the King, "that she whose husband occupies the most eminent place ought to pass first."—"They know it," replied the chamberlain, "but their husbands are both of the same rank."—"Very well, precedence belongs to the eldest."—"But they were both appointed at the same time."—"Then," replied the monarch in a passion, "tell them, from me, that the greatest fool is to pass first."

Like the small number of Princes whose genius has placed them high in reputation, he was insensible to libels, malignant or seditious reports, and despised all those arrows of malice which were shot from too low a sphere to reach such a height.

One day at Potsdam he heard from his cabinet a considerable tumult in the street: he called an officer, and told him to go and ascertain the cause. The officer went, and came back to tell his majesty, that a very scurrilous placard against his majesty was fixed on the wall, but that it was placed so high that a great crowd pressed forward and were pushing each other to read it. "But the guards," he added, "will soon come and disperse them."—"Do nothing of the kind," replied the King; "fix the placard lower down that they may read it at their ease." The order was executed, and in a few minutes no more was said about the placard; but they did not cease to speak of the monarch's wit.

In speaking to Frederic of Catherine, Segur lamented that she had commenced her career with the death of her husband.

"Ah!" replied the king, "on that point, though we are no great friends at present, I must do her justice. People are greatly mistaken on the subject, for to the Empress cannot be justly imputed *either the honour or the crime of that revolution;* she was young, powerless, isolated, and a foreigner, on the point of being divorced and shut up for life. The Orloffs did every thing; the Princess Dashkoff was nothing more in the whole business than the silly fly buzzing on the wheel. Rulhiere was mistaken.

"Catherine had no power or influence at that period; she threw herself into the arms of those who wished to save her. Their conspiracy was mad and ill planned; Peter the Third's want of courage,

in spite of the advice of the brave Munich, was the cause of his ruin; he allowed himself to be dethroned like a child that is sent to bed.

"Catherine, crowned and free, thought like a young inexperienced woman, that every thing was ended; such a pusillanimous enemy did not appear to her to be dangerous. But the Orloffs were more clear-sighted as well as bolder, and to prevent that prince being employed as a tool against themselves, they dispatched him.

"The Empress knew nothing of the crime, and learned it with a sorrow and despair that were not feigned; she foresaw the opinion that every one would form against her; for an erroneous opinion of this kind can never be effaced, on account of her peculiar position, and because she enjoyed all the fruits of that crime, and also, because she was forced, for the purpose of obtaining support, not only to act without severity, but even to favour the perpetrators, since they alone were able to save her."

During a residence of five years in Russia, Segur says, he never heard of any act of tyranny or cruelty.

All the foreigners who have written on the subject, describe, in vivid colours, the sad effects of the despotic government of Russia, and yet, it is but just to admit that, at the above period, we had no great right thus to declaim against the arbitrary power which weighed so heavily on Moscovy. Were not the Bastile, Vincennes, Pierre-en-Scize, and *lettres de cachet*, seen amongst ourselves in those days? Under Louis XVI. but little use was made of the latter; but, during the reign of his predecessor Louis XV., they were used with profusion, and even sold by the Count de Saint-Florentin his minister.

Voltaire saw himself shut up in the Bastile, and M. de Maurepas had suffered an exile of twenty-five years. The most trifling caprice of a clerk in office, would send any person who happened to displease him to Cayenne without the form of a trial. I recollect on this subject that in my early youth, I was told the following anecdote of a young flower girl, remarkable for her beauty, and whose name was Jeanneton.

One day, the Chevalier de Coigny met her with rosy cheeks, and full of gaiety; interrogating her on the satisfaction evinced by her manner, she replied, "I am very happy: my husband is a scold and a brute; he wore out my patience by his ill-treatment; I have been at the Count Saint-Florentin's: Madame S***, who enjoys his good graces, received me very kindly, and I have got a *lettre de cachet* for ten louis-d'ors, which will deliver me from my jealous husband."

Two years after, M. de Coigny met Jeanneton again, but sorrowful, thin, pale, sallow, with her eyes sunk in their sockets.—"What! can this be my poor Jeanneton?" said he, "what has become of you? You are no longer seen anywhere, I had great difficulty in recognizing you. What have you done with that fine complexion, and that cheerfulness which charmed me the last time I saw you?"

"Alas! Sir," she replied, "I was very foolish to exult: my rascally husband, having the same notion as myself, had gone on his side to the minister, and on the same day, as well as through the same agency, bought an order to shut me up also, so that it cost twenty louis-d'ors of our hard earnings to put each other into a prison."

The moral of this is, that a traveller, before criticizing with too much bitterness, the abuses which strike him in the countries he may visit, ought to look back with prudence, and see whether he has not left others behind in his own country, quite as ridiculous and deplorable as those which shock him in other places. In finding fault with others, Prussians, think of Spandau; Austrians, of Montgatch, in Hungary, and of Olmutz; Romans, of the castle of Saint Angelo; Spaniards, of the Inquisition; Dutch, of Batavia, Frenchmen, of Cayenne, and the Bastile: and even you English, of the tyrannical impressment of seamen; finally, all of you, of that slave-trade, which, after so many revolutions, and to the shame of humanity, it is still so difficult, completely to abolish.

In a conversation with Catherine, in which she had talked of the embarrassments of the French finances, and the waste and corruption of the court, and in which Segur had made something like a retort,

"You are both right and wrong, Count," replied she, "I am cheated like other people, I admit; I have sometimes satisfied myself of this by my own eyes, when I saw from my window, at daybreak or at night, huge baskets leaving my palace, which were assuredly not empty.

"I remember also that, having been on a small tour to the banks of the Volga, some years ago, I asked the inhabitants of the surrounding country if they were contented with their lot. The greater part were fishermen. '*We should be,*' replied they, '*perfectly satisfied with the fruits of our labours, and particularly with the sturgeon fishery, if we were not forced to lose a part of our profits by annually sending to your stables a large quantity of these fish which cost very dear. This heavy tribute costs us about two thousand rubles a year.*'

"*You have acted very properly by giving me notice,*" said I to them with a laugh, "*I did not know that my horses ate sturgeons.*" This ridiculous abuse was suppressed. But what I pretend to prove to you, is the difference that exists between this apparent disorder and the real, and much more dangerous, disorders in your country.

"The King of France never knows precisely the amount of his expenditure; nothing is regulated or fixed before-hand; my plan, on the contrary, is as follows: I fix an annual sum, which is always the same, for the expenses of my table, furniture, theatres, and fêtes, my stables, and in short, my whole household; I order the various tables in my palace to be served with a particular quantity of wine, and a particular number of dishes. It is the same in all other branches of this department. So long as I am supplied exactly, in quantity and quality, with what I have ordered, and no one complains of neglect on the subject, I am satisfied; I think it of little consequence whether out of the fixed sum I am cheated through cunning or economy, but I take particular care that the sum shall not be exceeded; and this is an advantage which few Princes and even few private individuals can boast of."

Four Years in France; or Narrative of an English Family's Residence there during that Period; preceded by some Account of the Conversion of the Author to the Catholic Faith. 1826.—We have been pleased with this book. Insignificant as almost it is, as a narrative of an English family's residence in France, the interest it excites belongs wholly to the writer and his peculiar circumstances. He is a gentleman whose family and himself were well known in Lincolnshire. His father and grandfather were prebendaries of Lincoln; he himself was destined for the church, took deacon's orders, and was very early distinguished by a defence of Christianity against the level-

lers of France, and still more so by a sermon in vindication of the right of absolution in the Protestant clergy, which was of course well received at Oxford. His rising popularity was suddenly quenched by another sermon, on the unpalatable subject of "No pluralities!"

From childhood, circumstances gave him a leaning to Catholicism—possessed also, no doubt, of a temperament susceptible of strong impressions from form and ceremonial, reverence for authority, and a longing for *repose* on some undoubting pretensions. His mother, though a Protestant, was of a Catholic family—the Digbys of Rutland—and had still some of the 'rags of popery' hanging about her,—that is, as he says, she was very devout, and made long prayers; and though she had no breviary, the psalms and chapters of the day did equally well. She was often visited by Catholic connexions; and he himself, when a boy, was habitually visiting an elderly family connexion in the neighbourhood, who was herself a Catholic. The parade of the cathedral service at Lincoln, and afterwards of Magdalen College, Oxford, strongly impressed him; the red velvet of the altar, and the large candlesticks, still preserved; the processions, the bowings and turnings, all prepared him in some measure for further advancement in the admiration of these solemnities. The discovery of a copy of the Douay translation of the Scriptures found among his father's papers, with its multitudinous notes, was eagerly read by him, and shook his Protestant conviction vehemently. At Oxford, the career of conversion, though seemingly checked, was in reality essentially advancing by his intercommunion with a student a few years older than himself, who had zealously adopted the sentiments of the high church party, in their full strength and vigour—

"An admiration of the character of Archbishop Laud; lamentation of the want of splendour and ceremonial in the English church; blame of those clergy who allowed church authority to slip from their hands, lowering themselves into teachers of mere morality. He gave himself very little trouble about the opinions of the dissenters, condemning them all in a lump by a sort of ecclesiastical and political anathema; but he took great pains to convince himself that the church of England was in the right in its polemical dispute with the church of Rome. He was willing to allow to the bishop of that city a *préséance* above all other bishops, not merely on account of the former imperial dignity of the city, but also on account of his succession to St. Peter, who had the same precedence among the apostles, though the privileges of the apostles were equal, as those of bishops ought to be. He saved the indefectibility of the church, by declaring that the church of Rome was a true church, though not a pure church; that papists might be saved, since what they believed amiss did not destroy the effect of what they believed aright. He affirmed that the separation of the church of England from the church of Rome was the Pope's fault, &c. On several points he shewed the practice of Rome to be right; on others, to regard things indifferent."

But his full conversion was now at hand. He had vacated his fellowship on succeeding to some family property, and retired to his native town to prepare for reading the Bampton lecture. Here he met with a French emigré of the name of Beaumont, who had been rector of the university of Caen, and was then teaching French at Lincoln. This very shrewd and cautious individual introduced the controverted topics into conversation, and step by step defeated our already half-subdued Protestant. First the point of transubstantiation was established by proving the Protestant unable to shew, *when* the doctrine commenced, and therefore it must be coeval with Christianity, and consequently part and parcel of it. Then came the seven sacraments. Of these the English church retains two—

"I had," he says, "already proclaimed myself the advocate of what is, to all intents and purposes, the sacrament of *penance*. *Confirmation* is administered by a bishop, as among Catholics. The form of giving benediction by the imposition of hands is as ancient as the patriarch Jacob, who thus blessed his grandsons, the sons of Joseph. Does any spiritual grace follow the blessing of the bishop? If so it is a sacrament The *ordering of priests*, in the church of England, is evidently sacramental; for the bishop, laying his hands on the person to be ordained, bids him 'receive the Holy Ghost.' *Matrimony* is called by the apostle 'a great mystery;' mystery is the Greek word for sacrament: grace is required to sanctify so important a contract. The church of England celebrates it as a religious rite. *Thus* far the dispute about the number of the sacraments seems to be a 'question of words and names.'"

Extreme-unction puzzled him more. It has been said to fail in the condition annexed to the definition of a sacrament in our "catechism"—it is not ordained by Christ;—but if, says he, it was attended with miraculous effects, it is satisfactorily proved that the apostle was sufficiently authorized in its institution. The claim to infallibility would of course not detain him long—"L'Eglise Catholique est infaillible, et l'eglise Anglicane n'a jamais tort," said Voltaire wittily and and truly. Of purgatory, and the possibility of relief from the suffrages of the faithful, he was easily convinced. The doctrine may be abused, says he, in the truism style, but that will not prove it unfounded, or "fond," as our articles express it. "Mr. O'Leary, I do not like your doctrine of purgatory," said an Irish bishop of the establishment. "My Lord," replied O'Leary, "you may go farther and fare worse." Of our thirty-nine articles, one is directed against works of supererogation.

"My mother wrote to me at Oxford, in these words:—'I went into a shop the other day to order some Gloucester cheese; a poor man was there, buying a cheese for his family; I paid for it for him: for this I hope, God will bless *you*.' My mother was no theologian, and suspected no more harm in giving an alms for me, than in praying for me."

His conversion was eventually completed,

and he renounced the English church, and with it—much to the credit of *Protestants*, who stickle for freedom of thought—he lost his character and caste in society; and finally found it desirable to remove with his family to a foreign and a Catholic country. Speaking of English Catholics who visited his mother, he says—

Comparing the behaviour of these gentry to my mother with the conduct of all of the same class, with three or four exceptions only, towards me. I infer that the best way to be treated by them with common civility is, to be, not a convert, but a renegado.

When will men be reasonable? When will they practise as well as preach the spirit of the gospel? Nay, when will passion and prejudice fail? Never.

For the particulars of his residence at Avignon, we refer our readers to the book itself. It is full of lively remark, though tinged with a little severity—natural enough in a man, who lost the advantages of English society—of the society of his birth and station—in yielding to the dictates of his conscience, however ill-informed it may be thought, and avowing his convictions, however groundless they may seem. He is not an enlightened man—of that his conversion will perhaps be thought proof enough; but he is no fool, and has formed just conclusions in many of the relations of life. Much of the book is occupied with the illness and death of a favourite son, on whose memory he fondly dwells, and who appears unhappily to have been lost through the ignorance and pertinacity of the Avignonese physicians.

There are two subjects, however, of which we have heard much—the massacre of the Protestants at Nismes, and the French missions; and having come to conclusions on both of them, corresponding with the account given by the respectable writer before us, we are inclined to quote his remarks. He will be thought a prejudiced witness in both cases; let the sentiments be taken with what allowance they may, we do not think him likely to misstate the bare facts, and they are all we are concerned with.

MASSACRE OF PROTESTANTS AT NISMES.

A Protestant friend, being at Avignon, wished to see the Maison Quarrée, and inquired of me if it was safe to go to Nismes. 'Will not the Papists murder me?' The cause of this dread is curious; the explication of it may amuse the impartial, that is, almost nobody; but I will venture. The Protestants of Nismes had all been favourable to the revolution. The ancient royal government of France had not, indeed, like the queen and parliament of England, insisted on every man's changing his faith, but it had resisted the introduction of a new religion: these two cases are very different, though perpetually confounded both by the tolerant and intolerant among us. However, the Protestants of Nismes very naturally threw their weight into that balance, the preponderance of which promised them the assurance of their civil rights and political consideration. The Catholics, on the contrary, not having these motives, and carrying into politics that love of stability, the principle of which they find in their religion, disliked political change, and were well pleased with the return of the king. 'C'est là le beau côté de la religion Catholique; elle n'approuve pas les revolutions,' said a Protestant minister to a protestant king. He regarded the matter like a statesman, and no further. During the republican and imperial government the Protestants were the stronger party at Nismes, and had made the Catholics feel that they were so. On the restoration, a scuffle took place between the parties, in which some half-dozen Protestants were killed. Of this unlucky affray, great advantage was taken in England: committees were appointed, and subscriptions raised for the purpose of succouring 'our distressed brethren, the Protestants of the South of France.' The 'no popery' cry being once well set up, it was thought right to inquire into the extent of the mischief. A letter was returned from France, reporting nearly what has been stated above; this letter, the noble person to whom it was addressed kept in his pocket some days before he sent it to the committee, that the 'no popery' cry might not go down too soon. The fear entertained by my friend of being murdered by the Papists at Nismes need not now be wondered at: it was only three or four years since such things had happened; and it is well known, that what has happened once may happen again.

FRENCH MISSIONS.

In the second year of my sojourn, a mission was preached at Avignon. On the expediency or prudence of these missions, concerning which so much difference of opinion prevailed among the French themselves, a stranger is hardly able to decide. Many were offended that catholic France should be treated like a country that had never heard of the gospel; but this view of the matter was formed rather on a strict and somewhat captious interpretation of the word *mission*, than from any thing in the scheme itself justifying such an interpretation. The gospel was not preached by the missionaries as new, but as having been neglected. Yet this supposition of neglect threw a blame somewhere; and these extraordinary means taken to repair it excited animosity.

Six thousand parishes throughout France were said, at this time, to want pastors; and it was regretted that funds should be diverted from the maintenance of the seminaries, or their more effectual support, to supply the expense of desultory efforts, of evanescent enthusiasm.

On the other hand it was argued that, for a quarter of a century, religion had been discouraged; for one year of that time it had been proscribed, and the churches closed; during all that time Christian education had been notoriously neglected; so many clergy had been banished, that the remainder had been insufficient to the various functions required of them; that to recover from such a state, extraordinary remedies were called for.

After all, there was nothing so very extraordinary in these missions: from three to six priests, men of some talent, zeal, and eloquence, arrived in a town, stayed there a greater or less number of days, according to the population, or, it may be, the spiritual wants of the place, preached, and heard confessions. Yet let any suppose what would be the effect of the presence of half-a-dozen methodist teachers in any town in England, and he will be able to form an idea of the state of Avignon pending the mission, which lasted, as well as I can remember, a fortnight.

The churches were crowded; those who wished to have seats to hear the sermon at six in the evening, were obliged to take their places at mid-day; these

were chiefly women: men, who could bear the fatigue of standing during the sermon, occupied every space large enough for a pair of feet.

The *lessive*—so the washing is called from the wood-ashes employed in it—was neglected; dirty shirts and sheets were too common to be complained of; the men were obliged to cook their own dinners; children were grouped together by scores, under the care of some one contented or paid to stay at home. Then came the general confessions, which occupied some days; then one day for the communion of the male and another for that of the female penitents; lastly, the procession of the cross, which was to be set up as a perpetual memorial of the mission, and a mean of recalling to every one the good resolutions he had then made.

An ill-carved crucifix, larger than life, borne on the shoulders of the devout, was followed by the missionaries and people singing cantiques, and was finally placed on the terrace near the great door of the cathedral, to which it gives the appearance of a place of public execution.

The missionaries turned many from the evil of their ways: some sums of money were deposited in their hands, to be by them restored to those who had been robbed or defrauded of them; these sums, so unexpectedly recovered, were in general given to the poor. On leaving Avignon, they were accompanied for several miles by the people, who, by way of taking leave, tore the cassock off the back of the chief missionary, and divided it into shreds, that all, or as many as possible of their zealous admirers, might have a relic. In this *procédé* there was a little too much of the *fougue du midi*, and the missionary by no means liked the process of popular canonization.

How long the good effects of the mission may last is doubtful. It seems as if it were necessary that some strong excitement should exist, in order that religion should be present to the mind. Holy men create this excitement to themselves by the aid of divine grace, and by a prayer, a powerful mode of self-persuasion: for the multitude, this excitement must be created for them. I was assured by a very worthy and experienced *curé*, who remained in France during the whole of the revolution, that in the reign of terror, when the churches were shut up, many followed the clergy into caverns and hiding places, who afterwards could not be persuaded to go to church.

Adventures of a French Serjeant, during his Campaigns in Italy, Spain, Germany, Russia, &c. from 1805 *to* 1823. *Written by Himself.* 1826.—Though it is true, we ourselves know nothing of this French serjeant's memoirs, but through the Burlington Street publication, we are not at all inclined to question their authenticity. They bear some indisputable marks of veracity—of being the production of one in the stirring, but subordinate station, which he represents himself to have filled. We have no general views, nor any extended details of political or military events: he is full of self. Circumstances placed him at an immense distance from the centre of power, and he knows nothing, and can tell nothing but the effects with which he comes in immediate contact. These were some of them sufficiently extraordinary; but they are described in a simple and unassuming tone, and shew the writer intent upon presenting what fell within his own observation. Active and spirited, as he evidently was, and well-inclined to seize upon all opportunities of advancing his interests, his hopes were cruelly and continually mocked; and at the end of eighteen years' service he finds himself *dismissed.* The old soldiers have by degrees been superseded by those "who knew not" Buonaparte. Of the variety of incident contained in these memoirs the reader may judge by a summary of his career. The serjeant, Robert Guillemard, was a native of Sixfour, near Toulon; drawn as a conscript in 1805, at the age of twenty, and sent on board Admiral Villeneuve's fleet. He was in the battle of Trafalgar, and believes himself to have been the person who shot Lord Nelson. After the action he became secretary to Villeneuve, accompanied him on his return to France, and saw him *assassinated* at Rennes. He was afterwards brought into the presence of Buonaparte, and examined by him respecting the circumstances attending the admiral's death. He was then sent to join the army in Germany, and was present at the siege of Stralsund. On his return to France he fought a duel at Lyons, in which he was severely wounded. After his recovery he was again marched to Germany, and was at the battle of Wagram. His next service was in Spain, where he was taken prisoner, and sent to the island of Cabrera, where many thousands of his countrymen were detained. After a detention of some months he escaped to the Spanish coast, joined the French army again, then besieging Tortosa, distinguished himself during the siege, was made a serjeant, and received the *then* much-valued cross of the Legion of Honour. In 1812 he was again in Germany, and made the Russian campaign; he was at the battle of Borodino, and created an officer on the spot by Buonaparte in person; but unluckily the very same evening was wounded in a skirmish with the enemy, taken prisoner, and sent into Siberia. In Siberia he remained till 1814, when he was allowed to revisit his country. At the time of Napoleon's return from Elba he was serving in the Duke D'Angoulême's army in the South, and saw what is termed the massacre of the Protestants at Nismes. Soon afterwards he assisted Murat, King of Naples, in escaping from Toulon to Corsica, and accompanied him on his fatal expedition to the coast of Calabria In 1823 Guillemard was again in Spain, and shortly afterwards discharged.

The most striking scene in the book is doubtless that of Cabrera. This is a barren rock a few miles from the coast of Spain, about a league in length and very narrow, and the spot where the greater part of the French taken by the patriot Spaniards were sent. Guillemard had been intercepted by a guerilla party, and, with a score of other unfortunate fellows

was flung upon this wretched island. There were at the time near 10,000 persons —none of them confined in buildings—that was superfluous; the rock was their prison—coasted perpetually by an English brig and a few Spanish boats. No shelter from the weather had these miserable wretches, but what they were able themselves to fabricate from the few trees that grew upon the rock, and a hatchet, the only one upon the island, which was hired and used by turns. With the exception of two or three, the whole party were not merely in rags, but nearly naked, and hundreds absolutely so—unshaven, and covered with filth. Provisions were scantily supplied by a vessel from the Spanish coast, the arrival of which was very far from regular, and once during Guillemard's residence it came not for several days, owing to some quarrel among the commissaries. The scene that followed is horrible; every atom of eatable matter was quickly exhausted; the second night 150 died from madness and hunger: the next day an ass, the only one on the island, who had long been spending its strength in their service, was sacrificed, cut up, and distributed at the rate of two ounces to three men. The following night a tremendous storm drenched or swept away their huts, and 300 more perished. All were resigning themselves to madness or despair, believing the government had abandoned them to so horrible a fate, when the victualling-brig arrived with a supply for eight days. These are some of the horrors of war, of which the world knows little, but which ought on all occasions to be dragged into light, to shame the rulers of mankind and enlighten their subjects.

The conduct of these destitute creatures was admirable. They organized a government, and every thing was managed even with gravity and decorum. Every non-commissioned officer was a member of council. Crimes were punished with severity—that of theft particularly. Guillemard had great difficulty in saving the life of one who had stolen a morsel of bread—the highest offence that could well be committed in such a community. Quarrels were settled by uninterrupted duels. Swords and fire-arms, of course, there were none; but here and there one had a razor. These were fastened upon sticks an inch thick and three feet long, and served them for weapons. When blood was drawn, the fight terminated, and honour was satisfied.

The great object was occupation, and, Frenchmen-like, they had a thousand resources, which no other people upon earth would have thought of. If the overpowering misery did not repress all disposition to merriment, one might smile at some of these resources; one-half was employed in teaching something or other to the other half.

Nothing was seen on all sides, but teachers of music, mathematics, languages, drawing, fencing, above all, dancing and single-stick. In fine weather, all these professors gave their lessons at a spot they called the Palais Royal, quite close to each other. It was quite common to see a poor devil half naked, and who had often not partaken of food for twenty-four hours before, singing a very gay air of a country-dance, and interrupting it from time to time, for the purpose of saying, with infinite seriousness of demeanour to his pupil, dressed in the remains of a pair of drawers—"that's right, keep time with your partner, wheel round, hold yourselves gracefully."

Guillemard himself was not idle. After furnishing himself with a hut, and confederating with three of his comrades to keep the object of escape steadily in view, set about giving theatrical exhibitions. A large tank was cleared out for the purpose, and the audience descended by a ladder. Guillemard had no books; but trusting to his recollection, and filling up the gaps with his own inventions, he got up several pieces, distributed the parts, superintended, performed and executed all—made considerable gains, and exhilarated his fellow-prisoners. These performances were interrupted by the scene of famine to which we have alluded; but on the arrival of provisions they were quickly resumed and continued, till one of his comrades brought at last the intelligence that three men had drawn a boat upon the shore, and were fast asleep alongside of it: they quickly hastened to the spot, seized and bound the men, leaped into the boat, and had the good fortune to reach the Spanish coast, not far from Tortosa, which the French were at that time besieging.

Sheridaniana, or Anecdotes of the Life of R. B. Sheridan; his Table-talk, and Bons-mots. 1826.—The most completely superfluous book, we were going to content ourselves with saying, that ever fell under our critical notice; but we mock our own convictions, and the interests of our readers, if we do not add, the most impudent specimen of the Burlington Street pufferies. Affecting to depreciate Mr. Moore's performance—charging him with shewing off his own wit instead of exhibiting Mr. Sheridan's—with neglecting what was equally brilliant and accessible—making these very defects the pretence for his own publication, as this Colburn-compiler does, one-half of the book is positively Mr. Moore's own. The rest consists of Miss Lindley's feeble exculpation of her girlish flirtations, through forty pages; cullings from Michael Kelly, and the dirty sweepings of the public prints. Of the few—the very few anecdotes which we do not remember to have seen before, though they have probably been in print over and over again, some do not belong to Mr. Sheridan at all, and what means of authenticating the rest have we?

A mighty fuss is made to prove that Mr. Sheridan had a heart. Who supposed him,

or any man, to be without one? Not Mr. Moore. But he was confessedly through life an embarrassed man, and essentially a selfish one. Pleasure was his object, and notoriously unscrupulous was he about the means. Gratification—distinction in society, was pursued through all impediments, and at any cost. For forty long years was he the subject alternately of obligation and insolence, though making light of the one, and cleverly parrying the other; but driven perpetually to the most miserable subterfuges—subterfuges represented here as ingenious, but harmless jokes. What room was left for kindness or consideration? Let us discriminate—he was a man of high talent—who can doubt it?—of little acquirement—why deny it? of profligate habits—why disguise them? Of one act of effectual kindness towards a distressed family near his little property at Polesdon, described at some length in this contemptible volume, we do not for a moment doubt—it comes with authority; but too much is made of it—it shews the general absence of commendable facts. The communication of this story was made to Mr. Moore, who seems to have forgotten it, as in the hurry with which he finally concluded his book he did many others. But there are other omissions of Mr. Moore's, respecting matters in which he took and had a personal interest, scarcely attributable to the same cause. On the whole, however, notwithstanding his omissions—notwithstanding his flowers of speech—notwithstanding his silly contempt of the silly but honest Dr. Watkins, we know not who would have done better; and *we* are content with *his* life of Sheridan.

Letters from Cockney-Lands. 1826.—No, Mr. Ebers; if this be your debut in the publishing "line," give up the matter forthwith. Shortest follies are best. Mr. Colburn has the start of you, and no chance have you, if this be your best "set-out," of contending with that dexterous whip. Where was your tact, Mr. Ebers? Have you no *homme d'affaires*, who knows something of the literary, as well as the operatastes of the town? The book is absolutely unreadable—a Bond-street production altogether; full of pretension of all that is fine and fashionable, aristocratic and exclusive; betraying unluckily more knowledge of the coarse and the familiar, of the trumpery wonders of the streets, and the press and its profligacies, than becomes or marks the fastidiousness to which the writer so superciliously lays claim. With all the desire in the world to mingle sarcasm and levity with "wondrous potency," what is he? Pert and pointless, raising neither a blush by his severity, nor a smile by his wit; some contempt, perhaps, for his imbecility, and certainly indignation at the impudence of such an attempt to arrest the public attention. He would be thought, of course, to have viewed these Cockney-Lands (London and Brighton, that is) with a learned spirit, and his purpose is, we believe, to describe their peculiarities to some rustic cousin. That purpose, however, is any thing but obvious. The book is, indeed, a perfect puzzle: for some time we could make neither head nor tail of it; nor were we much the wiser, after discovering the list of contents with which his mysteries are prefaced. The leading thought, perhaps, that which gave rise to the whole, is to scourge the turpitude of the London press; of which he knows nothing at all, or more than enough; and to talk of Mr. Malthus, the club-houses, Mr. McAdam, and sundry other matters, of which every body, but himself, has long since been tired of talking.

Two heads are better than one; and never were we so benefited by the recollection of this ancient truth as on the present occasion. Great was our good fortune to be able to read some of the volume in the company of a very able enigmatist, who most felicitously divined the '*mot*' in numerous instances, where, without such professional assistance, we must have given up the matter in despair.

The metre is of a doggrel character; Hudibrastic, perhaps, the writer considers it; and, certainly, if out-of-the-way rhymes and rugged inversions, if digressions, checks, breaks, equally uncalled-for and unintelligible, constitute that style of versification, it is, Heaven knows, Hudibrastic enough. Take a specimen: as he drives through the streets—

Now we're sailing
In rougher ways. Jolt!—are we over?
Slugh! where are we now?
Well, we're right again:
Hubbub! I shall never my hearing recover,
This Babelish row,
Come drive on amain;
What is't? they're making money sure.
This is the way, in crowds they pour,
All day and every thro' Cheapside,
And Fleet-Street, and the Strand. Subside
The clamours. Have we left the street,
So smooth we roll, 'tis quite a treat;
No, you're on pavement still, but alter'd,
The paviours used to sigh so: falter'd
Many a girl, and thought her lover
Was near; the ladies talked it over,
It was agreed to mince the granite;
The paviours p'rhaps have left this planet, &c.
——— What building's that? Ah, Peace
And half-pay! 'tis a club-house—Malthus,
You come again I hear, you call thus
"Was I not right—see of my school
These votaries." Sir, I own your rule
Observed here: but I think such palaces
Less fit for those they hold than gallowses.

What does the idiot mean?

Take an *event*—

"A buck exchang'd with me his card,
Because my switch touch'd him—'tis hard,
An accident—but 'twas no duel,
'Though he spoke thunder-bolts. Now you will
Scarce credit—he so pert and smart,
Was a professor in an art

You'd scarce think gave such handsome wages;
But thus it is—the buck engages
Attention, while his fellow clears
Your pockets—I was of my fears,
(I fear a pistol in light cause,
My *vis-a-vis*), by one of laws
Practitioner reliev'd, a scout
Of Bow-street, he knows all about
The gentleman, and 'gan describe
I think police wished for a bribe
To find his duty and my banana,
For in this city never can a
Mare be made to go *sans* money.—"

Behold his learning.—

Look! that's the Opera House! survey
Th' entablature, while I display
The inside: first the name, intent:
By opera, th' Italians meant
First any work then any music,
That's long enough. Of work they grew sick,
So gave to play and sing that name; &c.

More etymology; describing the Regent's Park:—

I'd better guide
You to the Primrose-hill—Primroses
Mean here prim cockney, he reposes
At Chalk-Farm, up the hill then trots
And sees a lake, &c.

Powers of antithesis! speaking of the opera-folks—

"We've girls athlete, as singing men!"

A narrow escape from scandal, of which he has a most virtuous horror. Speaking of the Opera still—

"'Tis quite the thing to go, between
The acts see Mademoiselle—I vow
'Tis not what's seen, but those who go
That should be unseen, which shocks me.
Who do you think? No, that would be
To dish up scandal, and be one—
There I was going to attack the *ton;*
The very cream of all we read now—
But, Ned, I've seen (your heart will bleed now)
A wedded one of beauty rare,
Aye, beauteous as a thousand pearls.
'Tis Sancho's simile, how it curls
About one's heart—that simple valet
Ne'er saw one it would suit as—shall I?
No, if her spouse will seek disgrace
It is his loss—But, ah! I trace
My England's downfall from the time
Her chivalry turns from the prime
Of the world's beauty, her own daughters—
Go! mountains cross—glide o'er the waters,
Thy heart will no heart ever meet,
More worthy love—If thou canst greet
A beauty strange to Britain's shore
With half the soul you felt before,
Why—Don't you pity him? I do,
But I run on too fast for you,
Besides you know this loss to me,
Because—Ned shall I go to sea?" &c.

Again—

I don't like in the streets to stop men;
But one so constantly 's in my ways,
It must be he, 'Highways and Bye-ways.'
He has a note-book, and he view'd me
Last time. P'rhaps in his book he sew'd me.
I hope he flatters. Then I hear
One talk loud as he walks.—'Tis clear
He wants his "*Sayings*" to be known,
His "*Doings*"—Ah! how I am grown
A scandal-monger; the book-trade
Must not be injur'd, so I've said
Enough of him in saying nothing," &c.

The Plain Speaker: Opinions on Books, Men, and Things. 2 *vols.* 1826.—We have read Mr. Hazlitt before;—oh, yes, we are quite sure we have read him before; but not a line, not a word, not a definite sentiment lodges in our recollection in any recallable form. Our feelings with regard to him are, that there muses, and talks, and reads, and floats, somewhere about the skirts of the metropolis, a being of quick and rather happy pulses, whose genius, buoyant and glancing as mercury, mingles with, and passes through all creation with equal rapidity. He seems to live in an atmosphere of his own—contemplating not merely a few objects, or revolving a few questions, but threading his way unpolluted through all sorts of contaminations, enshrined in his own gentle, and generally pure abstraction. With a perfect insensibility of the ridiculous, he presses his cockney illustrations into the service of philosophy, and regards, with a complacency that is quite amusing, the strange miscellany he assembles of delicate acumen, of mild and liberal opinion—of poor and feeble abuse, of mawkish vulgarity, of lofty sentiment and inviolate truth.

Clearly as he has "wedded immortality as his secret bride," we fear the connexion will only last till death do them part, if so long. His talents must always impress a degree of value on his communications, and ensure a transient attention; but, for immortality, more is wanting than he possesses. His longing after a deathless name, though it be accompanied by all the self-supporting consciousness of ability, is but a vessel among the waters without a destination. The power to be great, and the will to be great—aye, even when united, are insufficient to enable us to fill a seat in the temple of Fame, unless among the elements of our being some pre-eminent and overpowering quality points to the very niche we are to occupy, or rather takes unconscious possession of it. This is what Mr. Hazlitt wants.

Plain speaking is not enough. Truth is not enough, though unadulterated as an infant's prattle—though eliciting esteem for the author, and ensuring pleasure to the reader. Truth, indeed, stript of all low accompaniments, is no other than the purified offspring of genius—the elaborated production of patient thought; but it must be intenser truth, or newer truth, or far more embellished truth, than the usual flow of Mr. H.'s thoughts, to carry his name down to posterity.

We have said, perhaps, more than we meant; if what we have said seem severe, it *is* more than we mean. We seize his

books with delight, sure of enjoying over the pages which he pens a calming, enlivening, inspiring pleasure. We forget them, indeed, but we can read them again and again; and this is, perhaps, the next best glory to that of printing imperishable thoughts upon us. As almost a confutation of ourselves, we give the following happy *morçeau*. We read it in its place, after being engrossed for more than an hour by the previous portion. Whether the reader's mind require the same preparation to taste the passage we cannot say; for our own parts, the feeling it awoke rose to the highest pitch of enjoyment.

There are two persons who always appear to me to have worked under this involuntary, silent impulse more than any others; I mean Rembrandt and Correggio. It is not known that Correggio ever saw a picture of any great master. He lived and died obscurely in an obscure village. We have few of his works, but they are all perfect. What truth, what grace, what angelic sweetness are there! Not one line or tone that is not divinely soft or exquisitely fair; the painter's mind rejecting, by a natural process, all that is discordant, coarse, or unpleasing. The whole is an emanation of pure thought. The work grew under his hand as if of itself, and came out without a flaw, like the diamond from the rock. He knew not what he did; and looked at each modest grace as it stole from the canvass with anxious delight and wonder. Ah! gracious God! not he alone; how many more in all time have looked at their works with the same feelings, not knowing but they too may have done something divine, immortal, and finding in that sole doubt ample amends for pining solitude, for want, neglect, and an untimely fate. Oh! for one hour of that uneasy rapture, when the mind first thinks it has struck out something that may last for ever; when the germ of excellence bursts from nothing on the startled sight! Take, take away the gaudy triumphs of the world, the long deathless shout of fame, and give back that heartfelt sigh with which the youthful enthusiast first weds immortality as his secret bride! And thou, too, Rembrandt! who wert a man of genius, if ever painter was a man of genius, did this dream hang over you as you painted that strange picture of *Jacob's Ladder?* Did your eye strain over those gradual dusky clouds into futurity, or did those white-vested, beaked figures babble to you of fame as they approached? Did you know what you were about? or did you not paint much as it happened? Oh! if you had thought once about yourself, or any thing but the subject, it would have been all over with "the glory, the intuition, the amenity," the dream had fled, the spell had been broken. The hills would not have looked like those we see in sleep—that tatterdemalion figure of Jacob, thrown on one side, would not have slept as if the breath was fairly taken out of his body. So much do Rembrandt's pictures savour of the soul and body of reality, that the thoughts seem identical with the objects—if there had been the least question what should have been done, or how he should do it, or how far he had succeeded, it would have spoiled every thing. Lumps of light hung upon his pencil and fell upon his canvas like dew-drops: the shadowy veil was drawn over his back grounds by the dull, obtuse finger of light, making darkness visible by still greater darkness than could only be felt!

Les Aventures du dernière Abencerage, par M. le Comte de Chateaubriand. 1826.—The Viscount de Chateaubriand must, in some shape or other, be eternally before the public. If he cannot be the minister of a powerful people, he must write sixpenny political pamphlets; and when his pamphlets can no longer find readers, he is at no loss for expedients; he can rub up an old speech, or a forgotten tale, and give us the sweepings of his portfolio, and be—the great object of life—be still talked of in the *cafés* and the saloons of Paris. The noble Viscount, we are sorry to learn, is poor again, and is projecting a scheme for collecting his published and unpublished writings, to the tune of twenty-five or twenty-seven volumes, at 10*s.* 6*d.* a volume. Of the published writings, we question if the world wishes to hear any more; and from the unpublished, of which himself once despaired, what is to be expected? The prospectus announces an Introductory Essay on French History, which will, of course, be too vague or too sublime for mortal to grasp; Travels in America, and Italy and Spain, which must be far out of date; Scraps of Natural History, with nothing new or rare; a tale or two, taken from any thing but nature; and, God save us, a new tragedy—Moses and Aaron, we believe—and some poetry.

In addition to these masses of treasure, the indefatigable scribbler is strenuously engaged in writing his own memoirs, which may possibly, nay will, awaken considerable interest. They must carry us where we like to go—over the ground of the revolution again. We have yet much to learn. He has seen much; has been every where; has been always busy; sometimes confidentially and highly employed, and, what is most to the present purpose, is "so loose of soul," he *must* tell all. He is an honest man too—zealous, that is, in maintaining his political tenets; not very clear-sighted, and, we fear, easily duped. Let him, however, give us, freely and fully, his impressions, and we must judge for ourselves: we only deprecate any more of his tasteless jargon about the Christian religion.

Of re-entering into office we suppose he despairs. He is neither royalist enough, nor liberal enough, to be acceptable to any existing party—a whimsical jumble of modern views and ancient prejudices. He is for a constitutional monarchy, which in France, by a strange solecism, means a donation of the monarch, and not the will of the nation; yet he has glimpses of indefinite improvement in the condition of society and the principles of government, quite sufficient to exclude him from all hope of a share of power; and that exclusion will, of course, help still farther to *illuminate*. Still nothing can make addled brains sound.

In presenting the existing generation with this romance, the main object appears

to have been to make it a more effective medium for advertising his intentions relative to his writings. It was written twenty years ago, on his visit to the Alhambra. Why was it not published at the time? Because, he tells us, "the censorship would never have sanctioned the publication of eulogiums, in which it would have discovered, rightly enough, a concealed interest for the victims of the still-smoking ruins of Saragossa." We do not pretend to compare eyes with the censor, but *his* must surely have surpassed the snake of Epidaurus, to discover any thing of the kind. "It will be readily seen too," says he, "that this romance was written by one who had felt the pangs of exile, and whose heart was entirely wrapped up in his country." Not doubting the Viscount's vexations at his own exile, or his admiration for his own country, we must say all indications of these matters are of the most ordinary "common-place;" and conceivable enough, by one who had never quitted his fire-side, or read the maunderings of Cicero. The "Last of the Abencerages" is the last survivor of the splendid family of that name, who had withdrawn to Tunis and the ruins of Carthage on the expulsion of the Moors from Grenada. The young Moor, of the third generation, had a passionate desire to revisit the seats of his ancestors, and, if possible, to sheath his dagger in the heart of a Bivar, in retaliation of the injuries inflicted by that family on his own. He reaches Grenada in disguise, and while wandering in the streets a lady suddenly presents herself, and instinctively discovering that he was a stranger and had lost his way, very obligingly and frankly conducts him to his inn, though attended by servants, and on her way to morning prayers. "Senor Moor," said she to him, "you appear to have recently arrived at Grenada, have you lost your way?"—"Sultana of Flowers," replied the Abencerage, "delight of men's eyes, Christian slave, more beautiful than the virgins of Georgia, thou hast rightly guessed," &c. She is an angel; an houri; Aben-Hamet himself, an Adonis. The impression is mutually sudden and decisive. Speedily come they together again, and as speedily to an understanding too. She is the heiress of immense wealth; he a perfect stranger, apparently an itinerant botanist. Religion, however, is at first the sole impediment to immediate union—she is a Christian; he a Mussulman—both inflexible. "Become a Christian, and you are my husband," says the lady. "Become a Mussulman, and you are my wife," says the gentleman. Nothing can be more explicit, and nothing less lover-like; no yieldings; no mediums; no compromisings. The Moor now leaves Spain, to give himself and the lady the benefit of time, under a pledge of returning year after year. The first year, he finds her on the beach waiting his landing; still faithful, still devoted, but still firm. The second year, instead of herself in person, he finds a letter, excusing her absence; and when he reaches Grenada, he sees the lady, in the presence of a brother, and a lover at her feet. There is no infidelity, however. It is agreeable and usual for heroines and heiresses to have admirers at their feet, despite the inconvenience of such a position, and the sensitiveness of most people's knees. This brother, as might be expected, disapproves of the terms on which the Moor and his sister appear to be. He has all the hauteur and insolence of a Spaniard of romance. He is a knight of Calatrava, devoted, of course, to celibacy, and just returned from Pizarro's holy and knightly expedition. He fights the Moor, who defeats him, but spares his life. Nothing, however touches the Spaniard. He hates still; it is the duty of his order to hate a Moor.

Little jealousies also, of course, arise, with respect to the lady's new admirer—her brother's friend; but these are presently dismissed, by something like a reprimand from the lady, who observes: "If I loved you no longer, I should tell you so." To such assurance no reasonable objection could be made, and he and the new admirer are forthwith sworn friends.

Things continue thus in the same unchanged state, we know not how long, till at last the hapless and puzzled Moor, bethinking himself that the god of such excellent persons, of so charming a woman, of so mighty and magnificent a knight, and of so true and *preux* a friend, may, or perhaps must be, the right God, is on the point of embracing Christianity, when, luckily or unluckily, he discovers that the lady and her friends are themselves the Bivars, the representatives of the very family who are stained with the blood of his own, and actually in possession of the very property they once so proudly held. To unite with the murderers of his ancestors—the thought is not to be endured. He is torn in pieces by conflicting feelings; revenge unsatisfied; love still glowing, burning, sparkling with a radiance of more than heavenly effulgence. The sweet object before him—willing to be his, willing to be his on the terms of apostacy, but of apostacy to the faith of those who murdered his ancestors! What shall he do? Confess his birth; make the lady his confidant, his judge, the decider of his fate. To her the discovery is delightful; her vanity and her discernment are equally gratified. She could love none but the noble: she is of the highest order, not only of fine forms, but of sublime souls; and her *fiat* accords, "Return to the desert," says Bianca, and faints beneath the energy of her own decision. The Moor obeys—flies—and is heard of no more.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The chief transaction in these matters lately has been the letting of Drury-Lane. The story has been told so often, and with such laborious explicitness, in this season of heat, vacancy and inaction, that there is little now to add, than that the pompous promises of Mr. Elliston, the pompous confidence annually boasted of by King Calcroft and his privy counsellors, Robins and the rest, and the pompous offer of Mr. Bish, were all equally *smoke*. We recommend the whole establishment, parties and all, to the special supervision of little Michael Angelo Taylor, the inveterate foe of smoke nuisances in general. The truth, so far as we can detect it, under the accumulation of blunders and bewilderings perpetrated by the individuals on all sides concerned, seems to be, that a more ridiculous, feeble, and foolish management could not have been yearly puffed to the wondering world by a more headlong committee. As the matter stands now, all parties are equally in a state of exposure; and a Yankee comes to put his shoulder, as the Hercules of the day, under the weight which has crushed the manager and his coadjutors. What Mr. Price will or can do with this labouring concern is yet in the bosom of the future, where it is not worth our while to look for it. But as his trade has been hitherto the exportation of English actors, he may possibly try the effect of a change, and indulge us with Yankee Roscii—Kembles fresh from the Alleghanies, and Siddonses that know more of the tomahawk than the theatre. However, we are on the whole glad that this establishment has fallen into the hands of a new man, and from a new country, and both the newer the better. The old routine would not do; Elliston was utterly gone years ago. The Surrey Theatre set the seal upon him as an actor, and thenceforth his only chance of success was undeviating and total attention to his duties as manager. But there the old ambition of acting came strong and fatally upon him; another old passion disabled him still more effectually; loss came upon loss, foolery upon foolery, debt upon debt, and blunder upon blunder, until even his buoyancy sank, and he went direct to the bottom.

Elliston is one among the many instances of the signal struggle which a man may exert against himself in life; the perverse determination to thwart good fortune, and the no less extraordinary perseverance with which good fortune sometimes throws itself in the way of men, nevertheless born to be undone. He began the world with advantages from connexion, with enough of inherited property to have sustained him until he should have attained rank in a profession, with a gentleman's education, and with faculties more than enough for general professional competence. Nature, too, had been liberal to his exterior, and given him a vivid countenance, a good figure, and remarkable animation. Launched in Bond Street, he might have been king of the dandies; at table he might have disputed the supremacy of any Brummel of the day; and in public life his vigour, intelligence, and general acquirements (for with all his giddiness, Elliston has had some scholarship, and has acquired some curious and manly knowledge), would have thrown the whole feeble generation of "Blue waistcoats" and baby witticism to an immeasurable distance. He had much of that natural fluency of speech which with the multitude goes for oratory, and which in the House of Commons (the six hundred and fifty-eight worst orators that ever assembled under one roof) has made the reputation of three-fourths of our public meteors; miserable charlatans after all, yet, by this simple and vulgar flippancy, exalted into the power and patronage of the most powerful and *patronizing* realm of the globe. But, with all these advantages, Elliston, maddened by the hope of applause from those to whom sixpence would give the unquestionable right of hooting him off the stage and out of the world, plunged into the chances of the drama. He was singularly successful, even in the shade of those theatrical promontories, Kemble, Siddons, and Lewis—a race whose like we shall not see again. His liveliness, versatility, and quickness of conception, made him highly popular. What he wanted in quality, he made up in quantity. The man who can do all things may be pardoned for doing all in an inferior degree. Elliston's variety was essential to the stage. Here was the effect of his good fortune, where hundreds of his equals have perished. His whole subsequent life has been a succession of the same striking efforts of fortune to save him; he has been conscious of this, and has said that he had "his star." But if chance has struggled for him, he has struggled on the contrary side. The most extraordinary and palpable imprudencies have been healed from time to time, by circumstances that came "like a summer cloud," to move the special wonder of every body who contemplated his curious and tessellated career. He has risen for a time, and prosperity seemed to lie level before him. In the very sight of it, some new caprice, eccentricity or absurdity, has broke up the ground under his feet, and has left him not a spot to stand on. His last act of imprudence, at length, exhausted all lucky casualty, and he has been flung out of his last hope of independence. By his lease he had covenanted to expend six thousand pounds upon the improvement of the

theatre: he rushed to the work with the avidity of a schoolboy to his play-ground, and threw away expenditure upon it as if his finances defied exhaustion. Instead of £6,000, he is said to have engulphed £30,000! This waste he has never been able to recover; and under the debt arising from his difficulties, he has now been compelled to relinquish his lease. It is impossible not to feel regret for this termination of his career. Whatever his caprices may have been, they have been of no dark and malignant dye; individuals must have suffered by his losses, but he has been honest—no personal defalcation is laid to his charge, and he has fallen under no other imputation than that of a volatile and incurable inability to do any thing like any other man alive.

The sale of the lease produced a crowd of bidders; for there is nothing more certain than the passion of men to dabble in theatrical management, except the continual miserable anxiety and final ruin of the parties. Since Garrick, there is no instance of a fortune having been made by theatres: they are proverbially the very seats of chance; or if there be any thing like regularity in their course, it is that the profits of a successful season are regularly extinguished by the ill-success of the season that follows. Garrick's case was an exception: he was in himself a tower of strength; an actor such as England had never seen before, but, what was still more important, a man of prudence; a quality that since his time seems to have been incompatible with the name of manager. Garrick died worth one hundred and fifty thousand pounds. All the managers in England, at this hour put together, are probably not worth half the money; yet there is scarcely an instance in which the failure is not to be accounted for, from errors and absurdities which could scarcely have been committed in any other course, or by any other men. One has flung away his funds on the gilding of his theatre; another on making a Coliseum, where a house the fourth of the size would have held all his audience; another on buying an estate with the money wanted for his nightly expenditure; another has flung it into a canal; and it is said to have cost Covent-Garden eight thousand pounds for the building, and permission to build the mere portico of the theatre! For the honour of having an Athenian façade, which was to have the honour in its turn of facing the alehouses and cookshops of Bow Street! Such is the wisdom of the Richards and Romeos of mankind. The fortunate purchaser was Mr. Bish, who, as the Marquis of Hertford shrewdly observed to him, "having got rid of one lottery, had taken another." The wits said that, having lost the hope of having M. P. to his name in one way, he was determined on having it in another, and that "Manager of a Playhouse" would fit him just as well. But "Lucky Bish," as he calls himself, appears to have lost his luck with his lottery. His parliamentary speculation might have been escaped by knowing the difference between a contractor and a non-contractor; and his theatrical speculation, by knowing whether he was in earnest or not. It has at length been relinquished; and here we think, notwithstanding the loss of his £2,000 deposit, he may resume his old title of "Lucky Bish" again. The parliamentary affair still, it is true, lies in ambush against his purse, and he may contrive to expend more than his theatrical deposit before he comes to the knowledge that he had better have let it alone. But if a man is born to live and die in hot water, it is useless to struggle against fate, and in hot water he must live and die.

The Haymarket Theatre has had nothing new, or nothing worth remembering. Paul Pry, the epitome of village vulgarity, has caught the rabble, and Liston has played in it until he has worn out his face, and been compelled to go to the country to manufacture it again. "'Twixt the Cup and the Lip," and an occasional new actress, or new and feeble farce, have appeared; but the house has been in general thin, and has waited for its filling for the return of Liston, and the now tiresome repetition of Paul Pry. The Lord Chamberlain, that Jupiter tonans of the drama, who issues his incontrovertible decrees from his incomprehensible tribunal, and fulminates from his closet the laws of stages and stagemen, has lately issued a law by which the winter theatres are to be restricted to nine months, and the little Haymarket is to live but four. Little Morris is indignant about this, and says that he wishes the Lord Chamberlain would let him return the compliment. But these are mysteries beyond our reach, and we leave their arrangement to the angry personages in question. George Colman, still junior, and still the deputy licenser, has committed no violence of late on hapless authorship. Terror of the retribution, which his supremacy has so long deserved, has given him another fit of the gout, and under cover of this he is inaccessible to the wrath of Mr. Moncrief and others, of whose free speech he has clipped the wings. It was particularly observed, that from the time of a certain female dramatist's arrival in town, George, who is, after all, a man of personal prudence, retired from the ways of men; never ventured out till after dusk; and has allowed of no female visitors without a previous search for concealed arms. He has by these precautions hitherto escaped vengeance for "Cromwell," but, until the lady's return to her paternal mansion, is determined not to see the face of day.

It is understood that, as the occupation of his retirement, he has been for some time compiling a dictionary for the express use of dramatic writers. In this all obnoxious

words are carefully excluded; and such hazardous expressions as tyrant, sycophant, time-server, placeman, court-jester, mountebank, royal menial, and so forth, are declared to be under special anathema. The volume which, as containing only the licensed words, will not be above a dozen pages of crown octavo, will be introduced by a preface, showing that the corruptness, disloyalty, and indelicacy of the age require a peculiar supervision in dramatic matters; that a licenser with unlimited powers, and beyond all appeal, is absolutely necessary; and that, as it is fitting that this licenser should be a man of pure morals, unstained life, just in his dealings, chaste in his conversation, George Colman, junior, is precisely the man for the situation.

The King's Theatre is still crowded to hear Pasta, who has gone through a round of her favourite characters, and who certainly sings better than she did when she arrived. This improvement is a curious circumstance: yet it frequently occurs, unfavourable as our climate is to delicacy of voice. Fodor improved marvellously while here, and seems to have lost her powers at Paris. Curioni, when he came here, was a miserable singer, strained, feeble, and awkward; he is now becoming a tolerable tenor, and, but for the fellow's incorrigibly ugly and undramatic face, he would be a decent substitute for a *primo tenore*. Pasta's improvement is considerable in all points; she sings with more taste, variety of tone, and neatness of execution, though in this last point she has still much to learn. She is gradually giving up that boisterous and bull-fronted style of acting, which she must have learned from the Lombard peasants, and which would be hissed on every stage in the world excepting Paris, where they have no conception of tragic acting; and in England, where the audience never care whether Italian acting is good or bad, and where the best acting of the "prime donne" never excites them to more than a yawn.

But theatrical is like all other glory—like the glory of generals, orators, legislators, and lord-mayors—it is evanescent, a dream, a vapour, a rainbow. What has become of all the "prime donne" that we have successively adored? In what oblivous gulf has even Catalini, the most magnificent of them all—that form of beauty, and that voice of enchantment—she that might have stood for the representative of "Italian genius," gone down from the sight of mankind—when even her brilliant star has sunk, where shall we look for the rest in the general overshadowing and eclipse? Pasta, too, the luminary of the season, is preparing for an obscuration, rapidly coming over her, in the shape of a Madame Soutag, a German, whose youth, beauty, voice, and brilliancy of action, are running away with all the hearts, applauses, and five-franc pieces of the Opera Italienne of Paris. She will, of course, be tempted by English gold, and we shall have her here as soon as she shall have condescended to tell Mr. Ebers for how many thousand pounds a month she will condescend to visit our opera.

All musicians, all singers, all composers, and all dancers are eccentric; but the most eccentric of all is the fiddler Paganini. For the last half dozen years he has been on the point of coming to England; the Philharmonic Concerts have lived but in the hope of his presence; and the general combustion in the world of his imitators (for rivals he has none) has been unparalleled. Yet his heart has sunk within him; he has been terrified by the report of the fogs, which would be fatal to his fiddle-strings, and with them, to his glory; and he has constantly shrunk from the perils of extinguished renown. Paganini is, by universal acknowledgment, the monarch of violinists; he is now an old man, but his tone, his rapid touch, his whirlwind of execution, approach to the sublime. His style is wild, strange, and severe; he is the Dante of fiddlers, and is not to be listened to but by persons of vigorous nerves and robust constitutions. The Italian women fall into hysterics at the first sweep of his bow; and the Italian men, when they see the full inspiration coming on him, consult their sanity by rushing out of the theatre.

The English will stand any thing, and they stand Paganini and cannon-balls; but he astonishes even their intense insensibility, frozen nerves, and national courage. Paganini learned his art of no man; he had no master but nature; and no school but a dungeon. For some act of early violence or singularity he had been thrown into prison; there he found a violin; the violin had but one string; the instrument became his consolation—he devoted himself to it with the fierce enthusiasm of his nature. At noon, at midnight, he was equally heard, drawing the most exquisite and powerful tones from this mutilated instrument; on this single string he not merely mastered all the difficulties of music, but produced new and marvellous combinations. Italian prisons are rapidly shut and slowly opened—he lay in this prison for ten years; he at length issued out, covered with long hair, his brain half wild, his eye flashing, his step disordered, and his violin in his hand. It was probably that violin which had unlocked his prison-doors, for the fame of this imprisoned wonder of music had penetrated through all Italy. His first performance sanctioned all that had been told of his powers; he was from that moment at the head of instrumental music in the land of music, and the Italians lift up their hands and eyes to heaven when they hear the name of Paganini.

The Greek war has been made the subject of melo-drame at some of the minor theatres. Why should it be left to the minor theatre? Why should not the winter theatres adapt a subject which would find a

corresponding pulse in the heart of every man capable of honouring unhappy bravery. The Mussulman, bloody in his nature, his habits, and his religion, is now let loose upon a Christian people, a noble nation, a gallant race,—hallowed to the memory of every man of literature, and every spirit of freedom. The Turkish tigers are absolutely rioting in the blood of Greece—yet we look on; we who, by a single word, could bid this slaughter cease; we who, individually, if we saw the ten thousandth part of the violences, cruelties, and cold-blood horrors that are now perpetrating by the savage Arab, the Moor, and the Turk, would feel it the first duty of our nature, our religion, to extinguish them, at whatever hazard. But *we* stand back, timid for the first time, abandonding for the first time the cause of humanity, by which our national renown was gained, and for which our national strength has been given. No treaty with the savage Mussulman can require this criminal forbearance; if we had made such a treaty, it would be guilt to be stopped by it; no treaty can supersede the laws of nature and religion. Let the English minister but pronounce the word that this desolation shall cease, and it will cease. There is not a power in Europe that would dare to raise its hand against an act, which would less be the act of human council, than a solemn obedience to the dictate of God. In the mere view of human policy, the war is ruinous to all:—to Turkey, whose resources it wastes, for the conquest of a desert and corpses; to Egypt, whose prosperity it will extinguish; to England, whose natural allies it exterminates; to all Europe, in whose bosom it keeps a fire kindled. Yet one word, and all would be done.

VARIETIES, LITERARY AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Arctic Circle.—A new expedition, under Capt. Parry, has been resolved upon, we understand, at the earnest solicitation of that gentleman, to explore the northern hemisphere. We understand the Hecla will take out with her boats or small vessels of peculiar construction, in which Capt. Parry and a party of the Hecla's officers and men are to attempt actually to reach the North Pole, leaving the Hecla in the neighbourhood of Spitzbergen.

Scientific Expedition.—The Adventure and Beagle, under the orders of Capt. King, finally sailed from Plymouth last month, to survey the farthest coasts of South America. The cares of the Admiralty have been bountifully exercised to provide them with every thing that can contribute to the health and safety of the crews, and the promotion of geographical science, natural history, &c.

African Discovery.—Our enterprizing countryman Major Laing was at Ensala, the capital of Tuat, on the 4th December; he was in excellent health, and expected to reach Timbuctoo in thirty days. Ensala, according to our present maps, is in lat. 24, about 800 miles from Tripoli, where Major Laing started, and about 600 from Timbuctoo. The country of Tuat is an *oasis*, or fertile tract, pretty nearly in the middle of the Sahara, or Great Desert; and Major Laing is, we believe, the first European who is known to have visited it.

A famine is now raging in Morocco. The crops have failed for the last three years from drought, and all the springs and rivers are dried up. The cattle have died for want of herbage, and in the last six months 200,000 people have perished from famine and disease; 38,000 have died in the city of Fez only. The above account is taken from a letter of a medical gentleman sent from Gibraltar to ascertain the nature of the disease on the opposite coast of Africa. His details of the sufferings of the people are shocking beyond imagination.

Smyrna.—The French consul-general at Smyrna has founded an academy there, which was opened on the 10th of April. The object of this institution is to endeavour to diffuse the love of letters among a people hitherto exclusively commercial in their character.

Population of the Netherlands.—The population of the Netherlands appears to be increasing. The following is the state of the population for six consecutive years:

In 1820	5,642,552
1821	5,692,323
1822	5,767,038
1823	5,838,123
1824	5,913,526
1825	5,992,666

The proportion of male to female births is much the same as in England. In the Netherlands it is as 1,000 to 950; in England, as 1,000 to 947; in France, as 1,000 to 937; and in Naples, as 1,000 to 955. This agreement, of the cause of which we shall probably always remain ignorant, is as remarkable for its singularity as for its constancy.

Chancery Costs.—In the matter of Lord Portsmouth, Mr. Horne stated, June 21, in the Court of Chancery, that the expenses of this suit, in the Ecclesiastical Court, would not be less than £30,000, while in the Chancery Court they would *only* amount to £7,000. The Lord Chancellor "thought that he might be permitted to say one word for this *poor hunted* Court of Chancery; he believed that the expenses in this court were less than in any other!!!"—The enor-

mous sum of £39,174,723 is now in the Bank of England, standing in the name of the Accountant-General of this "*poor hunted*" Court of Chancery!!!

It appears, by authority of the printed documents of the House of Commons, that 1,597 persons were imprisoned during last year for offences under the Game Laws!

France.—The project of rendering Paris what is rather absurdly called a sea-port, by the formation of a canal from Paris to Havre, capable of conveying merchant vessels, with their masts, sails, rigging, cargoes, &c. has already been noticed. Two rival plans have since appeared, either of which, and especially the latter, seems to be really practicable; the one, by M. Berigny, consists in establishing partial and occasional canals, rendering the Seine, by deepening it and other expedients, the chief mode of communication; the other, by M. Navier, is the construction of an iron railway, on which he maintains that goods may be transmitted at much less expense than by water-carriage. The subject itself has undergone long, repeated, and interesting discussion in the Academy of Sciences, in which M. Dupin has taken a very active part.

Longevity of Animals.—A little treatise, by Aristotle, on the length of the lives of animals, has recently been republished at Gottingen, with notes by Professor Schultz; these notes contain a summary of all that is known on the subject by the moderns. M Schultz gives an account of some very curious experiments on cercæriæ ephemeræ; and although of all vertebral animals, birds are those which have the shortest lives, he brings forward, in opposition to these beings of a few hours, the instance of a parroquet, carried in 1633 from Italy into France, which was still living in 1743, and which consequently was above 110 years old; he also quotes the no less remarkable fact of a fish taken at Kaysenslautern, in 1497, in a reservoir, where it had been deposited 267 years before, as appeared from a ring of copper with which its head was encircled. Whales, which according to Buffon live for 1,000 years, are not forgotten; but M. Schultz prudently observes, that the celebrated naturalist may perhaps have been deceived on that point.

Snails.—It is stated by M. De Martens, that the annual export of snails (kelik pomatia) from Ulm by the Danube, to be used as food in Lent at the convents of Austria, formerly amounted to 10,000,000 of these animals, which were fattened in the gardens in the neighbourhood. Before the revolution in France, large quantities of the H. aspersa were exported from the coasts of Aunis and Saintonge in barrels for the Antilles, and some are still sent to those islands and to Senegal, for food. The consumption of snails is still very considerable in the departments of Lower Charente and the Gironde. In the isle of Rhé alone, it is estimated at the value of 25,000 francs. At Marseilles the commerce in these animals is also considerable; the species eaten are the H. rhodostama, H. aspersa, and the H. vermiculata. In Spain, Italy, Turkey, and the Levant, the use of snails as food is common.

Polish Coinage.—The Emperor Nicholas has ordered the gold and silver coinage of the kingdom of Poland to continue to bear the bust of Alexander I. as "Restorer of the Kingdom of Poland in 1825:" on the reverse a crown, with a legend, naming the reigning emperor, &c.

The Moose Deer.—The perfect head (with the horns attached, and twelve teeth perfect in each jaw) and other bones of a moose-deer have very lately been dug out of the bog at Killinew, in the county of Meath, Ireland. They were deposited at the depth of eighteen or twenty feet, and are of large dimensions, measuring as follows: head, in length, one foot eight and a half inches; horns, from tip to tip, eight feet four inches; length of horn, five feet eight inches; and greatest width of the antlers, three feet one inch.

Thorwaldsen, the famous sculptor, has been appointed President of the Academy of St. Luke, at Rome. He is soon expected at Warsaw, to fuse the metals, and erect the monuments he has undertaken, to Copernicus and Joseph Poniatowsky.

His Holiness Leo XII. has presented the King of France with a well known table of ancient Mosaic (called the shield of Achilles), in gratitude for the protection which his Majesty has afforded him against the Barbary states.

Old Coins.—Lately a mason at Boulogne, in digging a foundation upon land formerly belonging to the abbey of St. Wilmer, found a bronze vase containing 236 golden coins. A great number are nobles of the Paris mint, in 1426, and coined by Henry VI. of England, then also king of France.

Rules for the Eyes.—The Le-king, one of the classical books of the Chinese, contains rules for looking at persons: to look higher than the face, indicates pride; to look lower than the girdle, indicates sorrow; to look aslant, indicates perfidy. Ministers of state must not look the emperor in the face; they may not look higher than the vest which binds rounds his neck, nor lower than the girdle; they must fix their eyes upon his heart, and with profound reverence wait the high decisions of his sovereign will.

The Walrus.—The ability of the walrus to climb steep surfaces of ice and smooth high rocks, which has often astonished Polar navigators, has been found by Sir Everard Home to be owing to their hind feet, or flippers, being furnished with a cupping-like apparatus, similar, but on a gigantic scale, to those in the feet of flies, which enable the latter to walk on upright glass,

or even on a smooth ceiling, supported by the atmosphere pressing against the vacuum they are enabled to form in the cavities of their feet. It is the same also with the geoo, a rat-like animal, which in India runs up and down the faces of the smoothest walls, in chase of flies and insects. The bones of the walrus flipper in a surprising manner, representing a gigantic human hand, capable of spanning twenty-eight inches or more; although these animals sometimes weigh a ton and a half, there seems little reason to doubt their capability of supporting this great weight by pedalian suction against a mass of ice.

Method of obtaining Flowers of different Colours on the same Stem.—Split a small twig of elder bush lengthways, and having scooped out the pith, fill each of the compartments with seeds of flowers of different sorts, but which blossom about the same time; surround them with mould, and then tying together the two bits of wood, plant the whole in a pot filled with earth, properly prepared. The stems of the different flowers will thus be so incorporated as to exhibit to the eye only one stem, throwing out branches covered with flowers analagous to the seed which produced them.

Wine.—Great portion of the wines of 1823 and 1824 suffered a change, in consequence of which they became discoloured and lost their value. An apothecary at Thoulouse assures the world that he has discovered the means of restoring their natural colour, by the addition of a small quantity of tartar.

The Smell.—A French army surgeon lately communicated to the Philomathic Society of Paris the case of a soldier who had been under his care, and who preserved the faculty of distinguishing odours, although that part of the fifth pair of nerves which runs into the nasal cavities had been entirely destroyed. Other observations, recently made by distinguished physiologists, lead to the opinion that neither is the olfactory faculty destroyed by the complete destruction of the olfactory nerve, hitherto considered as exclusively devoted to that function; it remains to be decided in what manner the sensation of smell is perceived.

Weevils.—Accident has discovered to a French farmer a very simple mode of destroying weevils in corn warehouses. Happening to place some sheep skins, with the fleece on, in the corner of a granary in which there was a large quantity of corn, he was not a little surprised to find them, a few days after, covered with dead weevils; he repeated the experiment several times, and always with the same success. At last he ordered his corn to be stirred up, and not a single weevil remained in it. It appears, therefore, although the cause has not yet been ascertained, that greasy wool, when in the neighbourhood of weevils, attracts and destroys them.

Spinning Machines.—Mr. Molyneaux, of Stoke, Somersetshire, has obtained a patent for an improvement in spinning flax, cotton wool, and silk. The contrivance is extremely simple, and consists in the adaptation of a peculiar kind of spindle and bobbin, which is applicable to spinners' frames in general; the spindle has no flyer, and the bobbin turns upon a horizontal axle, receiving the filaments of whatever material is about to be spun in a direct line from the drawing-rollers, or from copts or creels, instead of having it conducted at a considerable angle through the arm of a flyer; the bobbin and the carriage in which its horizontal axle is suspended is made to spin round rapidly, by means of a cord from a drum, as in the old spinning-frames, by which the twist is given uniformly to the whole length of the filaments of flax, cotton, or silk under operation; and the taking up, or coiling of the thread, thus spun upon the bobbin, is effected by a wheel affixed to the axle of the bobbin, which is turned by the friction of a horizontal plate, attached to and revolving with the carriage.

New Vapour Engine.—Mr. Samuel Morey, an American gentleman, has invented a vapour engine, which in the opinion of competent judges promises to answer well in practice. The vacuum in the cylinder is produced by firing an explosive mixture of atmospheric air and vapour from common proof spirits, mixed with a small portion of spirits of turpentine. A working model has been set in motion and kept at work, without elevating the temperature of the fluid from which the vapour is produced to a higher degree than that of blood heat. Should no unforeseen difficulties present themselves in its operation on a large scale, it will be the greatest improvement which has been made for many years, particularly in its appliication to locomotive engines, as the weight of the materials required to keep it in action for a considerable length of time will be so small as not to be worth mentioning.

Coal Mines.—A Mr. Wood, who resides near Newcastle, has proposed a plan for avoiding the dreadful accidents and loss of human lives so frequent in coal-mines, in spite of the safety lamps, by causing artificial explosions at proper times, when the workmen and animals are removed, and thus clearing the pit of its inflammatory hydrogen gas.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents, sealed, 1826.

To Lieutenant Thomas Halahan, York-street, Dublin, R.N., for his apparatus for working ordnance—Sealed 22d June; 6 months.

To Louis Aubrey, Two Waters, engineer, for improvement in the web or wire for making paper—4th July; 4 months.

To John Poole, Sheffield, shopkeeper, for improvements in the steam engine boilers—4th July; 6 months.

To Daniel Freeman, Wakefield, sadler, for improvements in measuring for and making collars—4th July; 6 months.

To Peter Groves, Liverpool-street, London, Esq., for improvements in making white-lead—4th July; 6 months.

To Robert Warnum, Wigmore-street, piano-forte maker, for improvements on piano-fortes—4th July; 2 months.

To Peter Groves, Liverpool-street, Esq., for improvements in making paint or pigment for preparing and combining a substance with oil, turpentine, &c.—14th July; 2 months.

To Benjamin Lowe, Birmingham, gilt toy manufacturer, for improvements in useful and ornamental dressing-pins—14th July; 2 months.

To John Guy and Jacob Harrison, Workington, Cumberland, straw-hat manufacturers, for an improved method of preparing straw and grass—14th July; 6 months.

To John Palmer de la Fons, George-street, Hanover-square, dentist, and William Littlewart, of St. Mary Axe, mathematical-instrument maker, for an improvement in securing or mooring ships and other floating bodies, and apparatus for performing the same—14th July; 6 months.

To Edward Bayliffe, Kendall, Westmoreland, worsted-spinner, for certain improvements in machinery used for drawing, roving, and spinning of sheep and lambs' wool—14th July; 6 months.

To John Lane Higgins, Oxford-street, Esq., for certain improvements in the construction of cat blocks and fish-hooks, and in the application thereof—14th July; 6 months.

A List of Patents, which, having been granted in August 1812, *will expire in the present Month of August,* 1826, viz.

3. Henry Osborn, of Bordesley, near Birmingham, for *a new machine for turning and levelling various articles made of iron, preparatory to moulding and grinding.*

5. John Rapson Penryn, for *a method of communicating a regular or irregular motion from one axle to another, placed at any angle, without the aid of an universal joint.*

—. Roger Thompson, North Shields, for an *improved method of working pumps.*

6. Thomas Hubball, Clerkenwell, and William Robert Wale King, London, for *method of ornamenting articles, japanned, painted, or sized, whether made of paper, wood, or any metallic substance; as also leather, oil-cloths for tables or floors, and wainscot, or plaister walls, or partitions.*

10. William Parker, London, for an *improvement in making green paint.*

12. James Goodman, Northampton, for an *improved saddle cloth.*

14. Jonas Bernshaw, Nottingham, for an *improved method of making spots in lace or net-work.*

28. George Paxon, Hampstead, for an *improved bedstead for sick persons.*

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The elections have at last concluded, Mr. Brougham, whose struggle for Westmoreland was the closing one, having been decidedly defeated. An immense number of new members will in consequence make their appearance in the House of Commons; and the ensuing session—which is expected to be a very important one, if we may judge from the distressed state of the country, and its imperious claims for relief—will, it is understood, take place towards the close of autumn; when, after adopting some steps for the relief of the northern manufacturers, the House will adjourn till its usual time of meeting in the spring. This is at present but a rumour, very prevalent throughout the political circles, and one which the alarming state of every species of commerce renders probable.

The country, indeed, according to all accounts, is in a truly lamentable—not to say frightful—condition. Manufacturers by thousands are starving—the North presents one general appearance of ruin; and at Manchester and Blackburn, particularly, the famished operatives are rapidly losing all subordination. On the 18th a meeting was held at the latter place, which was attended by about two thousand—of what Falstaff would call "his ragged regiment"—and at which, those who seemed in the most promising state of starvation were called on, by some miscreants, to arm themselves with pikes, and do as much general mischief as their capacities would entitle them to do. We are happy to say that, notwithstanding the inflammatory exhortations of these scoundrels, the meeting was quietly dispersed: a few taking the road to Middleton, in order to entice others to join them; but the majority returning home to their Barmecide's supper—and their families (unfortunately less visionary than their meals). Under these circumstances, the

Government have thought fit to adopt the severest precautions; cannon, soldiers, and a variety of other requisite ammunition, have been despatched wholesale towards the North, which now presents the appearance of a country under military despotism. Thus much for the distress and decay of trade; a word or two with respect to its resources. There is in England a strong vital spirit of commercial speculation, together with an industry and perseverance in the accumulation of money, that must soon find its own level. It is not as if her resources were drained—far from it, they are only stagnant awhile, or have been diverted into foreign channels, which require time in order to alter their course. The present embarrassments of our commercial constitution are the exhaustion that necessarily succeeds a plethora; we have been for some years of too full a habit of pocket and are now undergoing the weakening operation of letting blood. If this be not the case, how are the endless foreign wars, the late multitudinous joint stock companies, foreign and domestic, in every possible department of trade, to be accounted for? The fact is certain; the remedy equally so—patience, and a steady confidence in our own internal resources.

On the Continent, affairs are luckily of a more pacific character. France is quiet; and unbounded in her professions of benevolence towards the other great European powers, England particularly; while her amiable sovereign is harmlessly amusing his leisure in reforming the minds of his subjects, through the admirable medium of the Jesuits. Marshal Soult has turned Jesuit; many of the ministry are jesuitically given; and even a celebrated actor (by way of experiment—speculation rather) has taken a fancy to the same innovation. Of Spain we have little to observe—and that little is unfavourable. It is, in fact, a bye-word for anarchy; so much so, as to warrant the idea of its having been the original site of chaos, now returning to its primitive state of confusion. In Portugal all goes on quietly enough; the Emperor of Brazil has resigned all dominion over it; having wisely discovered that a prince beyond seas has but a slender chance of love or obedience from his distant subjects. In Russia the talk is all about the ensuing coronation of Nicholas; for which purpose the Duke of Devonshire, accompanied by a splendid retinue of the English nobility, has set forward in a steam-boat to Saint Petersburgh. The remains of the late Empress Elizabeth have just reached this latter place, where they were interred with all the honours appertaining to royalty. Letters from Greece (like those from Spain) give a dismal account of the internal state of the country. Fort after fort, town after town, is fast falling into the hands of the remorseless Ibrahim; and that *unique* specimen of all that is diabolical in our nature, the apostate renegado Colonel Séve, now Soliman Bey, traverses the country at his discretion. This latter wretch, originally in the service of Napoleon, has devoted himself heart and soul to the extermination of the Greeks, and has in consequence wormed himself into the good graces of that twin genius, Ibrahim Pacha. But the hour of retribution—and an awful one it must be—is at hand! May we live to see it! At Constantinople the most important revolution known in any country for centuries has just taken place. We allude to the overthrow and extermination of those Prætorian Guards of the East—the Janissaries. Every reader of Gibbon must be familiar with these household troops, once the pride of the sultans and the terror of their foes. In process of time, however, it seems that they have become dissolute and relaxed in their discipline, and so daringly independent of the laws, that they had only to ask for some favourite pacha or vizier's head for a foot-ball, and it was instantly sent to them, with the sultan's compliments. In the present instance, however, they were mistaken in the idea of their own importance. They had, it seems, demanded the head of some obnoxious pacha; when the sultan (to their inconceivable astonishment) sent for answer—an army of 4,000 men, at the head of which he marched himself in person. The standard of the prophet was then publicly unfurled; the Musulmen flocked by thousands round this holy emblem of their religion—the alarm-bells were rung—the artillery drawn up—exercised—in two days (after a desperate struggle) the quarters of the Janissaries were destroyed; and nothing remained of these once proud and lordly household troops but a name, and that name devoted to eternal execration. The conduct of Sultan Mahmoud, throughout this important business, is admitted on all hands to have been exemplary. An instant's delay would have been fatal to him. He knew this; and with the boldness of decided genius, seized the favourable opportunity, and stamped himself as a man on whom the eyes of Europe will in future be fixed with inquisitive attention. Were we to endeavour to draw aside the thick veil that hangs like a cloud upon futurity, we would fearlessly and unhesitatingly predict that now, when the principal obstacle to Turkish improvement is removed—in the destruction of the Janissaries, who were bigotedly averse to European discipline—that now the Mahometan power may become once again regenerated, take its former long-lost rank in the scale of mighty nations, as in the glorious days of Amurat and the Mahomets, and make the crescent triumph over the cross in the blood-watered plains of annihilated Greece.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Hunt, author of Half-a-dozen Hints on Picturesque Domestic Architecture, has nearly ready for publication, a Series of Designs for Parsonage Houses, Almshouses, &c.

Mr. Brockedon, Member of the Academy of Fine Arts at Florence, announces for publication by subscription, Illustrations of the Passes of the Alps, from original Drawings, made during the Summers of 1821-2-3-4 and 5.

The Messrs. Carvills, of New York, announce an American Annual Register, to be published in every August.

Mr. Ackermann is printing a Spanish Translation of the history of Ancient Mexico, originally written in Italian, by the Jesuit Father Llanvigero, which will form 2 vols. 4to.

Dr. Forbes, of Chichester, is said to be preparing a Translation of the improved Edition of Laennec's Treatise on Diseases of the Chest; with Notes and Commentaries by the Translator.

The Genius and Design of the Domestic Constitution, with its untransferable obligations and peculiar advantages, by Christopher Anderson, is in the Press.

The Rev. Alexander Low, of Clatt, Aberdeenshire, announces for speedy publication, by subscription, the History of Scotland, from the earliest period to the middle of the ninth century; being an Essay on the Ancient History of the Kingdom of the Gaelic Scots, the Extent of their Country, its Laws, Population, Poetry, and Learning; which gained the prize of the Highland Society of London

There is announced for speedy publication, the Antiquarian Trio; consisting of Views and Descriptions of the Duke of Buckingham's House, Kirkby, Rudston Church and Obelisk, Effigy at Scarborough; to which will be added, the Poet's Favourite Tree, by the Rev. Archdeacon Wrangham.

A Political View of the Life of Napoleon, is announced by Al Doin.

The Third Edition of Wm. Jackson Hooker's Muscologia Britannica, containing the Mosses of Great Britain and Ireland, systematically arranged and described, will shortly be published in 8vo. with plates.

A Translation of La Beaumé's Historical View of Galvanism, with Observations on its Chemical Properties, and Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases, is in the Press.

Mr. Richard Dagley, author of Select Gems from the Antique, &c. announces for publication "Death's Doings," consisting of a Series of humorous pathetic Designs, in which Death is acting his part, each Design being illustrated with Prose or Verse.

A View of Classical Antiquity, by Frederick Schlegel, author of the History of Literature, translated from the original German, is in the Press.

A French Translation of Capt. Maitland's Narrative of the Surrender of Napoleon, will be published t Paris in a few days.

The Picture of Scotland, by Robert Chambers, author of Traditions of Edinburgh, &c. is printing with Engravings; to comprise all the information regarding Scotland which can be interesting to a stranger.

There are nearly ready for Publication, General Directions for collecting and preserving Exotic Insects and Crustacea, with Illustrative Plates, by George Samonelle, A.L.S., author of the Entomologist's Useful Compendium.

Capt. Weddell's Voyage to the South Pole is nearly reprinted.

A Memoir of Dr. Mesmer is announced for publication.

Spanish Synonyms explained, and Illustrated by copious Extracts from the best Spanish Poets, by Mr. M'Henry, are nearly ready.

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BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

LADY STRANGFORD.

May 26.—The Right Honourable Ellen Viscountess Strangford, wife of his Excellency the British Ambassador at the Court of St. Petersburgh, was the youngest daughter of the late, and sister of the present Sir John Bourke, of Marble Hill, in the County of Galway, Bart. She was the maternal aunt of the Marquess of Clanricarde, who was lately married to the only daughter of the Right Honourable George Canning, Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs. At the time of her marriage with Lord Strangford, in 1817, she was the relict of — Browne, Esq. Her ladyship's first son and heir was born at Stockholm, whither she had accompanied Lord Strangford on his embassy, on the 16th of April 1818; and she had another son born on the 18th of July 1819.

Lady Strangford's death was the result of an illness which supervened on her last recent confinement: she had apparently recovered, and, with her child, seemed to enjoy good health; but after a time she complained of pain and sickness, with a strong impression upon her mind that her death would be speedy. Under this feeling, although her physicians apprehended no danger, she quietly prepared for the event. Her sole anxiety was for her young family. "Yet I know," she would say, "that my little children have a fond and good father—why, then, should death give me any concern?" While conversing with a friend one evening, she was suddenly attacked by spasms, which terminated in a state of insensibility, and at the end of eighteen hours she expired without a struggle. Over her remains, on the following day, a solemn funeral service was performed in the Roman Catholic chapel.

LORD CARTERET.

June 17.—At his seat, Hawnes, Bedfordshire, in his ninety-first year, the Right Honourable Henry Frederick Thynne Carteret, Baron Carteret, High Bailiff of Jersey, D.C.L., &c., brother of the late, and uncle of the present Marquess of Bath. His Lordship was the second son of Thomas Thynne, second Viscount Weymouth, by his second wife, Louisa Carteret, daughter of John Earl Granville, and next brother to the first Marquess of Bath, K.G., on whose sons the barony is settled in remainder. His lordship being heir to his grandfather, the last Earl Granville, he, in 1776, took the name and arms of Carteret, by act of Parliament. He was created a baron with remainder as above in 1784. His Lordship is succeeded in his title and estate by his nephew, Lord George Thynne, now Lord Carteret.

MRS. MATTOCKS.

June 25.—This distinguished actress of our good old school of comedy appears to have been born about the year 1745. She was, as it may be termed, a child of the stage. Her father, Mr. Hallam, was, at one period, manager of Goodman's Fields Theatre; her mother was related to Beard, the principal singer of his time; and a brother of her's, some years ago, was the manager of a theatrical company in America. Her father, in a dispute with Macklin, the celebrated Shylock, at a rehearsal, received so severe a wound in the eye from the walking-stick of the ruffian—which, in fact, Macklin was—that he died on the spot. Macklin was tried for the offence at the Old Bailey, but acquitted, as it was deemed the effect of sudden passion, not of malice *prepense*.

Receiving a superior education, Miss Hallam voluntarily adopted the stage as a pursuit, and came forward with the reputation of high accomplishments. All her early appearances were in singing-characters: she was the first Louisa in the opera of the *Duenna*. Occasionally she attempted tragedy, but with little success. In her performance of the second character in Hook's tragedy of Cyrus, she was completely thrown into the back-ground by the fine figure and admirable acting of Mrs. Yates in Mandane, the heroine of the piece. Study and observation, however, induced her to attempt the sprightly parts of low comedy, such as abigails, citizens' wives, &c.; and in those she succeeded to her wishes. The delicacy of her person, the vivacity of her temper, and a distinguishing judgment, all shewed themselves to advantage in this walk, and she rapidly became a universal favourite with the town. This is no slight praise, when we consider that, amongst her contemporaries were Mrs. Green (Sheridan's first Duenna) and Mrs. Abington; and that, in the early part of her career, even Mrs. Clive had not left the stage.

Miss Hallam stood thus high in the estimation of the public, when Mr. Mattocks, of the same theatre, first paid his addresses to her. He was a vocal performer of some consequence, and a respectable actor. A mutual attachment appears to have ensued; and, to avoid the opposition of the lady's parents, the lovers took a trip to France, and were married. The union, however, does not appear to have been a very happy one: infidelities on both sides led to an open rupture; and, if we mistake not, to a separation. Notwithstanding this, when Mr. Mattocks, some years afterwards, became manager of the Liverpool Theatre, his wife performed there all the principal characters. The speculation proving un-

fortunate, Mrs. Mattocks re-engaged herself at Covent-Garden Theatre, where, we believe, she held an uninterrupted engagement, as an actress of first-rate celebrity in her walk, until her final retirement from the stage, now more than twenty years ago. Her's was the most affecting theatrical leave-taking we ever witnessed. She had played, with all the freshness and spirit of a woman in her prime, the part of Flora, in *The Wonder*, to Cooke's Don Felix. After the play, she, having changed her stage-dress for the lady-like attire of black silk, was led forward by Cooke in a suit of black velvet, with weepers, &c. Her feelings enabled her to utter only a few impressive words. There was scarcely a dry eye in the house: she retired amidst the most heartfelt plaudits of the theatre.

Mrs. Mattocks possessed a good stage-face and figure; and her broad stare, her formal deportment, her coarse comic voice, and her high colouring, enabled her to give peculiar effect to the characters in which she excelled. In the delivery of the ludicrous epilogues of the late Miles Peter Andrews, which always required dashing spirit, and the imitation of vulgar manners, she was eminently successful. She is understood to have been a great favourite of her late Majesty, Queen Charlotte. She has left one daughter, who married Mr. Hewson, a barrister. That gentleman, unfortunately, lived only a few years after the union. The portion which he received with his wife was laid out in the purchase of one of the City pleaderships: the precaution of insuring Mr. Hewson's life was overlooked; and, upon his death, after holding the appointment not more than a year or two, the purchase-money was, in consequence, lost to his widow.

Mrs. Mattocks died where she had long resided, at Kensington. The Baron de Noel, and other friends, attended the funeral.

THE EARL OF CHICHESTER.

July 4.—Thomas Pelham, Earl of Chichester, and Baron Pelham, Joint Postmaster-General, a Privy Councillor in Ireland, &c., descended from a Hertfordshire family, was possessed of an estate whence they derive their surname. His lordship was born on the 28th of April 1756, educated at a public school, and brought early into public life. His mother, who died in 1813, was the daughter and heiress of Frederick Meinhard Frankland, son of Sir Thomas Frankland, Bart. His father, who succeeded to the title of Baron Pelham, in 1768, by his interest procured him to be returned to Parliament: first for the borough of Shoreham, and then for the county of Sussex.

Mr. Pelham commenced his official career as principal secretary for Ireland, during the vice-royalty of the late Duke of Portland, and afterwards filled the same office at the critical period of the memorable rebellion in that country, when the Marquess of Camden was at the head of the Irish government. When his father was created Earl of Chichester, in 1801, he was called up by writ to the House of Peers, and placed in his father's barony of Pelham. In the administration of Mr. Addington, now Lord Sidmouth, he was principal Secretary of State for the Home Department, which office his ill state of health obliged him to resign; and, on his succeeding to the earldom, on the death of his father, in 1805, he was appointed one of the postmaster's-general, which office he continued to hold for the remainder of his life. In 1809 he was also Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

His lordship married, in 1801, Mary Henrietta Juliana Osborne, daughter of Francis, fifth Duke of Leeds, by Amelia D'Arcy, sole heiress of Robert, fourth Earl of Holdernesse, on whose decease, in 1778, the Earldom became extinct. By that lady he had nine sons and daughters. Thomas, the first son, died in infancy; and Henry Thomas, his second, born in 1804, has succeeded him in his titles and estates. His Lordship died at his house in Stratton-street, Piccadilly.

SIR T. S. RAFFLES.

July 5.—Sir Thomas Stamford Raffles, whose sudden death by apoplexy it is our painful duty to record, originally went out to India through the interest of Mr. Ramsay, the secretary of the East-India Company. Possessing talent and a spirit of enterprize, he soon attracted the notice of his superiors; and on the conquest of Java, by Sir Samuel Auchmuty and Admiral Stopford, in the year 1811, he was appointed lieutenant-governor of that island by Lord Minto. While in that station he had the misfortune to lose his wife, who died at Batavia, in 1814. In 1815 Mr. Raffles published *a Statistical Account of the Island of Java*, in one volume quarto; and, on his return to England, he gave to the world his *History of Java*, in two large quarto volumes, with plates. This work abounds with information of the most interesting character, and is in every respect highly creditable to its author. It was well observed by a critic of the time, that "only a gentleman who had enjoyed the advantages connected with a situation of authority in the island could have composed it; and only a gentleman of sterling talents and love for literature and research, would have directed his efforts to the acquisitions here communicated to the public." The first volume of the work comprizes a geographical account of the island; a history, or remarks on the history of the natives, and the races of which the island is peopled; on their labours, agriculture, manufactures, and commerce—on the cha-

racter of the inhabitants, the court, and its ceremonies—with the language and dialects, the literature and arts, painting, sculpture, architecture, arithmetic, astronomy, &c. of the country.—A considerable portion of the second volume is occupied with a history of Java, commencing with fables, magnified by tradition and hyperbole; and it presents, in its continuation, a series of contentions and wars, arising from the usual causes, ambition and cupidity—from power perverted into tyranny, and resistance inflamed into rebellion. The map accompanying the first volume is unquestionably the most correct hitherto published. The illustrative plates are executed in a masterly style, by Mr. Daniell and other artists.

It was highly to the credit of Mr. Raffles and to his system of government, that whereas the Dutch, while in power, were in the habit of bolting and barring up every avenue to their houses at night, the English slept in perfect security without locking a door.

In the summer of 1817 Mr. Raffles received the honour of knighthood; and he afterwards went out to the East as governor of Bencoolen, an appointment which held for several years.

Amongst other public and beneficial measures which Sir Stamford Raffles adopted in India, may be mentioned the establishment of the settlement and free-port of Singapore; a settlement which, from its rapidly flourishing state, has from its origin been viewed by the Dutch with a jealous eye.

Sir Stamford Raffles having been married a second time for some years, he, on the 2d of February 1824, embarked with his family and suite in the ship Fame, on his return to Europe. They sailed at daylight on the following morning for England, with a fair wind, and every prospect of a quick and comfortable passage. In the evening, a sad reverse occurred: Lady Raffles had just gone to bed, and Sir Thomas had thrown off half his clothes, when a cry of "fire! fire!" roused them from their agreeable expectations, and in five minutes the whole ship was in flames. The fire had originated immediately under the governor's cabin, but from what cause is unknown. Two small boats were immediately lowered—for there was not time to get out the long boat—and Lady Raffles and her children were hurried into them with instantaneous rapidity. "All this," observes Sir Thomas, "passed much quicker than I can write it: we pushed off, and as we did so the flames were issuing from our cabins, and the whole of the after-part of the ship was in flames. The masts and sails now taking fire, we moved to a distance sufficient to avoid the immediate explosion; but the flames were now coming out of the main hatchway, and seeing the rest of the crew with the captain, &c. still on board, we pulled back to her under her bows, so as to be most distant from the powder." Fortunately, by the most active and intrepid exertions, every individual on board, even to a poor sailor sick in his cot, was rescued from his perilous and awful situation. The captain luckily had removed a compass, but they had no light excepting from the ship. There being no landing-place to the southward of Bencoolen, their only chance was to regain that port, which they estimated to be from twenty to thirty miles distant, in a south-west direction. The captain undertook to lead. The alarm was given at about twenty minutes past eight; in less than ten minutes the ship was in flames; there was not a soul on board at half-past eight; and in less than ten minutes afterwards she was one grand mass of fire. Thus," observes Sir Thomas Raffles, "in two small open boats, without a drop of water, or grain of food, or a rag of covering, except what we happened at the moment to have on our backs, we embarked on the wide ocean, thankful to God for his mercies. Poor Sophia (Lady Raffles) having been taken out of her bed, had nothing on but a wrapper—neither shoes nor stockings; the children were just as taken out of bed, whence one had been snatched after the flames had attacked it. To make the best of our misfortune, we availed ourselves of the light from the ship to steer a tolerably good course towards the shore. She continued to burn till about midnight, when the saltpetre, of which she had 250 tons on board, took fire, and sent up one of the most splendid and brilliant flames that was ever seen, illuminating the horizon in every direction, to an extent of no less than fifty miles, and casting that kind of blue light over us which is, of all others, most luridly horrible. She burned and continued to flame in this style for about an hour or two, when we lost sight of the object in a cloud of smoke. Neither Nelson nor Mr. Bell, our medical friend, who had accompanied us, had saved their coats; the tail of mine, with a pocket handkerchief, served to keep Sophia's feet warm, and we made breeches for the children with our neckcloths. Rain now came on: but fortunately it was not of long continuance, and we got dry again; the night became serene and starlight."

Fortunately the boats made their point in safety; but Sir Stamford Raffles' loss in valuable maps, and charts, and drawings, specimens of natural history, &c.—articles never to be replaced—was lamentable. Altogether his loss of property was estimated at from £20,000 to £30,000.

Some time after Sir Stamford's return to England, he edited *The Malay Annals of the late Dr. Leyden*, to which he prefixed an introduction.

This respected and valuable member of society had for some time resided in the

bosom of his family at Highwood-hill. Some days previously to his death he had suffered from a bilious attack, but there was nothing in his illness to excite apprehension. He had retired to rest on the Tuesday evening between ten and eleven o'clock, his usual hour in the country. At five on the following morning it was discovered that he had left his room before the usual hour of his rising—six o'clock; and he was found lying at the bottom of a flight of stairs in a state of insensibility. Medical aid was promptly obtained, but without effect: life had fled. Sir Everard Home, under whose direction the body was opened, pronounced his death to have been caused by an apopletic attack, beyond the control of human aid. It was also apparent that his sufferings for some time must have been intense, brought on by his long residence in India, and by his anxious and zealous discharge of the important duties of his station.

MRS. WATTS.

July 6.—This accomplished woman and elegant writer, to whom the public are indebted for some very sensible *Letters on Holland*, her maiden effort—for a popular work, entitled *Rome in the Nineteenth Century*—and for an attractive novel in three volumes, called *Continental Adventures*, published a few weeks before her death, was the youngest daughter (Jane) of the late George Waldie, of Henderside, on the banks of the Tweed. By that beautiful stream her early fancy was inspired and nourished; and to an ardent affection for classical and polite literature she united a fine genius, a richly poetical imagination, and capabilities of mind altogether of an elevated order. These capabilities were heightened and expanded by foreign travel, which appears also to have furnished her with the materials for her last published work; the plot and characters of which alone are fictions, the main incidents having evidently originated in fact. About three years ago she married Captain Watts, of the Royal Navy. Some time since she lost an only child; a melancholy event, which seems to have cast a sombre shade over the latter portion of her life. This truly estimable woman, who was only between thirty and forty years of age, died near Durham.

JOHN FARQUHAR, ESQ.

July 6.—This gentleman, the eccentric owner of that pretty piece of knick-knackery in architecture and decoration, Fonthill Abbey, was born at Aberdeen in the year 1751. At a very early period of his life he proceeded to India in the Company's service as a cadet. Soon after his arrival there he sustained, in an engagement, a severe wound in his knee, from which he suffered considerably through life, as he could not be prevailed upon to submit to amputation. He did not remain long in the military service, but became a free merchant. Chemistry, however, was his favourite pursuit. When Lord Cornwallis was appointed to be Governor-general, he solicited Mr. Farquhar, from the knowledge he had of his science and integrity, to superintend the gunpowder manufactory, which had previously been conducted on defective principles. It was in that office, by the most honest and disinterested conduct, that he laid the foundation of his great fortune. Wealth and distinction rapidly poured in upon him; and, after a series of years he returned to England, the master of a splendid fortune. It is said that, on his landing at Gravesend, he, to save coach-hire, walked to London. His first visit was to his banker's. Covered with dust and dirt, with clothes not worth a guinea, he presented himself at the counter and asked to see Mr. Coutts. Regarding him as some poor petitioner, the clerks allowed him to wait, until Mr. Coutts accidentally passing through, recognized his Indian customer. Mr. Farquhar requested five pounds, and took his leave. He then settled in Upper Baker-street, Portman-square, where his house was distinguished by its dingy appearance, uncleaned windows, and general neglect. An old woman was his sole attendant; and his own apartment, to which a brush or a broom was never applied, was kept sacred even from her approach. Early in life, perhaps from necessity, he had been led to adopt the most parsimonious habits; and when he arrived at a princely fortune, he could not break through the unfortunate trammels, which lessened the respectability of a life, that might otherwise have terminated so as to ensure him no mean station in the temple of Fame. Slovenly in his dress, and disagreeable at his meals, he was yet courteous and affable in his manners. He was deeply read in the classics; and, though adverse through life to writing and figures, when prevailed upon to pen a letter or a note, his style was found to be at once terse, elegant, and condensed. In the more difficult sciences he had scarcely his equal; as a mathematician, chemist, and mechanic, few could contend with him.

Mr. Farquhar's peculiarities were great and numerous. He was fond of frequenting sales; the auctioneer was always happy to see him; and it is more than probable that his fortune suffered much from this *penchant*, and from the implicit confidence which he was accustomed to repose in others.

After his return to England he became a partner in the great agency house in the City, of Basset, Farquhar, and Co.; he purchased the late Mr. Whitbread's share in the brewery; and he bought Fonthill Abbey for the sum of £330,000. His religious opinions are thought to have been influenced by an admiration of the purity

of the lives and moral principles of the Brahmins. It is said that he offered to appropriate £100,000 to found a college in Aberdeen, on an enlarged plan of education, with a reservation on points of religion. To this, however, the sanction of the Legislature could not be procured, and the plan was consequently dropped.

His property, vested in the funds and otherwise, is supposed to be not less than a million and a half sterling. Whether he has left a will is uncertain; if not, as he was unmarried, his immense fortune, it is understood, will be divided amongst seven nephews and nieces; of whom are Lady Pole, wife of Sir William Pole; Mr. Fraser, a gentleman well known at the bar; Mr. George Mortimer, a merchant in London; and Mr. James Mortimer, and his sisters, residing in the neighbourhood of Aberdeen.

Mr. Farquhar died suddenly of apoplexy, at his house in the New-road, opposite the Regent's-park. He had taken an airing in his carriage the preceding day; he returned home about seven in the evening; he went to bed at his usual hour, between ten and eleven o'clock, in good health; and when the servant took breakfast to him in the bed-room at eight o'clock in the morning, he appeared to have died without a struggle, for his eyes and mouth were closed and his countenance tranquil. His remains were interred at St. John's Wood chapel on the 13th of July, attended by several of his relatives and a numerous body of respectable friends.

THE MARQUESS OE WATERFORD.

July 16.—Henry de la Poer Beresford, Marquess of Waterford, Earl of Tyrone, Baron de la Poer, of Curraghmore, county of Waterford, Baron Beresford, county of Cavan, in Ireland, Baron Tyrone, of Haverfordwest, in the peerage of the United Kingdom a Baronet, K.P., a Privy Counsellor in Ireland, Colonel of the Waterford Militia, Governor of the County of Waterford, a Trustee of the Linen Manufacture, &c. was born on the 23d of May 1772. His mother was Elizabeth, daughter and heiress of Henry Monk, Esq., of Charleville. His Lordship received his education at Oxford. His father having been raised from the dignity of Earl of Tyrone to that of Marquess of Waterford, in the year 1789, he assumed the former title. In 1805 he married Lady Susan Hussey Carpenter, only daughter and heiress of George, second Earl of Tyrconnel, by whom he had a son, his successor, born in 1815, and four other children. He succeeded his father in the Marquisate in 1800. His Lordship was long considered as the leader of the aristocratic party in Ireland, and rival to the Ponsonbys. We are not aware that he ever himself accepted of any place of profit; but his uncle, created Lord Decies in 1811, was Archbishop of Tuam; one of his brothers is Archbishop of Armagh, and another, M.P. for the county of Waterford, and Comptroller of the King's Household, was long at the head of the Irish Revenue; and, altogether, the power of the family was so great, that they were able to contend with Earl Fitzwilliam, and to compel him to quit the Viceroyalty of Ireland. His Lordship had been some time ill; but his health was considered to be so much improved, as to render it safe for him to undertake a journey to Buxton. He was unable, however, to proceed beyond Carmarthen, where, to the deep regret of all who knew him—for his disposition was of the most excellent and amiable character—he died.

JOHN BRUCE, ESQ.

April 16.—John Bruce, Esq., of Grangehill and Falkland, F.R.S. of London, Edinburgh, and Gottingen, was born about the year 1744. He was the heir male and representative of the ancient family of Bruce of Earl's Hall, one of the oldest cadets of that illustrious house; but he did not succeed to the estate of his ancestors, which was transferred by marriage into another family. He inherited from his father only the small property of Grangehill, near Kinghorn, the remains of a larger estate which his family acquired by marriage with a grand-daughter of the celebrated Kirkaldy, of Grange.

Educated at the University of Edinburgh, Mr. Bruce was distinguished by his abilities and extensive erudition; and, at an early age, he was appointed professor of logic. His lectures on pneumatology were much celebrated. During the absence of Dr. Adam Ferguson, he was prevailed on at a short notice to teach his class of moral philosophy; and during the greater part of that winter, besides revising, and often recasting his own lectures, it was his custom to compose in the evening the lecture which he was to deliver in the class next forenoon. The late Lord Melville, to whose family Mr. Bruce was distantly related, entrusted him with the education of his son, and accorded to him his valuable patronage. His lordship, in the first instance, obtained for him, conjointly with the late Sir James Hunter Blair, a grant of the reversion of the patent of King's printer and stationer for Scotland; an office, however, which did not open to them for fifteen or sixteen years. When at the head of the Board of Control, Lord Melville, preparatory to a projected regulation in India affairs, employed him to draw up an "Historical View of Plans for the Government of British India, and the Regulation of the Trade with the East Indies." Mr. Bruce executed his work so ably, that his patron procured for him the appointments of Keeper of the State Paper Office, Latin Secretary to the Secretary of State, and Historiographer to the East-India Com-

pany. Mr. Bruce was also, for a short time, secretary to the Board of Control; and for some years he sat in parliament as one of the representatives for the Borough of Ilchester. Mr. Bruce was the author of several valuable works, some of which, though printed by Government, were not published for sale, and therefore are not so extensively known as they deserve to be. He is said to have left in MS., at the State-Paper Office, several memoirs relating to that department. Amongst his printed productions are the following:—Elements of Ethics, being the heads of his Lectures on Moral Philosophy;—Plans for the Government of British India;—Report on the Renewal of the East-India Company's Exclusive Privileges, 1794;—Review of the Events and Treaties which established the Balance of Power in Europe, and the Balance of Trade in favour of Great Britain, 1796;—Report on Conjunct Expeditions to frustrate the Designs of the Enemy, by attacks on his Foreign Possessions or European Ports, 1798;—Report on the Internal Defence of England against the Spanish Armada in 1588, with a view to the Defence of Britain in 1798, on which Mr. Pitt grounded his measures of the reversional Cavalry and Army of Reserve;—Report on the Union between England and Scotland, with a view to the projected Union with Ireland, 1799;—Annals of the East-India Company, 3 vols. 4to., 1810.

Mr. Bruce, during the latter years of his life, annually spent several months at his seat at Nuthill, in the county of Fife; on which estate, and his extensive purchases of Falkland and Myers, he had long been carrying on improvements on an extended and liberal scale. He had also laid out a large sum in repairing the palace of Falkland

BRIGADIER M'DOWALL.

Brigadier M'Dowall was the second son of the late Archibald M'Dowall, Esq. (a near descendant of the ancient family of M'Douall, of Logan). In February 1797 he landed in India as a Cadet, and in January 1799 commenced his military career, under the command of the Hon. Gen. Wellesley. At the memorable siege of Seringapatam, he commanded one of the grenadier companies which formed part of the storming-column; he was almost constantly employed, till October 1810, when he was promoted to a Majority. He again took the field in 1812, in the Southern Mahratta country; and in August 1815 he commanded the troops at Hyderabad, and quelled the serious disturbances in that city. The following year he completely surprised and defeated a body of above 3,000 Pindarries; and received the approbation of the Governor-General in Council, and the thanks of the Hon. Court of Directors. In October 1817 he distinguished himself at the battle of Nagpore. In January 1818 he was promoted to a Lieutenant-colonelcy. On the 1st May 1824 he was appointed Lieutenant-colonel Commandant; and on the breaking out of the Burmese war he sailed with the expedition for Rangoon, where he was actively employed till August, when he embarked in the expedition for the reduction of Tavoy and Mergui; of which possessions, after their capture, he was appointed Governor. Having been promoted to command a brigade, he again joined the army at Rangoon under Sir A. Campbell, with whom he served till the temporary cessation of hostilities. On the rupture of the armistice in November 1825, Brigadier M'Dowall was placed in command of two brigades of N. I., and directed to attack a body of Burmese at Wattygoon. After a night-march of upwards of twenty miles, he met the enemy (November 16), and succeeded, although obstinately opposed by overwhelming numbers, in driving them before him for several miles, till he reached some very strong works, which he had just reconnoitred, and was in the act of gallantly cheering his men, when he was shot in the forehead by a musket-ball, and died instantaneously, before he had reached the age of forty-five.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

The excessive heat which has prevailed during the greater part of the last month might reasonably have been expected to create much serious disease. But the fact is otherwise. Notwithstanding a continuance of intense heat, greater than has been experienced in this country for several years, the metropolis has been unusually healthy. No epidemic of any consequence has raged. Fevers have rather declined. Bilious disorders have not yet been met with in any notable degree of violence. Neither dysentery nor cholera morbus have shewn themselves. To what circumstance are we justified in attributing this singular exemption of the town from the usual consequences of high atmospheric temperature? The question is an interesting one; and the reporter is inclined to answer it by referring the phenomenon to the peculiar *dryness* of the atmosphere, which has accompanied its heat. Scarcely a shower has fallen until within the last ten days; and the parched appearance of the whole country affords a sufficient proof of the almost total absence of *night dews*. The consequence naturally was, that individuals prolonged their evening walk to near midnight, and freely threw open their bedroom windows, without the risk of any sudden closure of those pores which the heat of the day had so thoroughly relaxed.

The reporter finds it difficult to characterize, with any accuracy, the prevalent disorders of the last month. Slight rheumatic affections have been met with, yielding, for the most part, with great readiness, to saline draughts, colchicum, and Dover's powder. Scarlet fever also has been general; and the reporter has heard of a few very severe, and of one or two fatal cases. He is, at the present time, in attendance upon a young man, who passed through the early stages of the disease without any symptoms of particular severity, but whose convalescence has required a more than ordinary share of superintendance and of active practice. The process of desquamation of the cuticle has been attended with a high degree of constitutional excitement. The pulse has been uniformly too quick. The tongue has been very tender, from the formation of small vesicles; and muscular power has been throughout greatly enfeebled. Evacuant and relaxant medicines have in this case been perseveringly administered, with great and well marked advantage. It can hardly be doubted that to the neglect of such timely resources is to be ascribed, in a great measure, the subsequent occurrence of that formidable symptom, *dropsy*.

Measles and small-pox are also to be met with in different parts of the town; but it does not appear that either of these diseases, as at present occurring, offer any features of peculiar interest. It may perhaps be worth remarking, that the reporter has occasionally (and especially during the last twelvemonth) observed several instances of an eruption, resembling measles in some of its characters, which appears to originate in the contagion of small-pox. He has been in the habit of designating these cases by the name of *variolous lichen*; and he has reason to believe that the same thing has occurred to the notice of other practitioners, and given rise occasionally to considerable embarrassment. In some instances the first formed papulæ have subsided, leaving the rash to follow its regular course. In other cases, papulæ have shewn themselves on the second or third day of the efflorescence, advancing to a rapid, but very imperfect and superficial suppuration. The precise nature of these affections it is by no means easy to ascertain.

Among the medical occurrences of the past month, none has given more surprise to the reporter than finding *consumptive* cases so very abundant. This may possibly be owing, not so much to any positive increase in this particular class of maladies, as to the paucity of other disorders of well-marked character. Making every allowance, however, for this, he is still inclined to say that they have been unusually prevalent for this season. It is not unreasonable to suppose that the extreme heat of the weather, by increasing the perspiration, may have so far weakened the powers of life as to kindle into activity those *tubercles* which are the latent causes of consumption. Certain, at least, it is, that delicate persons are always found to complain more than others of what is called *relaxing* weather; and though breathing with freedom with the thermometer at 60°, are languid, oppressed, and exhausted when the thermometer approaches 80°.

Of *chronic* disorders the past month has afforded the usual number and variety. Several cases of dropsy have occurred in the reporter's practice, of which one was sufficiently interesting to merit particular notice. A young man, fifteen years of age, of very irregular habits, having enjoyed his ordinary state of health during the winter, first observed dropsical swellings of his legs about the beginning of June; which increased so rapidly, that by the 20th of the same month, he was scarcely able to walk. It was a dropsy of that kind called plethoric, or inflammatory, or more properly *active*. His pulse was full and strong, and his appetite unimpaired. He was bled, but without experiencing any relief of the symptoms. On Monday June 26th, soon after breakfast, he was seized with apoplexy, but medical assistance being close at hand, he was almost instantly bled, and to a considerable extent, and in a short time recovered the use of his senses. Very little impression, however, was made upon the dropsy. On Wednesday the 28th the *comatose* symptoms increased, and he was again bled, with scarcely temporary relief. Late on Friday night he died; and his body was examined the next day by the reporter, in the presence of several of his professional brethren. The *encephalon* was perfectly healthy. There was not more than the ordinary quantity of serum within the ventricles of the brain. The heart and lungs were equally free from disease. In the cavity of each pleura was contained about a pint of a bloody serous effusion. The abdominal cavity presented no unusual appearances. This case affords one of the most striking instances that could be adduced of general *functional* dropsy, and may be received as a sufficient answer to those who would make dropsical effusion, in all cases, the result of some *mechanical* impediment to the free motions of the blood. It is easier, however, to say what dropsy is not, than to determine exactly what it is. We are, and shall in all probability continue to be, too little acquainted with vital actions, and the mutual influences of the brain and heart, ever to define, in clear and explicit terms, the real nature or essence of dropsy. GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John-street, Golden-square, July* 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The long continuance of drought, and absence of those seasonable and genial showers, so indispensable to the health and improvement of most of the earth's productions, must necessarily render the present inferior in good promise to our last report. Wheat, as is its nature, has received less damage than any other crop; and, in fact, granting a favourable harvest, will nearly answer our most sanguine expectations. On lands of the best quality and the best farmed, the bulk of wheat appears great, both in straw and corn, and both the acreable quantity and the quality will equal the best years. On middling and thin soils the ears appear small, the stalks short and weak, and the whole not bulky. We have nevertheless seen, on poor stony soils in this county, wheat under the sickle which promises between three and four quarters per acre of white wheat, the sample fine and pure, the blight upon an ear here and there not reaching beyond the chaff. Of a selected plant among the heads, the stalk was stout, more than a yard and half in length, and the number of kernels in the ear sixty-eight; the average number of kernels, perhaps, forty. It is, in the common phrase, a wheat year: the quantity promises to be above an average, the quality fine, with very little discoloured or smutted, and the straw clean and pure. The wheat crops on the Continent, and in Ireland, bear much the same report.

It is on the spring crops that the drought has had such an unfavourable, and, too generally, ruinous effect. Indeed, it is a God-send where any of these have escaped, and may possibly turn out productive. Of barley and oats, in some parts the former, in others the latter, have suffered the least injury; but in none can there possibly be a productive crop. The beans and pease have suffered still more; short in the haulm, thinly podded, and eaten up by the blight insect. Both those and oats we have seen cut green in Kent and Essex, as fodder for live-stock, the grass being entirely consumed or burnt up. The artificial grasses and seeds have suffered in the same degree, sainfoin excepted, which is generally said to succeed with wheat. Potatoes are complained of from various parts: but they appear in this county with a deep and healthy green, which is really promising; and, in fact, the culture is so extensive, that there need be no apprehension of an adequate supply. Of hops we hear few or no complaints. The hay harvest, a very light one, was quickly and successfully finished; but much of it was really made before it was cut; and that which had much making afterwards, must have been so exhausted of its juices, that it could retain little substance or condition. Of turnips the tale is disheartening; sown and resown, they were still blighted and devoured by the blight insect; and should no further sowing take place, there cannot be half a turnip crop in the country—a misfortune to our winter-stock feeding system, as would seem scarcely to admit of any remedy. But the twenty-four hours of rain, commencing on the 22d instant, p. m. with all the appearance of its being general, has, it may be hoped, afforded us an adequate remedy. It is not yet too late to sow turnips with the prospect of a useful crop. This soaking rain will also have the best effect on the stubborn clods of the clay-land wheat-fallows, hitherto altogether impracticable with the strongest teams. The early sheep-shearing proved fortunate, considering the heat and drought which ensued. The cattle have suffered excessively from the flies, and in many parts from want of water, most of the resources of that kind being dried up. The hives, it is said, will not be productive this year, from the bee-flowers being exhausted of their fragrant juices by the excessive heat. In wool, no improvement in demand or price—stock piled upon stock, both here and upon the Continent. No demand for bark. From the scarcity, it is remarked, that the price of beans will exceed that of wheat. Most kinds of fruit are in great plenty, and a productive crop of the cyder apple is expected. Live stock, both fat and lean, meet but a dull sale in the country; indeed, considering the prospect for winter keeping, the demand for stores cannot be very brisk. Prices of horses, of all descriptions, still receding. The present harvest has been among the earliest. Wheat was cut in Essex in the first week of this month. The Lent corn, much of it, became too suddenly and early ripe, before it had attained fulness and maturity. The spring crops in Scotland are of better report than ours in the South, and wheat harvest in the Carse of Gowrie will probably commence next week.

The condition of our agricultural labourers is somewhat improved; and there is obviously a growing intelligence among the better sort of them, who condemn strongly the mischievous and useless conduct of their unfortunate brethren, the operative manufacturers. At the same time, they remark, with much point, on those causes which have produced such an excess of poverty and wretchedness, in a country superabounding in all the goods of life; assuming boldly, that these national grievances *must* be redressed: and surely there is patriotism, honesty, and talent sufficient, in this most substantially great and opulent country, to work out its salvation, or rather to preserve its very existence. But our out-door lunatics, it seems, will accept this boon solely from that 'gigantic intellect,' which, endowed liberally by nature with the 'gift of the gab,' both oral and scriptural, disperses abroad, with a hundred-horse power, the bor-

rowed or pilfered sense of other men, enveloped in clouds of pure original nonsense and absurdity. It is peculiarly fortunate for a writer when his nonsence jibes in well with that of his readers, and when his mode of communication tickles their fancies, and hits the meridian of their capacity; convicted knavery, a total absence of principle, and the most monstrous absurdity of proposition or impudence of pretension, then form no bar to prevent success. *Sed non tali auxilio!*—the majority of the people will not degrade themselves by entrusting their most important national affairs to gabbling ignorance, presumption, and idiotism, however plausible and fluent.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 10*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 4*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Veal, 3*s.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Pork, 2*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 8*d.*—Lamb, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.*—Bacon, Bath or Wilts, 5*s.* 8*d* to 6*s.* Irish, 4*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*—Raw Fat, 2*s.* 0½*d.*

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46*s.* to 73*s.*—Barley, 28*s.* to 37*s.*—Oats, 23*s.* to 35*s.*—Bread, 9½*d.*—Hay, 70*s.* to 110*s.*—Clover ditto, 84*s.* to 120*s.*—Straw, 36*s.* to 46*s.*

Coals in the Pool, 24*s.* to 34*s.* 6*d.* per chaldron.

Middlesex, July 24th, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Sugars.—The demand continues steady, with little alteration, except for colony sorts for grocers, which are rather higher; the stock in the Docks is 2.666 casks less than at this time last year, and prices full 10s. per cwt. lower. New Barbadoes sold at 58s. to 72s. per cwt.; brown St. Lucias sold at 51s. per cwt., and grey at 52s. per cwt. *East-India Sugar* 51s., and fine yellow at 55s. to 59s. per cwt. *Refined Sugars*—The grocers have been buying extensively to meet the demand at this season for wine and preserving. Small lumps 78s. to 79s. per cwt.

Rum, Brandy, and Hollands.—*Fine Rum* is inquired for, prices 2s. 6d. to 3s. 6d. per gallon, but common qualities are dull on sale. Brandy—good cognac is 3s. 6d. to 3s. 8d., and in little demand; Bourdeaux Brandy 2s. 4d. to 2s. 6d. per gallon. Hollands, Geneva 1s. 11d. to 2s. per gallon, imperial measure.

Coffee is exceedingly dull, and prices may be quoted as follows:

	Jamaica	Dutch	Dominica.
Good ordinary			
Fine ditto	46s. to 51s.	53s. to 55s.	53s. to 55s.
Very fine	52s. to 55s.	57s. to 60s.	61s. to 62s.
Middling	37s. to 60s.	61s. to 67s.	64s. to 68s.
Good ditto.....	71s.	71s. to 71s. 6d.	

Brazil 45s. to 46s. Yellow Mocha 77s. to 84s. per cwt.

The disturbed state of the coffee market has deterred the principal importers from bringing their supplies to sale by auction, which, in all probability, would leave a heavy loss.

Cotton.—The market continues very depressed, and few sales effected, therefore prices are nominal; at Liverpool some sales have been forced at very reduced prices, and there is every appearance of a still greater reduction in prices, owing to the stagnation of trade at Manchester and its neighbourhood.

Spices.—The market continues very dull; at public sale by Messrs. Tucker and Hunter—

1,238 bags Pepper in bond.....		3½d.	to		3¾d.	per lb.
62 casks Nutmegs.....	2s.	2d.	to	3s.	0d.	per lb.
36 casks Mace	2s.	0d.	to	3s.	4d.	per lb.
10 cases Cloves.....	1s.	10d.	to	2s.	0d.	per lb.
102 cases Cassia Lignea in bond	£4	10s.	to	£5	15s.	per cwt.

Tobacco.—Virginia from 3¾d. to 5d. per lb. is in demand for exportation, and the business has been rather brisk for town trade and the manufacture.

Indigo.—There has been an advance on indigo, since our last report, of from 2d. to 4d. per lb., notwithstanding the dejected state of our manufacturing districts.

Tallow, Hemp, and Flax.—The prices of flax has advanced £2 to £3 per ton, owing to the dryness of the season, which is represented to have injured the growth of this article. Hemp is without alteration since our last quotation. Tallow is higher, and in demand; the holders are stiff in their prices, in expectation of an advance ere long.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 9.—Antwerp, 12. 9.—Hamburg, 37. 11.—Altona, 37. 11.—Paris, 25. 95.—Bourdeaux, 25. 95.—Berlin, 7.——Frankfort, 156.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 26.—Trieste, 10. 26.—Madrid, 34½.—Cadiz, 34¾.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34¾.—Seville, 34¾.—Gibraltar, 45.—Leghorn, 47—Genoa, 43.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 114.—Lisbon, 50.—Oporto, 50.—Rio Janeiro, 41½.—Bahia, 45.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 14*s.* 0*d.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9*d.*—Silver in bars, 4*s.* 11*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of CHARLES EDMONDS, 9, Change Alley, Cornhill.—Barnsley CANAL, 275*l.*—Birmingham, 260*l.*—Derby, 225*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590—Grand Junction, 260*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 395*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 800*l.*—Neath, 350*l.*—Oxford, 635*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 775*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,800*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 7*l.*—Guardian, 15*l.* 10*s.*—Hope, 4*l.* 10*s.*—Sun Fire, 150*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 155*l.*—British, 15 dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

F. Werry, Esq. (late Consul of the Levant Company at Smyrna), to be his Majesty's Consul at Smyrna.

J. Barker, Esq. (late Consul of the Levant Company at Aleppo), to be his Majesty's Consul at Alexandria, in Egypt.

H. T. Liddell, Esq. (late Assistant-Secretary to the Levant Company), to be his Majesty's Consul at Gottenburgh.

W. W. Barker, Esq. (sometime British Vice-Consul at Messina), to be his Majesty's Consul at that place.

W. Hamilton, Esq. (sometime British Vice-Consul at Boulogne), to be his Majesty's Consul at that place.

J. V. Harvey, Esq. (some time British Vice-Consul at Bayonne), to be his Majesty's Consul at that place.

W. Ogilby, Esq. (some time British Vice-Consul at Caen), to be his Majesty's Consul for the departments of Calvados, La Manche, and Isle et Vilaine.

F. Chatfield, Esq. to be his Majesty's Consul at Memel.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

2 *Life Gu.*—Corn. and Sub-Lt. Hon. G. W. Edwards, Lt. by purch., v. Rooke prom.; Corn. and Sub-Lt. J. Davidson, ditto, v. Dallas prom.; and Hon. G. H. Ongley, Corn. and Sub-Lt. by purch.; v. Edwards, all 15 June. Ens. J. Kinlock, from 58 F., Corn. and Sub. Lt., v. H. L. Bulwer, who exch., 21 June.

R. Horse Gu.—Hon. A. J. C. Villiers, Corn. by purch., v. Kenyon, prom., 10 July.

2 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. H. Curtis, Lt. by purch., v. Horton, who rets.; and Corn. and Rid. Mast. J. E. Dyer, Corn. by purch.; v. Curtis, 29 June. Lt. T. G. Shipwith. from h. p., Lt., v. R. R. Hepburn, who exch., rec. dif., 6 July.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—Maj. Hon. G. R. Abercromby, from h. p., Maj., v. G. Watts, who exch., rec. dif., 22 June. Corn. W. H. Warrington, Lt. by purch., v. Dundas prom., 11 July. A. Innes, Corn. by purch., v. Taubman app. to 3 F. Gu., 15 June. J. Montgomery, Corn. by purch., v. Warrington, 11 July.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—Lt. T. Unett. Capt. by purch. v. Prosser prom.; Corn. R. K. Trotter, Lt. by purch., v. Unett; Corn. J. Hely, from 2 Dr., Corn., retaining his former sit. in this regt., v. Trotter, all 6 July.

1 *Dr.*—J. O. Luxford, Corn. by purch., v. Thomas, whose app. has not taken place, 15 June.

2 *Dr.*—Corn. R. G. Craufurd, Lt., v. Askew dec.; and Corn. J. Hely, from 7 Dr. Gu., Corn., v. Craufurd, 29 June.

6 *Dr.*—Lt. O'N. Segrave, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Boyd, who exch., rec. dif., 15 June.

9 *L. Dr.*—As. Surg. W. J. Shiell, from 19 F., As. Surg., v. Burton prom. on Staff, 15 June.

10 *L. Dr.*—Lt. S. Wells, from h. p., paymast., v. J. Wardell, who reverts to h. p., 25 June

13 *L. Dr.*—Corn. W. Penn, from 16 L. Dr., Lt., v. Kelso dec., 29 June. Corn. A. Browne, Lt. by purch., v. Ellis prom., 6 July.

14 *L. Dr.*—As. Surg. C. C. Hughes, from 35 F., As. Surg., v. Bush prom. in 93 F., 15 June.

16 *L. Dr.*—Ens. C. Cotton, from 19 F., Corn., v. Penn, prom. in 13 L. Dr., 29 June. Lt. T. L. S. Menteath, Capt. by purch., v. Baker prom.; and Corn. T. Blood, Lt. by purch., v. Menteath, both 18 July.

17 *L. Dr.*—Capt. G. Robbins, from h. p., Capt., v. W. T. H. Fisk, who exch., rec. dif., 29 June.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—Capt. and Lt. Col. D. M'Kinnon, Maj. by purch., with rank of Col., v. Raikes, who rets.; Lt. and Capt. J. Drummond, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch., v. M'Kinnon; and Ens. and Lt. Hon. J. Ashburnham, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Drummond, all 22 June. C. Horton, Ens. and Lt. by purch., T. Ashburnham, 29th June. Ens. and Lt. Hon. H. St. C. Erskine, Lt. and Capt., by purch., v. Girardot prom.; and H. Forbes, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Erskine, both 11 July.

1 *F.*—Maj. H. H. Farquharson, from h. p., Maj., v. Campbell prom., and Capt. J. Anderson, from h. p. 28 F., Capt., v. Rowan prom., 12 June. J. Mayne, Ens., v. Campbell dead of his wounds, 22 June.

3 *F.*—Capt. T. Munro, from h. p. 42 F., Capt., v. Bowen prom.; and Capt. J. Patton, from h. p. Capt., v. Daniel, app. to 66 F., 8 June.

4 *F.*—Capt. C. S. Wortley, from h. p., Capt., v. Erskine prom., 8 June. Br. Lt. Col. G. D. Wilson, from h. p., Maj., v. Sir E. K. Williams prom.; and Capt. C. F. L'Ardy, from h. p., Capt., v. Shaw prom., 29 June.

5 *F.*—Capt. J. Macdonald, from 1 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Kysh prom., 6 July.

6 *F.*—Capt. J. Hill, from 47 F., Capt., v. Cowell, who exch., 1 Jan. Ens. B. T. F. Bowes, Lt. by purch., v. Dunn, app. to 44 F.; and R. M. Beebee. Ens. by purch., v. Bowes, 25 May.

7 *F.*—Hosp. As. H. W. R. Davey, As. Surg., 15, June. Lt. Hon. G. Liddell, Capt. by purch., v. Macbean prom., 18 July.

8 *F.*—Capt. T. H. Davis, from h. p., Capt., v. Cotter prom.; Capt. A. Dirom, from h. p., Capt., v. Campbell, prom.; and Capt. C. S. Malet, from h. p., Capt., v. Lyster prom., all 8 June. Capt. J. S. Powell, Maj. by purch., v. Browne prom.; Lt. W. E. Pickwick, Capt. by purch., v. Powell; Ens. G. Burrard, Lt. by purch., v. Hare prom.; and Ens. J. May, from 14 F., Ens., v. Burrard. all 11 July.

9 *F.*—Br. Lt. Col. H. Hardy, from h. p. 60 F., Maj., v. Peebles prom., 8 June.

10 *F.*—Maj. W. G. Freer, from h. p., Maj., v. King prom.; Capt. E. St. J. Mildmay, from h. p., Capt., v. Dent prom.; and Capt. J. Delancey, from h. p., Capt. v. Kelly prom., all 8 June. Lt. W. H. Adams, Capt. by purch., v. Madowall prom., 13 July. Ens. W. Musgrave, Lt. by purch., v. Adams, 18 July. Lt. R. Uniacke, from h. p. 93 F., Paym., v. Bloomfield, 6 July.

11 *F.*—Capt. A. Smith, from 2 W. I. Regt., Capt. v. Prideaux app. to 73 F., 29 June.

12 *F.*—G. B. Tathwell, Ens., by purch., v. Foresteen. prom., 15 June. Capt. E. H. Hunt, from 63 F., Capt., v. Jones prom., 6 July.

14 *F.*—Capt. J. V. Temple, from h. p., Capt., v. Watson prom., 8 June. Br. Lt. Col. J. Campbell, Lt. Col., v. Edwards killed in action; and Br. Maj. J. Marshall, Maj., v. Campbell, 22 June. Lt. H. Johnson, Capt., v. Armstrong killed in action, 21 Jan. Lt. M. C. Lynch, Capt., v. Marshall, 22 June. Ens. E. C. Lynch, Lt., v. Johnson; and W. Tullon, Ens. v. Lynch, 21 Jan. Lt. T. Evans, from h. p. 38 F., Lt., v. J. R. Smith, who exch., 6 July. L. Craigie, Ens. by purch., v. May app. to 8 F., 11 July. F. Fenwick, Ens. by purch., v. Budd prom., 12 July.

15 *F.*—Maj. J. Eden, from h. p., Maj., v. Maxwell prom.; and Capt. J. S. Doyle, prom. h. p., Capt., v. Wright prom., 8 June.

17 *F.*—Capt. J. O. Clunie from 55 F. Capt., v. Denham prom., 8 June. Ens. R. Graham, Lt. by purch., v. Brooke prom., 11 July.

18 *F.*—Capt. W. W. Lynar, from h. p., Capt., v. Rogers prom., 8 June. H. Fitz W. Way, Ens. by purch., v. Forbes, app. to 53 F., 26 June. Ens. C. J. R. Collinson, from 25 F., Ens., v. Auldjo prom., 11 July.

19 *F.*—Capt. W. E. Sweny, from h. p., Capt., v. Sargent, app. to 58 F.. 8 June. Maj. G. Pipon, from h. p., Maj., v. Macdonald prom., 22 June. Lt. N. Custance, from 37 F., Capt. by purch., v. M'Arthur prom. 15 June. Corn. R. Grant, from h. p. 3 Dr. Gu., Ens., paying dif. to h. p. Fund, v. Cotton, app. to 16 L. Dr., 29 June. Hosp. As. G. J. Hyde, As. Surg., v. Shiell app. to 9 L. Dr., 15 June. Ens. R. Lovelace, from 53 F., Ens., v. Delmé, who exch., 6 July.

20 *F.*—Capt. R. Garrett, from h. p. 96 F., Capt., v. Frankland app. to 34 F.; and Capt. W. C. Langmead, from h. p , Capt., v. Falls prom., 8 June. Lt. P. Hennessey, from 67 F., Lt., v. Wood, who exch. 24 Nov., 25. Serj. Maj. H. Hollinsworth, Adj., with rank of Ens., v. Story, who has resigned Adjtcy. only, 3 Dec. 25.

22 *F.*—Ens. J. Huie, Lt., v. Mills dec.; W. Mylne, Ens., v. Huie; and Surg. E. Owen, from h. p. 73 F., Surg., v. F. Brown, who exch., all 22 June.

23 *F.*—2d Lt. R. H. Ottley, 1st Lt., by purch., v. Clinton prom., 11 July.

24 *F.*—Capt. C. H. Doyle, from h. p., Capt., v. Baby prom., 8 June.

25 *F.*—Capt. J. P. Holford, from h. p. 1 F. Gu. Capt., v. Austen prom; and Capt. R. A. Butler, from h. p. Capt., v. Wolseley prom., 8 June. Capt. F. B. Lynch, from h. p. 100 F. Capt., v. Thorne prom., 29 June. J. G. Slacke, Ens. by purch., v. Collinson app. to 18 F., 11 July. Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey, from h. p., Capt., v. Butler, whose app. has not taken place, 6 July.

26 *F.*—Capt. W. Stewart, from h. p., Capt., v. Whitty prom., 8 June. Br. Col. J. Pringle, from h. p. 31 L. Dr.. Maj., v. Jones prom.; Lt. H. F. Strange, Capt. by purch., v. Bowles, who rets; and Ens. R. J. E. Rich, Lt. by purch., v. Strange, all 29 June. Lt. G. Lord Ramsay, from h. p., Lt. v. A. Macdonald, who exch.; and T. E. Welby, Ens. by purch., v. Lord Ramsay, both 12 July. T. Secombe, Ens. by purch., v. Rich prom., 6 July.

28 *F.*—Capt. J. R. Colthurst, from 32 F., Capt., v. Irving prom., 8 June. Lt. R. W. H. Drury, Capt. by purch., v. Parsons prom.; Ens. G. Browne, Lt. by purch., v. Drury; and W. Linskell, Ens. by purch., v. Browne, all 11 July.

29 *F.*—Capt. M'K. Champain, from h. p., Capt., v. Belches prom., 8 June. Ens. H. Phillpots, Lt. by purch., v. Waloud prom.; and P. G. Beers, Ens. by purch., v. Phillpots, both 11 July.

30 *F.*—Capt. J. Proctor, from h. p. 43 F., Capt., v. Howard prom.; and Capt. J. G. Geddes, from h. p., Capt., v. Fox prom., 8 June.

32 *F.*—Capt. J. Swinburn, from h. p. 73 F., Capt. v. Crow prom.; and Capt. M. Power, from h. p., Capt., v. Colthurst app. to 28 F., 8 June. Capt. W. Kelly, from 97 F., Capt., v. Budden, who exch., 22 June.

34 *F.*—Capt. H. B. Mends, from h. p. 22 F., Capt., v. Hogarth prom.; and Capt. W. F. Frankland, from 20 F., Capt., v. Locker prom., 12 June.

35 *F.*—Maj. R. Macdonald, from h. p., Maj., v. Macalister prom.; and Capt. S. Workman, from 2 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Lynch prom., 8 June. Capt. A. Tennant, from 73 F., Capt , v. Weare prom., 12 June. Hosp. As. J. Crichton, As. Surg., v. Hughes app. to 14 L. Dr., 15 June.

36 *F.*—Capt. M. R. Grey, from 86 F., Capt., v. Crosse prom., 8 June. Lt. R. W. Wake, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Gibbons who exch., 15 June.

37 *F.*—Ens. D. E. Todd, Lt. by purch., v. Custance prom., 15 June. F. Skelly, Ens. by purch., v. Todd prom., 6 July. F. Ronally, Ens. by purch., v. Marsham prom., 11 July.

38 *F.*—Capt. T. Vyvyan, from h. p., 41 F., Capt., v. Rains prom.; and Capt. A. Macdonald, from h.p., Capt., v. Davis app. to 75 F., 8 June. Maj. W. Frith. Lt. Col., v. Evans dec.; and Br. Lt. Col. Hon. J. Finch, from h. p. W. I. Rangers, Maj., v. Frith, both 18 Dec. 25. Ens. J. Bullen, Lt., v. Buchanan dec., 2 Dec. Ens. W. Deane, Lt., v. Proctor killed in action, 3 Dec. T. Southall, Ens., v. Bullen. 2 Dec. Ens. J. J. Grant, from 86 F., Ens., v. Deane, 22 June 26. Lt. A. Campbell (1st), Adj., v. Snodgrass. who has resigned Adjtcy. only, 17 Sept. 25. Capt. C. Blackett. from h. p. 7 L. Dr., Capt., v. Vyvyan, whose app. has not taken place, 6 July.

39 *F.*—Capt. T. Baynes, from h. p. 32 F., Capt., v. Cuppage prom., 8 June. Maj. F. Crofton, from late 2 R. Vet. Bat., Maj., v. Parke prom., 29 June.

41 *F.*—Ens. J. E. Deere, Lt., v. Ferrar dec., 4 Nov. 25. Ens. H. J. Ellis, Lt., v. Sutherland killed in action, 2 Dec. Ens. J. Smith, Lt., v. Gossip, ditto, 2 Dec. E. J. Vaughan, Ens., v. Deere, 4 Nov. J. Arata, Ens., v. Ellis, 2 Dec. O. W. Gray, Ens., v. Smith, 2 Dec. 2d Lt. A Tucker, from 60 F., Lt. by purch., v. Childers, whose prom. to a Ltcy. by purch. has been cancelled, 6 July.

42 *F.*—Capt. C. A. Campbell, from h. p., Capt., v. Wade prom.; and Capt. W. Childers, from h. p., Capt., v. M'Pherson prom.. 8 June. Capt. G. Doherty, from h. p. 19 L. Dr., Capt., v. Campbell prom., 6 July.

43 *F.*—Capt. J. Considine, Maj. by purch., v. Le Blanc prom.; Lt. C. R. Wright, Capt. by purch., v. Considine; Ens. W. Egerton, Lt. by purch., v. Wright; and J. W. Smith, Ens. by purch., v. Egerton, all 11 July.

44 *F.*—Maj. J. C. Lt. Carter, L. Col., v. Dunkin dec.; Capt. T. Mackrell, Maj., v. Carter; Lt. J. C. Webster, Capt., v. Mackrell; and Ens. H. L. Layard, Lt., v. Webster, all 12 Nov. 25. Ens. J. D. De Wend, Lt., v. Carr, 17 Dec. Lt. W. Dunn, from 6 F., Lt. v. Eastwood prom., 25 May, 26. T. W. Halfhide, Ens., v. Layard, 12 Nov., 25. S. Grove, Ens. v. De Wend, 22 June, 26.

45 *F.*— — Seagram, Ens., v. Stanford prom. in 89 F., 22 June. Hosp As. A. Callandar, As. Surg., v. Patterson prom. in 13 F., 15 June.

46 *F.*—Capt. W. Chalmers, from h. p. 52 F., Capt., v. Stuart prom., 6 June.

47 *F.*—Capt. J. G. Cowell, from 6 F., Capt., v. Hill, who exch., 1 Jan.

48 *F.*—Capt. G. Croasdaile, from h. p., Capt., v. Yale prom., 8 June. Capt. J. Skirrow, from h. p. 53 F., Capt., repaying dif. to h. p. Fund, v. Croasdaile, whose app. has not taken place, 29 June.

49 *F.*—Maj. R. Beauchamp, from h. p., Maj., v. Glegg prom., 8 June.

52 *F.*—Capt. G. Montagu, from h. p., Capt., v Rowan prom., and Capt. H. Deedes, from 75 F., Capt., v. Macleod prom., 8 June. W. Chalmer, Ens. by purch., v. Vereker, app. to 91 F., 15 June.

53 *F.*—Capt. S. H. Widdrington, from h. p., v. Harrison prom., 8 June. Capt. T. Reed, Maj. by purch., v. Wheatstone who rets.; and Lt. J Gardner, Capt. by purch., v. Reed, both 15 June. Ens. E. Wakefield, Lt. by purch., v. Gardner; and Ens. J. Forbes, from 18 F., Ens., v. Wakefield, both 29 June. Ens. S. R. Delmé, from 19 F., Ens., v. Lovelace, who exch., 6 July.

54 *F.*—Maj. H. Lumley, from h. p., Maj., v. Kelly prom., 8 June. E. D. Wright, Ens., v. Serjeant dec., 19 Jan.

55 *F.*—Capt. J. M'K. Cameron, from h. p. 60 F., Capt. v. Clunie app. to 17 F., 8 June.

56 *F.*—Ens. C. J. Henry, from 85 F., Lt. by purch., v. Barclay prom., 11 July.

57 *F.*—Lt. P. Aubin, Capt., v. Ovens dec., 22 June.

58 *F.*—Capt. J. J. Sargent, from 19 F., Capt., v. Dudgeon prom., and Capt. R. H. Wynyard, from h. p., Capt., v. Murray prom., 8 June. Lt. R. A. Mackenzie, adj., v. Beverhoudt, who res. adjtcy. only, 6 July.

59 *F.*—Lt. N. Hovenden, Capt., v. Pitman killed in action, 19 Jan. Ens. W. Fuller, Lt., v. Griffiths, cashiered, 9 Jan. Ens. J. N. Barron, Lt., v. Hovenden; and J. Hennessey, Ens. v. Barron, both 19 Jan.

61 *F.*—Capt. C. Pearson, from h. p., Capt., v. Goodman prom., 8 June.

62 *F.*—Capt. H. J. Ramsden, from h. p., Capt., v. Riddall prom., 12 June.

63 *F.*—Capt. R. L. Dickson, from h. p. 2 Dr., Capt., v. Hunt app. to 12 F., 6 July.

64 *F.*—Capt. Hon. G. A. Browne, from h. p., Capt., v. Jameson prom., 6 July.

65 *F.*—Br. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson, from h. p. 69 F., Capt.. v. Digby prom.; and Capt. R. C. Smyth, from h. p., Capt., v. Ellard prom., 8 June.

66 *F.*—Capt. T. W. S ewart, from 1 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Burke prom.; Capt. J. Daniell, from 3 F., Capt., v. Nicholls prom.; and Capt. J. George, from Royal Afr. Col. Corps, Capt., v. Goldie prom., all 8 June. Lt. J. Brannan, from 1 W. I. Regt., Lt., v. J. Ralston, who rets. on h. p. 71 F., 22 June. Corn. A. C. M'Murdo, from h. p. 21 L. Dr. (paying dif. to h. p. Fund), Ens., v. C. D. Bailey, who exch., 22 June. Ens. A. Coryton, from h. p., Ens., v. M'Murdo prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 29 June As. Surg. J. Cross, from h. p. 2 R. Vet. Bat., As. Surg., v. Henry prom., 22 June.

67 *F.*—Lt. G. H. Wood, from 20 F., Lt., v. Hennessey, who exch., 4 Nov. 25.

69 *F.*—Capt. F. Towers, from h. p. 7 L. Dr., Capt., v. Bennett prom., 29 June. Ens. E. S. James, from h. p., Ens., v. W. Semple, who exch., 6 July.

70 *F.*—Capt. J. Laing, from h. p., Capt., v. Huxley prom., 8 June.

71 *F.*—Hosp. As. W. B. Daykin, As. Surg., v. Winterscale prom. in 65 F., 16 June.

72 *F.*—Capt. G. H. Lindsay, from h. p., Capt., v. Wilson prom., 29 June.

73 *F.*—Capt. E. S. Prideaux, from 11 F., Capt. v. Tenant, app. to 35 F., 29 June.

75 *F.*—Capt. A. Davis, from 38 F., Capt., v. Edwards prom.; Capt. R. D. Halifax, from h. p., Capt., v. Deedes app. to 52 F.; and Capt. S. M. F. Hall, from h. p., Capt., v. Newton prom., all 8 June. E. V. Ind, Ens. by purch., v. Lord C. Wellesley, app. to Horse Gu., 15 June. Lt. Col. R. England, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. H. Viscount Barnard, who exch. 6 July.

77 *F.*—Capt. J. Mason, from h. p. 100 F., Capt., v. Baird prom. 8 June.

78 *F.*—Capt. R. J. P. Vassale, from h. p., Capt., v. Stanhope prom., 8 June. Ens. and Adj. J. E. N. Bull, Lt. by purch., v. Montresor prom. in Ceyl. Regt.; and W. Alvares, Ens. by purch., v. Bull, both 15 June. Lt. A Sword, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt., v. Cooper dec., 6 July. A. W. Webb, Ens. by purch., v. Thompson, app. to 88 F., 6 July.

79 *F.*—Capt. G. Mathias, from h. p., Capt., v. Mitchell prom., 8 June.

82 *F.*—M. O'Toole, Ens., v. Collis prom. in 99 F., 22 June.

84 *F.*—Capt. H. Alexander, from h. p., Capt., v. Bernard prom.; and Capt. R. Willington, from h. p., Capt., v. Jenkin prom., 8 June. J. A. West, Ens. by purch., v. Broom prom., 6 July.

86 *F.*—Capt. J. G. Le Merchant, from h. p., Capt., v. Grey, app. to 36 F., 8 June. W. Johnson, Ens., v. Grant app. to 38 F., 22 June. Lt. Col. J. M'Caskill, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. J. Johnson, who exch., 6 July.

87 *F.*—Lt. P. C. Masterson, Capt., v. Husband dec., 7 Nov. 25.

88 *F.*—Maj. W. S. Forbes, from Cape Corps, Maj., v. Clifford prom., 8 June. Lt. W. Elliott, Capt. by purch., v. Napier prom.; Ens. G. Newcome, Lt. by purch., v. Elliott; Ens. G. Thompson, from 78 F., Ens., v. Newcome, all 6 July.

89 *F.*—Ens. R. Stanford, from 45 F., Lt., v. Currie res., 5 Nov. 25.

91 *F.*—Capt. F. A. Gould, from h. p., Capt., v. Creighton prom., 8 June. Ens. C. Vereker, from 52 F., v. Duff, app. to 92 F., 15 June.

92 *F.*—Capt. J. Campbell, from h. p. Capt., v. Pilkington prom., 8 June. Ens. J. Rollo, Lt. by purch., v. Forbes prom., and Ens. B. Duff, from 91 F., Ens., v. Rollo, both 15 June.

93 *F.*—Capt. L. Macquarie, from h. p. 33 F., Capt., v. Ellis prom., 8 June. Ens. H. Boulger, Lt. by purch., v. Hill, who rets.; J. Campbell, Ens. by purch., v. Boulger, both 6 July.

94 *F.*—Capt. W. H. Snow, from h. p., Capt., v. Gray prom., 8 June. Br. Lt. Col. T. S. St. Clair, from h. p., Maj, v. Allan prom., 29 June. T. Tullock, Ens. by purch., v. Keating, app. to 56 F., 15 June.

95 *F.*—Capt. J. Stainton, from h. p., Capt., v. Gore prom., 8 June.

97 *F.*—Br. Lt. Col. P. Wodehouse, from h. p., Maj., v. Austen prom., 8 June. Capt. J. Budden, from 33 F., Capt., v. Kelly, who exch., 22 June.

98 *F.*—Maj. J. Rudsdell, from h. p. 3 Ceyl. Regt, Maj., v. Dunn, prom., 8 June. Capt. G. Croasdaile, from h. p., Capt., v. Croasdaile prom., 29 June.

99 *F.*—Br. Lt. Col. W. Riddall, from h. p., Maj., v. Balvaird prom., 8 June. Lt. J. M. Maillene, Capt., v. Shervinton dec.; and Ens. R. Collis, from 82 F., Lt., v. Maillene, both 22 June.

Rifle Brigade.—Maj. W. Hewett, from h. p., Maj., v. Miller prom., 8 June. As Surg. A. J. N. Connell, from 56 F., As. Surg., 6 July.

1 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. T. Molyneaux, from h. p. 77 F., Capt., v. Stewart app. to 66 F., 29 June. Lt. H. Cornwall, from h. p. 71 F., Lt., v. Brannan, app. to 66 F., 22 June.

2 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. C. Hanley, from h. p. 99 F., Capt., v. Workman app. to 35 F., 29 June. Lt. G. Ford, from 2 R. Vet. Bat., Lt., v. J. B. Carruthers, who rets. on h. p., 15 June. Lt. C. Jobling, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt., v. Macdonnell, who exch., 7 July.

Cape Corps (Cav.)—R. Burges, Corn. by purch., v. Van, app. to 16 L. Dr., 6 July.

Afr. Col. Corps.—Ens. A. C. M'Murdo, from 66 F., Lt., v. Robertson dec., 29 June. Hosp. As. M. Ryan, As. Surg., v. Bell prom., 15 June. Ens. E. Cooke, Lt., v. Sword, app. to 78 F., 6 July. Lt. J. Macdonnell, from 2 W. I. Regt., Lt. v. Jobling, who exch., 7 July. W. Barney, Ens., v. Cooke, 6 July.

Corps of Engineers.—2d Lt. G. Boscawen, 1st Lt., v. Trevelyan rem. to line, 9 June.

Regt. of Artillery.—2d Lt. A. Tulloh, 1st Lt., v. Stobart, ret. on h. p., 10 July.

Ordnance Med. Depart.—2d As. Surg. M. Nugent, 1st As. Surg., v. Inglis placed on h. p.; and 2d As. Surg. M. Tuthill, from h. p., 2d As. Surg., v. Nugent prom., 1 June,

Brevet.—To be Lieut. Cols. in Army; Maj. F. Fuller, 59 F.; Maj. M. Everard, 14 F.; Maj. C. Bisshopp, 14 F; all 19 Jan.—Capt. F. Meade, 88 F., Maj. in Army. 19 Jan.—E. Hawkshaw, Esq., late Br. Lt. Col., and Maj. on h. p., rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only, 15 June.

Staff.—Br. Lt. Col. N. Thorn, from h. p, permanent Qu. Mast. Gen., v. C. R. Forrest, who exch., 29 June. Br. Maj. J. Freeth, R. Staff Corps, As. Qu. Mast. Gen., with rank of Lt. Col. in army, v. J. Haverfield, who res., 11 July.

Hospital Staff.—To be As. Surgs. to forces: J. F. Nevison, from 5 F., v. Bigsby placed on h.p., 6 July. —*To be Hosp. Assist. to forces:* T Foss, v. Mackenzie app. to 40 F.; S. Ingram, v. Downing res., both 15 June 24.—*To be Apoth. to forces:* C. Hoyland, v. Stewart dec. 6 July.

Unattached.—To be Lt.-Cols. of Inf. by purch.—Capt. C. A. Girardot, from Colds. F. Gu.; Maj. R. M. Browne, from 8 F.; Maj. F. Le Blanc, from 43 F., all 11 July.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.* Capt. J. W. Parsons, from 28 F.; Capt. Hon. H. Dundas, from Coldst. F. Gu., both 11 July. Capt. F. Macbean, from 7 F.; Capt. D. Macdowall, from 10 F.; Capt. G. Baker, from 16 L. Dr., all 18 July—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.* Lt. Hon. R. Hare, from 8 F; Lt. E. B. Brooke, from 17 F.; Lt. P. Dundas, from 3 Dr. Gu.; Lt. C. C. Taylor, from 46 F.; Lt. H. Clinton, from 23 F.; Lt. D. W. Barclay, from 56 F.; Lt. J. Campbell from 38 F; Lt. C. F. Walond, from 29 F, all 11 July. Lt. W. Milligan, from 29 F., sll 11 July. Lt. W. Milligan, from 2 L. Gu., 18 July.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Corn. L. Upton, from 4 L. Dr., 11 June; Ens. G. Lord Ramsay, from 26 F.; Ens. H. D'Anvers, from 5 F.; Ens. T. R. Auldjo, from 18 F.; Ens. S. R. J. Marsham, from 37 F. all 11 July. Ens. R. Grant, from 19 F., 18 July.—*To be Ens. by purch.*—C. Teesdale, 11 July. W. Ward, 18 July.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Corn. P. W. Buckham, Cav. Staff Corps; W. Burn. 4 Dr. Gu.; Capt. J. S. Byers, R. Artil.; Maj. R. Timpson (Lt. Col.), Ret. list R. Marines; Lt. Col. J. Dunne, unattached; Lt. Col. J. M'Donald, ditto; Lt. Col J. Haverfield, ditto; Maj. H. Hamilton (Lt. Col.), 95 F.; Capt. Hon J. Kennedy, Independ. and Unattached Officers; Capt. F. Franchessin (Maj.), York L Inf. Vol.; Capt. F. T. Thomas, 99 F.; Lt. J. Reid, 54 F.; Lt. T. White, 17 F.; Capt. C. J. de Franciosi, Portug. Officers; Capt. Ernest, Baron de Schmiedern, 7 L. Dr.; Lt. A. M. Shaw, 7 W. I. Regt.; Lt. A. W. Tinling, 1 Dr.; Lt. G. Drury, 33 F.; Capt. A. Shakespear, 99 F; all 11 July. Maj. Hans Baron Bussche (Lt. Col.), 1 L. Inf. Bat. Germ. Leg.; Maj. T. Dent, unattached; Maj. W. Locker, ditto; Capt. S. Hepl, 3 Ceyl. Regt.; Lt. G. Ball, 1 Gar. Bat.; Corn. G. Falconer, 2 Dr., all 18 July.

The undermentioned Officers, having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted promotion upon h. p., according to G. O. of 25 April 1826. *Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf.* Br. Lt. Col. F. B. Campbell, from 58 F., 22 June. Br. Lt. Col. J. Allen, from 24 F., 29 June.—*To be Majs. of Inf.* Br. Maj. H. Wilson, from 72 F., 22 June. Br. Maj. F. W. Kysh, from 5 F., 29 June. Br. Lt. Col. H. T. Shaw, from 4 F., 29 June. Br. Maj. H. Croasdaile, from 98 F., 29 June. Br. Lt. Col. J. Campbell, from 42 F., 6 July. Br. Maj. J. Jameson, from 64 F., 6 July. Br. Maj. B. O. Jones, from 12 F., 6 July.

HONORARY DISTINCTIONS.

The 37th Foot to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the Regiment, the word "Tournay."

The 20th Foot to bear on its colours and appointments the words "Vittoria" and "Toulouse."

The 69th Foot to bear on its colours and appointments the words "India" and "Bourbon."

The 3d (or Prince of Wales's Regt.) Dragoon Guards to bear on its standards and appointments the words "Talavera" and "Vittoria."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 21st of June and the 24th of July 1826; extracted from the London Gazettes.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Barlow, J. Heaton Norris, Lancaster
Barnes, W. Newhall, Chauley, Worcester
Brine, T. Portsea
Browne, H. H. Old Broad-street
Bryan, W. L. Peterborough-court, Fleet-street
Bradshaw, L. Adlington, Lancashire
Cheesman, W. Portsea
Child, W. Cow-lane
Cliffe, J. and W. Armitage, Huddersfield
Drew, T. Exeter
Harvey, W. Belper, Derby
Kaye, W. Dideside, York
Lawson, J. Princes-square, Radcliffe
Luck, G. Shoreditch
Meredith, A. U. Portsmouth
Moore, R. Piccadilly
North, J. Wimeswould, Leicestershire
Patten, P. Martock, Somerset
Phipps, W. High-street, Shoreditch
Stammers. J. Jermyn-street, Westminster
Stratton, J. Trowbridge
Stratton, J. D. Trowbridge

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 314.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets

Adams, J. Union-street, Southwark, oilman [Rixon, Jewry-street
Archer, C. Tewkesbury, Gloucester, builder [Winterbottom Tewkesbury, I. Bousfield and Pilcher, Chatham-place, Blackfriars
Allan, J. S., Allan, J., and Allan, B. Birmingham, glass-cutters [Palmer, Birmingham, and Long and Ansten, Gray's-inn
Atkinson, J. Liverpool, hackney-coach proprietor [Leather, Liverpool, and Leigh, Charlotte-row.
Baker, J. and J. Abrahall, Nicholas lane, Lombard-street, wine-merchants [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Binns, A. Heaton, Norris, Lancaster, cotton-spinner [Kay and Darbishire, Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple
Bird, D. S. Manchester, veterinary surgeon [Smith, Manchester, and Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Butler, J. R. Bruton-street, turner [Burra and Nield, King-street, Cheapside
Barker, A. Somers'-place West, New-road, St. Pancras, apothecary [Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square
Barradell, J. Nottingham, miller [Shilton, Nottingham, and Bromley, Gray's-inn-square
Bolton, R. Liverpool, merchant [Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co., London
Buckthorp, T. Goswell-road, grocer [Robinson and Hine, Charter-house-square
Broomfield, Elizabeth, Walworth, bricklayer [Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark
Broomfield, J. B. Walworth, builder, [Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark
Buckingham, S. St. Martin's-le-grand, boot and shoe maker [Farden, New-inn
Bower, T. and R. Guest, Manchester, silk and cotton manufacturers [Clay and Thompson, Manchester, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Barrett, G. Martock, Somerset, shopkeeper [James Glastonbury, and Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Burrell, R. jun., Wakefield, merchant [Haxby and Scholey, Wakefield, and Few and Co. Henrietta-street
Charlesworth, J. Copley-gate, Yorkshire, merchant [Carr, Gomersal; and Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden
Cox, W. H. Cheltenham, silk-mercer [Phipps, Weaver's-hall, Basinghall-street
Crusoe, H. jun., Portsea, auctioneer [Hall, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Clarke, J. Norwich, shoe-maker [Simpson and Rackham, Norwich, and Taylor, Featherstone-buildings
Carnes, C. Liverpool, glass-merchant [Hinde, Liverpool, and Chester, Staples-inn
Carne, W. jun. Penzance, Cornwall, merchant [Hales and Hichens, St. Ives, Cornwall, and Jones, Crosby-square
Cooke, G. E. Jewin-street, jeweller [Parker and Timmins, Birmingham, and Holme, and Co., New-Inn
Coopley, J. Duckenfield, Chester, provision-dealer [Woods, Rochdale, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Coupland, J. Liverpool, factor [Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co., London.
Cooper, B. Moorside, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Ainley, Delph. Yorkshire, and Battye and Co. Chancery-lane
Conway, J. Upper Stamford-street, Blackfriars-road, builder [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Coombs, J. Ansford, Somerset [Bowles and Co. Shaftesbury, and Lindsell, Holborn-court
Criddle, H. H. New Bond-street, hatter [Bowden, Bridge-street. Southwark
Collins, W. and T. Maingy. Basinghall-street, merchants [Swain and Co. Frederick's-place, Old Jewry
Collumbell, T. Derby, victualler [Moss, Derby, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Darvill, R. Cock hill, Ratcliff, cheesemonger [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook
Dowley, J. Howland-street, and Tuck, R. Pembroke-square, builders [Smith, Basinghall-street
Dranfield, J. J. Birmingham, dealer [Tyndall and Rawlins. Birmingham, and Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane
Edis, J. Sussex-place, Kent-road, brewer [Edis, Broad-street buildings
Edwards, T. Halstead, Essex, victualler [Walford and Co. Braintree, and Messrs. Bromley, Grays-inn
Evans, E. Islington, linen-draper [Willis and Co. Tokenhouse-yard
Fairclough, H. Hindly, Wigan, Lancashire, joiner [Finlow, Liverpool, and Chester, Staple-inn
Fairlie, Sir W. C. Bart. Fairlie, Ayrshire, distiller [Messrs. Crump, Liverpool, and Battye and Co. Chancery-lane
Fletcher, M. Lime-street square, merchant [Gordon, Old Broad-street
Fife, H. King's-Lynn, Norfolk, seed-merchant [Hughes, Dean-street, Fetter-lane
Forster, J. H. Bread-street, warehouseman [Brightwell, Norwich. and Taylor and Roscoe, Temple
France, F. Wakefield, corn-factor [Carr and Barker, Wakefield, and Holme and Co. New-inn
Friedman, J. W. Finsbury-square, boarding-house keeper [Adams. Great St. Helen's.
Flint, H. Paddington, Lancashire, glue manufacturer [Fitchett and Wagstaff, Warrington, and Taylor and Roscoe, King's Bench Walk, Temple
Gandar, Bedford-place, Commercial-road, brazier [Baddeley, Leman-street, Goodman's-fields
Garside, J. Manchester, cotton-spinner [Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Parker and Co. Sheffield; and Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
Gething, J. Worcester, coal-merchant [France, Worcester, and Becke, Devonshire-street, Queen-square
Green, D. Upton upon-Severn, Worcester, linen-draper [Bird, Upton-upon-Severn, and Arrowsmith and Chapman, Devonshire-street, Queen-square
Hodgkinson, W. Doncaster, grocer [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Harris, G. Battersea-fields, warehouse-keeper [Armstrong, St. John's-square
Harrison, J. Ancoats, Manchester, cotton-spinner [Seddon, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Hill, S Great Russel-street, upholder [Darke and Michael, Red Lion-square
Hillier, H. Agnes-place, Waterloo-road, horse-dealer [Caslon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Homer, J. Liverpool, merchant [Swinden. Liverpool, and Makinson, Temple
Hope, W. Woodhill, Bury, Lancashire, calico-printer [Nabb, Manchester, and Willett, Essex-street, Strand
Johnson, P. Runcorn, Cheshire, innkeeper [Tindall and Varey. Runcorn; Chester, Staple-inn
Jones, W. Yeovil, Somerset, grocer [Hayward, Norton-sub-Hamden, Somerset, and Santer, Chancery-lane
Jones, T. Leicester, hosier [Bankart, Leicester; Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row
Jackson, S. Congleton, Cheshire, silkman [Gaunt, Leak; Hicks and Brackenenridge, Bartlett's-buildings
Jackson, W. Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, smith [Stevens and Co. Little St. Thomas Apostle
King, J. Boroughbridge, Yorkshire, flax-spinner [Prickett and Robinson, Hull; Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn-square
Lowe, R. Sutton-place, Homerton, merchant [Wilde and Co., College-hill
Lagar, R. Banknewton, Yorkshire, cattle-jobber [Alcock, Skipton; Beverley, Temple
Lax, E. Manchester, publican [Clay and Thompson, Manchester; Adlington and Co.. Bedford-row
Leigh, R. Manchester, warehouseman [Battersby and Bancks, Wigan; and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Matthews, S. King-street, Clerkenwell, brewer [Shuter, Milbank-street, Westminster
Mills, T. Cockfield, Suffolk, innkeeper [Wayman, Bury St. Edmunds; and Walter, Symond's-inn, Chancery-lane

Moreau, P. L. Vassal-place, North Brixton, merchant [Watts, jun. Gray's-Inn
Nancolas, C. Tothill-street, cheesemonger [Veal, Abingdon-street, Westminster
Newey, W. Wolverhampton, miller [Robinson, Wolverhampton; and Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane
Newton, G. Birmingham, upholsterer [Davenport, Liverpool; and Chester, Staple-inn
Noakes, J. Watling-street, cloth dealer [Sorson, Bridge street, Southwark
Otton, J. Moreton-Hampstead, Devon, yeoman [Furlong, Northenhay, Exeter; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Oliver, E. Bryn, Montgomeryshire, cattle salesman [Woosman, Llanidlees Drew, Newtown; Edmunds, Lincoln's-inn
Parish, D. Norfolk-street, Middlesex Hospital, oil and colourman [Tustin, New Bridge-street, Blackfriars
Pickering, W. Worcester, iron founder [Holdsworth and Co., Worcester, and White, Lincoln's-inn
Power, W. T. and Jackson, S. Birmingham, silkmen [Parker and Timmins, Birmingham, and Holme and Co., New inn
Porter, J. St. Clears, Carmarthenshire, cattle-dealer [Paynter, Haverford-west, and Chilton, Exchequer-office, Lincoln's-inn
Price, R. Charles-street, Stepney, licensed-victualler [Horncastle, Crooked-lane
Penlington, J. Liverpool, watch-manufacturer [Leather, Liverpool, and Leigh, Charlotte-row
Perkins, E. Northampton, grocer, [Payne and Leachman, Aldermanbury
Richardson, P. Liverpool, victualler [Brown, jun. Liverpool, and Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Roberts, H. Bristol, coal-merchant [Bigg, Southampton-buildings
Rowley, H. Houndsditch, baker [Dickinson and Sadgrove, Nicholas-lane
Ritson, J. Carlisle, spirit merchant [Saul's, Carlisle, and Clennell, Staple-inn
Scott, J. Liverpool, coach-proprietor [Dunn, Birmingham, and Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street
Shepherd, T. Brighton, jeweller [Watt, Cushion-court, Old Broad-street
Sims, S. Cheltenham, sawyer [Reed, Cheltenham, and King and Co., Grays-inn
Sorrell, J. Camberwell, carpenter [King, Hatton-Garden
Stein, J. Butcher-row, East Smithfield, yeast-merchant [Lane, Lawrence Pountney-lane
Stocks, J. Manchester, shop-keeper [Booth, Manchester, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Sutton, H. Brighton, surgeon [Mumford, Goswell-street
Shepherd, T. Claremont-row, Pentonville, merchant [Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street
Smith, J. and Smith W. jun. South-Shields, rope-makers [Hodgson, Broad-street-buildings
Smith, W. Bath, carver and gilder [Harvey, Bath, and Gill, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Smith, J. Hastings, mercer [Green and Ashurst, Basinghall-steet
Sagar, R. Bank Newton, Gargrave, York, cattle-jobber [Alcock, Skipton, York, and Beverley, Garden-court, Temple
Sparrow, I. F. Bishopsgate-street, iron-monger [Clarke, Bishopsgate Church-yard
Strong, W. Brixton, Surrey, merchant [Overton and Coombe, Tokenhouse-yard
Stubbs, J. H. Manchester, merchant [Gardiner, Manchester, and Dax and Co., Holborn-court
Thomas, H Noble-street, Cheapside, tea-dealer [Smyth, Red-lion square
Thurrington, H. and Roberts, L. City-road-wharf [Harman, Wine-office-court
Tolson, M. High-Holborn, linen-draper [Green and Ashurst, Basinghall-street
Till, J. Basinghall-street, woollen-draper [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Toner, J. Friday-street, calico-printer [Sweet and Co. Basinghall-street
Tomlinson, M. Chester, inn-keeper [Madock, Chester, and Philpot and Stone, Southampton-row
Tyler, H. F. Elizabeth-place, Westminster-road, money-scrivener [Gee and Drawbridge, New North-street, Red-lion-square
Vine, M. Brighton, builder [Crosweller, Brighton, and Palmer and Co., Bedford-row
Whale, S. Lyncombe, and W. Whitcombe, Somersetshire, stationers [Hodgson, Bath, and Hughes, Clifford's-inn
White, T. Commercial Sale-rooms, Mincing-lane, wine and spirit-broker [Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Williams, F. W. Norfolk-street, Strand, tavern-keeper [Smith and Co., Golden-square
Wilson, T. Brunswick-parade, White-conduit-fields, oil and colour-man [Platts, Christ's-hospital
Wryghte, W. C. Lawrence Pountney-lane, merchant [Spurr, Copthall-buildings
Wright, S. Knutsford, Cheshire, money-scrivener [Hadfield and Grave, Manchester, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Ward, W. J. Askriggs, Yorkshire, woollen-yarn-spinner [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings
Wheeler, W. Upper-Chenies-mews, Bedford-square, coach-broker [Johnson, Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road
Woods, R. Cambridge, builder [Parkinson and Staff, Norwich, and Poole and Co., Grays-inn
Wright, H. and Leedham, G. Manchester, manufacturers [Ainsworth and Co., Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Inner Temple
Wadley, W. sen. Nightingale-vale, Woolwich, market-gardener [Brooking, Lombard-street

DIVIDENDS.

AINSWORTH, C. and Co. Lancashire, August 5
Aldred, J. Over Darwen, Lancashire, August 5
Allmond, R. Abingdon, August 22
Booty, J. Newport, Isle of Wight, July 25
Burridge, W senior and junior and J. Portsmouth, July 18
Bradley, J. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, July 29
Barney, R. Wolverhampton, August 8
Brookes, S. Bow Common, August 5
Barlow, J. and Doering, J. New road, St. George's East, August 8
Baxter, R. Hoghton, Lancashire, August 5
Bird, J. and W. Watling-street, August 5
Bingley, G. New-York, August 8
Buckmaster, J. and W. Old Bond-street, August 11
Cavenagh, N. Browne, W. and Browne, H. Bath, July 29
Coates, W. Kidderminster, Worcestershire, July 18
Cox, R. Bridge-road, Lambeth, July 29
Curtis, J. Birmingham, August 9
Crosby, R. Stationers'-court, July 29
Candler, I. Jewry-street, August 1
Culyer, W. London-wall, August 12
Collens, F. Pall-Mall, August 8
Clementson, J. Angel-court, St. Martin's le Grand, August 8
Coward, H. Preston, August 8
Davidson, T. and J. Milligan, Liverpool, July 22
Davidson, J. New Brentford, July 15
Dickenson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, July 18
Dickenson, W. Lad-lane, July 25
Dallman, T. Old Bond street, July 18
Damant. W. Sudbury, Suffolk, August 12
Dixon, A. and Taylor, W. Huddersfield, August 11
Edwards, T. Gerrard-street, Soho, July 25
Ewbank, J. Loughborough, July 25
Edgecombe, H. Tewkesbury, August 2
Ella, S. Noble-street, July 29
Eaton, R. Swansea, August 2
Edenborough, J. Chittenden, T. and Bartlett, T. Queen-street, August 12
Fowle, R. Blandford, Dorset, July 23
Fountain, J. Norwich, July 29
Forsaith, S. Shoreditch, July 28
Freeze, P. C. Gt. Winchester-street, July 29
Field, J. and Royston, R. Leeds, July 28
Flaction, F. Berwick-street, August 8
Frost, L. Macclesfield, August 25
Follard, W. Castle Tavern, King-street, Cheapside, August 11
Gardner, B. Leigh, Worcester, August 29
Glennie, A. and J. S. and W. Fry, New Broad-street, July 8, 11
Green, J. Leicester-street, Leicester-square, July 18
George, S. senior, and George, junior, July 28
Gorton, J., H., J, and Roberts, W. Tottington, Lancaster, August 2
Gathard, W. Cheapside, August 1
Green, S. Kingsland, August 1
Gray, E. Harborne, Staffordshire, August 1
Gibbs, J. Wardour-street, August 5
Giberne, and S. New Bond-street, August 8

Grueneisen, C. Lower Cumming-street, August 8
Glennie, A. and J. S. and Fry, W. New Broad-street, July 25
Heaviside, A. Bucklersbury, July 1
Harvey, M. B. Witham, and J. W. Harvey, Hadleigh Hall, Essex, July 20
Haywood, M. Wood-street, Cheapside, July 22
Herbert, B. Cheltenham, July 22
Hill, W. Worcester, July 24
Hill, J. senior, and J. Hill, junior, Wisbeach, St. Peters, Isle of Ely, July 24
Hobson, S. Crescent, Minories, July 22
Hyams, M. Regent-street, July 25
Harpham, R. J. Nottingham, August 5
Heathfield, M., R., and T. Old Broad-street, July 31
Husband, J. Great Pulteney-street, August 1
Heslop, W. T. Manchester, August 2
Horey, J. C. King-Edward-street, Mile-end, August 12
Hood, B. Trafalgar-street, Walworth Road, August 5
Howard, D. Leeds, August 5
Hutchins, N. B. St. James's-street, August 5
Hill, R. Norwich, August 14
Johnson, R. Broad-street, August 12
Lawrence, W. H. Bath, August 4
Lintott, W. Leadenhall-Market, July 25
Lyne, G. Cecil-street, Strand, August 8
Lucy, C. Bristol, August 12
Levy, J. Southampton, August 11
Morice, O. and Lohr, W. L. Norwich, August 9
Mc Farlan, J. George-street, Hanover-square, August 12
Nisbet, T. New-street, New-Road, St. Mary-le-bone, July 22
Noyes, R. Great St. Andrew-street, Seven-dials, August 12
O'Neil, A. F. and Martin, T. Liverpool, August 5
Peake, G. Milton, Kent, July 29
Piper, T. and G. Dewdney, Dorking, July 4
Pain, R. G. Lloyd's Coffee-House, July 25
Petty, G. Bawtry, York, July 31
Palyart, I. London street, Fenchurch-street, August 3
Robotham, T. Derby, July 28
Rolls, S. P. Old Fish-street, August 8
Rigby, J. Mariner, J. and Wright, T. Liverpool, July 29
Runder, F. and Campbell, W. F. Court of Commissioners, October 26
Shaw, J W. and A. W. Elmslie, Fenchurch-buildings, July 1
Singer, N. P. Liverpool, July 25
Spooner, W. Chiswell-steet, July 25
Smith, W. King-street, Seven-dials, July 18
Smith, J. and F. St. Swithin's-lane, July 29
Somers, J. Oxford-street, July 22
Shoolbred, A. and Stuart, D. August 1
Staff, E. Norwich, August 2
Skinner, W. Whissendine, Rutland, July 29
Stavely, C. junior, Leicester, August 1
Stevens, E. P. Hackney-road, July 29
Schleginger, M. B. Church-court, Lombard-street, August 1
Saunders, R. Birmingham, August 1
Salt, R. and W. Stone, Stafford, August 2
Sims, C. Crown-court, Broad-street, August 5
Stein, R. and Sim, A. H. Towerhill, August 12
Strugnell, R. B. Threadneedle-street, August 8
Smith, A. Lime-street-square, July 21
Styring, C. junior, Sheffield, August 10
Sampson, S. Size-lane, August 12
Smith, J. G. High-street, Southwark, August 1
Smith, C. Northampton, August 15
Sard, J. and Smither, J. St. Martin's-lane, September 29
Thompson, O. Wells-row, High-street, Islington, July 22
Thornton, H. Bermondsey, July 29
Thornthwaite, W. C. and Co. Fleet-street, August 1
Wooster, J. K. Middle-row, Holborn, July 22
Wood, H. and Co. Chandos-street, July 18
White, J. Holland-House, Isleworth, July 25
Whitehead, G. junior, and G. Clark, Basinghall-street, November 28
Whitaker, C. P. Strand, July 25
Whittle, C. Hastings, August 5
Wilson, E. Lymington, August 25
Wilson, T. E. Frith-street, Aug. 5
Wainwright, H. and J. Liverpool, August 4
Winstanley, T. and Crole, W. C. Liverpool, August 24
Williamson, S. T. Southampton, July 15
Williamson, T. and Jones, E. Coleman-street, August 5
Wilkinson, W. Ulverston, Lancashire, August 7
Weller, G. Birmingham, August 5
Williams, S. Finsbury-square, August 11
Wise, S. Maidstone, August 8
Ward, M. Warren-street, August 8

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. W. Hornbuckle, B.D., to the Rectory of Staplehurst, Kent—The Rev. W. Morgan, to the Rectory of Sampeter, Pembrokeshire, and to the Prebend of Clyday—The Rev. R. Morris has been appointed Chaplain to the Corporation of Stratford-upon-Avon—The Rev. H. T. Woodington, B.A., to the Vicarage of Hampton-in-Arden—The Rev. C. Reynolds, B.A., to the Rectory of Horningtoft, Norfolk, The Rev. M. Marsh, B.D., has been elected Canon Residentiary of Salisbury Cathedral—The Rev. C. Ranken, M.A., to the Lectureship at Brislington, Somersetshire—The Rev. T. Carew, B.D., to the Rectory of Bickleigh, Plymouth—The Rev. T. Porter, to the Living of St. John the Baptist, Bristol—The Rev. S. B. Vince, to the Living of Ringwood, Hants—The Rev. W. Holme, B.D., to the Rectory of Loughborough—The Rev. W. Johnson, M.A., to the Vicarage of Mattram, in Longdendale—The Rev. J. Trebeck, M.A., to the Vicarage of Cople, Bedfordshire—The Rev. R. L. Burton, to the Vicarage of the Holy Cross, and St. Giles, Shrewsbury—The Rev. R. Saunders, to the Living of Tibberton, Worcestershire—The Rev. T. Richards, to the Rectory of Llangyniew, Montgomery—The Rev. E. Evans, to the Vicarage of Pennant—The Rev. F. Hall, to the perpetual Curacy of Greasbro'—The Rev. W. Stockdale, to the Living of St. Michael on the Mount, Lincoln—The Rev. J. Hutton, to the Vicarage of Granby, Nottinghamshire—The Rev. E. H. Cropley, to the perpetual Curacy of Wicken—The Rev. M. Malpas, to the Vicarage of Awre, Gloucestershire—The Rev. R. Smith, to the perpetual Curacy of Churchdown, Gloucester—The Rev. S. Williams, to the Vicarage of Magor and Redwick, Monmouth—The Rev. T. S. Carlyon, to the Rectory of St. Mary, Truro, Cornwall—The Rev. W. Iliff, to the Minister of St. Julian's Church, Shrewsbury—The Rev. W. S. Marvin, to the Vicarage of Shawbury, Shropshire—The Rev. Mr. Wrench, to the Chapelry of Blakeney, Gloucestershire—The Rev. Mr. Cartwright, to the Prebendary of Ferring, Sussex—The Rev. Mr. Hill, to the Rectory of Scaleby—The Rev. H. F. Lyte, to the new District Church, Lower Brixham, Devon.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

June 18.—The Brig Maria, returning from Rio de la Plata, was lost off the Needles, and every soul perished except the cook and carpenter. The crew consisted of fourteen, and twenty-nine women and children. The captain has left a wife and nine children.

22.—His Majesty has ordered that the fee hitherto demanded at the Admiralty from officers of the Royal Navy, on their obtaining leave of absence to go abroad, shall be discontinued for the future.

24.—At the Old Bailey Sessions 20 criminals received sentence of death, 10 were transported for life, 6 for fourteen years, 1 for uttering a thousand forged one-pound bank-notes, sentenced for two years' hard labour in the House of Correction, 69 were sentenced to seven year's transportation, 6 to hard

labour for twelve months, 19 for six months, 1 for four months and whipping, 2 for four months, 19 for three months, and 3 for two months.

July 3.—The Lords of the Admiralty have made a grant of £1000 to Capt. Hayes, R.N., for the benefits of his improvements in ship-building.

A very handsome award has been made to H.M.'s ship Victor, for her capture of slave vessels on the coast of Africa. Capt. Woolcombe's share is reported to be nearly £4,000.

A meeting of the proprietors of Drury-lane Theatre took place, when Mr. Calcraft stated that the whole debt due by Mr. Elliston to the theatre was £5,700; of which £3,000 was actual loss during the last season. It was announced that Mr. Bish had become the lessee of the theatre for fourteen years, at a rent of £11,250. Mr. Price, the American manager, has since taken the bargain off his hands, on receiving the £2,000 deposited by Mr. Bish.

4.—Mr. Granville Sharpe's bust was placed in the Council room at Guildhall, by Mr. Chantrey. The following inscription is on the slab: "Granville Sharpe: to whom England owes the glorious verdict of her highest Court of Law, that the Slave who sets his Foot on British Ground becomes at that instant Free."

A seaman, belonging to the Glasgow collier, was sentenced by the Thames Police to six weeks' imprisonment, for having used threats and intimidations to prevent another seaman working at a lower rate of wages than "the Union" combination.

An inquisition was taken at the London Hospital, Mile-end road, on the body of Mr. J. Atwood, jun., of Will-street, who died the preceding Sunday of hydrophobia; he had been bitten slightly by a favourite terrier about three months ago. The dog became ill and was tied up, and died, from the effects of poison, as the family supposed, not having the least idea of hydrophobia.

6.—Sir Peter Laurie sworn into the office of Alderman (at Guildhall) of Aldersgate ward, in the room of Alderman Cox, deceased.

7.—In a late Court of Admiralty Lord Stowell awarded £9,000 salvage to Messrs. Bell, for raising by machinery a vessel sunk off Whitstable, laden with brandy, valued at £14,000, which the owners had vainly attempted to recover for twelve months.

At a Court-Martial, held on board the Britannia at Plymouth, Mr. G. Hannaford (Master of the North Star) was dismissed His Majesty's service for gross negligence, while conducting the North Star into Plymouth Sound, in running that ship upon the Breakwater.

12.—The Parliament prorogued by the King-in-Council, to the 24th of August.

20.—The Goldsmith's Company gave a grand dinner to those of His Majesty's ministers who are in town; Alderman Garratt, master-warden, in the chair.

His Majesty has ordered another £1,000 to be remitted to the Committee for the distressed Spitalfields folks.

The Lord Mayor held a Court of Common Council at Guildhall, at which a deed for securing to the Lords of the Treasury the repayment of a further advance of £30,000 for rebuilding London Bridge, was sealed.

21.—Lady Erskine waited on the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, soliciting his protection, as she was reduced to absolute starvation; a statement which the trustees of the annuity granted by his Majesty flatly contradicted.

News arrived with an account of the loss of the Maria mail-boat, with the Methodist missionaries on board, off the island of Antigua; every soul perished but Mrs. Jones, who stated that had she not have drank salt water she must have died also.

MARRIAGES.

The hon. Mr. Moreton, son of Lord Ducie, to the hon. Miss Dutton, daughter of Lord Sherborne; Colonel Austen, to Miss C. C. Manning—At Glenlee, the Chief of Clanranald, to Lady Ashburton; C. J. Berguer, esq., to Miss E. Cave; Bright, the eldest son of William Smith, esq., of Kensington Gore, to Mary Ann, second daughter of the late G. A. Nash, esq., of Finsbury-square; Abel Smith, esq., M.P., to Frances Anne, youngest daughter of General Sir H. Calvert, bart.; Robt. Gosling, esq., to Georgina Vere, daughter of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan; Sir C. Smith, bart., of Suttons, Essex, to Mary, second daughter of W. Gosling, esq., Portland Place.

DEATHS.

At Lambeth, 80, the relict of the late Dr. R. Mant; 76, James Bellamy, esq., late of Tower-hill; 71, the Earl of Chichester, in Stratton-street, Piccadilly—At Blackheath, Miss Dee: she was lady in waiting upon the Princess Sophia Matilda; she had attained her 80th year, and had been in the family 46 years—At Woolwich, Miss J. Dickson, daughter of Sir A. Dickson—At High Wood, Sir Stamford Raffles, late Lieut.-Governor of Bencoolen and Sincapore; Bunce Curling, esq., of Baker-street, Portman-square; 80, Mr. R. Williams, Hackney; T. Butterworth, esq., late M.P. for Dover. His death, which happened June 30, was occasioned by the fatigue he had undergone in his unsuccessful contest for Dover for the present Parliament; 73, John Farquhar, esq., late owner of Fonthill Abbey—At London, Lieut. J. Sinclair, 10th N.I., from the effects of the Arracan fever; he was the 6th son of Sir John Sinclair, bart.—At Ham Common, Evelyn P. Medows, esq., nephew of the last Duke of Kingston—In Green Park Place, Bath, Mary, Dowager Countess of Kintore; Lady Harriette, wife of Sir J. Chetwode, bart., and eldest daughter of the late Earl of Stamford; 74, Mr. J. Roberts, he accompanied Sir Joseph Bankes in his first voyage with Capt. Cook round the world, and in his voyage to Iceland; 82, W. Vale, esq., at his house in Montague Place—At Kensington, Mrs. Mattocks, late of Covent Garden Theatre—In Bolton-street, Piccadilly, Lady Georgina Grenfell, eldest daughter of the Earl and Countess of Sefton—At the Bell Inn, Barnley Moor, Lady Saltoun, daughter of the late Lord Chancellor Thurlow; her ladyship was suddenly taken ill while travelling, and died of apoplexy; Taylor Coombe, esq., keeper of the medals at the British Museum; the Right Hon. Henry de la Poer Beresford, Marquis of Waterford, at Carmarthen, on his way to Buxton—At West Cowes, the hon. Sophia Georgiana Flower, youngest daughter of Lord Viscount Ashbrook—At Westbourne, Miss Anguish, sister to the Duchess Dowager of Leeds.

MARRIAGE ABROAD.

Lord Dudley Stuart, to a niece of the late Napoleon Buonaparte.

DEATHS ABROAD.

Brig. Robt. M'Dowall, Lieut.-Col. com. of 1st European reg., and commanding 2d brig. of Madras troops at Ava, was killed at Wattegoon, near Prome, Nov. 16 last; Dr. Archibald Lang, Surgeon Royal Naval Hospital, Jamaica, April 21, from having accidentally punctured his finger dissecting a dead body in the hospital; 86, Christian Horsford, relict of the hon. J Horsford, of the island of Antigua—In April last, at Jamaica, Mr. Osborne Cross; Mr. J. Buchanan, late merchant of Ostend—At Berne, Switzerland, Lieut.-Gen. Sir Mosley Power, K.C.B. and K.T.S.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

Lieut. G. Lindsay has suggested to the principal coal proprietors of that district a method for the additional ventilating of mines. He proposes that two air pumps should be erected in the present ventilator, forcing down continually a column of atmospheric air; they are to be worked by the engine at the bottom of the ventilator. He proposes hoses to be fitted to conduct the air to any part of the workings where it may be required.

Mr. Wm. Wood, a gentleman who resides at Lumner-hill Grove, near Newcastle, has contrived a means of taking hydrogen gas out of coal-pits, by an apparatus which is so devised, that ignition may be produced by it at any hour.

The mail passed for the first time along the new line of road over Gateshead Fell on Saturday night June 17. This alteration, in the great road between London and Edinburgh is of very great advantage to travellers.

A meeting of the principal inhabitants of the parish of Ryton was lately held, to take into consideration the best means of relieving the distress occasioned by the late disastrous occurrence at the Townley Main colliery, by which twenty men and eighteen boys lost their lives, and nineteen widows with sixty-two children are left in the greatest distress, when a subscription was immediately entered into, and amounts now to nearly a thousand pounds.

At a meeting of the ship-owners of Newcastle, on July 4, resolutions were entered into expressive of their sentiments of alarm at the alterations that have been made by his Majesty's government in the navigation and colonial system of Great Britain, and a Committee was appointed to wait on the Northumberland. Durham, and Newcastle members, to endeavour to impress on their minds the necessity of an immediate revision of those laws.

Married.] At Newcastle, Wm. Smith, esq., to Margaret, daughter of the late Major John Werge; Robert Jackson, M.D., to Miss Tidy—At Durham, Mr. Kirkley, to Miss M. Shafto; Mr. Hopper, to Miss Tayler—At Northallerton, Mr. Gifford, to Miss Nicholson—At Earsdon, Capt. R Kell, to Miss E. Lamb, of Blyth Link-house—At Bishopwearmouth, Mr. R. Crow, to Miss Fairbridge.

Died.] At Shoreston, H. G. Grey, esq., eldest son of Robert Grey, esq.—At Langton Grange, Jane, wife of Capt. Watt—At Whitholm, the hon. Thos. Grey, fifth son of Earl Grey—At Newcastle, 83, Mrs. J. Gardner; Mr. R. R. Rankin; C. Ogle, esq. He had been thirty-four years collector of the Customs at that port; 71, Mrs. J. Hall, of St. Lawrance—At Bishop-Auckland, 75, Mr. G. Douglas—At Evenwood, 84, George Emmerson; J. Moore, esq., son of W. Moore, esq., of Gromeshill, Westmorland—At North Shields, 88, Mrs Robinson—At Rothbury, 87, Mrs. Davidson; G. D. Shafto, esq., of Bavington-hall; Miss Frances Blackett, daughter to the late Sir W. Blackett, bart., of Maften-hall.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The anticipated withdrawal of Scotch notes has been the principal topic of interest in these counties, and at a meeting held at Carlisle, July 13, it was resolved to present memorials on this subject to the Treasury, and to the Scotch bankers.

Married.] Mr. T. Burgess, to Miss Isabella Carr; Mr. J. Smith, to Miss Nicholls—At Rockliff, Mr. H. Rowlands, to Miss S. Barnes—At Kendal, Mr. B. Leadbeater, to Miss E. Bellman; Mr. W. Shepherd, to Miss M. Rigg, of Stavely; Mr. J. Miles, to Miss M. Glendinning; Mr. B. Garrod, to Miss S. Parker—At Workington, Mr. G. Relph, to Miss M. Johnston; Mr. W. Myers, to Miss M. Mairs; Mr. J. Jared, to Miss I. Thompson.

Died.] At Carlisle, Miss Hornsby; Mr. R. Noble—At Workington, 81, Mrs. H. Mounsay; 73, Mrs. J. Twentyman; 89, Mary Sewell—At Rockliff Cross, 65, Mr. J. Wright—At Henry's Town, 76, Mr. J. Hamilton—At Bogburn, 85, Mr. Robt. Lamb—A Castle-carrock, Mrs. Watson—At Maryport, Mr. T. Parrat; Mrs. J. Thomson—At Kendal, 76, Mr. J. Carlyle; 79, Mrs. John; Mrs. Simpson.

YORKSHIRE.

The weather was very sultry during the whole month of June. In the last week of June and the first of July there were some most severe thunderstorms, attended with violent showers of rain and hail. The hail-stones were larger than a pigeon's egg, and great damage was done to the fruits in the gardens; and a vast quantity of glass broken in pineries, hot-houses, &c. The damage done at Castle Howard, the seat of the Earl of Carlisle, in glass alone, was estimated at £600.

The Yaux Gloriosa (Adam's needle), a very rare plant in this country, is in flower at Messrs. Blackhouse's garden, York. It is ten feet high, about fifteen years old, and this is the first time it has flowered.

The conflagrations upon the Moors, which is supposed to have been caused by the lightning, has been most destructive; on Ilkley Moor 300 acres are burnt; Burley Moor is partly consumed; Thornton Moor is entirely destroyed, and with it all the young plantations, which cost upwards of £2,000 in planting; Oaksworth Moor is entirely burnt; Ovenden Moor, Holme Moss, Burnsall Fell, Hebden and Grassinton Moors, are on fire; and unless incessant and heavy rain should speedily fall, every one of these must be entirely destroyed.

A public meeting of about 1,000 persons, was lately held on Hunslet Moor, Leeds, and a series of resolutions passed, attributing the causes of the present melancholy distresses not to over-trading, but to the government's tampering with the national currency, and other expensive management.

Married.] At Featherstone, Geo. Ton, esq., to Elizabeth Duroure, niece of Sir Edmund Mark Winn; John Henry Cottey, esq., to Frances Dorothy, daughter of Thomas Cottey.

Died.] At Lethington, Henry Masterman, esq.—At Welham-bridge, Wm. Simpson, esq.—At Doncaster, John Henry Mawe, esq.—At Lutton-hall, Lady Hoare Harland—At Swabow, Miss Margaret Paul—At Leeds, Lieut. Geo. Teesdale—At Langton Grange, near Darlington, Mrs. Watts—At Darlington, Mrs. Wright.

LANCASHIRE.

The magistrates of Manchester have (under the authority of a recent act of parliament) awarded damages to those persons whose windows, &c. were broken during the late riots, where the damages did not exceed £30, beyond which sum the justices have not power to go. The damages claimed against the hundred of Blackburn alone amount to nearly £14,000.

The cost of the distribution of bacon, meal, peas, and herrings, July 7, to the distressed manufacturers, amounted to £513. 19*s.* 1½*d.*, and that of July 14, to £477. 6*s.* 8½*d.* The subscriptions fall off, and when it is remembered that nearly 50,000 persons are now living upon this fund, and above 10,000 upon the poor's rates, the reflection appals one, as there is not the least improvement in commercial affairs. On the contrary, bad as things have been, there is every appearance of their becoming worse.

The Wellington road and bridge through Stockton were opened July 3. The procession reached a mile in length; and although 50,000 persons attended no accident occurred.

July 5, just before midnight a most tremendous fire broke out at the warehouses of Messrs. Aspinall and Knowles, sailmakers, at Liverpool. The bulk of the property lost on this melancholy occasion con-

sisted of corn, cotton, ship-stores, and the buildings, to the amount of £100,000. The origin of the fire is said to have arisen from some cotton ignited by a man carelessly smoking a pipe.

Married.] At Manchester, Mr. R. Bradwell, to Miss C. Hulme; R. Mayne, esq., to Miss S. J. Meek; Mr. W. Ashton, to Miss E. Wilditch; Mr. J. Smith, to Miss G. Beaumont; Mr. Barnes, to Miss Beswick; Mr. Ball, to Miss Harrison—At Liverpool, Mr. Harrison, to Miss M. Johnson—At Radcliffe, Francis Burton, esq., to Miss S. H. Norris.

Died.] At Manchester, 85, Mrs. Bentley; Mr. Dunstan, governor of the New Bailey prison; Mr. T. Turner, of Woodlands—At Preston, 65, Mr. J. Parkinson; 81, Mr. J. Thomas, of Rose-hill. He was one of the oldest bleachers in the county; 60, the Rev. J. Holland, of Bolton, author of Essays on History, Exercises for the Memory and Understanding, &c.; 85, Mrs. Holt, of Ardwick; Miss Rawlinson, Lancaster—At Bolton, the Rev. J. Holland; the Rev. J. Hodgkinson, Vicar of Leigh.

DERBYSHIRE.

The report of the committee appointed to superintend the erection of a New Free Church in Derby, states that the commencement of the work will immediately be entered upon with activity and despatch. It will cost £8,400.

Buxton races have gone off with very great éclat, and active exertions are already making to give even additional interest to those of next year, as it has been found that the new race-stand is too small to accommodate the visitors.

The receipts at Borrowash, Derbyshire, at the recent opening of the Chapel, amounted to upwards of £60.

The newly erected Wesleyan chapel at Borrowash has been lately opened, and two sermons were preached on the occasion, when £103. 18s. 10d. was collected. At the last the congregation was overflowing, and a sermon was preached in the adjoining field to those who could not gain admittance to the chapel, amounting to about 300 people.

July. 4. Mr. Green made an ascent with his balloon at Derby, and after remaining in the air about 50 minutes, safely descended.

Married.] At Duffield, Mr. J. Lambe, to Miss Turner—At Chesterfield, Mr. W. Mitchell, to Miss Johnson—At Ockbrooke, Mr. Haywood, to Miss E. Downman—At Ashbourn, Mr. Smith, to Miss Bagnald.

Died.] At Derby, 85, Mrs. Meynell—71, Mr. Abbot—77, Mr Spor, of Formark park—At Longford, Mrs. D. Windsor—At Draycott, 70, Humphrey Hart; he had been in the employ of Messrs. Towle upwards of forty years; and, agreeable to his wish, was drawn to the grave by a favourite horse in their service nearly thirty years old—At Chesterfield, Mr. W. Heath—At Uttoxeter, 82, Rev. D. Astle—85, Mrs. Fox—At Mackworth, 77, Mr. Toplis—At Mappleton, Mrs. Bennett—At Ilkeston, 54, E. Burrowes—94, Mr. Spencer—58, Mrs. Gamble.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

There are upwards of one thousand houses uninhabited or in an unfinished state now in Nottingham and neighbourhood; two years ago not a house could be obtained.

By a statement of the accounts of the Nottingham Savings' Bank, exhibited at the last quarterly meeting, it appeared that the sum of £191,381. 0s. 11d. has been received from 5,075 depositors, and £115,937. 17s. repaid to depositors, of which sums £7,447, 12s. 2d. has been repaid, and £4,199. 15s. 4d. received, during the last quarter.

Married.] At Nottingham, Mr. Heath, to Miss E. Gibson—Mr. St. J. Moore, to Miss Wheat—Mr. J. Savage, to Mrs. H. Patrick—At Newark, Mr. J. Hackett, to Miss M. Bainbridge—Mr. J. Bycroft, to Miss C. Holmes—At East Retford, Mr. B. Cliby, to Miss M. Littlewood.

Died.] At Newark, 87, J. Patterson, esq.; and in consequence of drinking cold-water while in a state of perspiration, Catherine, wife of N. Lupton, esq.—80, Mrs. Mary Alvey, of Nottingham—43, Capt. Beardsley—At Sutton in Ashfield, 82, Mr. Wilson—Mr. R. Wilkes, of New Snenton, by the heat of the weather—At Daybrook, R. Denison, esq. He was formerly an eminent cotton manufacturer, and in 1794 he became the object of vengeance of a lawless mob, and had his property destroyed because he was an enemy to the war. Lieut. Alfred Denison, his youngest son, died in the same house the day previous to his father's death.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

A concert for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers was performed at the Grammar School-Room at Uppingham, under the patronage of the neighbouring gentry and clergy.

Married.] Mr. E. Green to Mrs. Day, both of Boston, being his fifth wife, and her second husband. His last wife had five husbands—Mr. E. Heycock, of Owsten in this county, to Miss M. Cockshott of Leeds—At Loughborough, Mr. Brown, to Miss D. Kind—At Packington, Mr. Sharman, to Miss J. Andrew.

Died.] At Leicester, Miss Whittle—Mr. T. V. Gregory—77, Mr. Richardson, of Marfield—Mr. W. Lewis, of Great Wigston—Mr. William Haines of Melbourne—At Little Claybrook, 86, Mrs. Varnham—79, Mr. Perkins—At Gaulby, 64, the Rev. R. Walker, thirty years rector of Gaulby and Norton—At Castle Donington, 93, Mrs. Matson—At Gaddesby, 80, Mrs. Lawrence.

WARWICKSHIRE.

Though, during the late cry of distress, very little has been said about the once opulent town of Birmingham, yet has it suffered very considerable privation, and at the present time one-half of the working population is out of employ. As Birmingham has so extensive an influence throughout the kingdom, those towns whose commerce consists more especially in those branches, must of course equally feel the effect of the reduction which has taken place in copper, iron, and steel goods. Twenty furnaces are put out of blast in Wales, and several in Staffordshire. The average price of iron from beginning of last year is full 45 per cent.

Died.] Mrs. Smith, Hampton Lucy—At Birmingham, Mr. W. T. Bedington—At Bilston, Thomas Knowles, aged 101 years and 6 months—Mrs. Hassall, relict of the late H. Hassall, esq., of Solihull.

SHROPSHIRE.

Bridgnorth fair, June 30th, was one of the gloomiest known in that town for more than twenty years past. Of all kinds of live-stock, at least one-third brought for disposal was taken back.

Married.] At Shrewsbury, Mr. Gwynn, to Miss Hudson—At Grinshall, Rev. J. Wood, to Miss E. Pitt, of Wenlock—Mr Burrows of Chelmarsh, to Miss M. Bishop, of Rowton—At Oldbury, R. Foley, esq., to Miss C. Blacker.

Died.] At Hales Owen, 76, Mr. J. Taylor, by a fall from his gig—At Shrewsbury, Mrs. R. M. Owen, relict of the late W. M. Owen, esq., M.P.; 81, Mr. R. Davies—At Aston, 82, Mrs. E. North—At Stanford Court, Miss C. Winnington, daughter of Sir T. E. Winnington, Bart., M P.—At Bridgnorth, 85, Mrs. Bailiss; Mr. J. Lilley, head steward to Marquess of Stafford; upw rds of forty years he had been in the service of that noble family.

WORCESTER.

At Pershore Great Fair there were but few fat cattle, which sold readily at from 6*d.* to 6½*d.* per lb; the supply of sheep was very large, and far exceeded the demand, which was unusually limited; price 5½*d.*; lamb, 6*d.* to 6½*d.* The shew of horses was large, much reduced in price. It is a disgrace to the police and manners of this highly intellectual country, that the custom at Pershore of holding fairs in church-yards is not put down; no doubt the practice had a religious origin, but at this day it must be obvious to any one that it has any tendency but a religious one. Common decency requires that a

drinking booth should not be fixed over the mansion of the dead, nor should the gamester be allowed to throw his dice upon the tomb.

July 3.—A most malancholy and awful event happened to a party of pleasure on Malvern Hills from the effects of a great storm of thunder and lightning. Miss E. Hill and Miss Woodword were struck dead by the lightning, and Misses Johanna and Margaret Hill, with several ladies and gentlemen, were dreadfully burnt.

At the Assizes, ten were condemned, five transported, nineteen imprisoned.

Married.] At Worcester, Mr. Woodyatt, to Miss A. Wilde; F. Haywood, esq., to Mrs. Waldron; Mr. S. Leonard, M.H., to Miss E. S. Page.

Died.] Rev. L. Middleton, rector of Great and Little Comberton, in this county—he was returning home from Tewkesbury, where he had been to attend the Clerical Society, and was killed by a fall from his horse—At Audnam, near Stourbridge, M. Grazebrook, esq.—At Kidderminster, J. Sprigg, esq., alderman; Miss Woodward, of Birlington—At Martley Court, Mr. S. Pritchard—At Worcester, 75, Mr. E. Goodere; 83, Mr. W. Benton; 66, Mr. O. W. Lloyd; Mrs. E. Baylis—At Bromsgrove, 70, Mrs. Williams.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

At the wool fairs held lately at Chepstow, Monmouth, Usk and Colford, at each of which large quantities of very superior wool are usually exhibited for sale, the price was so low, owing to the great depression in the woollen manufactures, and the cheapness of foreign wool, that the prime parcels did not obtain above 10*s.* 6*d.* per stone of 13½ lbs., and average parcels only 9*s.* per stone, which is from about 8*d.* to 10*d.* per lb. The same wools this time last year obtained a ready sale at from 1*s.* 6*d.* to 2*s.* per lb.

At Hereford annual wool fair, July 1, little business was done, and at ruinously low terms; 12*s.* 6*d.* per stone was the top price—the same as at the last fair sold from 18*s.* to 22*s.* per stone. For a lot of the finest Merino wool from Foxley, only 14*s.* was offered; the same description of wool has sold for 70*s.* per stone at former fairs. Horses nearly 30 per cent. lower.

Died.] Mr. T. Smith, of Lower Weston.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

A Branch Bank from the Bank of England was opened at Gloucester on the 19th of July.

Operations have been begun for erecting a new bridge across the Severn at Over.

The June Meeting of the Forest of Dean and Chepstow District Agricultural Society was held June 26, at Chepstow, for the shew of Breeding Stock, when a variety of premiums were awarded.

At Gloucester fair, July 5, less business was transacted than ever was known there, nor was any preceding fair ever worse attended.

Married.] Rev. H. Clissold, of Hill House, to Marianne, daughter of Mr. Justice Bayley.

Died.] 79, Mr. W. Jelf—At the Hotwells, Mrs. Fowler, of Filton House; Mr. E. F. Housman, Tetbury; Mrs. A. Baker, of Tickenham; Mrs. Cox, of Wormley; 90, Mrs. Pugh—At Painswick, 89, Mr. Hogg.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Married.] At Oxford, Mr. G. Cox, to Miss Jane Jackson; C. Gilbee, esq., to Miss M. J. Williams; Rev. J. Williams, to Miss A. Taunton.

Died.] Rev. J. Broadhurst, M.H., of Wadham College; Rev. G. A. Legge, of Christ Church, and Vicar of Bray; Miss M. Worland at Kidlington; Mr. W. Gardner, late city marshal for Oxford.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

At the Summer Assizes, four criminals condemned to death—six transportation—two imprisonment—three no bills found—three acquittals.

Married.] At Egham, Capt. Castle, 77th regt., to Miss Burton, daughter of T. Burton, esq., of Bakeham House—At Newbury, 68, Dr. Winterbottom.

Died.] 95, Mr. L. Kennedy, of Windsor—At Donnington near Newbury, 67, Lieut.-Col. F. S. Stead.

HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

At the Summer Assizes for Bedford, one transported—fifteen imprisoned—one whipped—four acquitted—one remains for bastardy. The gentlemen of the special jury, on the case of finding Sir G. P. Turner of unsound mind, have generously presented their fees (twenty-four guineas) to the county infirmary.

Married.] At Therfield, Rev. B. Nicols, to Miss J. Leathes—At Walkern, Mr. W. Ray, 74, to Mrs. M. Cook. He has had three wives, *who led him* to the hymeneal altar—he being stone blind.

Died.] Mr. Pocock, a respectable sheep salesman and miller, near St. Albans. He dropped down in a fit at Smithfield, and instantly expired on June 19; 81, Mrs. Pollard, at Bennington rectory.

NORTHAMPTON.

At Northampton Summer Assizes, nine prisoners were condemned for death and six reprieved—eleven transportation—seven imprisonment of different periods—eight were discharged by proclamation—besides several acquittals.

June 27.—The foundation stone was laid at Northampton, for the erection of a Sunday School, in connexion with the Castle Hill Meeting.

Married.] At Stamford Baron, W. Whitby, esq., to Miss Louisa Phillips—At Thropston, J. Yorke, esq., to Ellinor Lockwood, only daughter of the Rev. W. L. Maydwell.

Died.] At Northampton, 89, Mrs. E. Scriven; 76, W. Birdsall, esq—At Uppingham, 73, Mr. Boon—At Wellingborough, 67, M. E. Jones, esq., Deputy Lieutenant for this county.

NORFOLK.

The commissioners under the paving acts have granted £60 towards the commencement of Macadamizing several of the streets at Norwich. And at the last quarterly assembly of the Corporation £100 was voted for repaving and *not* Macadamizing the pavement of several other streets.

A new Corn Exchange is at length fixed on at Norwich.

At the general Court of Guardians held at Norwich, July 3, the mulct for the next quarter was fixed at £15,000, being an addition to the last of £3,000, rendered necessary by the increased applications from the unemployed.

The annual regatta at Yarmouth was remarkably well attended on both days; no accident occurred.

Mr. Charles Green (accompanied by his brother) made his fifty-first ærial excursion with a balloon, June 21. at Lynn, in the presence of 20,000 people, and after remaining an hour in the air, descended safely at Southery, near Downham.

Married.] Rev. J. Raven of Methwold to Miss Grant—At Yarmouth, Rev. E. C. Kemp to Miss E. A. Reynolds—At Fellbrigg, G. T. Wyndham, esq., to Miss M. A. Windham, niece to the late Right Hon. W. Windham—At White Parish, H. W. Mason, esq., to Miss Horatia Matcham, niece of the late and present Lord Nelson.

Died.] Miss S. E. Wodehouse, daughter of E. Wodehouse, esq., M.P.; T. Martineau, esq., and 76, Mr. Taylor, of Norwich—At Hindringham, 95, Miss E. Brown, of Fulmodeston Hall—82, Mr. J. Page, of Long Stratton—At Castle Meadow, 78, Mr. Blake—At Yarmouth, both 83, Mr. Powell and Mrs. Pizza—At Thirnig, 70, Mr. S. Johnson.

SUSSEX.

June 27.—A dreadful fire broke out at Clark's hotel, Bognor. It appears that during the preparations for dinner the chimney unfortunately caught

fire, which quickly set the whole in a blaze, and, in a few hours, reduced that extensive establishment, three lodging-houses and several cottages to a heap of ruins. No engines were to be procured nearer than Chichester, a distance of eight miles. A subscription is raising on behalf of the sufferers.

June 21.—The Governors of Tunbridge School held their first annual visitation since the establishment of the School under the late order of the Court of Chancery.—There are *sixteen* exhibitions of £100 per annum each—to one or at most two of which, scholars are to be appointed annually—until 1829—but after that period, four boys are to be elected every year—The successful candidate on this occasion was B. Hayley, of Brightling, Sussex; the exhibitions being open to scholars from all parts of the kingdom, with a *preference* to those dwelling within ten miles of Tunbridge. Copies of the statutes and regulations were distributed in the School to the company assembled, and means have been taken to circulate them throughout the county. We hope the day is not far off when the same pains will be taken with all the public schools in the kingdom, some of which are in a shamefully neglected state, notwithstanding the laudable and laborious exertions of Mr. Brougham.

Married.] At Funtington, Major W. Hewitt, son of General Sir G. Hewitt, bart., to Sarah, daughter of General Sir J. Duff—At Brighton, A. Green, esq., to Mrs. C. Chambers; the Rev. W. Stevens, to Miss M. A. Fermer.

Died.] At Shoreham, Mr. Cheesman—At Arundel, Mrs. T. Biddle; 84, Mrs. Shotter—At Chichester, Mrs Sayers—At Brighton, 76, Mr. H. Kelsey.

HANTS.

The forty-second quarterly meeting of the Southampton Savings Bank was held at the Guildhall on Monday the 19th June, when it appeared that the deposits made during the last quarter amounted to £1,717. 7s. 1d.; the returns of depositors to £3,983. 9s. 3d.; and the total deposits to £58,815. 9s. 4d.

At the Hampshire Assizes five were condemned to death—five to be transported—and one to imprisonment.

By the meteorological journal kept at the observatory of the Royal Academy at Gosport, it appears that we have not had so dry a spring, or so small a quantity of rain as the last afforded, since 1806, a period of twenty years. June 27. was a dry, hot sultry day and night, as soon after noon the thermometer in the shade (northern aspect) rose to 86 degrees, and a dead calm was observed at intervals with glows of descending heat from a bed of *cirrocumulus* in the zenith, which confined the heat downwards and raised the thermometer as high as its maximum for the last summer. The mean temperature of the external air for June was four degrees higher than the mean of June for the last ten years.

Married.] At Andover, Mr. George Guyatt, of Abbotts Ann Mill, to Martha, the sixth daughter of Mr. Robert Moore, of Charlton—At Milford, Mr. John King, son of Mr. George King, builder, to Ann, the only daughter of Mr. Thomas Hill.

Died.] 88, Mr. Hobbs, formerly of the Black Swan Inn, Winchester—Henry Masterman, esq., of Millbrook—At Southampton, Capt. C. Methuen, son of P. Methuen, esq., of Cersham House.

WILTS.

At the Spring ploughing match and annual sheep-shearing of the Wiltshire Society for the encouragement of agriculture, &c., held at Market, Lavington, there were seventeen candidates for the premiums offered for ploughing in the different classes; the competition was good, and the work was performed in a manner that elicited the warm approbation of the judges and the gentlemen present.

At the Summer assizes held at Salisbury—seven were condemned to death—eight to be transported—sixteen to imprisonment.

Married.] At Salisbury, Mr. W. Randall to Mrs. E. Coombs—At Seend, Mr. Sainsbury to Miss A. Ludlow—At Marlborough, Mr. Smart to Miss Durnford.

Died.] Mrs. Young, of Trowbridge—At Strafford, near Salisbury, Mr. Sargeant—66, Mr. Warren, of Ogbourn St. George—Mrs. Rolfe, of Potterne.

SOMERSET.

The new road between Wiveliscombe and Tiverton, through Bampton, is now open, by which a saving of two miles is effected, as well as an avoidance of hills. The entire line to Southmolton is expected to be completed shortly, effecting a saving of seven miles, and without a hill.

The Tonnage Rates, and those of the Bristol Dock Company, increased last year £1,427.

At their last meeting, the Bristol Committee for the relief of distressed manufacturers, came to a resolution to remit £500 to the London Committee, £100 to Wotton-under-edge; £50 to Road Hill; £50 to Rowberrow and Shipham; £30 to Chippenham; and £25 to Broughton Gifford.

Copies of the opinions of the Committee of the Privy Council relative to the Wharfage Charges in the port of Bristol have been sent to each member of the Chamber of Commerce, for the information of those engaged in the trade between Ireland and Bristol; but the different construction put upon the meaning of the Acts by the two Public Bodies is at such variance, that some further steps will be necessary to be taken before the question is decided.

Yeovil fair was the dullest ever known. Fat and lean stock of every description were on the decline. The horse fair exhibited a great number of inferior animals, of all descriptions, very few of which were sold. The wool fair was in a complete stagnant state.

Married.] At Bath, H. M. Chadwick, esq., Leventhorpe House, Yorkshire, to Eliza Catharine, daughter of the late General Chapman, Tainfield House in this county—N. Smith, esq., to Lucy, daughter of the late T. Rigmaiden, esq., Liverpool—At Bristol, H. Bengough, esq., to Miss L. Chapman; Capt. Williams to Miss H. Jacobs; Rev. S. E. Day, to Miss O. Hoare.

Died.] At Bath, Catherine, daughter of the late E. Bearcroft, king's counsel—J. S. Gould (on board H. M.'s brig Zephyr, coming from Monte Video), son of the Rev. R. F. Gould, rector of Luckham in this county—Mr. J. Selway, Bath; his death was caused by a fall from his horse; and in the same house, within an hour, his aunt, Mrs. Mary Robins, also died—At Wells, Admiral Holloway—At Taunton, Dr. Bryant.

DORSETSHIRE.

The annual general meeting of the Dorset Agricultural Society was held at Blandford, June 29, when a variety of premiums were awarded for sheep-shearing, for live stock and wool, wheat crops; and, what is very creditable to those who received them, there were several for industry and faithful servitude, examples worthy of imitation throughout the kingdom. Arrangements are making at Dorchester for the formation of a Friendly County Society. And £300 has been remitted to the Dorset District Committee for the Preservation of Lives from Shipwreck, who held their annual general court at the County-hall July 13.

Married.] W. Daniel, esq., of Kew House, to Miss J. S. Harding—At Shaftesbury, Rev. T. Evans, to Miss C. Bacon—At Dorchester, I. Tooze, esq., to Miss White.

Died.] At Canford Magna, 66, Rev. G. T. Brice, rector of that place—Mr. J. Jones, at the Dorchester Barracks—79, G. Wood, esq., at Upway—At Weymouth, I. Cossins, esq.; Mrs. Tizard—At Poole, Mrs. Orchard; Mrs. Wadham—At Tillworth Cottage, 72, T. Barnes, esq.; a short time since, 81, Mrs. Barnes.

DEVONSHIRE.

Lord Rolle has given orders for continuing his canal from Torrington to Wolley Lodge. Upwards of 500 trees that are in the line are to be taken down, and two lime-kilns, for the service of the farmers, are to be built.

June 29.—The tolls of the Devonport market were put up at auction and let, for £1,790 per annum.

The Teignmouth new public rooms have been lately opened; and great progress is making with the new bridge from Teignmouth to Sheldon.

The new road from Biddeford to Torrington is opened. By this communication the distance is lessened upwards of a mile; and a level road is substituted for the former very hilly and unpleasant stage. A new line of road is opened between Ashburton and Chudleigh by which the hills at Bickington and Traveller's Rest are avoided, and the distance shortened.

Married.] At Exeter, Rev. J. Scobell, to Miss E. Land, of Nayne House, Silverton; G. Wright, esq., to Miss E. M. Paddon; Mr. Score, to Mrs. Hawkey; Mr. Hoggins, to Miss Couch.

Died.] At Bishop's Court, Paget Trefusis, son of Lord Graves—Rev. G. Boughton, of Tiverton—83, Rev. W. Davy, vicar of Winkleigh; he had but lately been presented to the living—At Uffculm, 83, Mr. Cottrell—At Heavitree, 82, Lieut. S. Flinders.

CORNWALL.

July 5.—Launceston cattle-fair was very dull; the shew of cattle was less than usual, but still the number far exceeded the demand; and the business was very dull at Probus fair also; store cattle were nearly unsaleable; the prices for fat cattle were by no means equal to the expectation of the sellers, and horses were not in demand.

New churches are to be built at Truro, Gwennap, and Redruth.

Married.] At Redruth, Mr. S. Martin, to Miss Teague; Mr. R. Temby, to Miss G. Michell—At Falmouth, Mr. J. Hallamore, to Miss Thomas; Mr. J. Joseph, to Miss Alexander—At St. Columb, Lieut. J. Saunders, to Miss M. Jones.

Died.] At Falmouth, J. Price, esq.; Miss Philp—At Penzance, 72, Mrs. Weaver; 76, Mrs. Lander.

WALES.

Conway Suspension Bridge is at length completed and opened; it is a beautiful structure, and the new line of road which is forming from the town of Conway over the old race-course, so as to avoid the dangerous steeps of Sychpant and Penmaenmawr, is rapidly proceeding. A tumult has recently occurred in the vicinity of Aberystwith in consequence of Mr. Brockenbury (a Lincolnshire gentleman) having bought an estate there and built a house, which has been set fire to, and levelled with the ground by a lawless mob. The military are in search of the perpetrators, who pretend to justify their proceedings by saying the lands enclosed were waste lands.

The South Wales Mining Company has been dissolved in consequence of the disastrous state of trade.

Died.] Rev. W. Davies Shipley, Dean of St. Asaph. He was in his 81st year. The bold and constitutional defence made by Lord Erskine in the celebrated prosecution for libel against the Dean, was one of the principal foundations of that eminent advocate's fame—At Penllan, Radnorshire, 83, H. Powell, esq.—At Welch Pool, 68, Mrs. Bedward—At Tenby, Major T. W. Davis.

SCOTLAND.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh has been honoured with a communication from Windsor, intimating that his Majesty had graciously condescended to express his desire for the future preservation of Salisbury Crags; and in deference to the royal wishes, arrangements have been determined on for putting an end to all further encroachment on this magnificent feature of that ancient city.

A great number of labourers are now employed in preparing the ground on the Calton Hill for the new buildings of the New High School and the National Monument.

It appears that distress and want are marching with vast strides among classes above the rank of common labourers. In Glasgow and the county of Lanark alone, there are 30,000 operatives unemployed.

The Lord Provost of Edinburgh, as chairman of the Committee for the Relief of the Distressed Manufacturers, reports that, after collecting accurate information from the various districts of the present distress, "it is matter of deep regret to state that the extent of human suffering is far beyond any description of it which has been yet laid before the public."

The Lord Provost has raised the salary of the Governor of the jail at Edinburgh from £150 to £250 per annum, expressly excluding all perquisites—an example worthy of imitation in all similar establishments.—The Cod Fishery in Zetland has been uncommonly successful this season—The various peat mosses on the Don and the Dee have been for weeks past in a state of combustion; but these are trifling compared to the dreadful conflagration existing among the Grampian hills, threatening the entire destruction of the Forest of Glentanner, where hundreds of men endeavoured to arrest its progress in vain.

Married.] At Leith, C. Wood, jun., esq., to Marion, daughter of J. Hay, esq., Links—At Cupar, Fife, Rev. W. C. Arneil, minister of the Associate Congregation, Porto-bello, to Miss Boswell Moffat—At Edinburgh, J. R. Stoddart, esq., to Miss J. H. Brown, daughter of D. Brown, esq., late of Petersburgh; A. G. Fraser, esq., to Janet W., daughter of J. Moir, esq., of Hillfoot; T. Jones, esq., to Mary, eldest daughter of R. Menzies, esq.; Rev. A. Watts, to Charlotte Ellen, daughter of Capt. R. R. Campbell, 36th Foot—At Balboughty, H. Thompson, esq., to Margaret, eldest daughter of J. Wood, esq.

Died.] At Midshields, A. Douglas, esq., of Frankfield—H. A. Chessborough, son of A. Falconar, esq., Falcon Hall, near Edinburgh—At Edinburgh, J. Smith, esq., late of the Hon. East-India Company's service—At Dalkeith, Mrs. J. Pringle, relict of the late Mr. A. Park, Windymains—At Dunfermline, 84, Mr. R. Laurie—At Edinburgh, H. F. M'Niel, esq., of Gallochilly, Argyllshire—90, Mr. J. Beveridge, of Easter Balado—At Paisley, 96, Mrs. J. Smith. She was the progenitor of *ten* children, *sixty-six* grandchildren, *one hundred and seven* great grandchildren, and *three* great great grandchildren, making in all a total of *one hundred and eighty-six*, of whom *one hundred and twenty-seven* are still surviving—At Dumfries, Mr. W. Lammie. Returning from the yeomanry review, he fell from his horse in the field and died—At Dalkeith, 75, Rev. J. Tod.—At Lanark, Mrs. Wilson, widow of the late I. Wilson, esq., of Whitburn. During her widowhood she had laid out in works of charity several thousand pounds, and built and endowed a charity-school for thirty-five boys and thirty-five girls, and provided a good house and liberal salary for the teacher. She gave £40 a-year to her superannuated townswomen, and has made it perpetual; she has left, besides, numerous bequests to religious and charitable institutions.

IRELAND.

Government has published a proclamation for the assimilation of the copper currency of Great Britain and Ireland; but allows the depreciated copper money of Ireland to be current at the rate of the English money of the same denomination from the date of the proclamation, July 12, till a new coinage can take place for Ireland.

Died.] At Donoughmore, Lady Lighton, wife of the Rev. Sir J. Leighton, bart.—115, Mr. Henry Synan, of Ballycullane—At Baleek, 113, S. Robb. He left behind him, living, nine children, sixty-three grandchildren, upwards of two hundred great grandchildren, and eight great great grandchildren—At Ardnebue, 107, Mr. Gabriel Thorpe.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th June to 19th July inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

June.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P. M.
20			64	71	52	30 30	30 30	61	66	ENE	ESE	Fine	Fair	Fair
21			61	67	53	29 25	30 24	65	74	NNE	NE	Clo.	—	S.Rain
22			66	75	52	30 20	30 21	72	72	NE (var.)	E	Fair	Fine	Fair
23			57	73	52	30 24	30 25	79	59	NE	NE	—	—	—
24			65	78	57	30 25	30 22	61	63	ENE	ENE	Fine	—	—
25			73	79	57	30 17	30 13	53	61	ESE	E	—	—	Fine
26			67	83	65	30 03	30 00	61	61	E	E	—	—	—
27			70	86	70	29 86	29 89	62	58	NNW (v.)	S	—	—	Clo.
28			75	88	65	29 92	29 99	61	62	SW (var.)	SW	—	Show.	Fair
29			76	81	64	30 03	30 06	63	72	W	W	—	Fine	—
30	6		70	82	66	30 06	30 03	66	61	WSW	W	Clo.	—	Rain
July														
1			69	78	82	30 04	30 05	70	68	SW	SW	—	—	Fair
2			76	80	65	30 09	30 12	61	58	WNW	SW	Fine	—	Fine
3			75	83	63	30 10	30 05	62	63	SE	E	—	—	—
4			70	82	67	29 95	29 84	63	69	SSE	E	—	—	—
5			80	82	65	29 75	29 77	60	64	SSW	SW	—	—	Clo.
6			73	81	68	29 80	29 75	70	63	W	WSW	Clo.	—	Fine
7			79	82	65	29 69	29 64	65	66	W	SSW	Fine	—	—
8	8		74	81	67	29 53	29 58	65	73	S	WSW	—	—	Rain
9			75	80	64	29 57	29 60	69	60	SSW	W	Fair	—	Fine
10			73	78	61	29 65	29 72	61	61	WSW	W	—	—	Fair
11			65	75	62	29 74	29 81	63	63	WSW	WNW	—	—	—
12			65	76	65	29 76	29 66	70	72	WNW	SW	S.Rain	Fair	Fine
13	11		70	72	59	29 55	29 55	72	83	WSW (v.)	SW	Fair	Rain	—
14			65	75	52	29 62	29 72	72	60	W	SW	—	Fair	Fine
15			69	74	59	29 74	29 75	65	61	SW	WSW	Fine	—	Rain
16	5		65	70	55	29 66	29 75	75	62	SW	WNW	Rain	—	Fair
17			65	73	59	29 83	29 83	62	63	N	WSW	Fine	Fine	—
18			70	73	61	29 82	29 78	59	63	WNW	W	—	—	—
19		○	67	73	59	29 78	29 90	65	58	WNW	WNW	—	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of June was 62-100ths of an inch.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of June to the 21st of July 1826.

June	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Ex. Bills.	Consols for Acct.
21	199 200	79¼ 9	—	86½	—	18 15-16 19 1-11	85½ ¾	—	9 10p	8 11p	79⅞ 80¼
22	—	78⅝ ⅞	—	85½ ⅝	—	18 13-16 7-8	85½ ⅝	—	11p	9 11p	79⅝ 80
23	199¾200	78⅝ ½	—	85¼	—	—	84½ 5	—	11 12p	9 11p	79¼ ⅝
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	199¼	78¾ ¾	—	—	—	18 15-16 7-8	84⅛ 5⅛	—	11 13p	8 11p	79⅝ ¾
27	199 200	78⅝ ½	—	85⅜	—	18 15-16 7-8	84⅛ 5	—	—	8 10p	79⅝ ⅜
28	—	78½ ⅝	—	85	—	18 13-16 7-8	84⅛ 5	—	11 13p	8 10p	79½ ⅝
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	199¾	77⅞ ⅞	—	84⅞	—	18 11-16 ¾	84⅜ ⅝	—	—	7 9p	78⅞ 9
Jul.											
1	—	77⅞ 8	—	—	—	18 11-16 13-16	84¼ ½	—	10p	7 9p	78⅞ 9
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	77 ⅞	—	—	—	18 11-16	84½ ¼	—	9p	7 9p	78⅞ ⅞
4	199	77¼ ⅜	—	84⅜	—	18 11-16 5-8	84¾ 4	—	8 9p	7 8p	79½ ⅝
5	199½	77⅛ ⅝	—	84⅝	—	18¾	84½	—	8 9p	7 9p	78¾ ⅜
6	199¼200	77⅞ 8⅜	77¼ ⅝	84⅜ ⅞	92⅜ ¾	18 13-16 ¾	84¼ ⅝	228¾ 9¾	8 10p	8 9p	78¾ 79¼
7	199½	77⅛ 80⅛	77¼ ½	85¼	92½ ¾	18 13-16 7-8	84½ ⅝	229¾ 9¾	10 11p	8 10p	78¾ 9
8	—	77⅝ ⅞	77 ⅛	84⅛ ⅜	92⅜ ¾	18 13-16 ¾	—	—	13p	9 10p	78½ ¾
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	77½ ¾	76¾ 7⅛	84⅝	92⅜ ⅝	—	84⅛ ¼	—	15 16p	10 11p	78¼ 5-8
11	199¾	77⅛ ¾	76⅞ 77	—	92½ ¾	18 13-16	84⅜	226¾	15 17p	9 11p	78⅜ 5-8
12	199½	77⅜ ⅝	76⅝ ¾	84⅜ ⅝	92¼ ½	18 13-16 ¾	84⅛ ¼	226	—	9 11p	78½ ¼
13	198 199	77⅝ ¾	76⅞ 7	85	92¼ ½	18¾ 7-8	84¼ ⅜	226¼	15 16p	9 11p	78¾ ⅝
14	199¼	77¾ 8	77⅛ ⅜	85¼	92½ ⅞	18 15-16 7 8	84⅜ ¾	—	—	9 11p	78 5-8 ⅞
15	198¾	77½ ⅝	76¾ 7	—	92½ ¾	18 7-8 19	84⅜	—	14p	10 11p	78⅜ ½
16	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	77¾ ⅞	77⅛ ¼	—	92¾ 3½	18 15-16 19 1-16	84½ ¾	—	14 16p	10 11p	78½ ¾
18	198½	77⅞ ¾	76⅞ 7¼	84½ 85	92⅜ ⅞	19	84⅜ ⅝	228	15 17p	10 12p	76⅞ 77⅛
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	198½	77½ ¾	76⅞ 7⅛	84⅝	92¼ ⅞	18 7-8 19	84⅛ ½	—	17p	10 12p	76⅞ 7⅛
21	198 199	77⅛ ½	76⅜ 7	84¾	92½ ⅞	18 7-8 19	84⅛ ⅝	—	18p	11 12p	76 5-8 77

E. Eyton, Stock Broker, 2 Cornhill, and Lombard Street.

THE

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RICH AND POOR.

"Something must be done" is the phrase of the day—indicative of the deepest perplexity, when people really know not what is to be done. This is not precisely our case. We know distinctly what should be done; but our measures we know also are not palatable ones, nor can we undertake to make them so. Our duty, however, we will do, through good report and ill report.

The mass of misery and pauperism cannot go on increasing. It must be checked, or violence will ensue. Common prudence bids us take time by the forelock. Decisive measures must be taken. The poor must be relieved, and who but the rich can relieve them? Revolution is pursuing us with the speed and vehemence of a whirlwind; and we are for breaking the force of it—we are for legal and equitable changes, not violent and tumultuous ones; and for that reason it is, we urge—decisive measures.

The root of the evil lies in our inequalities of property—masses of misery, and masses of wealth, with a system, all the while, operating directly and rapidly to augment those inequalities. But will you plunder the wealthy to enrich the pauper? No. No violence—no injustice, but the order of things we are for changing certainly, and instead of swelling the rich by draining the poor, we would relieve the poor—as alone they can be relieved—at the expense of the rich. The country is deeply in debt—in debt by the concurrence of the wealthy, and the poor are taxed to pay it. This is intolerable. There is a lien upon the property, and those who possess the property should pay the demand upon it, and not those who have none.

But how is this relief to be brought quietly about? Simply by rendering the necessaries of life cheaper? How is that to be done? By reducing the charges upon those necessaries. What charges are these? Taxes. What taxes? All taxes, direct and indirect, that bear upon food, fuel, cleanliness and clothing.

That is, you propose to sponge the debt, and reduce the establishment to the American-standard—remedies worse than the disease? No,—still raise the same revenue, if you will, or can; but transfer the burden; lay it upon permanent property, in proportion to the pro-

perty, and in an accelerated proportion to the rising amount of it. Then you would relieve the poor by saddling the whole expense of the state upon the rich? Yes. You would impoverish the opulent, to enrich the pauper? No: only curtail the superfluities of the one, to diminish the miseries of the other. We make neither rich, poor; nor poor, rich. We may narrow the range of inequalities a little; but that is the desirable result. How many thousands have our public measures enabled to augment their style of living—have lifted from insignificance to splendour, within these fifty years; and where is the harm of their returning back to their original obscurity?—But turn we to particulars.

Repeal the tax on BREAD. But we have no tax on bread. Thank God, our rulers, whatever else they have taxed, never have thought of taxing the 'staff of life.' Well, the corn then. Nor the corn. The corn-*laws* then. The corn-laws? What revenue do they produce? In what shape does such revenue come to the Treasury? It never appears in any tax-return. Nevertheless the corn-laws do impose a tax; they do produce a revenue; and though that revenue does not visit the Exchequer, it does the pockets of the landowner. We cannot understand this. Why, is not the price of bread nearly double of what it is in the nearest countries of the Continent? What is the cause of this? Is it not brought about by the exclusion of foreign corn? Is not foreign-corn excluded by the corn-laws? And who has the benefit of the monopoly-price, but the landowners—but those, by whom and for whom those laws were made? The corn-laws are neither more nor less than a disguised tax, levied—not as other taxes are, for the supposed use and advantage of the nation,—but exclusively in favour of one class at the cost of others—exclusively in favour of the landed proprietor at the expense of the whole community. But is not the high price of bread rather a consequence of the high price of labour? Why, what constitutes mainly the high price of labour, but the high price of provisions; and what mainly the high price of provisions, but the high price of bread? The price of bread enters more or less into every thing—all must eat; and therefore the root of the question is, what is the cause of the high price of bread? We say, the tax—the corn-laws.

But this was not the object of the corn-bill. That object, avowed and allowed, was substantially to keep the price of corn in an equable state,—to prevent those fluctuations, which were so long observed to produce so much misery, the one extreme on the poor, the other on the farmer. The purpose was purely benevolent; the feeling that dictated the law was virtuous consideration for inferiors,—to insure bread to the industrious at a steady and reasonable rate, and to the farmer a remunerating price, securely and permanently. The interests of the landlord were never contemplated, and if the law have worked to the benefit of the landlord, that result is incidental, and not of design, and is far beneath his magnanimous views.

Then we ask, why should he so pertinaciously resist the repeal,—or why the poor so perseveringly demand it? The landlord means to confer a benefit. It proves none; or at least the country sees nothing but oppression and selfishness in it. Why should he gratuitously persist in inflicting a curse, and insultingly baptize it a blessing? Away with all idle pretences. Let us never forget, that the landowner not only originated the bill, but forced on the enactment, in defiance of the most

solemn warnings, and the most earnest deprecations. Humanity indeed! When was his humanity known before to go upon a quixotic expedition to benefit the people in spite of themselves? No, no; nothing but personal interests ever made men so zealous and resolute, as were the landlords, in imposing the law, or so stubborn and tempestuous, as they now shew themselves, in refusing to abandon it.—The farmer too—what cares the landlord, or what need he care, about him? He is capable of taking care of himself. If he cannot live by the employment of his capital on the land, he leaves it; he neither farms to oblige the landlord; nor does the landlord let his land, with a view to the farmer's advantage, but his own.

But beat the landlord out of the field in this way, and he will summon his fast friend the economist to his aid. Rent, says the economist, has no effect whatever upon the prices of corn. "Hear, hear!" cries the delighted landlord. It is merely, resumes the economist, the residuum of expense upon cultivation; and who has a better title to that than the owner of the soil? The corn that is grown upon the best land will fetch no higher price than the corn of the poorest—the land that requires one quantity of labour than that which requires double, treble, quadruple. The land, which requires the greatest quantity of labour, regulates the price of corn; labour must be paid for; this land requiring the greatest quantity of labour would not be worked, unless that labour were paid for; there cannot be two permanent prices for the same article; and so the land, which requires the *least* labour gets the same price for its produce, as that which demands the greatest. There is therefore a surplus on the best lands over and above the expenses, and that surplus or residuum constitutes rent; and thus the best land, of course, produces the greatest rent. But then clearly rent has nothing to do with the prices; it is an effect, and not a cause of price. Thus are we be-noodled by the logic of the learned.

And wondrously fine, no doubt, the logic is; but we have to do with hard facts, and not dry strings of words. We are sure there is no land in the country actually employed in the growth of corn, which, with the same labour and expense, will produce a quantity double that of another—much less treble or quadruple. Land of the superior cast would be otherwise employed. We are sure again, there is no land actually employed in the growth of corn, which does not pay a rent. The poorer land pays the lower rent; but that lower rent, all of it, goes into the price of the corn. If the acre be thirty shillings, and the produce twenty bushels, the rent will and must enhance the price of corn, at least, eighteen pence the bushel. Unless the grower can get a price to cover his labour and expense, and *also* his rent, he will not sell; and if he cannot sell at that price, he of course throws up the concern.

There is truth in the economist's story; but no practical truth, and certainly not the whole truth. He proceeds on the supposition, that the land which requires the greatest labour, or, which is the same thing, produces the smallest quantity of corn, pays *no* rent at all;—that the expense of working this poorest land governs the price of corn,—and that, as all corn, on whatever land it be grown—supposing the quality the same—brings the same price, the better land has profits, which the worst has not, which is the residuum, what is left, that is, when the outlay is replaced, and constitutes rent.

But this is an idle, because a fanciful representation. The facts are otherwise. No doubt, the best land produces the best rents; but all land, even the poorest, actually employed in the production of corn, pays rent, and that rent the farmer lays, and must lay upon his corn. We are wasting words perhaps; but the economists, in a variety of ways, exercise so pernicious an influence, that it is every day of more and more importance to strip and expose their theories to public scorn,—that is, just in proportion as those theories come to have a practical effect. The practical effect of their doctrine of rent is upon the minds of the less enlightened of the landowners—of course the great majority—who are thus encouraged and confirmed in their resistance to the representations of distress. They are thus taught to believe, that rents have no effect upon the price of provisions, and therefore—as of course the higher the rents, the higher their gains,—why should they not take all possible means of augmenting that rent? They will not, it is true, trust to the spontaneous operations of these theories—they are not fools enough, and if the doctrine were true, are not wise enough to trust to general laws; but betake themselves to forcible measures to keep up the prices, which at least they see are to furnish the means of paying them their rents, while they can cover their real purposes with patriotic motives, and throw the odium of personal views from themselves, by appealing to the doctrines and authorities of the philosophers.

No; the undoubted fact is, no landlord in the country believes in the truth of this theory; or if he does, he does not trust, as we said, to its spontaneous operation, as, were it true, he safely might. He has no notion of land, capable of growing corn, which shall be worth nothing to him. He will have a rent out of it—the worse the land, the less the rent; but rent he will have. If it will not bear corn with a profit, it will something else; or if the price of corn really will not pay the expense of cultivation, and a rent,—if fair means will not do it, foul ones must, and such means are forthwith adopted to obtain the necessary price. The landlords naturally hang together; they have a common interest; the control is in their own hands; and they grant themselves, unblushingly, a monopoly. They exclude foreign supplies, and thus impose a price which will secure them the desirable rents.

This is the real, the actual state of the case. No man in his senses can doubt, that the greater the supply—supposing the demand the same—the lower must be the price of any article whatever. No man can doubt, that more bread could be eaten, than is eaten by a starving population. If, therefore, the ports were thrown open, and foreign corn had a free entrance into the country, the supply would be greater, and the price would be lower; for foreign corn can be bought at about half the current English price, and there cannot be two prices of the same article. Rents then, at the present rate, could not be paid, and thus prices would be shewn, beyond all evasion, to have an influence upon rents; and reciprocally,—with the exclusion of foreign corn, rents we may safely and boldly conclude have an influence upon prices.

The doctrine of the economists then on the subject of rent, as to all practical and intelligible purposes, we scout and scorn. It is unworthy of the slightest consideration in the eyes of a statesman. It is of no earthly use to him; and we hold ourselves warranted and commanded to dismiss it from the question without further ceremony.

On the other hand, we hold the fact to be indisputable, that rent is

an important constituent of the price of corn,—that the landlord believes it is, and acts upon the belief; and farther, that the higher he can force up the price of corn, the higher rent he imposes on the land; and as a natural consequence of these facts and this belief, he makes use of his station and influence to raise those prices to augment and secure those rents.

But what, after all, can he do to effect this purpose? What power or influence has he to augment prices? His legislative power. But every landowner is not a legislator. No, but every legislator is a landowner, or a landowner's representative. Nay, county-members are the only land-representatives. That is the letter of the laws; and the letter of the laws we treat, not with the contempt it deserves, but with the contempt with which by all it is actually treated. With the exception then of a few town-members, the House of Commons consists of the representatives of the landed interest. The members themselves must qualify as owners of land, and in reality either are men of landed property, or the locum-tenentes of such men. It is, too, every man's ambition to be a landed proprietor, and every one hastens to the glorious goal of general competition. The exceptions then are so few, that the fact may be taken as indisputable—the House of Commons is the representative of the land; and of the Peers, in this respect, nothing of course need be said.

Now we ask,—if a government be intended to protect the universal interests of a nation—and we cannot understand why there should be exceptions—if the purpose and destiny of a government be the real and best benefit of a whole country,—where is the equity, or the justice, of the legislature consisting in reality of those who represent one interest only? The probability is, that, take the country through, not more than one out of twenty are landowners at all. The other nineteen are engaged in trade, commerce, manufactures, professions, literature, as masters, labourers, and agents, who have no sufficient, or rather, no representative at all in the Legislature. But are not we perpetually bored with long-winded discussions upon commercial and business-like questions, which shew—nothing but that the landed, which is the aristocratic interest of the country, is overpowering and exclusive.

Were it otherwise,—were it really the fact, that the general interests of the state were fairly represented, that the concerns of the poor as well as the rich were regarded, does the man exist, who can for one moment imagine that these corn-laws, of which we are speaking, would ever have been passed? They had an object or they had not: if they had one, let us understand what that object was; if they had none, why suffer them to exist? Yes, they had an object, a definite and a beneficent one—to keep corn, as we said, at a steady price. At a steady price—yes, and at a *high* price;—and at whose cost was this high price to be obtained, but that of the rest of the community? The labourer exclaimed and protested—in vain; he had none, at the seat of power, to give eloquent tongue to his protests; the merchant and the manufacturer, who usually are lulled by their own privileges, grumbled and growled without, and their representatives, as they call them, were silent or impotent within; while the landlord, earnest, resolute, and powerful, carried his own measure, by his own forces, triumphantly, and in the teeth of the puny opposition.

In short the landowner is omnipotent; and he is omnipotent, not so

much from his actual rights and natural resources, as from the pride, vanity, and folly of other classes. He is pre-eminently and exclusively the 'Gentleman of the country,' and naturally turns the distinction to account. The term is invested with all the smiling and winning attributes of desirable ambition. To obtain the style and bearing of the gentleman,—to be allowed the honours and courtesies conceded to the gentleman, is the grand stimulus of plebeian exertion. The capacious and hereditary landowner, whether noble or commoner, seizes and appropriates the realities of the title; and the sycophancy, the imbecility, or the imitative instincts of others yields and seconds it, and themselves grasp at the shadows. All who are aiming to separate themselves from the vulgar, assume the character of gentlemen, and enrol themselves on the list of the landed-aristocrat's supporters. They contribute to the splendour of his rays, and delight in the thought of basking even in the scattered reflection of a portion of their brilliancy. Though engaged in pursuits entirely different—with interests which are totally opposite, or materially at variance; though depending on personal and perpetual exertions—visiting patients, perplexing the laws, or preaching the Gospel 'to the poor,'—figuring in monthly magazines, or scribbling fashionable novels,—jobbing in the money-market, or taking stock and posting ledgers—they claim the title of gentlemen; they plume themselves on the foreign distinction; they would be thought to partake the tastes, and pursuits, and enjoyments of the landed gentleman; they adopt his prejudice; they second his views; they strengthen his power—and forget themselves. While the gentleman by station, the aristocrat of the land, smiles at the mania, avails himself of the general folly and voluntary alliance, and carries, silently and satisfactorily, his *own* purposes. He sacrifices willing victims on the altars of his own Mercury.

Were it not for this absurd, but pervading prejudice, the owner of the land could never, as he does, rule the country thus despotically. He must be content with his natural share—with the bare and local influence which his property gives him. To that,—from which no one wishes to detract—he must confine himself; and to that the interests of the country imperatively demand that he should be confined. His power in the state would be divided, as it ought to be divided, among all classes.

For, it is not only in the infliction of the corn-laws that we feel his overbearing influence; it is not only in the oppressive—the conquering Norman's exclusions secured by the game-laws—those laws which tempt our peasantry, and fill our prisons, and which cry aloud for immediate abrogation;—it is not only in these arbitrary measures, but—in the imposition of taxes generally. Formerly taxes were levied mainly on the land—that was when kings bore sway;—but of late years—now that the lords of the soil rule all—that is, now that they better know the resources and the extents of their power, and have more effectively brought them into operation and employment,—taxation has been all levelled at consumption. In proportion as they accomplish this object, they relieve themselves; and zealously have they sought and pursued their own relief. Our 'heaven-born' minister,—would we could forget him—was the champion of the landed interest. Backed by them, he was able to disregard all other interests; and they willingly backed one, who so resolutely fought their battles. Once, with but a portion of the power of the state, they bore nearly the whole expense of it; now, though possessing all the power, they have cunningly associated the

country to the honour of the cost. They have had the dexterity to make the country believe, that all, in proportion to property, contribute equally to the expense of the state; and that, though they indeed are the legislature,—so equitable are they, the general interests are solely contemplated; that they themselves take no exclusive advantages, but contribute fairly and equally with the rest,—and surely nobody can desire more of them.

Very pretty talk. Under the old Bourbon government of France, the noblesse were exempted from contributing to the expenses of the state. This was so intolerable, and the injustice so gross, that the nation, by a resolute effort, shook off the oppression. Well, but we have no such oppression to shake off. Yes, we see, we have. Why there are no "privileged orders" with us—none exempt from the payment of taxes. No, but we have orders, for whose especial and exclusive benefit the country is taxed. Those orders are relieved from no tax, it is true, to the state; but they have themselves made a law to levy a tax in their own favour, which comes, we presume, to the same thing. They have an advantage which others have not. They pay what others pay; but they have aids which others have not,—nay, those others are the very persons who are compelled to give those aids. The corn-laws grant a monopoly—that is indisputable—the price of an article consumed by every body is advanced by that monopoly; and the advance comes into the pockets of the landlords.

But it is not the corn-bill alone of which we complain. That indeed is a scandalous abuse of legislative rights—a perversion of powers entrusted—if indeed they be entrusted—for the protection of the interests of the whole country;—but it is not the only abuse of such power—it is not the only grievance under which the people labour and struggle,—the whole system of taxation is, as we said, levelled against consumption. Well, but still consumption measures property. No such thing. It is about the worst and most unsteady criterion that could well be selected. Some spend more than they have, and others less. But when we say taxation is levelled at consumption, we mean, of course, the consumption of articles of necessity. Taxation upon articles of superfluity fall of course upon themselves alone. These, however, we shall find to be very few.—Now 'exciseable' articles are not consumed by rich and poor in proportion to their property. The proportion expended by the poor is vastly beyond that expended by the rich. Where the fourth of a poor man's income is spent on exciseable articles, not perhaps a fortieth is so spent by the rich man. How then do these taxes fall equally? Does the great man—the legislator—the landlord—does he pay the same proportion of his larger income to the expenses of the state that the poor man does of his small one? We say no,—nor any thing like it.

Nay, if he did, where would still be the humanity, or the equity of the legislator? Is not five pounds of more importance to the man of fifty, than fifty to the man of five hundred, or five hundred to the man of five thousand? Surely it is:—but what have we seen? Why, the property-tax, the only attempt,—and that we see far from an equitable one, for there were no gradations—which was made through the war at equality of taxation, was the first to be withdrawn, on the return of peace. The next—quite as becoming the legislators—a part of the assessed-taxes; and we have still 'patriots' bellowing for the repeal of

the remainder, while not a soul lifts up his voice against the gross inequalities of the excise.

The influence of the land (of the rich that is—and all the rich have land, or associate themselves in the ranks, and adopt the views of the landlords) is as visible then in the removal, as in the imposition of taxes. It is as visible too in the non-imposition. No tax on ale and beer touches the gentleman. Well, but that is to keep the exciseman out of private-houses generally. Nonsense. They readily thrust him in others; and why should he not, for the same purposes, be admitted into theirs? Besides the tax-gatherer must come; and how is he less hateful than the exciseman? They are tax-collectors alike, and nothing more. But the gentleman does not drink ale and beer. Then why does he brew? His servants drink it. Then his servants cost him less. The exemption *is* a personal advantage, and no *honour* to the Legislature. The poor man pays heavily for his.

As was natural then,—if not very equitable,—the legislature, the rich that is, the landlords, the aristocratic-cast, have carefully attended to their own interests. They are sole legislators; but with no desire to be sole supports of the expenses of the state. In a land of *such profession* as England, and where occasions have often occurred to the great for appealing to the people for aid, they could not, in common decency, expressly exempt themselves. But they could give themselves exclusive advantages without affixing on those advantages the invidious terms of exemption and privilege. They well knew the force of names; and they well knew how to associate others to the honour and favour of aiding them in their contributions to the state, without giving them any share of the power. These things we see they have done.

Other intolerable consequences have flowed from the same principles, not attributable to direct design perhaps, but such as might securely and certainly be anticipated, and such as were distinctly foretold, though perhaps not believed—we mean, the double burden upon consumers. One tax is levied upon them for the Treasury; and another is levied in the shape of profits for himself by the dealer. It is, as we before have had occasion to remark, quite notorious, that from twenty to fifty per cent. have been oppressively levied in this way. Well, but somebody must benefit by these extortions. Vast numbers are indeed thus benefited. But that is good policy perhaps;—greater numbers are thus attached to the Government by personal interest; and we are thus the safer from the turbulence of designing men. Perish such policy, say we;—let the people be rather taught to depend upon honest industry and close frugality. A good government requires no such manœuvres to attach its subjects. Equality in the imposition as well as in the administration of the laws—which includes all the virtues of a good government—is all that any government need attend to, to ensure the zealous co-operation of the subject. Those subjects have enough to do to look to their own individual interests; and will seldom have their attentions turned to the Government—certainly not in vituperation—but by the oppressive acts of that Government.

What then is it we are suggesting? A reduction of the general burdens of the state? Not so—a transfer only from the shoulders of the poor to those of the rich, by exploding the corn-laws, and abolishing taxes upon consumption, The effect of these measures would be at once

to reduce the price of provisions, probably, more than one-half. This would be real and permanent relief to the labouring and miserable classes of the country. Yes, but such a reduction would have other effects. These high prices bring grist to somebody's mill, and those persons must suffer. The farmer, for instance, who should get no more than thirty shillings instead of sixty for his corn, could not possibly pay his high rent. Then the landlord must lower it. But then the landlord, with diminished rents, could not support the present scale of his expenditure. Then he must reduce it. Is the whole nation to suffer, that he may flourish? But then you propose, besides, to lay the whole weight of taxation directly upon him. True: but let it be remembered, he will have, in common with others, the benefit of cheaper provisions; and for the rest, he must, as we said, bring down, a peg or two, the scale of his expenditure. If, at last, the pressure of taxation be really more than he can bear up against, he must apply to the Minister. After all, the landlord can do as he pleases; the power is in his own hands; and we have no manner of doubt, when the full weight of taxation presses sharply upon him, he will quickly teach the Minister, and the Minister will as promptly learn, to discover the means of adequate reduction. Twenty million sterling cannot be necessary for the government of twenty millions of people; and as to the debt, we leave the matter in their hands, with a perfect confidence that they will find means of making the funds at least go hand and in hand with them,—in relieving themselves. The debt ought to be treated on equal terms with the *rest* of the property of the country.

Well, but all this requires time—will indeed never be wholly accomplished. We know it—but something will. The Legislature, restive and stubborn as it is, must give way. It will be but common prudence to give way. They must sacrifice the corn-bill first to the just demands of the country, and in return or revenge, they will clip the interest of the debt. There is no justice in this revenge; but this will be the course. The land and the funds should share alike. But they will not, just yet. The land has too much the upper-hand.

But the poor—the perishing poor; hunger is pressing—the destitute are increasing—subscriptions are failing. Then must they go, as they should have gone before—to the legal provision of the parochial rates. But particular parishes are quite unequal to the extraordinary burden. Then must the adjoining parishes be called upon to assist;—that is the next best and the legal remedy. But *that* also requires time. Then must you have a parliamentary grant, or rather a *Council*-grant, for February will be too late. But that is adding to the taxes. Not necessarily—equivalent reductions may, and must be made. It is now the readiest resource; and hunger will not, and cannot wait. It must be done. Ministers must give way—the stiffest of them; and the talk of precedents be thrown to the winds.

One word more. It is said,—but by those who know nothing about the matter, that the quantum of misery through the country is really not increasing. The distress of the manufacturers, they cry, though severe, is merely of a temporary nature—such as often has occurred, and as often has vanished;—but the poor-rates—the best criterion surely, have not of late years increased. That may be true, and still the numbers actually receiving relief be increasing, because each receives less; and this is the fact. The distress of the manufacturing poor are just

now more striking and more imperative, and we believe not of so temporary a nature, as some would have us think;—but let the eyes of the country be turned, at the same time, upon the agricultural labourers —wasting and pining under the most galling and crushing misery. They have grown, and for years have been growing worse and worse; they have been by degrees robbed of the commons; they have been deprived of their scraps of land; they no longer brew; few have now a pig, or even a brood of chickens,—and now at last, in whole districts, are they receiving their scanty wages in the shape of parochial relief.—And here, again, we trace the blessed effects of the doctrines of our Economists. The economist looks upon the poor as the machine, and the soil as the material. How can these be worked with the greatest effect? This is his problem. As a breathing and moral being,—as a being capable of happiness, with affections, feelings, aspirations,—oh, with all these things he has nothing to do. He inculcates upon the stupid but grasping landlord his cruel and unsocial doctrines; and the love of money, of splendour and of self, drives the landlord headlong into the blind adoption of his measures, less unfeelingly perhaps, but more thoughtlessly; and in the career of gain, he snaps the cords of affection between, himself and his tenant, himself and the peasant. He is told that large farms, for instance, are more productive than small ones,—that he can get higher rents from those who have larger capitals, than those who have only small ones. The great farmer seconds the economist, and by tempting the landlord carries all before him, and indemnifies himself by reducing the rate of his labourers' wages. The landlord combines the small farms, and transfers them collectively to the wealthier tenant, and pitilessly brings down the poorer tenant to the condition of the labourer, —while the labourer, who had been blessed with an acre or two for a cow, is stripped of it, and left with nothing but his manual labour to trust to. The great farmer thus crushes all below him, and by reducing the labourers' wages brings him quickly and gladly to the condition of a pauper, and actually pays him his reduced wages out of the poor's-rate. In the country, the farmer is sole manager of the poor's-rate, and chief contributor. To him, so far as money is concerned—it is the same thing, whether he pay wages as wages, or partly as wages, and partly as relief from the poor's-rate; but the latter gives him more power; and power—ruffian-like—he loves almost as well as money. And thus are the poor ground to the dust.

But poverty, by the indefeasible course and destiny of human events, is working its own cure. Manifestly there is a point of depression below which the poor cannot sink, and to that point are they rapidly approaching. Before the remnants of vigour, both of body and mind, are utterly exhausted, men will wrench from the possessors the means of life, or perish in the struggle. Fairly on the brink of ruin, but not before, will the rich at last take the tardy alarm; and then will they make a tumultuous retreat, and will do precipitately, and to their own degradation, what they might have done deliberately and to their own eternal honour. We will not—with these strong convictions pressing upon our bosoms, we cannot preach contentment to the poor, for that is to lull the fears of the rich, and harden their hearts. Too long, too long, have they had all their own way.

FAMILIARITIES.—NO. IV.

Anonymous.

Ques. What is your name?
Ans. *N.* or *M.*

It has been advanced in a philosophic stanza, by one who knew how much of the vaunted elevation of man over his competitors of the air, earth, and waters, is comprized in the attribute of speech, that "words are things." And, considering their various and universal effects, it is at least as safe a proposition to support as the doctrine of another and more orthodox asserter, who would have us believe that Mont Blanc is merely a lump of imagination—a concentration of thoughts, or of the "stuff that dreams are made of"—a handful of nonentity; and that Pompeii is nothing more nor less than an idea in ruins. Now whether Lord Byron or Bishop Berkeley may be said to have succeeded in loosening the gordian knot of philosophy, or whether that object remains to be accomplished by time and Mr. Coleridge, it is a fact as certain as the progress of uncertainty itself, that the word, whose uses and perversions I am about to discuss, can never become part and parcel of any known or unknown system of physics or metaphysics. It is neither a thing—according to the peer; nor nothing—as assumed by the prelate; neither a term referable to the discoveries of art or science, nor a name bestowed by Adam on any thing God has made: yet it is at once universal and individual in its application and properties. It represents nothing—or every thing—in the material and immaterial worlds; while it unites in its signification the mockery and marvels, the shadows and solidity of both. It reveals to us the secret link between matter and mind—the inscrutable agency that impels the machinery of being. It possesses a substantive faculty, and requires not another word to be joined with it. The great arithmeticians of the earth would fail to estimate the infinite variety of causes and effects, of doubts and indecisions, of subtleties and evasions, that follow in the train of this one word Anonymous, and constitute it the Lord High Chancellor of our language. As little could they number or appreciate the manifold blessings it includes—the outgrowings of feeling and fiction, the pleasantries that spring even out of pain, the changes and chances of our condition, the incidental frendships and communings with society, the hurried and unremembered symphonies that gladden us between the acts of life. The nine letters that compose it are emblematical of the nine Muses, but their dominion is more mysterious and unlimited; they preside in their collective glory over that profound and indefinite class of things, that have been received and sanctified at the living font of nature, but whose clime and complexion have never been entered in the nomenclature of man. Its four syllables are wafted on the four winds of heaven, and from the heart and centre of the universe it looks down in scorn upon the uncouth and incongruous designations of mankind—upon the distinctions of mere terms—and the eagerness with which we (most of us) hurry through the shaded and healthful seclusions of the world, to wither under the sultry superfluity of a title, or experimentalize on the namelessness of a name. It is the untalked-of, unromantic thing of the hour, yet, as a living

poet sings about the bee, in verses that will last as long as the Iliad,

——————"of ancestry
Mysteriously remote and high;"

much older than "the tiger's paws, the lion's mane." It is anterior to mountains and valleys, to forests and flowers, to the winds and oceans. It was, ere a tongue had spoken or an ear heard; ere the live cataracts "blew their trumpets from the steeps," or the young nightingale had whispered its first love-notes to a rose-bud; before vulgar and inharmonious names were given to the gentlest and most beautiful of nature's family, or harsh and rugged objects received their appellations from the lips of music. It is the elder brother of the Universe—the ancestor of Earth; it nestled with Chaos in his cradle, and was contemporary with old Time before he was christened. It was originally employed to denote the absence of a name: at the present day it signifies a variety of things; on the one hand—indigence, inability, and the questioners of human right divine; on the other—opulence, intellect, and Sir Walter Scott. Methinks its genealogy would puzzle a society of antiquaries. The "rarer monsters" of the world, the giants and genii, are so impossibly remote, so undateably ancient, that we are reduced to the necessity of doubting whether they ever existed at all; and having no parish registers to refer to, we should, from its pre-adamite antiquity, be sceptical as to the extraction of Anonymous itself, and might suspect that every thing grew up originally with a natural label appended to it, specifying its name and qualifications; but that at this moment a nameless spirit, like those which erst inhabited rings and sword-knots, holds me by the button of imagination, vaults into my pen as its chariot, and flies along the sheet, raining as it goes such a shower of vital ink, that an article springs up anonymously, words vegetate and blossom under my hand—

"Here buds an A, and there a B,
Here sprouts a V, and there a T,
And all the flourishing letters stand in rows."

It may be as well to say a word upon the uses and abuses of Names. Let us for the present pass by the "alleys green," the flowered lanes and sylvan windings of our subject—or at least let us merely peep down them, as we dart onward to explore the grotesque and oddly assimilated appellations that ring the changes of humanity. The names of Birds are charmed things, not to be written with a common quill; they would lead us into a labyrinth of sound; their syren notes would ensnare us, as sure as we are not Ulysses; they are so many Orpheuses, alluring us regularly-planted writers to "unfix our earth-bound root," to dance from our position—ink-stand, paper, desk and all—into the witching mazes of ornithology. Leaving nature's aviary then on the right hand, we come to the names of Flowers: and here we are assailed by a bee-like band of appellations, that throng fondly and thickly around us with their honied accents, and offer up their pleasures and peace-offerings on memory's lighted altar. What a host of sweet-sounding and sweet-smelling names!—for the scent waits upon the sound—we catch the breath of the violet as soon as the word is out of the mouth. What an array of humble titles; words that seem expressly fashioned to fit into poetry—to sigh upon the breast of senti-

ment, or sparkle among the tresses of song.—Honeysuckle—streaming away in its sweetness; lily—a clear and delicate sound; there is a milkiness in it that is not unallied to the meaning. The words, both to eye and ear, resemble the objects they designate; and if frequently and fervently pronounced, will call down on the temples of life a garland of their blossoms and beauties. Thus we may walk through the whole vocabulary and cull a nosegay of names—glide in imagination from garden to meadow, from meadow to heath, from heath to hill—abandon ourselves to the delusive realities of a philosopher and poet before quoted, until the heart, glad of its wings (for wings it hath),

> ——————"with pleasure fills,
> And dances with the daffodils."

But poets are persons that would keep us dancing till domesday, and there are myriads of smiling names crowding the anti-rooms of imagination, and glistening like spangles in its train. We dismiss them with a princely movement of our pen. We pass with a gracious glance of recognition through long lists of living creatures—of herbs, trees and valleys—meadows and mountains—rivers, lakes, "and all that in them is"—of shells, gems, marbles; and the no less dazzling varieties of artificial creation, which, though numbered in the "catalogue of common things" come forth from the womb of beauty, and people the deserts of the mind with endearing impressions,—books, pictures, and all that world of things which one's life-time is spent (in spite of Horace) in admiring. We come to human names, and the magic that belongs to them. We come to the names of lovers, to the Leanders and Heros of the heart's Hellespont—names that are never pronounced but with a fine and tremulous delight (the reader *must* know of one such name)—that sink upon the silent spirit laden with the whispers of affection, and have indeed a charm—for it can only be told in verse—

> "To make the mountains listen, and the streams
> Run into milk, and the hard trees give honey."

We come to the names of the great and mighty of the earth—appellations that, however mean and unmusical they appear, belong to nature's prosody and the poetry of the heart. They speak to us in dreams with eagle voices. They call to us from the ruins of long and clouded years, and revive our school-day hopes. They sound in our ears like the noise of waterfalls in a thirsty land. We delight to hear our children lisp them to us. Like the Lydian monarch, when worldly promises are led forth to die, we call upon the name of a Solon, and are saved from the fires of despair. The term may be one of no mark or likelihood in itself, yet its echo would waken a world. The names of Shakspeare, Bacon, Dryden, &c. are by no means remarkable for their moral fitness or euphony; nor does there appear any very cabalistic virtue in the words "Westminster Bridge;" yet I never cross that structure without expending a pleasant five minutes in imagining the particular stone on which Mr. Wordsworth stood, when he composed his sonnet there twenty years ago. It must be admitted, however, that many names, from their frequent recurrence, and application to common objects, have lost their freshness and singleness of power. Let the reader ask one of the Mr. Smiths——perhaps his own name is Smith—but if not, let him ask one of the Mr. Smiths with whom he must necessarily be acquainted, whether such be not the case. The name of Thomson

frequently falls still-born from the lip; we think of an alderman, or an actor, but seldom of any thing in the shape of sentiment. A name once consecrated to genius and intellect should be confined, by royal proclamation, to noble uses. On the other hand, one is curious to know whence such persons as Mr. Pearl and Mr. Hope, and Miss Bird and Miss Love derive their designations; such names are positively an enviable inheritance. Mr. Grieve and Miss Anguish are altogether as hardly dealt by. What a burst and depth of language are in the word Napoleon! It takes away one's breath. It lies in the hushed recollections of kings like a spent thunderbolt.—And this would lead us to expend our stock of exclamation on the more than phrenzy and worse than folly of the mere ambitionist—the evanescent brilliancy of "the bubble reputation"—the "glory and the nothing" of a right-honourable name. We cling to the semblance of fame, and fancy we have secured a divinity; as the Tyrians, to prevent Apollo from deserting them, chained up the statue of the god and nailed it to its pedestal. We load our pen or purse—take aim at a project or a problem, and listen with transport to the echoes in the hollow hearts of men. We find the tribute to valour in the homage of cowards; the reward of efforts for freedom in the admiration of slaves; the appreciation of wisdom and poetry in the "sweet voices" of the frivolous and the ignorant: like the Roman capitol, we owe our preservation to the cackling of a foolish bird. In what are we wiser than Narcissus, when we thus fall in love with our own image reflected in a name! There have been (must it be said there are?) instances where men have purchased a name, with the labours of youth and the exercise of splendid talents, only to ring it as a death-knell in the ears of the compassionate and sensitive. The genius of these aliens to true glory is akin to the cunning of the animal that ascends a tree, in order to drop on the neck of its unsuspecting prey. But a good name—one made illustrious by the union of intellect and integrity—by the enlargement of the views of man and the advocacy of his independence—is a triumphal arch that will endure amid the wreck of matter. It is a sound that will outlive the clashing of swords and the clank of chains. It will shine like a beacon light upon the records of time, and may burn when distant ages are dim. And even the little halo which an observance of the simple charities of life will breathe round the humblest name, may have a lustre and a warmth that will dawn upon the mind in its wintriest and most desolate season. But the light must be vigilantly watched; for unless we are provided with the patent safety-lamp of fame, the very breath which was meant to vivify, may extinguish the flickering hope. Like the happy ancient, we may throw our ring into the sea, and be as discontented as 1826 can make us; but I know of no fish in these days that would restore it to our finger—even though Izaac Walton should come back in person to show us how to angle, and instruct us in the admired mystery of breaking a frog's legs "as if we loved it."

But, after all, what an enviable lot is his who sits down under a voluntary *nominis umbra*, and still receives his sunny dividends at the bank of popularity—"eats of his own vine what he plants"—places his laurel-crown at his elbow, ready to put on when he pleases—listens to the odd comparisons and speculations he has provoked—hears himself mistaken for Prince Hohenlohe or Mr. Irving, and drinks his own health afterwards with the most cordial sincerity at a public dinner. He fancies

himself into the Sphinx or the source of the Nile. He stands sentinel at the Pole and thaws up all inquiry.—Fortunate and close-riveted Iron Mask! happy and inexplicable Junius! thrice-blessed and not-to-be-guessed-at authors of Scotch romances and English reviews of them! —And, floating with the current of this feeling, how mysteriously delightful must be the fate of a legitimate descendant of Anonymous—one who not only cannot recollect his own name, but who never had one to forget—who was born ere patronymic appellations were invented—an unlabelled phial in time's apothecary's shop—"Nobody, in a niche"—a *bonâ fide* ——! "a deed without a name." Only think of being distinguished, like Frankenstein's child of philosophy, by a —— in the bills of our little day. This to my thinking is an expressive and highly imaginative title; it embodies a great deal of the oracular inspiration of man, and evinces a masterly condensation of the pathos and eloquence of language. It is decidedly superior to Tibbs, and Tomkins, and a thousand other names that have never even pretended to a meaning. There is at any rate something too open and straight-forward in its appearance to conceal the cloven foot of speech, or suggest any unnameable associations to eyes polite. It expresses the precise degree of praise we profess to bestow on ourselves, and includes the actual amount of good we say of other people. I will write an article on it one day or other, to shew what a vast portion of popular talent and principle is comprized in it. And with such a designation—excluded from parish annals and army lists, from Court Guides and actions at law—one might steal into a blank corner in some "boundless contiguity of shade," where the Great Unknown was little known, where a Political Register had never been read, where the Catholic Question came in no questionable shape, and the mellifluous name of Martin had never been imagined in the brayings and bleatings of animals. In such a corner, and with such a cognomen, a single gentleman might enjoy his *otium* without reading his annual obituary in the public prints, or being guilty of Diarys and Reminiscences. But he might enjoy anonymous books, and write anonymous verses. He could not deface his trees and windows by engraving his name on them, nor be expected to become sponsor to the third and fourth generation of friendship; but he might wander into the society of birds and fish, of woods and streams, until like Democritus he became conversant with their language, and listened himself into a new and anonymous existence. Methinks the monarchs of the world might countenance and cultivate these hints to some advantage. An Anonymous ruler would at least be a novel feature in the chapter of Kings. Which of the crowned heads of Europe will be the first to cast off a doubtful display of title, and be hailed as Anonymous I.? Perhaps King Ferdinand would profit most from the change—but then the difficulty of casting over such a name the modest veil of oblivion; it would rather

> "The multitudinous seas incarnadine,
> Making the green one red."

Well indeed would it be for us and our nomenclature, if certain names at the sound whereof the human heart droops and sickens with disgust, could be blotted for ever from the record—could be made to die away like bubbles into the "vasty deep" of Anonymous. Time may behold its shades, what Sheridan makes the winds, the receivers-general "of all cast-off griefs and apprehensions." Its empire is already spacious enough, extending over one-half the globe, into the "bowels of the

harmless earth"—monopolizing the entire world of sounds and shadows —the space of the infinite heaven, its stars and starers—and the whole host (or nearly) of the periodical pillars of literature at the present day. It lays claim to a moiety of human customs and character, and exhibits man in the situation of Death and the Lady in the picture; one side is naked and without a name, while the other flaunts in silken sounds that have no appropriate texture or consistency. The geographers of humanity have not calculated the cross-roads: many a pleasant creek and corner—many a rural niche, with here and there glimpses of picturesque, are omitted in the map. Shall we only appreciate what is noted and registered, and shut our hearts to every thing else? There is assuredly a new world of names to discover, of which posterity will be the Columbus. For if we glance cursorily at the misnomers on the page of society, the transpositions of terms, the nicknames and the *aliases*, we must admit that, in reality, there are few things or persons to which the term Anonymous may not be correctly applied.—There is, by the way, an anonymous philosophy slumbering in the veins of man when he is little aware of it. It is manifested in a notice which is (or was) to be seen at the gate of a church-yard on the Surrey side of Waterloo Bridge:—"Wanted some *good earth* in this church-yard." This is as delicate as the undertaker's "Lodgings to Let" stuck upon a coffin. Yet people write these things without suspicion, and rehearse them with complacency —pass jokes on death, and the warm pulses of life are not chilled for an instant. It is certain we are a race of anonymous philosophers.

Again and again it may be asked, what *is* there in a name? and how is it that the wise world is dazzled and governed by a sound? Man is really something more than a Macadamized barbarian cast forth upon the highway of power: then why should the rattling of a ponderous title shake or disturb him? Let him not trust such specious prologues, but pass on to the "imperial theme." Or if he must be swayed by terms, let him not count the letters and criticize the tone, but let him weigh the names of Brutus and Cæsar, and ascertain which means king and which commonwealth. Above all, let him cherish a recollection of those without which all others are null and void—those which are enumerated by a favourite bard, and should be wedded to the memory for ever:—

> "You of all names the sweetest and the best;
> You Muses, Books, and Liberty, and Rest;
> You Gardens, Fields, and Woods."

B.

EPIGRAM

*On the proper Use of the Eyes.**

Certes, the Eyes are not to *see* with—
No more than wives were made to be with,
Or milk was sent us to drink tea with.
Some sages hint they're formed to weep with,
Others, to cast a look like sheep with;—
It's my belief they're meant—*to sleep with.*

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* *Vide* M. M., page 165.

PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Philosophical* Poem, in Two Cantos;

With a Commentary in Verse, by Bougersdickius.

CANTO I.

"Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus."—*Tacitus.*

I sing of PUNCH, and therefore must I sing
  Of feats familiar, yet for ever new:
Of merry faces, gathered in a ring,
  The magic oft admired, again to view;
While laughter, like a river from its spring,
  Throws o'er the spirit its refreshing dew;
And gushes on with unimpeded course,
Exhaustless still from an exhaustless source.

What is that shrill inimitable cry,
  With joyous shouts of idle urchins blended?
What that strange curtained box, well-poised on high
  With four long poles by which its sides are ended?
What should it be, but Punch?—who, passing by,
  Comes, like a conqueror from his wars, attended
By music, far on London echoes borne,
Drum, or pandean pipe, or clanging horn.

---

* Esteemed and gentle reader, in the proem
  Of these my notes, I deem it just to mention,
That though th' ingenious author (and I know him
  Modest, and full of every good intention)
Has named but "philosophical," the poem
  Will shine with more diversified invention,
As moral, metaphysical, and critical,
Historico—statistico—political.

And this I say because myself and he
  Feel that mere verses written with facility,
Stuffed with but idle flights and fancies free,
  Nor turned to that sole end of life—utility,
Are things which neither can nor ought to be
  Received in such an age with e'en civility.
Hapless the bard, who when they ask "cui bono?"
Your work—is't practical? must answer "oh no."

But now of Punch! The word it will be seen,
  Nay, must occur at once to observation,
In our judicious author does not mean
  The beverage, loved throughout the British nation,
Which, more than Owen proves the worth, I ween,
  Of that great principle—co-operation:
Since sugar, lemon, spirits, there combine,
Sweet, sour, strong, weak, to form a drink divine.

But our illustrious author, as was said,
  Takes for the theme on which his verse to spin
A Punch, which, though right pleasant, is not made
  Of whisky, brandy, hollands, rum, or gin.
But Punch, the jovial, laugh-exciting blade,
  Sworn friend of Scaramouch and Harlequin.
Yet, though thus different, both are good for some ache,
One cheers the mind, the other warms the stomach. *Bougersdickius.*

*** Some of the early stanzas of this poem appeared in the European Magazine.

Little it matters, where that sound is heard
  Through this metropolis of Britain's Isles;
Whether, where thousands are almost interred
  In smoky dens, and seldom sunshine smiles;
Or where gay splendour revels:—in a word,
  The parish of St. James or of St. Giles
Starts up alike; and every being round
Finds in his heart an echo to that sound.

And sparkling eyes from door and window greet
  The cavalcade that moves with merry din,
Or sudden stops in some gay square or street,
  Or in the learned fields of Lincoln's-Inn.
Behold! the drama for no ear unmeet,
  Most loved and most repeated, doth begin:
For tell me, when was Œdipus—Othello—
The Cid, played half so oft as Punchinello?

But who shall paint that drama?—'twould employ
  Weeks, months, to go through all its operations-
Th' extreme vicissitudes of grief and joy,
  Embraces, quarrels, reconciliations—
Blows which, were either mortal, must destroy;
  Falls, faintings, dyings, revivifications—
Descents—and reappearances—love—strife,
And all the strange epitome of life.

'Tis done:—that stroke has slain the Dame outright;
  Now lay her out,—and o'er her breathless corse
An inquest hold:—while Punch—ah, wretched wight!
  Weeps with full anguish of too late remorse!
But lo! she wakes—she stirs—and swift as light
  Attacks the mourner with a fury's force:
And now they hug—now fight—now part—now meet,
While unextinguished laughter shakes the street!

Hark! how his head is knocked against the floor!
  Look, how he writhes his body as in pain!
And widowed Judy must in turn deplore
  Her lord—who in his turn shall rise again.
And now they roll and tumble o'er and o'er,
  And now—but gaze thyself—for words are vain.
Punch hast thou seen?—then thou anew wilt see;
If not, life has some pleasure yet for thee.*

Oh Punch! no vulgar mountebank art thou,
  That splits our ears at holiday or fair:
Thou dost not bring a frown upon the brow
  By pains inflicted upon dog or bear.
Nor stands a theatre in Britain now,
  Fit the first honours from thy front to tear;
Nor gilded dome, nor stately structure, worth
Thine unelaborate and itinerant mirth.

---

* Of late, with grief of heart it must be told,
  Punch and his wife have somewhat lost their stations:
For apes and dressed-up dogs have been enrolled
  As aids to them and their sublime creations.
But yet our poet rather would behold
  (Hating, 'tis plain, these modern innovations)
At any hour, tea, breakfast, dinner, lunch,
The good old unsophisticated Punch. *Bougersdickius.*

With seas and mountains thou hast nought to do,
  Or simple nature in her savage mood,
Or fields, or babbling brooks:—thee none can view
  'Mid variegated scene of rock and wood,
Nor where the learned pedant doth eschew
  His fellow men in bookish solitude:
Thou hast not loved the monkish cell, nor played
With Amaryllis in the rural shade.

But where the stream of life flows fastest on,
  Where boils the eddying vortex of the town,
There art thou seen; while ever and anon
  The pausing porter throws his burden down;
And e'en the grave and magisterial Don,
  Some man of high and orthodox renown,
Ashamed to stop, unwilling to advance,
Casts back a stealthy, longing, ling'ring glance!

Thou art the child of cities, and art found
  A wand'ring orb with hundred satellites,
Where streets and congregated men abound,
  And listless gazers seek whate'er excites,—
Thee most; for no *ennui* dares haunt the ground
  Which thou hast charmed from all the gloomier sprites,
And e'en in London, where thou dost appear,
Thou mak'st one carnival throughout the year.

With haste less eager, and with zeal more cold,
  Have courtiers crowded to the winning side;
Or vultures flocked to spots where they behold
  That armies pass, or that the brave have died;
Or cats and dogs to barrows, whence is sold
  The meat by female voices sweetly cried;
Than infancy has flown, and manhood, too,
Oh, charming Punch and Judy, unto you.

Yet, an exotic in the graver North,
  Though Punch may live and laugh, he laughs not there,
As when in the warm South he revels forth,
  And freely breathes his own inspiring air.
Tramontane hearts conceive not half his worth,
  Felt and acknowledged in those regions fair
Where life is a long boyhood; and the breast
Glows with the climate, physically blest.

Not ancient Thespis, in theatric cart,
  Ere gorgeous tragedy came sweeping by,
Was more beloved at Athens, than thou art
  In lands that bask beneath the sunny sky,
Oh, Punch!—or in some city's ample mart,
  Where lazy, laughing Lazzaroni lie;
And in street-corners nose and eye may dwell on,
Not the roast apple, but the smooth cool melon.

And with good cause at Venice, or at Milan,
  May Punch be cherished:*—he makes time run faster,
And bids th' Italian slave forget his *vilain:*
  All-prostrate doom—his country's long disaster.

---

* I strongly recommend the Emperor Francis
  To cherish Punch and Operas through the state;
For oft amusements soothe rebellious fancies,
  And turn the thoughts from vengeance and deep hate.

For where the rule is mildest, it is still an
  Uncomfortable thing to serve a master,
Whose arms, dress, features, habits, language, stand
In haughty contrast to our own lov'd land.

Yet though the Boulevard, or Piazza white,
  In Florence, or gay Paris, suits him more;
Still London, as I said, his whims delight;
  And many a classic place unknown of yore,
Crescent, or Pentagon, or Circus hight,
  Or Esplanade, or Terrace, by the score
Send forth the toddling child, or tott'ring Goody,
To gaze upon the pranks of Punch and Judy.

For few—what'er their life is, or has been,
  Whether with placid flow it gently slides,
Smooth as the stream its lovely banks between,
  Beneath the moon in summer twilight glides,
Or struggles, a dark torrent, through a scene
  Of horrors;—few there are, whate'er betides,
Who may not thank poor Punch and Judy's play,
For joy bestowed, or sorrow chased away.

Therefore, were I to send up a petition,
  Ye Commons, and ye Lords, to "both your Houses,"
It should not be to pray the recognition
  Of states where freedom her young spirit rouses;
It should not be to alter the condition
  Of laws on corn—for *that* all 'Change espouses;
Nor should it be concerning tythes and church,
For *them* I leave to my Lord King's research;

It should not stray to some far Cape or Highland
  On Afric's sand, or Asia's distant ends,
Nor say one word about the Sister-Island,
  Though for the past we owe her large amends.—
Poor Sister-Isle! the name still makes me smile, and
  Suggests how seldom relatives are friends!—
But on a subject of another nature
Were my petition to the Legislature,

'Twould pray you, Peel, and Eldon, and the rest,
  Whom, though my space forbids to name, I love;
And Martin, who in Smithfield taps unblest,
  Shouldst with these bloodless sports be hand and glove:—
'Twould pray that Punch may never be supprest,
  Discouraged, mocked;—but that you would remove
Whate'er to hurt or shame him has a tendency,
As you would guard the Protestant ascendancy!

Thus Cyrus, if the history no romance is,
  To keep his Lydian foes effeminate,
And therefore slaves unmurmuring to the Persian,
Gave them a flowing dress and much diversion.

Great Ferdinand, had he been wise as Plato,
  Would thus the South Americans have treated;
The Greek had done it with Mavrocordato,
  And other Greeks, not crush'd, though now defeated.
And to that strange wild land of the potatoe,
  Should present remedies in vain be meted,
Why then, upon reflection and deep study,
I find none better than a Punch and Judy!

Bougersdickius.

For England's ancient pastimes vanish fast,
  In this political prosaic age;
For them, 'twould seem, oblivion's die is cast,
  Because we moderns are so very sage
As to despise, abhor, whate'er, when past,
  Leaves not its profits in the ledger's page.
We scorn the gay, the playful, and the comical,
Commercial all, and grave, and economical.*

The rustic morris-dancers, where are they?
  How few the merry May-games which we see!
E'en Christmas sports fade one by one away,
  And fairs our moral statesmen deem too free;
Or hold it in their hearts the wiser way
  To measure all things by the rule of three;
And thus enact, no pleasure shall have birth,
That leads to nothing save immediate mirth.

Yet pause awhile, ye Senators, before
  Ye block the avenues of present joy.
What else of certainty has life? What door
  To change may not gape wide, if ye destroy
These innocent amusements of the poor;
  And every mind in sterner thoughts employ?
To added ingots sacrificing health,
And quitting happiness to search for wealth!

Ye say, new years new destinies unfold,
  And mightier for mankind: new furnished arts
Start, like young giants, forth to shame the old;
  And mental darkness, like a ghost, departs
Before the dawn, which bids us now behold
  One spirit kindled in a million hearts.
Ye say, that Truth must trample under foot
All Error's brood, all prejudice uproot.

If true, 'tis well!—and the excited mind
  Would gladly, fervently, believe it so;
For he, methinks, is traitor to his kind,
  Who seeks such proud aspirings to lay low.
Yet though the nations may their chains unbind,
  And though the world with onward march may go,
Still for the sport, the pastime, earth has room,
And genuine wisdom these would not entomb;

But rather loves. She loves to leave her school,
  And taste the merriment that pleased our sires;
She loves at proper times to play the fool;
  And, when the mind's protracted tension tires,
Courts e'en the good old Genius of Misrule,
  And laughingly repairs her nobler fires:
While Folly with severe and rigid look,
Punch and his harmless frolics would rebuke.

---

* The author's picture seems to me grotesque
  And wrong: two modes of life he ought to see,
The one poetical and picturesque,
  Which Goldsmith drew, and more as well as he;
The other, such as merchants at their desk
  Praise and prefer—and I with them agree,
Which nor on hard nor beauty casts a glance,
But steadily looks on to the main chance.

Bougersdickius.

Nor can ye with your statutes' musty store
  Seal up the fountains of man's mirth for ever;
Somehow the buoyant spirits will rush o'er,
  Mocking the politician's dull endeavour
To bar their progress; nay, perchance the more
  In lands and times least happy:—then, oh, never
Consult alone the noble's over-niceness,
The pleader's phlegm, or puritan's preciseness!

Besides—forgive th' apparent contradiction,
  With most, I fear, this show of weighty sense,
This search of abstract good, is but a fiction:
  If not hypocrisy, at least pretence:
And if it be so, without dereliction
  Of truth and candour, we may gather hence,
That the world's sageness is one-half cajolery,
And has a lurking love for fun and drollery.

For, hide it as they may, the mass of men
  Shrink from the pain and trouble of deep thought;
Hug ignorance;—or wish, nine out of ten,
  To know, without the plague of being taught:—
The speculations of a serious pen,
  High principles on sound foundations wrought,
These would they to the chariot-wheels of Folly tie,
In heart by nature lovers of frivolity.

They take grave theories as a medicine,
  Where health, and not the palate, is in question;
And gulp them with wry faces, I opine,
  To aid the process of the mind's digestion:
But sportive pleasantries they sip like wine;
  And love as Alexander loved Hephœstion,
And men in general love the pert despiser
Of wisdom—not the man who makes them wiser.

Some intellectual rail-road they require,
  To slide to science without toil or stay;
And even should they find it, soon will tire
  Of such a journey by the easiest way.
Yet seek they not, with ever-new desire,
  The giddy, the fantastical, the gay?
And therefore, though the truth be melancholy,
I say again, the world's a world of folly.

The learned lady, who affects geology,
  Will read a novel, when no friend is nigh.
As for myself, though bred in school and college, I
  Confess I found the Stagyrite too dry.
E'en you, oh Senators, without apology,
  Rushed forth to see the new balloon pass by,
Leaving the speaker—as a host their trenches,—
Without a house, amid the empty benches.

Oh then, ye grave and reverend scribes, beware,
  In this our age's weakness and depravity,
Of stiff sententious dulness. I declare,
  And though I now may laugh, 'tis not in suavity,
But in the merriment of mere despair,
  Myself have suffered deeply from my gravity.
Wisdom must have a spice of wit to flavour it,
And thus is Punch with me, with all, a favourite.

For wit and wisdom meet in Punch :—his wit
  Is ever rich in countless whimsicalities,
Ever at hand, and for his audience fit,
  And also quite devoid of personalities ;
Gives no offence, no pain, nor seeks to hit
  A friend, that most uncommon of all qualities !
His wisdom smiles at all the woes that smite us ;
A sage is Punch, but not like Heraclitus !

While lived and ruled Napoleon, Punch laughed still :
  When farmers groaned, Punch laughed amid their laments :
Mid riots and distress he laughed his fill ;
  He laughed alike in cash or paper-payments :
And let them pass, or not, the Popish bill,
  Yet will he laugh, and shake his motley raiments ;
Gay, not with cynic or sardonic smile,
But happy mirth, that knows nor pride nor guile.

Punch ! I would back thee freely for the sum
  Which from this poem I expect to gain,
No matter what—it is not quite a plum—
  More to engage the fancy, more enchain
The eyes, ears, souls, of such as near thee come,
  Than any sage in learning's awful train,
That e'er by writing systems tired his wrist,
Statesman, divine, or grave economist.

What were the wonders, too, by Orpheus done,
  Or old Amphion, when compared with thee ?
What, though the Theban walls obeyed the one,
  And to his music danced each forest tree,
And Orpheus moved the cold heart of a stone,
  And might from hell have brought Eurydice,
But he repented e'er she rose half way,
And bade her, looking back, with Pluto stay.*

But thou, oh thou, canst bid the heart of man
  Forget, or change its nature for a while ;
Canst throw glad beams o'er cheeks with sorrow wan,
  And cheat the cloudiest brow into a smile.
Black melancholy flies thy magic span,
  And angry passions half discharge their bile.
Thou canst expand the close-pent mind, and clear
Of mists and fogs our human atmosphere.

For when the soul is sick, or mind is moody,
  What is there better to repair the shock,
Where more *piquant* in Kitchener's whole study,
  What more enlivening in champaigne or hock,
Than these same drolleries of Punch and Judy,
  This still unchanged yet still inspiring stock
Of jokes, both practical and intellectual,—
Never, like thine, poor punster, ineffectual.

---

* Such is the story, rightly understood,
  Though Virgil and his masters told the thing,
As if poor Orpheus, in a love-sick mood,
  Swerved from th' injunctions of the gloomy king.
But manuscripts indisputably good,
  Besides strong arguments which we could bring,
Shew, that in tracing to another source
Th' unlucky look, we take the proper course. *Bougersdickius.*

I recommend them as the best specific
  In hypochondriac or nervous cases:
Some fly to women, but the cure's prolific
  Of other ills, and mischiefs, and disgraces:
Others to wine—but wine is soporific,
  And leaves at last more pangs than it displaces;
Drugs are a wretched stimulant, and gaming
The virtuous muse would be ashamed of naming.

But see that group, well worthy Wilkie's hand,
  Instinct with animation's eager glow!
There children, wrapt in dumb amazement, stand;
  For wonder half forbids their joy to flow.
The labourer, at that wizard's high command,
  Stops from his work, or can his meal forego;
Though time and drudgery have had power to plough
Their deep-lined furrows on his honest brow.

The mother there, with infant in her arms,
  Puling and weak, yet sooths him at the sight;
With Punch dispels his querulous alarms,
  Herself not all-unconscious of delight.
There curious imps, in boyhood's ragged charms,
  Would peep behind the scenes—to know aright
How those strange feats that theatre can grace,
Which just before was a small empty space.

Yet some would, like the Frenchman, wish to buy
  Great Punch, and keep him for their recreation;
Unknowing that the moral alchemy
  Which turns their tears to laughter, has its station,
Not in the prating puppets perched on high,
  But him below, without whose operation
A sudden stillness would the scene benumb,
And Punch be spiritless, and Judy dumb.

Thus is it with the world—for I believe
  Punch is the world's best emblem, on the whole:—
While whirls the vast machine, how few perceive
  The master-springs that guide it as its soul;
The wires that move the figures, and still weave
  The fate of man, "from Indus to the Pole;"
And generate whatever comes to pass,
Like spirit acting on some inert mass.

That mass alone we see—But hold—my theme
  Will bear me far into the deep abyss
Of that immortal science, or strange dream,
  Call'd "Politics:"—nay, deeper still than this,
To mighty nature's universal scheme,
  Where human minds the way can only miss,
Bewildered, lost, and into chaos wrought,
E'en by the very vastness of their thought!

Back then to Punchinello. There the rake
  Gazes, scarce conscious that his all is spent,
All vanished in the last, the fatal stake—
  And there th' usurious Jew, with brow unbent,
Stands and forgets what joy it is to take
  From sprigs of fashion his sixteen per cent.;
While e'en the debtor, who from bailiff flies,
Casts back on Punch his oft-reverted eyes.

Ridiculous thou art, and yet sublime
(For here there is no step between the two),
Thou remnant of the more enlivening time,
When Courts held licensed fools, and gaily grew
In England's realm, masque, mummery, and mime;
And, in fair sooth, for all the good they do,
Millions of either sex, and each degree,
As well, oh Punch, through life might look on thee!

For take the worthiest of the motley train—
What would that blue-eyed, bright-haired girl be doing?
Why, laying up long years of guilt and pain,
With ear attentive to some scoundrel's wooing.
That grey-hair'd man?—why, dreams that were his bane
In youth, in middle age, still, still pursuing.
That bard-like boy?—why, hurrying to indite
The verse which it were better *not* to write.

That dandy member of a House well known,
What would he do?—perchance upon his cob, he
Would canter, staring modest women down
With shameless gaze; or lounging in the lobby,
Wait for the time to vote: or in the town,
Or country, seek some other idle hobby;
Or just console the wife of a dear friend,
Who might have pressing business to attend.*

That briefless barrister, but newly come
To the grave honours of the gown and wig,
Here *he* may stop, for what *his* daily doom?
He but in quest of fees scarce worth a fig,
"Runs the great circuit, and is still at home;"
Or stays in London, vainly looking big,
Like coach unhired, or house untaken yet,
That never is, but always to be, "let!" †

So of the rest; *this* would but be intriguing
With actress, or more honest courtesan,
That squandering what his fathers earned, or leaguing,
For a base purpose, with a desperate clan;
A third, his senses, limbs, mind, soul, fatiguing
In chase of some impracticable plan.
All these are pastimes, which the world can please,
And thou, oh Punch, art better than all these!

END OF CANTO I.

---

* The author neither did, nor could intend
To hint *that* House is better *known* than *trusted:*
Yet, lest it thus should seem—which heaven forefend,
'Twere well to have the point at once adjusted:
And therefore has the present note been penn'd,
That none may turn him from this page disgusted,
As if it could—oh sin, oh shame, oh scandal!
Th' imperial senate with irreverence handle. *Bougersdickius.*

† In simpler language, the Home-circuit goes,
A pleasant thing, although you be no winner
In point of cash, as many a pocket knows;
For it is said that at the Circuit dinner
With clever mess-mates you may drink or doze,
And seldom will return to town the thinner.
But as to briefs, or fees, alas the bore is
That here the *seniores* are *priores.* *Bougersdickius.*

NOTES OF A MISCELLANEOUS READER.

"I read with my pencil in my hand, and I make marks and *re*-marks as I go along."
Note-Book of the Miscellaneous Reader.

THE MUTABILITY OF LANGUAGE.—In the margin of the paper in the Sketch-Book, entitled "The Mutability of Literature," I find the following notes. I had better, I think, first give the text upon which I have commented:—

"Even now, many talk of Spenser's well of pure English undefiled, as if the language ever sprang from a well or fountain-head, and was not rather a mere confluence of various tongues, perpetually subject to changes and intermixtures. It is this which has made English literature so extremely mutable, and the reputation built upon it so fleeting..... This should serve as a check upon the vanity and exultation of the most popular writer. He finds the language in which he has embarked his fame gradually altering, and subject to the dilapidations of time, and the caprice of fashion. * * * Sir Philip Sidney's *Arcadia*, the immortality of which was so fondly predicted by his admirers, and which, in truth, is full of noble thoughts, delicate images, and graceful turns of language, is now scarcely ever mentioned. Sackville has strutted into obscurity; and even Lyly, though his writings were once the delight of a court, and apparently perpetuated by a proverb, is now scarcely known even by name. * * * What do we hear of Gyraldus Cambrensis, the historian, antiquary, philosopher, theologian, and poet? He declined two bishoprics that he might shut himself up and write for posterity; but posterity never inquires for his labours."—*Sketch-Book*, vol. i. pp. 269-75.

I cannot, by any means, agree with this. English literature, since the general practice of printing, is not particularly mutable; certainly not more so than that of France, or of any other modern nation. In point of fact, this paper, though very agreeable and entertaining, is most unphilosophically conceived, and very illogically argued throughout. The decay of the works of Sir Philip Sidney, &c., enumerated above, is to be ascribed to their matter, not to their language. Do we not (to say nothing of Shakspeare) read Marlow, and Beaumont and Fletcher, and Spenser, and Holinshed, and Stowe—and, which is a stronger, because an older example—Sir Thomas More? Cranmer and Latimer are not obsolete. It is the affected *modernness*, the *euphonism* of Sir Philip and of Lyly, which has caused them to be forgotten; not the mutability of the language generally. One of the chief, and, perhaps, best effects of the invention of printing, has been to *fix* language. Once the literature of a nation is *set* in print, its language, by that alone, acquires permanence. Thus, what is true historically, is not so prophetically. The language of England has undergone scarcely any change (beyond the mere variations of conventional and temporary fashion—*slang*, in fact) for the last hundred and twenty years. Shakspeare died in 1616; and, a hundred years afterwards, the learned were at daggers-drawing about his meaning. Addison died in 1719, and yet I have never heard of any disputed readings in Cato. And why? Because, in Shakspeare's time, printing was slovenly and inaccurate: errors, of infinite number and variety, crept, from this cause, into the text, and thence rendered it doubtful, and open to debate. But, when Addison lived, the art of printing had acquired a degree of excellence which made such chances impossible. In exact

proportion with the advance of printing, has the language acquired a character of permanence.

With respect to Girald of Wales, and the other monkish writers whom Mr. Irving cites in support of his position, it is evident that they are totally beside the question. They wrote, not in English of any date, but in Latin. Indeed, Girald flourished at a period (the end of the 12th century) almost prior to the existence of any thing like the English language, properly so called. Ingulphus (a Saxon by birth, and secretary successively to Edward the Confessor's queen and to William the Conqueror), William of Malmesbury, John of Salisbury, and Benedictus Abbas, are continually and most deservedly quoted by our early historians. Their Latin, for the most part, was very pure and beautiful. The extreme monkish deterioration of the language did not supervene till a century or two later. The Latin of the 11th and 12th centuries was proverbially pure. It was during the subsequent ages that it became so barbarous; and had reached a climax of jargon, when the invention of printing came to raise the modern dialects into the dignity and usefulness of established tongues.

Girald of Wales, in particular, is a most unhappy instance for Mr. Irving to have singled out. His authority is constantly quoted by our historians for the history of both Henry II.'s and Richard I.'s reigns; and, especially, for the state of Ireland at the period of its conquest: of which conquest he wrote a history, besides a very detailed *topographia* of that country generally. If he had lived in the reign of Queen Anne, I question much whether his treatise *De rebus à se gestis* would not be as popular and well known as Burnet's History of His Own Times. It is certainly, allowing for the different date of the events, quite as entertaining, and, in more points than one, bears to it very considerable resemblance.

As to his refusing two bishoprics that he might prosecute his studies, he did so merely because he had fixed his heart upon the *third* Welsh Bishopric, that of St. David's, to which he had been (somewhat irregularly) elected a few years before, during the ecclesiastical contests of Henry II.'s reign; and of which he had been subsequently administrator. He was, at last, again elected to it; but his election was never confirmed. So far from wishing to retire from the world, he engaged in litigation to establish the validity of his appointment, during which he consumed all his substance, and made no fewer than five journies to Rome. He was ultimately foiled; and then did retire from the world—I believe, to the university of Paris. It is true, shortly after the conquest of Ireland by Henry II., he accompanied Prince John thither when he made his topographical survey of the country. At his time (when, be it remembered, he thought himself rightful Bishop of St. David's) he was offered the united Bishoprics of Leighlin and Ferns; which, as we have seen done in our own day, he declined, being pretty certain of better preferment in his own country. His history of his own *Gestes* is one of the most amusing and characteristic pieces of egregious biography extant. His extraordinary and undoubting vanity—his great importance in his own eyes—and the quiet confidence with which he shews and records these feelings, are strangely mingled with his unquestionable learning, and (for the period) his elegant, and even eloquent diction.

SPAIN. *Note in the Margin of "Remarques de l'Essai sur les Mœurs."*

In 1490, Spain had scarcely any existence as an integral and independent state; in 1550 it was probably the most powerful monarchy in the world; in 1650 it had begun sensibly to decline; in 1750 it had completely sunken from any place of importance among European nations; in 1809 it no longer existed, except under the government of a private Corsican gentleman; and now (1825) it has been conquered and reconquered three times since the beginning of the nineteenth century.

THE JEWS. *Note in the margin of the same book, on the following passage.*

"On peut parler beaucoup de ce peuple en théologie, mais il mérite peu de place dans l'histoire. En effet, quelle attention peut s'attirer par elle-même une nation faible et barbare, qui ne posséda jamais un pays comparable à un de nos provinces; qui ne fût célèbre ni par le commerce, ni par les arts; qui fût presque toujours séditieuse et esclave, jusqu'à ce qu'enfin les Romains la dispersèrent?"

Here Voltaire's prejudices cloud and impede the free exercise of his reasoning faculties. Because, perhaps, too much importance has been given to the Jews, *considered only in their temporal and historical relations,* Voltaire would take from them that which they really deserve. It is true that this people (still considering them only as indicated above) possessed but a very limited territory; but, at the least, it is *extraordinary* that, though for upwards of 1700 years they have been wandering over the face of the earth, they should still remain a nation. It is, at the least, extraordinary that a people of such antiquity should have been able to form, and, what is as much, to preserve, a code such as that of Moses. It is still more extraordinary that this people (if M. de Voltaire will insist upon denying the divinity of Christ) *invented* a moral code, the most pure and beautiful that ever has been given to the world. It is the abuse of Christianity, not Christianity itself, which has produced the evils which Voltaire attributes to its agency. It is not in the Gospel that the precepts which caused the massacre of St. Bartholomew are to be found. No: bad men have used the religion of peace as a cloak for their own violent passions—the religion of charity and love, for a pretext for hatred and thirst of blood. Voltaire's heart was eminently a kind one; his horror of bloodshed most singularly sensitive. He has allowed the abuses, committed under its name, to blacken Christianity in his eyes: and hence I have long been persuaded that his hatred of the Christian religion sprang from the very abundance of the truest Christian feeling within his heart.

NOTE TO THE OPENING LINES OF THE HENRIADE.*—It has often struck me that the peculiarities attending the position of Henri Quatre, *as a Béarnais,* have been very inadequately dwelt upon in the many writings concerning him. Those peculiarities had, through his education, the strongest influence upon the actions and fortunes of his after-life, the details of which have been set forth so amply.

In these days especially, when romance and tradition of every kind are so much and so eagerly sought after among us, it is somewhat

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* "Je chante ce héros qui régna sur la France,
Et par droit de conquête, et par droit de naissance," &c.

strange that the country and the birth-place of one who is so favourite a hero of what may be termed the romance of history, should have attracted so little distinctive notice and remark. The Highlands of Scotland are not more dissimilar from the Weald of Kent, than was Béarn, the native country of Henri Quatre, from Normandy, Picardy, or the Isle of France: neither, at the period of his birth, and indeed for many years after, was there more probability of his ever succeeding to the crown of France, than there was for Mary, Queen of Scots, to be the mother of the successor to the English throne, when Edward, Mary, and Elizabeth, were still alive and youthful. This broad and particular distinction is not, I think, sufficiently borne in mind by the general reader—nay, even by historical readers, and writers also; for though no one could have more intimate and minute knowledge of the period of French history which comprehends the civil wars than the author of the Henriade, yet, in another place, in alluding to the Prince of Béarn being presented by his mother to the Protestant troops at Jarnac, he says, "thus, like Charlemagne, Henri Quatre was a rebel before he became a king." But it was not so: whatever might be the relative position of Antoine de Bourbon, his father, as first prince of the blood of France, there can be no doubt that Henri, who, in right of his mother, was the immediate heir to her independent sovereignty, could in no case be a rebel to the crown of France. Béarn, in particular, was never subject to that crown. It had been always "held from God alone," as the feudal phrase expressed it. Thus even Henri himself, who united the two, was king of France and *of* Navarre; confirming, by the second possessive article, the decision pronounced after his accession, as to the independence of Béarn, which formed so considerable and so peculiar a portion of the later kingdom of Navarre.

But in other respects, also, Béarn is singularly worthy of some particular remark. Its romantic and peculiar characteristics bore, as it appears to me, no small share in the formation of the character of Henri. It is certain that Henri d'Albret, his maternal grandfather, was most superlatively national; and thence adopted all those curious fantasies of rearing, which, in this case, succeeded so well. Bred in the mountains, on an equality with the young mountaineers, *Henriot*, as his companions called him, became vigorous in a most unprincely degree, both as to the physical frame and the spirit within; which last was thus rendered worthy of being cultivated by such men as Florent Chrétien, as La Gaucherie, and, I may add, as Mornay. The latter, indeed, was only three years older than his great master; but the sterling solidity of his mind, and the severe integrity of his character, gave him always a stronger hold over Henri than is usual with so slight a disparity of age. He also was a Béarnais.

I even question whether many of the most striking and peculiar points of Henri's character and genius would have existed if he had been a French prince of the blood only. As it was, with all the vivacity and graceful courage of his father's country, he united the characteristics of the free mountaineers of Béarn—of his mother's country—of his mother's race. Jeanne d'Albret, indeed, was a person so eminent and extraordinary in herself, that she needed *such* a son as Henri Quatre to throw her own fame into the shade. She was to the full the equal in intellect, activity, and genius to Catherine of Medicis—(I speak here of the *degree*, not the *exercise* of those intellects)—but this latter had only Francis II, Charles IX, Henry III, the Duc d'Alençon, for *her*

sons. She need fear no eclipse from *them!* Jeanne d'Albret partook still more strongly than her son of the peculiarities of the Béarnais; her father, Henri d'Albret, was, as I have said, a Béarnais to the back-bone. He was quite a John Bull in nationality. He had no idea of 'new-fangled notions' and soft and modern daintinesses; he was bluff, countrified, and coarsely patriotic—almost as 'Squire Western himself. But, at the same time, he possessed intellectual powers, which, if not first-rate, were at all events, strong, sound, and serviceable, and gained extrinsic consideration and dignity from the manner in which they were exerted, and the matters and persons on which they were brought to bear. He lived, indeed, in the most stirring age recorded in the history of mankind. The sudden burst of light which streamed over the world at the revival of letters, had had time to become condensed upon some of the most important and agitating themes which were ever yet disputed between man and man. The invention of printing preceded and produced the revival of learning—the two combined gave scope for a successful reformation! It has been usual to ascribe this apparent coincidence of time to chance; it was—it could be—no such thing. Wickliffe, and Huss, and Jerome of Prague (the first especially) were reformers of as vigorous and active minds as Luther; their scriptural learning was, probably, as great as his was at the beginning; theirtemperaments were more sober; and their conduct less exposed to the charge of versatility. But there did not exist in their days that engine which makes the minds of the wise, and the acquisitions of the learned, almost omnipresent; which scatters their seeds over every soil at once; which communicates, by the connecting wire of intelligence, simultaneously to many the electricity produced by the genius of one. The art of printing was then unknown: hence Wickliffe's followers were never very numerous, and have no longer any separate existence; hence John Huss, and Jerome his fellow-labourer, are the martyrs, without being the apostles, of the reformation. But now, the minds of men had received an impetus, the force of which has ever since been proceeding in a ratio equally rapid and suprising. The riches and physical wonders of the New World were announced to the old one as fast as they became known. The emancipation of the minds and souls of men from the trammels and the impurities of priestcraft and superstition, had now a means which, in any other instance, would have been equal to the end—of propagating and completing their religious release from religious slavery. Men were now no longer the 'born thralls' of the *servus servorum Dei.** The dawn, sudden and brilliant as that of a tropic day, was but the forerunner of an orb of tropical radiance, and more than tropical fertility. The sun of intellect had risen; and though spots have been cast upon its disk, and clouds have obscured its brightness,—it never has set, it never will set, it never can set again!

But what has all this to do with Henri d'Albret, and Henri Quatre? Much—every thing. Henri's glories were won in fighting against religious oppression, or rather oppression committed in religion's name. He fought for freedom—he won it—he gave it. At that time, a man must have been a block, a stock, a stone, not to have felt the sap within his heart rise, and his mind send forth its shoots; and where was there ever one who united mind and heart like Henri Quatre? More commanding

* It was by this humble title that the Popes, by way of antithesis I suppose, were wont to style themselves. It must have been pleasant to have seen the Emperor acting as groom-boy to "the servant of the servants of God!"

intellects—more creative geniuses, there may have been—there have been. Of as benevolent hearts we have also some, though few, examples. But where did we ever see them united as in him? When did we ever see in any other warrior, brave among the brave, a heart of even woman's tenderness united to more than even manly courage? Besieging a town with skill and bravery unrivalled—yet undoing with his left hand the work of his right, by surreptitiously sending food to stay the sufferings of his famished people! How few are there who have put to so much profit the lessons of hard fortune, as he who, as his poet says of him,

> "—par de longs malheurs apprit à gouverner,
> Calma les factions, sut vaincre et pardonner,
> Confondit et Mayenne, et la ligue, et l'Ibère,
> Et fût de ses sujets le vainqueur et le père."

This is a furiously long note on half-a-dozen lines; but when I get on the topic of Henri Quatre, my subject always takes the bit between its teeth, and runs away with me.

There are many very curious and characteristic anecdotes of the times of the Ligne, in the History of the Order of the Holy-Ghost by M. de St. Foix. (Œuvres, t. 6.) This order was instituted by Henry III, on his return from Poland, partly as a stroke of policy to attach to himself the great nobles of the kingdom; and partly to supply the place of the order of St. Michael, which had fallen (from over-use), into comparative insignificance:—both from the number having so greatly increased as to render it common, and from the proofs of birth being less rigidly enforced, and birth itself less exacted as a *sine quâ non*, than formerly. It was only, however, during the reign of Charles IX. that this desertion of the order arrived at any pitch, and that probably during the latter years of his reign only, for on Michaelmas 1572, that is, on the Michaelmas immediately succeeding the massacre of St. Bartholemew (23d and 24th of August), Charles IX. held a solemn chapter of the order; at which (as M. de St. Foix quotes from the Mémoires de l'Etat de France,) Henri IV, then King of Navarre, and the young prince de Condé were obliged to assist. After this, however, it seems to have fallen rapidly into the slight esteem incident to the great numbers and obscure birth of those who were admitted into it. For it was early as December 1578—only six years afterwards, that Henry III instituted his new order of the Holy Ghost: one of the first rules of which is, that the knight must previously have been admitted a knight of the order of St. Michael. The order thus being instituted during the height of the power of the Ligne, the history of that order, which consists chiefly of short *précis* of its different members, casts necessarily much light upon the national manners and feelings of the period. One cannot but regret that M. de St. Foix, who writes with the learning of an antiquary and the animation of a novelist and philosopher, should not have undertaken this history till his age induced him to leave it rather a mass or series of curious materials and notes for history, than an history itself. His *Essais Historiques sur Paris* display vast acquaintance with the domestic history of his country, and would, one should have thought, have furnished an historian of the *ordres du Roi* with much valuable and spirited *matériel* for his work. Still his age (upwards, I believe, of seventy) when he commenced it, renders it more a store house of material, than history itself. There is a distinct and separate notice of every individual knight: to be accurate in which necessitated an extent and precision of study and

research, which none but those who have prosecuted similar studies can duly estimate.

For a sample of the light value which was attached to life in those perilous times, and also of the slight apology which was considered needed for double and treble apostacy, both in politics and religion, I may quote some bits from the memorial which the Maréchal de Lavardin left of the principal events and actions of his life, and which M. de St. Foix transcribes:—

"Né en 1551, j'étois plus âgé de deux ans, que le prince de Navarre, auprès de qui je fus élevé.

"Mon père fut tué à la massacre de la St. Barthélemi, et j'aurais eu le même sort; mais heureusement j'étais allé passer la nuit avec la veuve d'un conseiller, bonne Catholique, et dame de charité de sa paroisse; j'y restai caché pendant trois jours, au bout desquels elle m'amena habillé en fille, et comme sa chambrière, à sa terre à douze lieues de Paris. J'abjurai le Calvinisme, comme bien d'autres.

"Dugua, mestre de camp des Gardes Françaises, ayant été tué par Viteaux, je demandais sa place au Roi qui me le promit; mais le lendemain ils le donna à Beauvais-Nangis. Je fus très-sensible à ce manquement de parole; et dès-lors je me joignis à ceux qui conseilloient depuis long-temps au Roi de Navarre, de s'échapper à la cour, où sa vie n'était pas en sûreté: ce qu'il exécuta le 4 Février 1576, sous prétexte d'une partie de chasse.

"La guerre civile s'étant rallumée, je pris d'assaut Villefranche en Périgord; il y eut plus de pillage, et de filles et de femmes violées, que de sang répandu: on m'accusa à la cour d'avoir eu le soir pour ma part deux religieuses fort jolies.

"Mai 1578. Randau et moi recherchions en mariage Madame de Montafié. Nous nous querellâmes; nous nous battimes; je le tuai Octobre même année. La Reine-Mère vint à Nérac pour faire des propositions au Roi de Navarre. Ce prince me dit un jour très-brusquement que mes assiduités auprès de Mademoiselle d'Ayelle l'importunaient.* Cette brusquerie et d'autres sujets de mécontentement qu'il m'avait donnés, me firent écouter les promesses de la Reine Mère; je quittai le Parti Huguenot, et retournai auprès de Henri III., qui me reçut avec bonté.

"Il me donna, en 1587, la lieutenance-générale de l'armée sous le Duc de Joyeuse, homme présomptueux, et qui n'écouta aucun de mes conseils à Contras.

"Après la mort de Henri III., je me connus aussitôt notre grand Henri."—Thank heaven we do not talk of such things in this tone now, —indeed we scarcely ever did in this country. Here is a maréchal de France, who changes his religion with as much sang-froid as he would his coat—talks of rape and murder as familiarly as he would of breakfast and dinner, and confesses his abandoning his party half a dozen of times over; and fighting for or against his great Henri, as the chance might be, with as much coolness and carelessness, and with every bit as much the appearance of its being something quite usual and in course, as if he were recording the adventures of a *partie de chasse;* and that he first hunted a hare, and then in preference a stag! He quits the Court of France because he was not promoted, and he quits the Court of Navarre because the King does not like his interfering with his mistress.

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* Fille d'honneur de Cide Med: elle étoit Greque, et avoit été sauvée du saccagement de l'Ile de Chyme en 1571,

At least there is some *bonhommie* in his so frankly assigning the real reasons for his tergiversation—the breaking of a promise on the one part, and the making of a promise on another. And yet this conduct ultimately succeeded. He did not *live* and die Vicar of Bray—but he did a Maréchal de France. Σ.

AN ANSWER,

Upon being asked, in the course of a conversation of which the limited knowledge and action of human nature formed the subject, "What I wished?"

I WISH I could in all things sport,
From heavenly to earthly court;
Anon to flutter 'bout a star,
Anon the sound of swain's guitar;
Viewing the track of mighty spheres,
Ent'ring the caves of beauty's ears:
Now, whilst the thunder rattles loud,
My steed yon sweeping ebon cloud
Still dashing on, whilst skies are rent
With the mighty element:
Then stooping downward to the earth,
To make its petty lords my mirth;
Playing about the despot's crown,
Chuckling at the favourite's frown;
Espying him who curves the lip,
Then quickly through the honey trip,
And seeking in his heart the hive,
Find vipers, toads, and wasps alive.
And then, to give my spirit rest,
Mounting a billow's sparkling crest;
Counting the bubbles of its track,
Or colours of the dolphin's back:
Then entering an empty shell
Thrown to shore by the young wave's swell,
Become some wandering beauty's pelf,—
And placed upon her mantle-shelf,
Witness the heart-endearing birth
Of joys around the good man's hearth.
Then hie me to the wedded bed,
A spirit's blessing there to shed—
And then, whilst the moon bares her bosom of light,
When the wind is as music—the stars as the eyes
Of angels, beholding the fairies of night,
As they keep their glad jubilee under the skies—
Then lightly from the couch I'd prance,
To join with Zephyr in the dance
Upon a daisy's unbent head,
And now a rose and tulip tread:
Then seat me in a violet's cup,
And on a feast of honey sup;
Whilst trembling dew-drop bright and clear
Should be my banquet chandelier;
Then sleeping in my flower-room,
Be waked but by its rich perfume,
Yielding meet tribute to the day,
And ta'en by vassal beam away—
Then throw me in the golden tide,
And to heaven in sun-light glide. D.W.J.

OLD NEIGHBOURS.

No. II.

A Quiet Gentlewoman.

MY present reminiscence will hardly be of the tenderest sort, since I am about to commemorate one of the oldest bores of my acquaintance, one of the few grievances of my happy youth. The person in question, my worthy friend Mrs. Allen, was a respectable widow lady, whose daughter having married a relation of my father's, just at the time that she herself came to settle in the town near which we resided, constituted exactly that mixture of juxta-position and family connexion, which must of necessity lead to a certain degree of intimacy, whatever discrepancies might exist in the habits and characters of the parties. We were intimate accordingly; dined with her once a year, drank tea with her occasionally, and called on her every time that the carriage went into W—; visits which she returned in the lump, by a sojourn of at least a month every summer with us at the Lodge. How my dear mother endured this last infliction I cannot imagine: I most undutifully contrived to evade it, by so timing an annual visit, which I was accustomed to pay, as to leave home on the day before her arrival and return to it the day after her departure, quite content with the share of *ennui* which the morning calls and the tea-drinkings (evils which generally fell to my lot) entailed upon me.

This grievance was the more grievous, inasmuch as it was one of those calamities which do not admit the great solace and consolation to be derived from complaint. Mrs. Allen, although the most tiresome person under the sun,—without an idea, without a word, a mere inert mass of matter,—was yet in the fullest sense of those "words of fear" a good sort of woman, well born, well bred, well jointured, and well conducted,—a perfectly unexceptionable acquaintance. There were some who even envied me my intimacy with this human automaton, this most extraordinary specimen of still life.

In her youth she had been accounted pretty, a fair sleepy blue-eyed beauty, languid and languishing, and was much followed by that class of admirers, who like a woman the better the nearer she approaches to a picture in demeanour as well as in looks* She had however, with the disparity that so often attends upon matrimony, fallen to the lot of a most vivacious and mecurial country squire, a thorough-paced foxhunter, whose pranks (some of them more daring than lawful) had obtained for him the cognomen of "mad Allen;" and having had the good fortune to lose this husband in the third year of their nuptials, she had never undergone the fatigue and trouble of marrying another.

When I became acquainted with her, she was a sleek round elderly lady, with very small features, very light eyes, invisible eye-brows, and a flaxen wig. She sate all day long on a sofa by the fireside, with her feet canted up on an ottoman; the ingenious machine called a pair of

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* One of her lovers, not quite so devoted to quietude in the fair sex, adventured on a gentle admonition. He presented to her a superb copy of the "Castle of Indolence," and requested her to read it. A few days after, he inquired of her sister if his fair mistress had condescended to look into the book. "No," was the answer. "No; but I read it to her as she lay on the sofa." The gentleman was a man of sense. He shrugged his shoulders, and six months after married this identical sister.

lazy tongs on one side of her, and a small table on the other, provided with every thing that she was likely or unlikely to want for the whole morning. The bell-pull was also within reach: but she had an aversion to ringing the bell, a process which involved the subsequent exertion of speaking to the servant when he appeared. The dumb-waiter was her favourite attendant. There she sate, sofa-ridden; so immoveable, that if the fire had been fierce enough to roast her into a fever, as once happened to some exquisitely silly king of Spain, I do think that she would have followed his example, and have staid quiet, not from etiquette, but from sheer laziness. She was not however unemployed; your very idle people have generally some play-work, the more tedious and useless the better; her's was knitting with indefatigable perseverance little diamonds in white cotton, destined at some future period to dovetail into a counterpane. The diamonds were striped, and were intended to be sewed together so artistically that the stripes should intersect each other, one row running perpendicularly and the next horizontally, so as to form a regular pattern; a bit of white mosaic, a tessellated quilt.

At this work I regularly found Mrs. Allen when compelled to the "sad civility" of a morning call, in which her unlucky visitor had all the trouble of keeping up the conversation. What a trouble it was! just like playing at battledore by one's self, or singing a duett with one's own single voice: not the lightest tap would mine hostess give to the shuttlecock;—not a note would she contribute to the concert. She might almost as well have been born dumb, and but for a few stray noes and yeses, and once in a quarter some savourless inquiry, she might certainly have passed for such. She would not even talk of the weather. Then her way of listening! One would have wagered that she was deaf. News was thrown away upon her; scandal did not rouse her; the edge of wit fell upon her dulness like the sword of Richard on the pillow of Saladin. There never was such a woman! Her drawing-room, too, lacked all the artificial aids of conversation; no books, no newspapers, no children, no dogs; nothing but Mrs. Allen and her knitted squares, and an old Persian cat, who lay stretched on the hearth-rug, as impassable as his mistress; a cat so iniquitously quiet that he would neither play, nor pur, nor scratch, nor give any token of existence beyond mere breathing. I don't think, if a mouse had come across him, that he would have condescended to notice it.

Such was the state of things within the room: without, it was nearly as bad. Her house, one of the best in W., was situate in a new street standing slant-ways to one of the entrances of the town; a street of great gentility but of little resort, and above all, no thoroughfare. So that after going to the window to look for a subject, and seeing nothing but the dead-wall of an opposite chapel, we were driven back to the sofa to expatitate for the twentieth time on Selim's beauty, and admire once again the eternal knitting. Oh the horror of those morning visits!

One very great aggravation of the calamity was the positive certainty of finding Mrs. Allen at home. The gentle satisfaction with which one takes a ticket from one's card-case, after hearing the welcome answer "my mistress is just walked out!" never befel one at Mrs. Allen's. She never took a walk, although she did sometimes, moved by the earnest advice of her apothecary, get so far as to talk of doing so. The weather was always too hot, or too cold; or it had been raining; or it looked likely to rain; or the streets were dirty; or the roads were dusty; or the sun

shone; or the sun did not shine (either reason would serve—her laziness was much indebted to that bright luminary); or somebody had called; or somebody might call; or (and this I believe was the excuse that she most commonly made to herself) she had not time to walk on account of her knitting, she wanted to get on with that.

The only time that I ever saw her equipped in out-of-door-costume was one unexceptionable morning in April, when the sun, the wind, the sky and the earth, were all as bright, and sweet, and balmy, as if they had put themselves in order on purpose to receive an unaccustomed visitor. I met her just as she was issuing slowly from the parlour, and enchanted at my good fortune, entreated, with equal truth and politeness, that I might not keep her within. She entered into no contest of civility; but returned with far more than her usual alacrity into the parlour, rung the bell for her maid, sate down on her dear sofa, and was forthwith unclogged, unshawled and unbonneted, semingly as much rejoiced at the respite, as a school-boy reprieved from the rod, or a thief from the gallows. I never saw such an expression of relief, of escape from a great evil, on any human countenance. It would have been quite barbarous to have pressed her to take her intended walk: and, moreover, it would have been altogether useless. She had satisfied her conscience with the attempt, and was now set in to her beloved knitting in contented obstinacy. The whole world would not have moved her from that sofa.

She did however exchange evening visits, in a quiet melancholy way, with two or three ladies her near neighbours, to whose houses she was carried in the stately ease of a sedan-chair;—for in those days *flies* were not; at which times the knitting was replaced by cassino. Those visits were, if not altogether so silent, yet very nearly as dull as the inflictions of the morning; her companions (if companions they may be called) being for the most part persons of her own calibre, although somewhat more loquacious. They had a beau or two belonging to this West Street coterie, which even beaux failed to enliven; a powdered physician, rather pompous; a bald curate, very prim, and a simpering semi-bald apothecary, who brushed a few straggling locks up to the top of his crown and tried to make them pass for a head of hair; he was by far the most gallant man of the party, and amongst them might almost be reckoned amusing.

So passed the two first years of Mrs. Allen's residence in W. The third brought her a guest whose presence was felt as a relief by every body, perhaps the only woman who could have kept her company constantly, to the equal satisfaction of both parties.

Miss Dale was the daughter of a deceased officer, with a small independence, who boarded in the winter in Charter-House Square, and passed her summer in visiting her friends. She was what is called a genteel little woman, of an age that seemed to vary with the light and the hour; oldish in the morning, in the evening almost young, always very smartly dressed, very good-humoured, and very lively. Her spirits were really astonishing; how she could not only appear gay, but be gay in such an atmosphere of dulness, still puzzles me to think of. There was no French blood either, which might have accounted for the phenomenon; her paternal grandfather having been in his time high sheriff for the county of Notts; a genuine English country gentleman—and her mother, strange to relate, a renegado quakeress, expelled from the Society of Friends for the misdemeanour of espousing an officer. Some

sympathy might exist there; no doubt the daughter would have been as ready to escape from a community of lawn caps and drab gowns as the mother. Her love of pink ribbons was certainly hereditary; and, however derived, her temper was as thoroughly *couleur de rose* as her cap trimming. Through the long quiet mornings, the formal visits, the slow dull dinners, she preserved one unvarying gaiety, carried the innovation of smiles amongst the insipid gravities of the cassino table; and actually struck up an intermitting flirtation with the apothecary—which I, in my ignorance, expected to find issue in a marriage, and was simple enough to be astonished, when one morning the gentleman brought home a cherry-cheeked bride, almost young enough to be his grand-daughter.

The loss of a lover, however, had no effect on Miss Dale's spirits. I have never known any thing more enviable than the buoyancy of her temper. She was not by any means too clever for her company, or too well-informed; never shocked their prejudices, or startled their ignorance, nor ever indeed said any thing remarkable at all. On the contrary, I think that her talk, if recollected, would seem, although always amiable and inoffensive, somewhat vapid and savourless; but her prattle was so effervescent, so *up*—the cheerfulness was so natural, so real,—that contrary to the effect of most sprightly conversation, it was quite contagious and even exhilarated, as much as any thing could exhilarate the sober circle amongst whom she moved.

She had another powerful attraction in her extraordinary pliancy of mind. No sooner had the stage-coach conveyed her safely to the door of the large house in West Street, than all her Charter-House Square associations vanished from her mind; it seemed as if she had left locked up in her drawers with her winter apparel every idea not West Streetian. She was as if she had lived in W. all her days: had been born there, and there meant to die. She even divested herself of the allowable London pride, which looks down so scornfully on country dignitaries, admired the Mayor, revered the corporation, preferred the powdered physician to Sir Henry Halford, and extolled the bald curate as the most eminent preacher in England, Mr. Harness and Mr. Benson nothwithstanding.

So worthy a denizen of West Street was of course hailed there with great delight. Mrs. Allen, always in her silent way glad to receive her friends, went so far as to testify some pleasure at the sight of Miss Dale; and the Persian cat, going beyond his mistress in the activity of his welcome, fairly sprang into her lap. The visits grew longer and longer, more and more frequent, and at last, on some diminution of income, ended in her coming regularly to live with Mrs. Allen, partly as humble companion, partly as friend: a most desirable increase to that tranquil establishment, which was soon after enlarged by the accession of a far more important visitor.

Besides her daughter, whom she would have probably forgotten if our inquiries had not occasionally reminded her that such a person was in existence, Mrs. Allen had a son in India, who did certainly slip her memory, except just twice a year when letters arrived from Bengal. She herself never wrote to either of her children, nor did I ever hear her mention Mr. Allen till one day, when she announced, with rather more animation than common, that poor William had returned to England on account of ill health, and that she expected him in W. that evening.

In the course of a few days my father called on the invalid, and we

became acquainted. He was an elegant looking man, in the prime of life, high in the Company's service, and already possessed of considerable wealth. His arrival excited a great sensation in W. and the neighbourhood. It was the eve of a general election, and some speculating aldermen did him the favour of making an attack upon his purse, by fixing on him as a candidate to oppose the popular member; whilst certain equally speculating mammas meditated a more covert attack on his heart, through the charms of their unmarried daughters. Both parties were fated to disappointment; he waved off either sort of address with equal disdain, and had the good-luck to get quit of his popularity almost as rapidly as he had acquired it.

Sooth to say, a man with more eminent qualifications for rendering himself disagreeable than were possessed by Mr. Allen seldom made his appearance in civilized society. He had nothing in common with his good-humoured mother but her hatred of trouble and of talking; and having the misfortune to be very clever and very proud, tall and stately in his person, with a head habitually thrown back, bright black scornful eyes and a cold disdainful smile, did contrive to gratify his own self-love by looking down upon other people more affrontingly than the self-love of the said people could possibly endure, Nobody knew any harm of Mr. Allen, but nobody could abide him; so that it being perfectly clear that he would have nothing to say, either for the Borough or the young ladies, the attentions offered to him by town and country suddenly ceased; it being to this hour a moot point whether he or the neighbourhood first sent the other to Coventry.

He on his part, right glad as it seemed to be rid of their officious civility, remained quietly in his mother's house, very fanciful and a little ill; talking between whiles of an intended visit to Leamington or Cheltenham, but as easily diverted from a measure so unsuited to his habits as an abode at a public place, as Mrs. Allen herself had been from a morning walk. All the summer he lingered at W., and all the autumn; the winter found him still there; and at last, he declared that he had made up his mind to relinquish India altogether, and to purchase an estate in England.

By this time our little world had become accustomed to his haughty manner, which had the advantage of being equally ungracious to every one (people will put up with a great deal in good company; it is the insolence which selects its object that gives indelible offence); and a few who had access to him on business, such as lawers and physicians, speaking in high terms of his intelligence and information, whilst tradesmen of all classes were won by his liberality; Mr. Allen was in some danger of undergoing a second attack of popularity, when he completely destroyed his rising reputation by a measure the most unexpected and astonishing—he married Miss Dale, to the inexpressible affront of every young lady of fashion in the neighbourhood. He actually married Miss Dale, and all W. spoke of her as the artfullest woman that ever wore a wedding ring, and pitied poor Mrs. Allen, whose humble companion had thus ensnared her unwary son. Nothing was heard but sympathy for her imputed sufferings on this melancholy occasion, mixed with abuse of the unfortunate bride, whose extraordinary luck in making so brilliant an alliance had caused her popularity to vanish as speedily as her husband's.

With these reports tingling in my ears, I went to pay the wedding visit to Mrs. Allen senior, delighted at the event myself, both as securing

much of good to Miss Dale, who was just the person to enjoy the blessings of her lot, and pass lightly over the evil; and as a most proper and fitting conclusion to the airs of her spouse. But, a little doubtful how my old acquaintance might take the matter, especially as it involved the loss of her new daughter's company, and must of necessiny cause her some little trouble, I was never more puzzled in my life whether to assume a visage of condolence or of congratulation; and the certainty that her countenance would afford no indication either of joy or sorrow, enhanced my perplexity. I was however immediately relieved by the nature of her employment; she was sitting surrounded by sempstresses, at a table covered with knitting and wedding cake, whilst her maidens were putting together, under her inspection, that labour of her life the tessellated quilt! the only wedding present by which she could sufficiently compliment her son, or adequately convey her sense of the merits and excellence of his fair bride! Her pleasure in this union was so great that she actually talked about it, presented the cake herself, and poured out with her own hands the wine to be drunk to the health of the new married couple.

Mr. Allen had purchased a place in Devonshire, and six months after his mother quitted W. to go and live near him. But, poor dear lady, she did not live there—she died. The unsettling, and the journey, and the settling again, terrible operations to one who seemed, like the Turkish women, to have roots to her feet, fairly killed her. She was as unfit to move as a two-year old cabbage, and drooped, and withered, and dropped down dead of the transplantation. Peace to her memory! the benediction that she would assuredly have preferred to all others. Peace to her ashes! M.

PEN AND INK,

An Invocation.

Ye fates, that give to scribbling men
The drops that trickle from the pen,
To me a precious ink-stand give,
To feed my goose-quill whilst I live:—
I would not have the ebon tide
A stream where rust and acid glide;
For words to trace with bitter spell
As from Medusa's head they fell;
And like those drops in th' olden age,
Turn each a serpent on the page:
Neither weak dew-gems should my quill
Drink till a dropsy made it ill;
Nor would I have the honey's slime
To toil a snail-like piece of rhyme:
But dip my pen in some rich stream
Where brightness, strength and beauty beam;
And from my quill let notes be heard,
As though from some celestial bird,
Who in the skies had left its rest,
And built within my pen a nest.
Know'st not from whence this ink can start?
Give me, ye fates—a Poet's Heart!
Seek'st thou a bird? why then in sooth
Yield to my pen—the Note of Truth. D. W. J.

ON THE SUPPRESSION OF MONASTERIES IN ENGLAND.

The history of the human mind presents few examples of the triumph of principles appealing to its weakness, and institutions founded on its folly, like that which distinguishes the progress of the Papal usurpation; that gigantic tyranny which so long sat, like a night-mare, upon rising genius; and whose blighting influence fell, like the shade of the deadly Upas, upon all those better affections which sweeten, and those higher aspirations which dignify, humanity. That this dark superstition should have been enabled to spread itself over lands which had once dwelt in the light of a purer morality and a more beautiful faith, is a fact which may be said to have a parallel in the history of that comparatively harmless system of Theism which emanated from Mecca. But it is amongst the detested peculiarities of the Roman idolatry (distinguishing it from all other superstitions which ignorance has engendered or power enforced), that while they severally rose, like foul exhalations, amid the darkness of mental prostration (as did the religions of the Druids and Hindoos), or were imposed by the argument of the sword, (as was that of Mahomet) the Catholic religion alone made its way, by assuming those very weapons which had been furnished for the Christian warfare; and enlisting in its cause, those feelings which had grown up beneath the apostolic culture, and those principles which had previously come recommended to the heart, by credentials which it *dared* not, and a beauty which it *would* not reject. This was, indeed, intercepting in their course, and transmitting through a perverting medium, the rays of that day-spring which from on high had visited the world. It was poisoning, in their current, those living waters which flowed pure and unpolluted from their hallowed spring!

It seems impossible that a superstition like that of the Romish church should have attained its engrossing ascendancy and universal diffusion, had it not been for the instrumentality of the monastic order; and (what may, at first sight, appear a paradox) it is equally certain that, by a singular dispensation, the same cause contributed to the overthrow of that idolatry which it had assisted to rear;—an idolatry which seemed, in its very essence, to shut out the hope of a deliverance, by engaging in its service, and corrupting to its purposes, those principles from which alone a re-action could have been expected. We cannot sufficiently understand the advantages which were derived from the suppression of the monastic order in this country, without going one step higher to contemplate the benefits which were preserved to it by the original institution; and it is absolutely necessary to glance at the history of monkish influence, with reference to the character of the times in which it was exercised, and the causes which promoted its rise and fall, to enable us distinctly to see that the act by which Henry VIII. rooted it out of this land, was but *opening up to mankind* those treasures which its establishment and existence *had preserved* through the tempests of those gloomy ages, in which they must otherwise have been totally wrecked.

A long train of events contributed to the gradual decay of literature over Europe; but the ultimate and irretrievable cause of its total extinction sprung directly out of the barbarian conquests, in the loss of the Latin tongue. By a series of gradations, which it is alike painful and difficult to trace, this language, which appears to have been established in all the Roman provinces, became corrupted, and finally lost. This event was a shutting-up of the whole treasury of knowledge; and thus the accumulated learning of ages was at once hidden beneath the classic veil. The Latin language being still employed, long after its purity was gone, in all public instruments and records, and in the writings of those who, in that age, might be called learned, the use of letters, as well as of books, was forgotten. From the commencement of the seventh century (when the conquest of Alexandria by the Saracens prevented the importation of the Egyptian papyrus into Europe), to the close of the tenth century (about which time the art of making paper from rags was invented), no materials for writing could be procured excepting parchment, a substance

scarce and expensive. An inconceivable darkness overspread the whole of Europe; across which the names of Alfred and Charlemagne shine like feeble and glimmering lights, relieved and marked by the surrounding shadows which they could not dispel.

It was under these circumstances that, in the last year of the eighth century, Rome was delivered by the Emperor Charlemagne into the hands of the Pope; and that the Church, which engrossed the little learning left, was enabled to acquire that influence, for which the exertions of the monastic order, and the superstition inseparable from ignorance, had been long paving the way.

The monastic order appears to have owed its origin to those persecutions which, in the first ages of the Gospel, drove the early Christians to seek in the desart that freedom of worship which was denied them in the haunts of men. Amongst these primitive recluses, there were some whose unshaken constancy and extraordinary sanctity gained for this system of seclusion a reputation, which procured the continuance of the practice, when the motive had ceased. The mystic theology which gained ground during the third century, contributed to feed the spreading inclination for solitude and ascetic devotion; and, towards the close of the fourth century, St. Anthony formed these scattered recluses into a regular body, drew them into societies, and prescribed rules for their government. These regulations first established in Egypt, were soon extended by Hilarius, the disciple of Anthony, into Syria and Palestine; and, about the same time, Eugenius introduced the monastic order into Mesopotamia, whence it soon spread over the whole East. From the East this gloomy institution passed westward, into Italy and Gaul, and rapidly extended its progress through all the provinces of Europe.

It is curious to observe the parallel gradations by which the monkish order lost, with the simplicity of its original constitution, the purity of its early manners, and sunk in the scale of moral, as it rose in that of ecclesiastical dignity. Originally the institution was confined to laymen; its members were prohibited from the priesthood, and distinguished only by a particular habit and an extraordinary sanctity. It is not uninteresting to trace the progression by which so powerful an engine acquired its privileges, as its capabilities for the purposes of the Holy See were developed; and to mark how closely it became the interest of this far-spreading body to nourish those delusions, to the existence of which it owed its consequence and power. It is evident that such an establishment, even in its primitive simplicity and purity, was calculated to have an injurious effect upon society, by abstracting its more virtuous portion, and thus not only limiting the sphere of its usefulness, but leaving the mass of vice more compact and unmingled, and removing to a distance those better examples which might have operated as a corrective.

It was in the time of Pope Syricius that the monks were first called to the clericate, on account of some pretended scarcity of priests; but it was not till the latter end of the fifth century that they thought of assuming any rank in the sacerdotal state. About this time, however, their immense and daily increasing privileges and opulence placed them in a condition to claim an exalted station amongst the pillars of the Christian community. Presbyters and bishops were chosen from their order, and the passion for erecting convents and religious houses was, at this time, carried beyond all bounds. Yet, even so early as this century, their licentiousness had become proverbial; and about the end of the seventh century the decree of the Roman pontiff, which exempted them from the jurisdiction of the bishops, while it induced them to devote themselves wholly to advance the interests and dignity of the Holy See, gave them the uninterrupted opportunity of unbounded indulgence in profligacy and disorder. In the eighth and ninth centuries, all attempts to restore the relaxed discipline of the monastics, both in the eastern and western provinces, proved ineffectual; yet the institution continued to be in the highest veneration and esteem. Its members were raised to the loftiest dignities, and employed by temporal princes in their most important affairs. Their reformation was again attempted by Louis the Meek, but with very partial and transitory effect. Indeed it was

one of the evils of this system, that many of their particular vices were so immediately the result of their peculiar mode of life, that the imposition of a stricter discipline was but tightening the cords which bound them to their errors. The exemption which, in the eleventh century, the Popes gave them from the authority of their Sovereigns, while it completed the mischief, held out inducement for the perpetual establishment of new orders of monks; insomuch that, in the council of Lateran, held in the year 1215, a decree was passed, by the advice of Innocent III., to prevent any new monastic institutions, and several were entirely suppressed. The testimony which history bears to the dissolute and abandoned lives of the monkish clergy, in the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, renders it inconceivable how a system of belief which was connected with a practice so revolting and notorious, could for such a length of time have retained its sway over the human mind, even after the dawn of a better day was visible within it. The monkish apologists and historians strongly urge, and with an appearance of abstract justice, that little reliance is to be placed upon accounts collected (under a system of encouragement to informers), by the commissioners of Henry VIII., whose object was to find or make, a justification of that measure which it had been previously resolved to adopt. This argument might have much weight, if the sole evidence of the facts which that commission elicited rested with the servants of that capricious and tyrannical monarch; but we cannot refuse to receive their narratives without at the same time making up our minds to reject a mass of concurrent testimony, of all descriptions: from the solemn declarations of councils and synods, and the consistent accounts of historians, down to the accidental and undesigning evidence of the ballad or romance.

Such was the character of that body of men who were the ministers and teachers of a faith, in harmonious and cordial unison with such a practice;—a faith which, (founded upon those pure and apostolic doctrines, whose sole authentic record was now concealed under the veil of the forgotten vulgate, and carefully prohibited), had, in the corruptions of ages, been so disfigured and disguised, that it is impossible to trace the real religion of the Gospel in the popular belief of the times. An impious system of polytheism, grafted on the language, apart from the spirit and principles of Christianity, had grown up beneath the fostering care of those who trafficked with spiritual things, and made a marketable commodity of immortal interests.

Yet, with all its corruptions, the Romish church, as it then existed (and principally through the instrumentality of the monastic institution, which was now become so important a part of its system, and so mighty an engine of its purposes), was the ark in which all that is pure in principle, sound in learning, and beautiful in morality, was preserved to us when the barbaric deluge came down upon the nations of Europe, and the darkness of ages brooded upon the face of the waters. "It was," says a writer of our own day and country, "the salt of the earth; the sole conservative principle by which Europe was "saved from the lowest and most brutal barbarism." The ecclesiastical privileges, during those times, served as a check upon the despotism of kings. The union of the churches of Europe under the Holy See facilitated the intercourse of nations, and bound together the discordant elements of which the European population was composed; presenting one common point, round which, in those ages of turbulent faction and unrestrained violence, the passions of man might rally for repose: while the pomp of the church ceremonies, and the splendour of its worship, tended to keep alive a taste for the fine arts, and ultimately, at a later period, to produce their revival.

Not only was religion the means of preserving that purer taste, and (however unconsciously) that better faith, which were one day to go abroad among the nations; but she was also silently employed in fitting the minds of men for their reception, when the time should arrive destined for their promulgation. That reverence which the Romish church exacted for the objects of its worship, however misapplied, had inclined the hearts of men to a devout regard for such system of religious faith as might at any time appear to them the

true one; and that exorbitant privilege by which the clergy claimed an exemption from civil jurisdiction, and extended the sanctuary of the church even to lay criminals, was well calculated, in those stormy and troubled times (when the vassal had no other protection against the cruelty and injustice of his feudal lord, and the altar alone presented a landmark amidst the tempests of human passion), to make the people cherish a fond love and veneration for that which was their only city of refuge; within whose hallowed walls the turbulence of man dared not follow, and the arm of persecution could not reach them. Notwithstanding, too, the general depravity of the monastic order, it had, even in the worst days, its redeeming qualities. The virtues of hospitality and charity were extensively practised within the walls and around the precincts of convents; and there were many beneath that lowly garb, whose mild virtues and meek devotion deserved a better fate than to be included in the charges against the monks as a body. Chivalry was patronized by, and in a manner identified with religion; and to chivalry it is clear that those ages were indebted for the nourishment of many splendid qualities and noble sentiments, which redeemed and humanized their barbarisms. In short, the church, with all its errors, undoubtedly was the means of preserving many of those virtues which were enabled to struggle through that wide devastation, and which were the imperishable elements, without whose existence no moral resuscitation could have taken place, and upon which a purified faith and an improved knowledge were destined to act.

But of all the causes which operated to render the religion of those times what it has been so justly characterized to be—a bridge, connecting the two periods of ancient and modern civilization,—none was so effective as the preservation of the Latin liturgy. Every principle of common-sense required that the service of the church should be translated into the modern tongues; but such a proceeding was inconsistent with the purposes of those whose object it was to clothe their religion in mystery, that they might enhance the value and influence of their own ministration; and who, in the prosecution of that view, had prohibited the perusal of the word of God,—thus drying up the springs of truth and knowledge at their fountain-head. But from this absurdity posterity was to reap a noble harvest. The ignorance of the clergy, in the darker times of the middle ages, was so inconceivably great, that the maintenance of the Latin liturgy alone preserved a knowledge of that language in Europe; while their *reputed* learning and immense wealth drew into the libraries of convents those scattered manuscripts which survived the persecutions to which learning had been exposed; and to this anomalous cause we owe it that the treasures of the past have been rendered available for the use of modern science and literature.

Such were the benefits which were secured to Europe by the monastic establishment, and by the stability and universality which it tended to give to the domination of the Holy See. But the time was now arrived when the instrument had done its work, and the moral and political evils of the system began to appear in that better light, which was slowly brightening into the perfect day. The sun had long been above the horizon, and his yet slanting rays served to show the deformity which the shadows of a lengthened night had concealed.

The *political* inconveniences which had begun to be felt in England arose chiefly from the large immunities, and immense wealth and power of the clergy; which rendered them formidable to the civil magistrate, by arming with too extensive authority an order of men, whose interest bound them closely together: and from the difficulty, expense, and delay which attended the execution of justice, from the circumstance of the head of the church being a foreign potentate.

But the grand and progressive march of the human intellect had long been silently going forward; and it is material to our subject, as well as highly interesting in itself, to examine the drama of *moral* causes which had been acting, and to look at those circumstances which had gradually been disposing

the minds of men to investigate the abstruse doctrines, from any examination of which they would a century before have shrunk in dismay. Not to mention the shock which staunch Catholics had received from the worst exercise of the worst practice of the Romish church—the sale of a general indulgence, published by the great De Medicis, Leo X.—other causes had long been secretly at work, and the fire had been spreading itself, unseen, which was one day to burst into so splendid an illumination.

From the earliest times of apostolic simplicity, amid all the changes of the first centuries, and through all the darkness of the middle ages, there seems to have been a remnant, deriving their principles and doctrines from tradition, and unmingled with those vast superstitions which spread their pinions over the greater part of the old world. These purer votarists, holding their tenets apparently from oral delivery, seem to have been split into varieties of sects, as their traditions varied from each other. But their belief, in its worst modifications, appears at all events to have been more pure, and their worship more rational, than those which were *established* in their days; and to have been productive of a meek sincerity, a humble piety, and an uncomplaining self-devotion, that, in such times, might redeem darker errors, and recommend wilder heresies than theirs. Through evil report and good report, they held fast and unwavering the profession of their faith; and there seems ever to have been a little flock in the wilderness, worshipping in a temple, and with rites which (whatever might be the abstract errors of their creed) were at least free from the charge of idolatry. To the Manicheans succeeded the Paulicians, and to the Paulicians the Paterins and Albigenses; and it is singularly interesting to trace them in their wide wanderings for so many ages—solicitous as they ever were for the preservation of that one only treasure, for whose sake they had been content to abandon all others; sheltering themselves, when persecuted, amongst the quiet hills and by the still waters; happy in the indulgence of their own high and holy aspirations, and in the exercises of meek and mild devotion; but never surrendering to threats or to intreaties that sacred deposit, which, like the widow's cruse of oil, wasted not, in all those ages of moral and religious dearth; but which, like the hidden leaven, was and is destined gradually to expand itself amongst the nations of the earth, until the whole be leavened. And as the blood of the martyrs was the seed of the primitive church, so the devastation of Languedoc, and the establishment of the Inquisition against the persecuted Albigeois, were the origin of the Reformation.

The principles of dissent from the infallibility of the Popish hierarchy had reached England, and the preaching of the great and learned John Wickliffe had scattered seed which (notwithstanding the apparent suppression of the Lollards, who had embraced his speculative tenets, by the execution of Lord Cobham, half a century afterwards) was destined, like the grain of mustard-seed sown in the earth, to spring up into a mighty tree, within whose branches the beautiful truths of religion, like the birds of heaven, should lodge, and beneath whose broad shadow these reformed islands should repose. To Wickliffe succeeded John Huss, in Bohemia;—and these repeated instances of opposition to the doctrines of the Holy See had prevailed upon men to look with less delicacy into its principles, and to examine more closely its pretensions, and had effectually laid in the human mind the foundations of that grand structure of reformation which Martin Luther, himself a monk, was appointed to complete.

The progress of that grand mental resuscitation which was rapidly proceeding, received a mighty impulse from the invention of printing about the middle of the fifteenth century; and the time was now come when those treasures of ancient learning, which had so long slumbered in the gloom of cloisters, might, if released from their confinement, be spread by this multiplying medium over all Europe. All things seemed to have been gradually contributing to that great consummation which the sixteenth century was to see achieved in England, and the whole system of moral and intellectual beauty appeared to be

rising, refreshed and invigorated, from the sleep of ages. The taking of Constantinople by the Turks, and the subversion of the Eastern empire, about this time, dispersed the expelled Greeks over Italy; and their language, science and taste, which were not yet lost, had, under the fostering patronage of the De Medicis, revived the arts in that country, from whence they were rapidly spreading into our own. The very bounds of the world seemed to be enlarged at this time, at if in unison with the expanding views of its inhabitants; and the discoveries of both Indies, towards the close of the fifteenth century, were amongst the signs announcing that great moral phenomenon which was about to take place.

It was in this state of renovated Europe, it was at this moment, marked as peculiarly appropriate by the concurrence of so many propitious circumstances, that Henry VIII. suppressed the monastic institution in England, and banished the Papal tyranny, of which it had been the efficient instrument and firm support, from the land. It was to these excited energies and awakened powers that, by the dissolution of monasteries, he let loose the stores which had been thus miraculously preserved, and poured forth their accumulated streams of learning.

Into the more narrow and partial causes, of a personal or political nature, which led directly to this event, at the particular moment, we are not concerned, in an inquiry like the present, to examine. It is sufficient to observe that the sack of Rome by the constable of France, the artful ambition of the emperor Charles, the timidity and duplicity of Clement VII., the overbearing tyranny of Henry VIII., and the unwearied piety of our own Cranmer, were all made to work, along with mightier principles and elements more universal and permanent to this high and happy end. It may not, however, be improper shortly to notice, in reference to the subject immediately before us, that, after Henry's breach with the sovereign Pontiff, he could not, without manifest and imminent danger, have permitted the existence in his dominions of incorporated bodies of men, possessed of unparalleled wealth and influence, exempted from many responsibilities, linked by one common bond, not only to each other, but to their own powerful order throughout the whole of Christendom; and whose interest and principles alike led them to rebel against his newly assumed authority as supreme head of the church, and to nourish discontent and disaffection, by all the artifices of priestcraft, throughout the land. With this passing justification of Henry's measure, on the ground of policy and expediency, we return to the more extended and philosophical view of the question.

The floodgates of science and knowledge were by this event opened in England, and the rush of their waters was magnificent. With a rapidity proportioned to the length of their confinement they spread over this favoured land, bearing down in their majestic course, all the landmarks and fabrics which superstition had reared; while, safe and high upon their billows, floated that purer and better faith, which, like Moses amongst the Egyptians, had been unconsciously fostered by its foes, and, like him, brought with it at length a new hope to a new Israel!

TIME'S CHANGES.

There was a child, a helpless child,
Full of vain fears and fancies wild,
That often wept, and sometimes smiled,
  Upon its mother's breast;
Feebly its meanings stammered out,
And tottered tremblingly about,
And knew no wider world without
  Its little home of rest.

There was a boy, a light-heart boy,
One whom no troubles could annoy,
Save some lost sport, or shattered toy
  Forgotten in an hour;
No dark remembrance troubled him,
No future fear his path could dim,
But joy before his eyes would swim,
  And hope rise like a tower.

There was a youth, an ardent youth,
Full of high promise, courage, truth,
He felt no scathe, he knew no ruth,
  Save love's sweet wounds alone;
He thought but of two soft blue eyes,
He sought no gain but beauty's prize,
And sweeter held love's saddest sighs
  Than music's softest tone.

There was a man, a wary man,
Whose bosom nursed full many a plan
For making life's contracted span
  A path of gain and gold;
And how to sow, and how to reap,
And how to swell his shining heap,
And how the wealth acquired to keep
  Secure within its fold.

There was an old, old, grey-haired one,
On whom had fourscore winters done
Their work appointed, and had spun
  His thread of life so fine,
That scarce its thin line could be seen,
And with the slightest touch, I ween,
'Twould be as it had never been,
  And leave behind no sign.

And who were they, those five, whom fate
Seemed as strange contrasts to create,
That each might in his different state
  The other's pathways shun?
I tell thee that that infant vain,
That boy, that youth, that man of gain,
That grey-beard, who did roads attain
  So various—*they were one.*

H. N.

THE PROGRESS OF CANT.

C'est être libertin, que d'avoir de bons yeux,
Et qui n'adore pas de vaines simagrées
N'a ni respect ni foi pour les choses sacrées. *Molière.*

THE ingenious caricature of "the Progress of Cant" exhibits a trait of natural character, which, by its contrast with the other features of British physiognomy, is sufficiently startling. Hypocrisy is the vice of the feeble; how, then, do we find it grovelling in the hearts of the most vigorous-minded and enterprizing people of Europe? If such be the fact, there must certainly be some good reason for it. Marvels and paradoxes are the creatures of ignorance; and in morals as in physics, an adequate causation may be found for every appearance, provided it is observed with fidelity and skill:

Nature well known, no prodigies remain,
Comets are regular, and Wharton plain.

To solve this enigma, it must not be forgotten that in the practice of hypocrisy there are at least two parties, the cheater and the cheat; and if England be stained so deeply with hypocrisy, there must be something in both these classes which peculiarly adapts them to their proper parts. With respect to the cheaters, there are many reasons why England should be the favoured land of cant. Hypocrisy is an appeal to opinion, an effort to captivate men's will by false appearances, which must ever be the most necessary in a mixed government like ours. In a state of pure despotism, open force affords so much shorter and easier a cut to corrupt ends, that hypocrisy is never thought of. In proportion, likewise, as opinion is influential, as the press gives rapidity and concentration to the operations of mind, the field for cant enlarges. Hypocrisy in England is a necessitated homage to the activity and power of the people, just as the cant of the Holy Alliance is to the increasing intelligence of the great European family; a cant which was never heard before the French revolution set men thinking all over the world, even in Austria, and among the snows of Russia. But while a certain degree of illumination is essential to render the practice necessary, too much would become destructive, by limiting too closely the number of dupes. In both these respects Britain stands perfectly alone, for while national habits have given to opinion an absolute control over affairs, and while the most powerful combination is but a rope of sand when opposed to it, the cumbrous and complicated form of government affords abundant materials for the art; and the consequent confusion of ideas a large fund of cullability. It is, perhaps, in England alone that there exists a considerable body of persons who at once stand in the double relation of cheater and cheat; and who are in fact the principal instruments in setting the fashion of cant and deception. Look at the state of the representation—at the church establishment, the administration of law, the national debt, the unpaid magistracy, the game laws, the colonial system, the agricultural interest, as it is called, the poor-rates, the money-market, and the other hundred anomalies in the British institutions; and then wonder at the shoals of persons and of categories of persons interested in the concealment of truth. In such a system, although every one has an interest in overturning all abuses but his own, yet for the sake of that one abuse he is obliged to tolerate all the others; and thus a tacit confederacy in favour of "things as they

are," votes the bank-note of hypocrisy to be worth the twenty shillings of truth; and renders it, if not penal, at least scandalous to question the soundness of the currency. In England, too, every thing conspires to favour deception. All questions, it has been said, have two handles, but in England this is especially true. The legislative system, without giving the people any efficient check on the Government, is still sufficiently popular to flatter vanity, and to furnish themes for declamation. The law is, indeed, inviolable by the King, although it is open to the attack of any one who can afford to pay for what Dulman calls a "pecia secretie knaveriæ." The natural religion sufficiently reformed from its grosser abuses to justify comparative eulogy, is still too closely allied to the state for its own purity or for the freedom of the subject. Personal liberty is so secured, that a negro drops his chains the instant he touches the sacred soil: yet is the peasant *adscriptus glebæ*, and punished for seeking to exercise his industry in the place where it is most in demand.

The nation, in its aggregate, is the richest on the face of the earth, and yet the day-labourer starves on the smallest pittance that will render his labour available. "Here be truths," as Pompey says, and truths which amply serve the purpose of cant in all its branches. On the Continent, things present themselves in a much neater and clearer point of view to the imagination; and the people, with worse institutions, have better notions of the object and end of government. Abroad the people are true to themselves, and have few or no common interests with their rulers. At home, every man above the mere mob, partakes in some degree, or may do so, in the details of government; and is assailed with some temptation to job, and consequently to conceal malversation under an outward garb of sanctity and moral purity. This fact manifests itself in a conventional jargon, which few take the trouble of examining—a jargon in which the farmer of the post-horse duty, the trustee of a turnpike road, nay the simplest churchwarden, speaks with as much instinctive facility of mother wit, as the most *huppé* member of the Pitt Club. England is the especial land of classes and corporations—of associations and combinations. There is rarely a question concerning the interests of the "*populus Anglicanus:*" it is ever what will the country gentlemen think of this? what will the West-India proprietor suffer by that? Pray take care of the vested rights (rights?) of the close borough proprietors, don't touch the monopoly of the board of Directors! Now a corporation is a poor thing indeed that has not more than one sophism to urge in its defence, with a distinct vocabulary of cant for giving it utterance.

In brief, then, the reign of cant belongs to the æra of transition from darkness to light, from despotism to good government; and it can flourish only where a mixture of good and evil, of sound principle and abusive practice, produces a jumble of anomalies, and a consequent confusion of ideas. In France cant is confined to the clergy: and so awkwardly do they overact it, that they impose upon no one. The government has ceased to cant about *la charte*, because it thinks itself secure of the army. In America, on the contrary, men do not cant, because the people there are all in all, and there are few, if any, corrupt interests to deck.

If there be any thing in the people of England favourable to cant besides their political position, it is to be found in their abstract and

melancholy mood, which they inherit from their German ancestors. Fanaticism has in all ages been more or less the vice of the English; and where there are fanatics there must also be found hypocrites to profit by their zeal. This propensity to gloomy views of Divine Providence, and to an indulgence in speculative mysticism, is nurtured by the rivalry, not to say hostility, with which an infinity of sectarian religious look upon each other, and upon their common enemy, the establishment. To support the dignity of his party, the sectarian is obliged to assume pretensions to exalted morality; and, as it is not easy for humanity to maintain itself beyond its natural pitch of perfection, this pretension must, in the long-run, end in seeming. The true fanatic cannot afford to be happy; and while he denounces the innocent amusements of life as crying sins, and interferes in all the domestic details of his neighbours' privacy, he imposes upon himself a necessity for hypocrisy: and as that nature is not to be defrauded with impunity, the effort after superhuman perfection almost uniformly leads to compensations for severity in secret indulgences.

Popular governments also being favourable to domestic happiness, are likewise favourable to domestic virtues. On this account the people of England are apt to look down upon their continental neighbours, and to imagine, because they may be deficient in one particular, they are wanting in all morality. To write up to this fancied superiority of Englishmen is the business of every journalist: a circumstance which disseminates a profusion of cant concerning "moral England," which, like that of the "most thinking people," is ever thrust forward the most boldly when there is something hollow or rotten to be concealed. After all, however, a very large portion of prevalent cant is of the manufacture of a few professional dealers in the craft; and the people of England pass it current "*de bonne foi*," being in this particular more sinned against than sinning. Bad even as we may still be, we may reply to the sneers of foreigners, in the language of Lubin and Annette,

> "Monseigneur, en notre place,
> Vous en aurez fait autant."

and we may with confidence add that, politically speaking, the vice is on the decline. The opening of the Continent has dissipated much of that ignorance and self-conceit which thirty years of insulation had nurtured; and the experience of the last great revolution in Europe has cleared up a vast many errors by which the canters heretofore so largely profited. The unravelling of sophisms has, indeed, almost become a trade, and the disgrace of detection is beginning to follow very closely the hatching of each new imposition. As soon as the language of cant is translatable into plain English, its purpose, like that of the thieves' slang, ceases to be answered, and it must drop of itself into neglect. It may therefore be safely anticipated that the habits of the next generation will, in this respect, materially differ from our own, and that cant, like other moral evils, will disappear, when the progress of events has dissipated the combinations out of which it arose.

T.

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

"Why wouldst thou leave me, oh! gentle child?
Thy home on the mountain is bleak and wild,
A straw-roofed cabin with lowly wall—
Mine is a fair and a pillared hall,
Where many an image of marble gleams,
And the sunshine of picture for ever streams."

"Oh! green is the turf where my brothers play,
Through the long bright hours of the summer day;
They find the red cup-moss where they climb,
And they chase the bee o'er the scented thyme;
And the rocks where the heath-flower blooms they know—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Content thee, boy, in my bower to dwell!
Here are sweet sounds, which thou lovest well;
Flutes on the air in the stilly noon,
Harps which the wandering breezes tune;
And the silvery wood-note of many a bird,
Whose voice was ne'er in thy mountains heard."

"My mother sings, at the twilight's fall,
A song of the hills far more sweet than all;
She sings it under our own green tree,
To the babe half slumbering on her knee;
I dreamt last night of that music low—
Lady, kind lady, oh! let me go!"

"Thy mother is gone from her cares to rest,
She hath taken the babe on her quiet breast;
Thou wouldst meet her footstep, my boy, no more,
Nor hear her song at the cabin door.
—Come thou with me to the vineyards nigh,
And we'll pluck the grapes of the richest dye."

"Is my mother gone from her home away?
—But I know that my brothers are there at play!
I know they are gathering the fox-glove's bell,
And the long fern-leaves by the sparkling well—
Or they launch their boats where the blue streams flow—
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

"Fair child! thy brothers are wanderers now,
They sport no more on the mountain's brow;
They have left the fern by the spring's green side,
And the streams where the fairy barks were tried.
Be thou at peace in thy brighter lot,
For thy cabin home is a lonely spot."

"Are they gone, all gone from the sunny hill?
—But the bird and the blue-fly rove o'er it still;
And the red-deer bound, in their gladness free,
And the heath is bent by the singing bee;
And the waters leap, and the fresh winds blow—
Lady, sweet lady, oh! let me go!"

F. H.

PORTUGAL SKETCHES.*

In the days of our youth—now, alas! many days ago—Spain, Italy, and Portugal were fine places for romance. We had high-souled, and high-foreheaded Dons and Grandees, magnificent and murderous Marcheses, stilletto-bearing Hidalgos, amorous nuns, bloody monks, convents, orange-groves, lutes and moonlight serenading, and sonnets, canzonets and caterwauling, through whole reams of A. K. Newman. A change has since come over the spirit of our dream, and the Northern Magician,

"Who writes while he's shooting or fishing,"

has wiled us away from the sunny skies of the Peninsula to the heather and moor of Scotland, to make love to high-cheekboned damsels, or be terrified by awful predictions of ancient beggarmen, or decayed gypsies.

Yet still the old romance haunts us about the former lands of gestic lore. The campaigns in Spain and Portugal did a great deal to diminish the romantic feeling, we admit. It was a sore blow to find a nunnery little more than a boarding-school for young ladies, not further advanced in civilization than those similar seminaries on the Paddington-road or Ratcliffe-highway. Even all the value of intrigue, with all its amusing adjuncts, was sadly cut up when our officers, after a little practice, found that there was no need of scaling walls, bribing porters, knitting rope-ladders, doubling up duennas, hiding from abbesses, and all the other terrible inconveniences which beset us in romance—but that, on the contrary, the young ladies of a nunnery were as ready to listen to reason as any other young ladies in the world, without putting their friends to any unnecessary trouble on the subject. A visit of a French battalion to a convent very particularly upset a great many established notions on this score. As for friars,

"White, black, and grey, and all their trumpery,"

who could ever put them down as any thing more picturesque than your every-day field-preacher, after having emptied a half jar of port or xeres with them for breakfast;—been cheated by them at piquet,—seen them dragging baggage-waggons, or found them very busy in picking the pockets of the dead on a field of battle. Then as for assassins;—why they, instead of being the fine-spoken fellows who figure in our books, were not, on the whole, a higher order of animals than the gentlemen who figure in the front of Newgate, at eight o'clock in the morning, shortly after an Old Bailey session. Condes, Marquesas, Caballeros, Fidalgos, Hidalgos, were discovered to be common sort of folks, who ate and drank pretty much after the fashion of other eaters and drinkers in this our terraqueous globe. It is not to be denied that a campaign in a country ruins much of romance. Suttlers and commissaries, majors and adjutants, provost-marshals and troop quarter-masters, come very badly in contact with the picturesque or the sentimental. A ghost cannot come within fifty miles of such people. Try to conceive a spectre rising with a bloody dagger in the right hand, and a lurid light, throwing a horrid glare over an apartment, in the left, appearing to Mr. Timothy Higginson, commissary's clerk of the third brigade of the second division, on two-and-ninepence a day, distributing rations of pork (even not supposing it measly): aye, or to Brevet-major Mugg himself, of the 50th, or the dirty half-hundreds stationed in bivouac at a pot-house, flanked by a dunghill.

As the memory of the campaign subsided, these unpicturesque events were forgotten; and if we mistake not, we are now on the eve of another series of romances on Spain and Portugal. *Omne ignotum pro magnifico.* We cannot now so easily get to the Peninsula, and the old spirit is reviving. And as balloons are sent up to see which way the wind blows, we have here a very light, pleasant, and gas-like volume sent into the market, to prepare us, as we prognosticate, for a new flight of aërial fiction, according to the ancient and

* Sketches of Portuguese Life, Manners, Costume, and Character, illustrated by Twenty Plates, 8vo.

most approved models of love and murder. Of the former of these we must own our author does not especially favour us with many articles, but in the latter he is rich. The Newgate Calendar is a fool to his. Aceldama, the field of blood, must have been a pacific plain compared with those which he traverses in Portugal. We fancy that our author must have been haunted by the vision of all Thurtells while he composed his work.

For instance, what unfortunate man of good family would venture home, after a rubber of caçino, even though he had held great cas. every deal in his hand, after the following awful description of the awkward consequences of dog-sticking.

An unfortunate man of good family, returning home from playing a rubber of caçino, and, owing to the loneliness of his road, provided himself with a rapier, which he took care to hide under his capote. He had proceeded about half-way, when he was attacked by one of those pests of the Lisbon streets, a large dog. He naturally drew his sword in self-defence, and sheathed it in his enemy's entrails. At that unlucky moment, the patrol appeared at the corner of the street; and the gentleman, apprehending the consequences of being found with arms upon him, hastened to conceal himself. The guardians of the night, observing one who had the appearance of wishing to avoid them, followed him quickly; upon which he slunk into a corridor, groped about in the dark, and ascended the staircase to the first floor, where he found a door upon the jar, which gave way at his touch. Extreme fear prompted him to enter the room and conceal himself in a corner of it. In the meanwhile the patrol had provided themselves with a lantern, and followed his footsteps to his hiding place, where, to their mutual horror, and to his utter consternation, a murdered woman was discovered in bed in a corner of the room.

Presumptive evidence was so strong against him, being found there with a bloody sword under his cloak, that notwithstanding every effort was made by his friends to save him, he (having no female relation on footings of intimacy with any confessor) was executed. A few years afterwards a gallego, on the point of death in the hospital of St. Jose, acknowledged being the real murderer, and that he had been hired for the purpose at the usual price.

Talking of gallegos, a man might as well go among a private club of rattle-snakes on their evening of special committee. We shall just make as free with one of our author's ghosts, as his heroes appear to make with their neighbours' bowels.

On a winter's night in 1818, at the moment when the amusements at the theatre of Boa Hora were just ended, and the spectators were returning home, a man addressed a gallego, who was coming towards him with a segar in his mouth, and requested permission to light *his* with it. The water-merchant obstinately refused him the favour, which so incensed the Portuguese that he gave him a slap in the face; upon which the forbearing gallego drew his knife and thrust it into his unarmed antagonist's belly. I saw him lying dead in the Belem-square guard-room on the following morning. An old veteran serjeant commanding the guard, piquing himself upon his experience in matters of sword-wounds, had attempted to console the poor creature with assurances of "naô he nada" (it is nothing); then poking in the protruded intestines with his finger, he stitched up the hole with a needle and thread; but without effect, the principal intestine having been divided. After this I trust that gallegos will be allowed to find their own level in society, and cease to be extolled at the expense of those, in whose country they find employment and support.

But though gallegos are nuisances of this kind, we rather imagine the barbers must be a greater bore still. Just think of the following, and then go into an easy-shaving shop if you dare:—

But to return to Portuguese barbers. I recollect one near Alcantara renowned for his dexterity; and lest what I am about to relate should appear to any one incredible. I beg leave to appeal to those of my countrymen who may have resided in Lisbon in or about the year 1809 or 1810, in whose memory it must be fresh. It happened invariably that when a well-dressed man ("homen de gravata lavada *") came into his shop to be shaved, he would take off his *head* as well as his beard, let him down through the trap-door on which his chair had been purposely placed, and be ready in a trice to repeat the operation on the next customer, whilst his wife was occupied in disposing of the patient's clothes. The barber (his wife being old and ugly) was in

* Anglicè; a man with a clean neckcloth, *alias* a gentleman.

the sequel executed; but she escaped capital punishment by virtue of a decree made by the late queen-mother, forbidding its infliction upon females.

We do not exactly appreciate the scope and tendency of that last regulation, unless perhaps her late Majesty of Portugal, whose intellect it is well known was of the clearest, so well distinguished the improbability of female barbers as to think it altogether unnecessary to make a law about them.

We incautiously said a short time ago that there were no stories of love in the book, which simply arose from our not having then read it, very much in the manner of reviewers in general. Listen to the stories of capotes.

The street equipment of females of the lower orders, called by them "Capa e lenço," is so very becoming, that in the winter season it is not unfrequently adopted by young ladies; and as the weather is seldom sufficiently cold to render fires necessary, the only expedient which they adopt for keeping themselves warm is that of wearing the capote in-doors. All classes of women are therefore provided with this article of dress, whether they wear it in public or not.

Whenever a young lady is indisposed, you see her with her capote on; and they who are habitually in bad health seldom go without it. In fact, this cloak is a covering for all things: with it wrapped round them, they might be *en chemise* without its being discernible; and in spite of the Argus-like precautions of vigilant parents, many a little *faux-pas* is committed, the consequences of which are veiled from observation by the happy invention of the capote, the lady protesting (and with reason) that she is indisposed, until the critical moment is passed.

I have in former pages endeavoured to illustrate my subject by some anecdote or other in support of my assertions: I shall therefore do the same in the present case. A lady, an acquaintance of mine, residing on a first-floor, observed that a young lady who, with her parents, inhabited the second-floor of the same house, had been for several months complaining, sometimes of one ailment, sometimes of another; and was, it is needless to say, wrapped up constantly in her capote. After a certain lapse of time, she came down stairs to my friend, and throwing her arms round her neck, sobbed out a confession of her real situation, imploring her aid, as she imagined that the period long dreaded was at length arrived.

My friend, embarrassed how to act, but yielding at last to compassion for the unhappy girl, sent up a request to her parents that their daughter might be allowed to remain with her for a day or two, in order to assist her in some preparations of linen, &c. for charitable uses, which she feared she should not otherwise be able to finish in time. This was immediately granted. A sage woman was sent for, and a carrotty-headed little fellow soon made his appearance: when the mother exclaimed, "Oh, how like his father! that tall red-headed Irish friar my confessor."

The poor bantling was deposited at the Roda (foundling hospital), and the young lady soon after left off her capote, and resumed her dress as a "Senhora de Corpo:" an expression, by the way, which corresponds with our term of lady, and which is equivalent in rank to that, in the other sex, of "homen de gravata lavada."

A tragic occurrence shocked us, a page or two farther forward. The author vouches for it on his own authority;—so therefore it may be looked upon as quite decided.

As I became acquainted with another circumstance, of a nature similar to that which I have above related, regarding the convenience of capotes, I shall mention it before I am led into any further digression. A Portuguese gentleman, returning one night to Lisbon from Sacavem, heard, as he was passing near a vineyard, the moans of a female in apparent suffering. He immediately proceeded to the spot, where he found a young and apparently lovely female in labour, who implored his assistance, which he unhesitatingly afforded, to the best of his power. She afterwards conjured him by every thing that was sacred to carry the new-born to the Roda in the city. To this he also consented. The darkness of the night, and the care which she had taken to conceal her features in the best way possible, prevented his being able to recognize her positively.

But his curiosity however was so much excited, that he followed her at a convenient distance unperceived, and saw her enter a gentleman's quinta not far off. He concluded, therefore, that she was the daughter of the house; and he was not mistaken. The interest which she had excited in him was so intense,—for his nation are not fastidious in these matters,—that for a long time he made that road his favourite ride, in order to enjoy the happiness of seeing her at her window. She had not the most

distant idea that he was the person who had rendered her so essential a service, and she therefore concluded that no being was acquainted with the shame to which, as it afterwards appeared, the villany of her confessor had exposed her.

The gentleman's addresses were therefore favourably received, and she was soon afterwards united to him. About a twelvemonth after their marriage, she was about to present him with the first pledge of their love, and every anxious preparation was made for the event. But her caprices were so many and so great that they out-ran the tenderest solicitude; and after having in vain endeavoured to satisfy every strange fancy and whim, with all the devotion which the most indulgent of husbands could evince, he was at last provoked beyond patience to exclaim, that "she had been much less scrupulous when he assisted her in the vineyard." This indiscreet and unlucky sarcasm at so critical a moment had a fatal effect:—it threw her into violent convulsions, under which she expired, leaving him long to lament the imprudence and rash irritation of a moment.

It is really with difficulty that we restrain our tears over such a piteous tale —the delicacy of the husband, and the sensibility of the lady, appear to be so peculiarly marked, that they render it one of the most "mollancholy" tales on record, and only inferior to the catastrophe of the falcon, as narrated by Barry Cornwall.

We should be unfair to our author, if we did not end with a gayer extract. Farce for ever, after tragedy. So here goes for a few paragraphs on the negroes of Lisbon.

The Lisbon negroes keep all their church-festivals with the greatest possible rigour, and with as much burlesque mummery as those whose imitators they are.

The plate before us represents a deputation of the brotherhood of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya, in the act of raising the wind for the feast of that saint. One of the troop carries an image of the infant Jesus, seated on a chair, and ornamented with tinsel and ribbons. This he tenders to the by-passers, who almost invariably kiss its feet, having first taken off their hats, and then drop a copper donation into the bag. The image is often handed all over every house in the streets through which the troop passes: most individuals, particularly the females, being anxious to shew their pious devotion for the sacred original, in thus caressing his infantine similitude.

The reader will observe, that the child is of the same colour as he who carries it about to cater for its mother's feast:—this is easily accounted for. The same feeling, which induces Europeans to attach ideas of superiority and advantage to those of their own colour, operates with negroes in favour of theirs; so that not only cannot they persuade themselves that the Deity would condescend to assume any earthly form but that of a negro, but they also fully believe that the devil is of our colour, and they represent him accordingly.

The lower orders of Portuguese have pretty much a similar feeling regarding the birth-place of our Lord. They would be ready to tear any individual to pieces who should tell them that Jesus wore the earthly semblance of a Jew; or that Bethlehem was not somewhere or other in Portugal. So gross and universal, but a short time since, was the ignorance of all classes, that I am not quite clear whether, in the days of the Inquisition, that tribunal would not have pursued with its utmost rigour any one who had dared to attribute Jewish extraction to the Saviour of mankind.

The virgin, in the character of our Lady of Atalaya, is painted also black, but for this the negroes imagine an excuse in the book of Canticles*; and they are not singular in this portraiture, since many French Catholics agree with them, and believe that the Virgin was by birth an Ethiopian. But I cannot account for their attributing that colour to the Bacchus of the papal church:—that *bon vivant* and patron of jolly fellows, saint Antonio de Lisboa; who besides being a thorough-bred Portuguese, is still moreover borne upon the staff of the national army, however incredible the absurdity may appear, as a captain in the second or Lagos regiment of infantry. The thirst for accumulation of riches, which so strongly characterizes every department of the Roman catholic church, induced the clergy of Lagos to petition government not long since to promote S. Antonio to the rank of field-officer, in order that the revenue of his chapel might be augmented by this increase of pay. But the government had too many live sinners to support to have any thing to spare for dead saints; and notwithstanding the important services alleged to have been rendered to the state by the

* Nigra sum sed formosa, filia Jerusalem, &c. See in the Vulgate. Cant. Canticorum, cap. i. v. 5.

second regiment, under the patronage and heavenly influence of S. Antonio, the petition was rejected.

When the day's contributions have been deemed sufficient, the dingy collectors very naturally apply the well-known text of "being worthy of their hire," and adjourn to the nearest tavern to carouse at the expense of the credulous. The man who carries the image leads the van, and extending it before him at arm's-length, as he enters the tavern-door, never fails to exclaim, "Quem vai a diante paga." Anglice, "he who enters first pays the piper."

The festival of Nossa Senhora d' Atalaya is kept at her chapel near the village of Aldea Gallega, on the southern banks of the Tagus, immediately opposite the city of Lisbon; and on that day hundreds of blacks are seen crossing the Tagus in catraios (shore-boats). The beginning of the day is spent in hearing mass, which is followed by a sermon. But no sooner are these ceremonials over, than a scene of debauchery follows, which would make even the ancient votaries of Bacchus blush.

The sermon here alluded to is preached by a negro priest, the only one I believe who resides in Lisbon, the Brazils being the chief residence and domains of the black ecclesiastics. Negroes thus admitted into holy orders receive an education, still more superficial, if possible, than their white fellow labourers; and the blunders which they commit, when they attempt to expound the Scriptures from their pulpits, are worthy of those committed by the Barbadoes black methodist divines.

It must not however be inferred that these saints "of the retreating forehead and depressed vertex" are a jot less ingenious than the European friars in the profitable knack of applying scriptural texts to their advantage: this the following anecdote will prove. In the refectory of a black community at Rio de Janeiro, the same abuse existed as in those of European friaries: the superior and the elder brethren of the house applying to their own use the choicest viands and most delicate morsels, and leaving the hungry novices at the nether end of the table, to break or keep their fast upon the mere scraps and bones of the repast.

On one of these occasions a junior brother (with whom I was afterwards personally acquainted,) received as his portion a hollow bone, without a vestige of any thing on it. This he immediately applied to his lips, and as if converting it into a wind instrument, raised a hideous yell through it. The superior, highly scandalized at such conduct, insisted upon knowing the reason of it. "Holy father," answered the novice, "I have read in the Revelations that at the sound of the trumpet the flesh will be reunited to the bone; and I have been trying to verify the prophecy upon this bone to save myself from starvation."

But the plates—what shall we say of the plates? Why what, but that they are most capital. We open the book, on the word of a reviewer, quite at random, and what have we there? We have opened upon a Saloia retailing fruit—decidedly the worst picture in the book—and yet how famous the expression of the triangular-nosed old woman—how insinuating, yet how impudent her gesture of kimbo-armed negociation with the fiery-haired damsel, looking down from that indescribable rift in the wall which passes for a window. Then the pair of negroes—or negresses, we cannot decide which—pursuing their unmentionable game in the corner. *Vide* also the priests in the background and, the dogs in the fore.—It *is* superb—but nothing to the half dozen others which grace the book. Therefore, good reader, buy it.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

The hot weather, and various prodigies concomitant upon it, have been all that people could afford to talk about in this last month. Only one shower of rain, I believe, through all England, between the 30th of June and the 1st of September. The race of frogs (in Britain) is extinct! And the fish, in shallow ponds, have been actually cooked—whole lakes converted into great dishes of water-souchy. A swarm of "lady-birds" alighting on the top of St. Paul's has spread consternation through the City; and produced more prophesy than when the grasshopper from the Royal Exchange met the dragon of Bow-steeple in the cellar of Mr. White, the ironmonger, at the back of Fleet-market. Herrings have appeared upon our coasts in such shoals, that if they had only been ready-pickled, or could have been enticed up any of the canals towards Manchester or Blackburn, all our anxiety about the people in the weaving districts might have ceased. Many persons have taken up their "eternal rest" in the Thames at Westminster-bridge, and in the New River; because, what between the fleas and the flies, there was no hope of getting any rest on earth. And one man—*horribile dictu!*—was so dreadfully bitten by the bugs—I think it was on the 11th of August—that he ran out of his house raving, shook his night-cap at the moon, and finding only six inches depth (and that luke-warm) in the water-butt, put a period to his sufferings by hanging himself in the cellar.

Politics are getting up, rather than presently active. There has not been a great deal that is new since my last; but the storm is gathering; there will be enough to do when it bursts in the winter. In the meantime, every interest is busy in showing that it is by a curtailment of its neighbour's immunities that the general safety is to be maintained: but the corn-restriction it is that will go—in fact the dealers alone have struck a death-blow at it—the fraud of the "Averages" grows too impudent and barefaced to be endured. There has been some talk lately of improvement in the North; but, under our present system, no material improvement can be looked for. There is no problem in the evil—we have 400,000 more hands ready to manufacture cotton (or any thing else,) than our markets, home or foreign, can find consumption for; and a farther application of capital in the way of machinery would very soon make that 400,000 that we have out of employ, 800,000, If we cannot, by lower prices, extend our foreign demand, or create a new one—for in the home market no increase can take place—the people must either starve—they must be fed out of the public stock—or they must emigrate;—that is to say, they must go to some place where by their labour they can *raise bread;* instead of raising that which is *not bread,* until they have found somebody who is disposed (and may be permitted) to give bread in exchange for it.

Ireland is getting into distress too, it appears; a mishap of which her patriots are, of course, preparing to make the most. Catholic emancipation (and the potatoe-crop) having both failed together; absolutely England is not to keep the country—"Divel a bit at all"—not twelve months longer. Is it not lamentable, feeling as one does deeply and sincerely for the real distresses of the peasantry of Ireland, to have to be sickened with this trash—a *threat* of the separation of the two

countries!—pattered out of the mouths of people too whose only subsistence —or prospect of subsistence—arises out of the employ which they obtain in England! For the emancipation, it could do England no mischief—though it should do Ireland no good—and I would be well contented to see it carried tomorrow. But, nevertheless, there is no more chance of its being carried in the next session of Parliament, or in the whole duration of the next parliament, than there is of its advocates taking to filch speeches out of Burke and Grattan, and try to pass them for their own—an event which every body must see is quite impossible. The fact is, people get more and more sick of the cause, and of the persons who clamour about it, every day. They do so to a degree that is even unjust and unreasonable. They ask, not—" Shall we, or shall we not, do this or that for the Irish Catholics?" but—" Who is this person, (somebody who is making himself heard, but whom nobody ever heard of) that we should listen to his nonsense?" The first object in the conduct of every cause should be to get those to advocate it, *and those only*, to whom the powers that are to decide it will listen, if not with deference, with respect. But, for the state of Ireland, if the Catholics were admitted to power within these three days—if we are to shut our eyes to all that has been, we cannot entirely close them against that which is. We hear that it is to the exclusion of Catholic influence, and of Catholic principles, from power, that the unimproved condition of Ireland, as compared with England, or with Scotland, is owing;—what is the situation, through the world, of those countries in which Catholicism flourishes, as compared with those which are governed under Protestant ascendency?

Parliament not sitting, and the circuits being over, I hear some people complain that the newspapers are uninteresting. But this is only because they do not read the " Advertisements;" which always seem to me to be the choicest portion of the whole intelligence. N. B. I understand that the proprietors of newspapers themselves—(who must know?) —are very much of this opinion. Now, for instance, a gentleman advertising for a lost pocket-book the other day, in the *Dublin Evening Post*, says—" as it *is of no use* to any one, whoever will bring it to No. 14, in Merrion-street, shall be *suitably* rewarded." I like this.

Advertisements open, too, sometimes in a very odd way. A person in the Philadelphia Advertiser, June 19th, begins as follows.—" The subscriber having lately made a new and complete arrangement *in his garret*—so as to admit the *fresh air* daily" &c.—" begs to inform—." This advertiser is a dealer in *feathers;* but we do not find that out till the end of the page.

The next notice (in the same paper) is an inquiry for a " situation:" but it seems to begin in the style of a lament.—" A *married* man, upwards of *fifty years* of age!" requests leave, &c. &c.

A second advertiser for employment, however (still in the same journal), speaks in the true tone and spirit of Colombian freedom. After stating the nature of the post which will suit him, the applicant (speaking of himself in the third person) concludes thus:—" To prevent unnecessary trouble, he [Q. W.] remarks, that he gives *no references* to any one. He boasts not of *respectability* of connexions, *gentility* of education, or versatility of *qualification*. He wishes none of these *advantitious* aids, &c. &c.; feeling himself competent to rely on his own powers for giving ample satisfaction."—This is a sort of servant-man who would be likely to get a place.

Apart from the endeavours of the Catholics, to which I adverted above, the church of England—really and actually—seems to be in danger. For the ringing of the bells in Bow-steeple has frightened a great stone down off the church, right through the roof of a next-door neighbour's house. Now, I do not believe (myself) that the Papists had any direct hand in this. But still the ringing of bells is an old Popish custom: and—we see what comes of it. For my own part, I must freely confess—what any bells should be kept constantly, or periodically, ringing, in any civilized country for—unless it were to frighten all the cats out of a neighbourhood—I never could conceive. The true commendation of such music always seemed to me to lie in the last two lines of that admirable song—"The Barber of Liquorpond-street,"—to the writer of which be all honour and glory:—

> "While St. Andrew's brave bells did so loud and so clearing,
> "You 'd have given ten pounds—to be out of their hearing!" &c.

One of the clearest points upon which the Turks seemed to me always to have an advantage over the Christians, was that they used no bells, either in their churches or houses. Another taste they have too which might afford an admirable hint to a body of Christians (seven millions, they say), who shall be nameless—I mean their abhorrence of unnecessary *speech*. But this is a dreadful affair, the destruction of the Jannissaries—the Mamelukes, too—gone and fled; and improvement talked of; and civilization; and European dresses; and common sense! The last hold that romance had on the earth was in Turkey and Egypt: and *Heu!* the pride of the horse-tails, and the glory of the crescent, is departing.

The glory of the bugs, however, does not seem to be departing; the very deuce is in the vermin, I think, this month. There were so many in a house in Doughty-street, that the tenants put a kettle of brimstone on the fire to destroy them; and burned down half the neighbourhood in the course of the experiment.

The new Act of Parliament against stealing in gardens has been giving great offence in its execution; and all the London papers have been full of fulminations against a Mr. Chamberlayne, a clergyman of Dorsetshire, who sent four boys under ten years of age to the tread-mill, for robbing him of his apples. It is very easy to bear the loss which other persons experience:—the writers in London papers have no gardens, for the most part; and are not exposed therefore to the sort of attack which they extenuate. Unfortunately, however, we have always a great number of people in this country, to whom the profits of any description of theft (permitted) would be exceedingly convenient; and, to decide that *any* kind of property may be plundered, by *any* kind of persons, with impunity, is to decide that that description of property shall no longer continue to exist. Thus, it is an inconvenience, and an annoyance, to any gentleman in the country, to have his fences broken down, and his trees plundered—the damage committed (independent of the nuisance) being of course twenty times beyond the value of the plunder carried away. But this is the least part of the affair; because once admit that the garden *may* be plundered; and then —we have the garden—that is our own—it is to the good—the next step, of course, is to the plunder of his house. We hear only, in cases like Mr. Chamberlayne's—the law allows us only to hear—of the single fact. Half a dozen boys, at a given time, have stolen a given number

of apples. The great probability, that these young delinquents are common, reputed pests to the whole neighbourhood in which they live —continually engaged in petty theft, with a hope that their youth will screen them from punishment—is never adverted to. In fact, the general question of crimes and penalties is one upon which it will always be extremely difficult to content the world. So many circumstances go to determine the punishment of offences—expecially those which are *mala prohibita*—which are satisfactory to one class, yet will not be so to another. The trader in London, who thinks it hard justice to send a boy to the tread-mill for stealing apples, or a poacher to Botany Bay for shooting hares, hangs a man outright, without mercy, for writing a name not his own upon a morsel of paper. He sees no incongruity in apportioning precisely the same measure of punishment to him who murders a whole family, and to him who breaks open a two-penny post letter. The atrocity of a crime is only one circumstance (as regards the eye of the law), which we look at in apportioning its punishment. We look quite as much—nay, even more—to the degree of facility with which it is committed; to the difficulty that there may be of guarding against it; and to the extent of general inconvenience which its commission is likely to produce. Our convictions for "burglary," in the agricultural districts, afford a curious illustration of this fact. In nine cases out of ten where a man is convicted of burglary in a farming country, the property stolen is not worth ten shillings. From the last assize callendars only, it would not be difficult to show sentence of death recorded against a hundred offenders for burglary, five in six of them under twenty years of age, and the whole amount of property stolen not so high as twenty pounds. These criminals are *always* transported; not for the magnitude of their theft, but because it is one which the sufferers cannot guard against:—they watch the labouring people when they leave their huts to go to work, and strip them of all they have during their absence. I do not know any thing of Mr. Chamberlayne; but I doubt very much whether he sent four very young boys of good character, and the children of honest and industrious parents, to the tread-mill. If he did this, he did what was harsh and inhuman; but I think I see the case standing with more probability in another way: he found four very notorious urchins robbing his premises; if he had caned them and let them go, he would have had an action from some attorney for assault and battery; if he had suffered them to escape altogether on that occasion, he would have had to watch for, and catch them again three days after; and the only difference would have been then, that, instead of four, he would probably have caught five, the impunity granted to the original offenders having by that time enticed one or two others to take the chance of similar good fortune.

Apropos to assault and battery, I am quite shocked to observe that Mr. Bish, the lottery-office keeper, was brought before the Lord Mayor the other day, charged with whipping a man who was drawing a truck upon London bridge, because he did not make haste enough in getting out of his way!

Tu qui summa potes, ne despice parva potenti!

Mr. Bish should have some mercy, if other people's wheels do not go round quite so fast as his have done. There is a difference as regards the degree of labour employed (as well as in the usefulness of the operation), between drawing a truck and drawing a ticket. Bish will

never be a member of parliament if he does not learn to behave better than this. It is that few day's property of Drury-lane theatre that has corrupted him.

The science of horse-stealing has been making great progress within these few years in England; but our brethren in America beat us in all the "useful arts" hollow. A Connecticut paper relates the apprehension of a horse-stealer, who had stolen thirty-five animals when he was taken, and was endeavouring "to get as many together as would *load a boat*, with which he meant to proceed to New Orleans!"

Talking of horses, there is an absurd exhibition, which they call "Poney races," now showing at Sadler's Wells. Six or seven blackguard boys galloping six or seven ragged ponies in an area about forty feet in diameter. If the boys were well flogged, and the horses sent to the green-yard, a great deal of service would be done to both parties.

Poulson's Philadelphia Chronicle contains an advertisement from a Miss Noah, offering to cure all difficulties and impediments in speech. This again is a step beyond our practice, though I am not quite sure if I should call it in a "useful art:" if any body can cure difficulty or impediment of speech, a lady, obviously, would be the only person to compass it.

It would be very much to the purpose, I think, if any impediment could be devised in the way of men's publishing books, when the matter which they publish has already been published five or six times over. Here are four volumes of "German novels," said to be translated by Mr. Roscoe, out of which there is not so much matter as would fill *one* volume, which is not already in print and translated before. Here are tales that have been translated as novels separately; tales that have been translated into dramas; tales that have been translated in recent collections; tales that have been translated in magazines; and a few tales—the only new ones,—which were not worth translating at all. Sad trading in authorship indeed!

Books are bad, generally, this month. A little volume has been published, called "Aphorisms of Dr. Parr:" there is no offence in any of the sayings, but there must be some mistake—they must have been delivered by "Old Parr," not Dr. Parr.

The Morning Chronicle of the 11th of August relates the death of two gentlemen who were killed in attempting to "*shoot* London bridge." Ours is an odd language: bridges now would seem to be the last game that any gentleman in his senses would go about to shoot.

The theatres have been dreadfully dull all the summer: but a Philadelphia paper supplies us with a fact in their arrangements, which, I dare say, half the people who visit them twice a-week were ignorant of. "The London theatres," says the Philadelphia, Evening Post, "are dreadfully infested with thieves. The robbers are generally well-dressed, respectable looking persons, and go in gangs of twelve or fifteen. If any one is caught, they immediately cry out, "a fight—fair play!" and in this way effect a rescue."

I like American information, especially about England. The same paper, The Philadelphia Post, states, that the York musical festival (England) of the present year, produced a profit to the managers of £190,000!!!

It is a pleasure too, when one can't visit a foreign people, to study their language critically and minutely; for an immense deal may be learned

from their mere application of epithet, as to their customs, manners, origin, &c. Now, in all the American works, we find a man's baggage, or property, constantly called his "plunder." This term has now become figurative; but the property of the original Americans would all have been, it will be recollected, of that particular description.

Speaking of Dr. Parr above, and of America, puts me in mind of Dr. Franklin's conundrum, that it would be possible for a man to swim from Dover to Calais by the help of a paper kite. A Buckinghamshire Journal contains an account of a gentleman who has gone beyond this feat, and constructed a carriage propelled by three kites, which he uses on the road, beating mail coaches, post chaises, and all before him. On a late occasion he ran five miles in twenty minutes, and passed the Duke of Gloucester, travelling with four horses, on the road. This is "flying the kite" to some purpose!

Our own style of applying epithets, if not so good as the American generally, is good in its way sometimes. There is a large white board, with half a volume of cautions upon it, put up just beyond Hyde-park Corner, addressed "To Lamp breakers and others:" a Frenchman now might imagine from this, that "lamp breaking" was a recognized calling in England.

All the world has been surprised at the verdict in the case of "The Smiths against the Birmingham Chronicle,"—the case of the idiot Smith confined in Gloucestershire. For a "plea of justification;" as the law stands, any such plea is little other than nonsense: the full substantial truth of any statement may be proved; and all the material circumstances; and yet some slight deviation, wholly unconnected with the real merits of the case, will saddle a defendant with costs to the amount of several hundred pounds. It would be *impossible*, perhaps, as the law now stands, to write such a narrative of any transaction as could be "justified" in court; but this case of the Smiths goes beyond a formal verdict. How any jury, after the evidence for the defence, could give such a sum in damages as four hundred pounds! it may be within the scope of those particular twelve persons to explain, but it would puzzle the understanding of many a thirteenth to consider.

I noticed a little way back an advertisement in an American paper from a Miss Noah, a lady who undertook to cure all impediments in speech. It is curious to observe how that knack—the faculties of speaking—sticks by the ladies in all ranks of life and situations. Mr. Owen's people, at New Harmony, who, by the way, don't get on quite harmoniously altogether, seem to be chiefly puzzled by the loud talking and contentious disposition of their female "co-operators." Thus the writer of a homily in the Harmony Gazette of the 19th of April, touches the subject delicately; but he is compelled to remark, in his "Considerations for those who wish to unite under the new system of Union," that "nothing tends more to distort the female character than *loud and stormy disputation;*" which, moreover, "has a great tendency to degrade them in the estimation of the other sex." And again, "no irritation," says this teacher, "ought to be felt towards the female members when they *brawl*, or *quarrel*, or *talk aloud*,"—(leading the world to suspect that such criminalities do occasionally happen);—"because they have been *taught to believe* that loud talking is an effectual way of giving force to what they have to urge in their own favour." A third suggestion as to the course advisable "when individual members are *afflicted* with the *disease* of

laziness," applies equally, both to "male and female;" but I suspect that the ladies have formed Mr. Owen's chief difficulty in his plan. I do think that, like the unskilful conjuror who raises the devil in his circle, and then cannot lay him again, our Doctor finds sometimes that he has got more within his parallellogram than he well knows how to deal with.

There cannot be a greater mistake than to suppose that the world, *en masse,* is hard-hearted. On the contrary, I cannot find any body who is not shocked at the slightest act of tyranny or ill-nature committed by his neighbour. Here it is not a fortnight ago, that all England combined to fight the battle of the boys whom Mr. Chamberlayne put into the tread-mill for stealing his apples; and, to-day again, no less a personage than Lord Maryborough has been at Bow-street, expressing the highest indignation that a particular old woman should have been taken up as a mendicant under the provisions of the Vagrant Act. The truth is, this peculiar beggar was a *protegée* of the noble lord's. As he always gave her money, her begging produced no inconvenience to him, and, of course, it seemed to him the most inconceivable thing in the world, how that which produced no inconvenience to him, could be objectionable to any body else! For that part of the statute, however, which makes a virtual asking of alms sufficient to constitute an act of vagrancy, without waiting for the literal demand: I confess I see no objection to it; because whether you are tortured to bestow a penny, or to purchase a farthing's worth of matches, the assault is just the same. The vagrant act can only be justified at all, upon the supposition that, for those persons who require relief, an actual refuge is provided. That being the case, the fair question is upon the substantial, and not upon the formal act. People should not be baited as they go along the public street upon one pretence any more than upon another. Now I think of it, I wonder if something could not be done, under this act, for the benefit of the box-keepers at the Haymarket theatre. For, if you change your seat ten times in a night, every rogue that opens a door to you asks, "If you don't want a bill?" that is to say, if you don't mean to give him a shilling? And there are dogs among them, unless you rather ostentatiously display the elasticity of your right leg as you say "No!" who would even venture to shut the door more loudly than a skip-kennel's duty can warrant after you refuse.

Lord W. Lennox and Lord Glengall have fought a duel, and no harm done. I don't understand all this: I wish gentlemen—I beg pardon, I mean noblemen—would not fight, unless they mean to do one another a mischief. Vincentio Saviola (who, with all the quizzing of Shakspeare and Fletcher, was a smart fellow) holds that they ought not to do so. And he maintains a good deal more too, which, as I don't wish to seem to be a promoter of strife, I will not mention. There is a translation if any of the higher classes should wish to read the book.

August 28th. Lord Maryborough has sent his attorney down again to Bow Street. There is something about that old woman of his more than about old women in general, that's certain.

NOTICES REGARDING THE CLIMATE OF RUSSIA, WITH SOME MISCELLANEOUS OBSERVATIONS ON METEOROLOGY.—BY WILLIAM HUTCHINSON, ESQ.

The latitude of a country and its elevation above the level of the sea, although they supply the necessary data for the ascertainment of its mean annual temperature nearly approximative to the truth, present no indications for the determination either of the maxima and minima of temperature in ordinary years, or of the mean temperature of any particular season. To exemplify this statement, it may be observed, that the lowest temperature that has been remarked at *Cape Nord* (in north latitude 70°), according to *Von Buch* is 17° 5′ of the scale of Reaumur; whilst, in a latitude 20° more southern (that is 50°) in Russia, at an elevation not more than 400 feet above the sea, but few winters pass without a temperature of at least 20° of the same scale; and 25° is not of very rare occurrence. In the month of January 1823, 13° was observed at Constantinople, which is 39° more southerly than Cape Nord. The lowest temperature, in an ordinary winter in England, in the latitude of 52°, is about 8° Reaumur; in Russia, in the same latitude, it is 25°. On the other part, the highest temperature in England (in the latitude just mentioned), in an ordinary summer, is about 20°; in Russia, in the same latitude, it is 25° or 26°, often of several weeks almost uninterrupted duration; and 28° has been frequently observed. Von Buch states that the sea is never frozen at Cape Nord, not even in the gulphs there. The Caspian sea is frozen to some extent from its shore every winter, and the Black Sea, 25° south of Cape Nord, in winters of ordinary severity. Vienna is situate about 40′ south of Paris, but the winter is much colder than at Paris; and a lower temperature is generally witnessed at Paris than at London, which is nearly 3° north of Paris.

It has been said that the eastern parts of the earth, in respect to our longitude, are colder than western countries; and that the cold increases as we proceed eastward—but this is a vague and incorrect statement; for, having passed the central region of Siberia, the cold diminishes again, in the same latitude, as the eastern ocean is approached. A similar diversity, too, with that just mentioned, is equally observable between England and the continent of North-America. In the vicinity of the sea, throughout the globe generally (meaning the ocean, and not small mediterannean seas, like the Caspian and Euxine), the cold in winter is much less than it is about the interior of large continents in the same latitude; on the other part, the heat of the summer is also much less in the former than in the latter situation. The reason of the increase of cold in winter and of heat in summer, as we proceed eastwardly from our longitude, arises from our approaching the centre of a large continent.

The temperature of the earth, at the depth of a few feet beneath its surface, is never so low as the freezing point. Von Buch states that there is a rivulet in Finmark that flows constantly in a situation where the mean annual temperature of the atmosphere is below the freezing point. This does not depend upon any peculiar local circumstances. Springs of water flow throughout the winter in the open plains of Russia, issuing from the earth at the ordinary level of the country (that is, wholly unconnected with hills or valleys), where the temperature is at 25° of Reaumur: and where, during two months, the temperature has never been higher than 6°, and the mean temperature of that period 10°. The earth must, then, communicate heat to the atmosphere in the winter, in such a region; but it effects this to a much less extent than the ocean. The ocean, at a certain depth, is every where nearly of the same temperature; water transmitting heat with such facility, that the sea of the polar regions participates rapidly of the heat of the equatorial regions, much more rapidly than the earth can derive heat in this way. So the sea in the polar regions is much warmer than the earth in the same regions in winter, and it communicates more readily and abundantly to the superambient atmosphere than the earth. In winter the earth and the sea, but the latter more especially, are warmer

and in summer colder, than the superambient atmosphere—the temperature of the sea and of the earth, at a certain depth from their surfaces, (which, depth varies in the two instances) being the mean annual temperature of that region—so that they are each a source of abstraction of heat from the atmosphere when this is hotter, and of communication of heat when it is colder, than those media. These effects take place more extensively, and with more rapidity, from the sea than from the earth, because the surface of the sea is much warmer than that of the earth in winter, whilst in summer it is cooler; and water transmits heat more readily than the earth does. Besides this, the perpetual movement of the sea, and the copious evaporation from its surface in summer, contribute respectively to the results which would ensue from its temperature considered in a more absolute manner. It is hence, that islands and coasts (the former more especially) have a more equable temperature than the interior of continents. This is universally true; and it is more conspicuously evident as the relative localities are more subserviant to the causes just mentioned. Ireland is in the same latitude as the country about Moscow. In the former, the temperature in the ordinary winters is not below 5° Reaumur; in the latter region, there are but few winters, when it is not at least as low as 30°; and the mean temperature of the month of January of a series of years is about 11°. The heat of summer is equivalently greater about Moscow than in Ireland.

The communication of heat from the earth to the atmosphere, when the temperature of the former is higher than that of the latter, does not take place to any considerable extent in plain countries devoid of forests—or, to speak with more precision, it takes place to but a small extent in comparison with what occurs in respect to the sea. In a country covered with forests of old trees, whose roots penetrate deep into the earth, it is much more remarkable. The atmosphere, when it is perfectly calm, has been observed two or three degrees warmer in the centre of a large forest than in the plain surrounding it. Reflection of the heat *radiated* from the earth by the branches of the trees may perhaps contribute somewhat to this effect, but it is not the sole cause of it, and it is not probable that it can contribute much to it in winter, when the trees are without leaves. A thermometer placed in the centre of a hollow tree in winter, always indicates a higher temperature than in the open atmosphere: and this does not arise from the vitality of the tree developing heat; the same result may be observed in a perfectly dead tree as in a living one; and it occurs even in a post of wood, or a wall, and that to a greater extent as they penetrate deeper into the earth, and as their dimensions are more considerable. When the temperature of the atmosphere is but little above the freezing point, snow about the basis of posts, columns of stone, or walls, is observed to become thawed, as well as that around the trunks of trees. This result takes place to an extent in respect to trees of different species, inproportion to the extent of their roots, and the depth they penetrate into the earth; and it is more considerable in respect to a large tree than to a smaller one of the same species. In the case of mist freezing on the trees, in Russia, covering their branches with a layer of ice, it is always remarkable that this takes place more extensively on small and young than in larger and older trees of the same species; when, on the former, this coating of ice covers not only all the small branches, but the trunk of the tree, even to a small distance from its root, it occupies on the latter only the branches, and perhaps more or less of the superior part of the trunk. On trees of the same species, planted at the same time, of equal growth, the coating of ice may be observed to terminate almost precisely at the same distance from the earth. When the cold is greater, all the trees become thus cased in ice; but it is the largest and oldest trees, whose roots penetrate deepest into the earth, that are the last to suffer this, as well as the first from which it disappears, when the frost becomes less severe.

The abstraction of heat from the atmosphere by the earth, when the latter is colder than the former, is too evident to require any illustration, as it is

from this cause that the air is cooler in a forest than in another merely shaded place; and in a church or other large building with massive walls, passing deep in the earth, than in a small house. In several countries, were the summer is very hot, the inhabitants carefully shut the doors and windows of their houses during the middle part of the day; and it may be observed, generally, that in ordinary houses thus closed the temperature of the air is several degrees below that of the exterior atmosphere, where this is perfectly shaded. Even after several weeks of continued hot weather, the walls of a house will be found several degrees colder than the mean temperature of the air during that period; and very often colder than the air has been at its lowest temperature. This shows that the walls of the house are colder than the air, not merely because they cannot, regarded abstractedly, become warmed by the sun as readily as the air, but also because, from their communication with the earth, they suffer a constant abstraction of heat.

There is another thing that contributes, but not in a considerable degree, to render islands in the great ocean less cold in winter than plains remote from mountains about the interior of large continents, which is, that the atmosphere of the former is generally less clear than that of the latter region. The extremes of cold, in respect to any certain region, never exist when the atmosphere is clouded; and this arises, as it appears we must infer, from the clouds reflecting the heat radiated from the surface of the earth. With the extremes of cold there is always a clear deep blue sky; and the intensity of the blue tint in Russia, with such cold, exceeds what is observable even in Italy at any time. The air is so little charged with vapour when the frost is intense, that the atmosphere appears of the deepest, most absolute black hue at night, whilst the stars shine with a degree of brightness that is not observable in more temperate climates. It is not extraordinary for the mercury of the thermometer to fall five or six degrees of Reaumur's scale within an hour in Russia, when the atmosphere, after having been clouded, is rendered clear by wind; and this does not result from the wind itself being a colder atmosphere, because the phenomenon mentioned occurs when the wind comes from a southern and actually less cold region. On the other part, a north wind, when the weather is actually colder in that region, if it bring clouds over a certain more southern region, will be accompanied by an equally considerable rising of the mercury of the thermometer. It appears that it is from those phenomena that the coldest period of the day is about the time of sun-rise; this is generally the case in Russia, where the nights are ordinarily without wind, and a breeze or more considerable degree of wind occurs about this time, rendering the atmosphere more clear than it is ordinarily during a few hours previous to sun-rise. In England, a precipitation of mist or dew but rarely occurs when the sky is clouded, in the autumnal season; because there, with a clouded atmosphere, there is sufficient heat—originally radiated from the surface of the earth—reflected from the clouds to maintain the atmosphere at a temperature above that at which any portion of the aqueous vapour in solution in it would be precipitated at the ordinary temperature of that season. In Russia, mists appear sometimes with a thickly clouded sky, but it is when the cold is great—freezing the mist on the trees, covering these and other objects with a layer of ice—and chiefly when clouds and an atmosphere abounding with vapour are brought from some remote region by wind. This happens sometimes, in the south-western provinces of Russia, when the wind is south-easterly, and brings the clouds of the Caucasus, and the vapour exhaled from the Caspian and Euxine seas. Persons travelling in Russia, in the night, may commonly observe a mist or dew to appear and disappear several times in succession in a night—its disappearance always following the diffusion of clouds in the sky, and its re-appearance ensuing from the atmosphere becoming clear.

It does not appear probable that the elevation of temperature ensuing from a clouded sky, above described, proceeds—at least not in any considerable proportion—from the diffusion of heat resulting from the condensation of gasses in the atmosphere into aqueous particles; because it happens when the clouds

are brought by wind from a remote region. There is sometimes a transient augmentation of heat, even to the extent of two degrees of Reaumur, which immediately precedes a thunder-storm in summer, that, it seems probable, results from the diffusion of heat just mentioned,

The range of the mercury in the barometer has a strict coincidence with the range of temperature, on the plains of the interior parts of Russia. In winter, the greatest cold is always accompanied by the greatest height of the barometer; and a diminution of cold is always immediately preceded or accompanied by the descent of the mercury of the barometer—this occurs in such a regular and constant manner, that the waving lines of the ranges of the barometer and thermometer exactly correspond, during a period of two months, which is the whole time that a register of observations from the two instruments was kept for several weeks in succession. From many observations, each series comprising periods of a few days only in succession, it is indicated that the reverse, as regards temperature, is the case during the summer months—that is, that the barometer is highest in fine clear weather, when the heat is greatest. So that it appears that the greater degree of elevation of the barometer have a relation to the causes which in winter produce or accompany extremes of cold, and in summer extremes of heat; and as each of those states is accompanied with comparatively great clearness of the atmosphere—absence of clouds, and a bright, deep, blue tint of the sky—there is nothing in those observations that is calculated to perplex our hypothetical reasonings about the causes of those phenomena.

About the eastern part of the continent of Europe, all meteorological phenomena occur with an appearance of order that is not observable either in the western part of Europe, or in the islands situate in the Atlantic Ocean, where such phenomena appear to be deranged by many conflicting causes. This order is remarkable in the winds—during the summer months, that is to say from May, to September, each inclusive there is a wind from the north, which occurs about two or three hours after sun-rise, and ceases about an hour before sun-set, with great constancy and regularity. The nights, generally, are perfectly calm. This wind is generally north-easterly in May, June, and July, and north-westerly in August and September. Other winds sometimes occur in those months, but this is for the most part when the weather is unsettled and tempestuous, and then the wind exists in the night as well as during the day. About the time of the equinoxes, the winds are very variable. During the winter, the most frequent wind is easterly in clear fine weather; but this wind does not occur with the regularity of the northerly wind in summer; though when it exists, it is chiefly about the middle of the day, the nights being calm. For the most part, however, the finest clear weather, with the greatest cold, exists when the air is nearly or quite calm. A greater degree of cold not unfrequently attends a northern wind, but such weather is commonly of but short duration, and it is succeeded generally by tempestuous weather, with a great fall of snow; and when this is about to happen, the wind usually comes in a few hours from a directly opposite southern quarter—generally south-western.

REMINISCENCES.

When the bright summer day of youth is silently waning away, and the twilight gloom of age sinks on the horizon of life, and the shadows of past years grow darker in the vale of tears through which we have wandered, it is pleasant to forget the infelicities of the present while remembering the joys of the past, and to gaze through the *dino vista* of protracted existence on the innocent pleasures of our early childhood. If, in the chill evening of life, we have a home and a shelter from the storms of the world, and the voices of our offspring sound sweetly around

our fire-sides, and quietude and peace possess the throne of our hearts, and gratitude inspires thansgiving for the many mercies of our long wayfaring, the asperities of our path will be smoothed by the feet of our children, and the darkness of our destiny enlightened by the sunny smiles of affection. Those spirits are doubly blest who, amid the adversities and trials of sublunary being, have allowed no shade to obscure their brightness, no stain upon the mirror of their hearts; whose intercourse with their fellows has been in affectionate brotherhood, shunning all evil, and doing as they would be done unto. Thrice happy are they whose hearts are withered only by the hand of age—whose rigour is impaired only by the gradual decay of life, whose hands are unstained by deeds of ill, and whose consciences are pure as in the holy days of childhood; no music is so delightful as that which flows from an old instrument, whose tones are mellowed, not impaired, by vibration, and which rolls forth the full volume of its early sound without the inequalities of its former use. While the rapid current of being wears away the strength of our manhood, and effaces from the agitated surface the images of many whom we loved, the chords of the human heart wind closer around the few who are left, and attach with unceasing interest to the shadowy forms of those whose names now dwell only on the silent but eloquent lips of memory. Nor is the melancholy pleasure, with which we behold the past, confined solely to man; we look upon the ancient trees, whose shade was over us in younger days, and on whose massive trunks we graved our names in rude mis-shapen characters, with that mingled feeling of joy and sorrow which allies itself with every thought and emotion of age. We behold the scenes of our boyhood changing into the lapse of time; the old oaks are withering as if in sympathy with our fate, the bowers have disappeared where once we gaily dwelt, the long rank grass has grown over the sepulchres of our friends, and every object warns us that human life, like all things else in this transitory state, is perishing and sinking into dust. While these thoughts are passing over our minds, like the rays of a setting sun over broken clouds when the tempest is passed, we cannot fail to admire the infinite wisdom which ordained a period to the life of man; we must adore that Power which diffuses rigour over all the operations of his creatures, by withdrawing the weak and the aged from the scene, and sending forth the young, the aspiring, and the undaunted. In pursuance of these reflections, we correct the past and the present; while before us the grave is opening for our last couch of rest, behind us rise in melancholy beauty the images of all we esteemed and loved. Here, in the freshness of his youth and the ardour of his hope, a friend faints by the way-side and is seen no more; there, in maturer trust and higher promise, another companion leaves us and wanders we know not where: we cannot pause to comfort them—the arrow is behind us and we are hurried on. Few maintain their places by our side in the journey of life, and those few, like us, are now waiting for the sound of that voice which will summon them to the silent halls of death.

Following with solemn steps the deviating path of by-gone years, we meet often with the swelling mound which tells of human frailty: we pause and contemplate; we remember and lament: here lies the associate of our happier years—the confidant of our feelings, the partaker of our joys; one whole spirit flashed far onward in the maze of futurity, and becokned vividly amid those shades which have closed around his forgotten name. We remember the last fond grasp of his clay-cold hand

—the faltering accents of his last farewell—the anxious gaze of his filmy eye—the convulsive heaving of his heart, when his spirit was struggling for its flight, and sundering the manacles that bound it down to earth. We remember the deathful stillness of the house of mourning; we watch for the last fitful flash of life's wasted lamp, and catch the last sigh that ever will be heaved; and we start from our long reverie as if the moan of death were that moment passing by, and the shades of dissolution flitting over the countenance of our friend. Ah! years on years have gone since this scene of sorrow, and he, who sleeps below, is remembered but by one heart in the wide world. His body hath gone down to its mother earth, and his spirit to the Deity from whom it came.

On the confines of our youth we meet with yet sadder scenes. There stands the sepulchre of all our gayest hopes and choicest loves; there slumbers the idol of our visions—the fairy one whose beauty transcended, even the ideal loveliness of which

——"Youthful poets dream
At Hallowed Eve by haunted stream,"

and whose misfortunes added sanctity to her charms like that which surrounded Eloisa in the convent of the Paraclete. We trace each lineament of her soul-breathing countenance; we follow each motion of her moulded form; every word of love rises fresh and glowing from the unclosing sanctuary of the heart; every scene of blessedness gradually unfolds, and the fountains of feeling gush forth again like waters in the desert. There are eras in life which cannot be forgotten; scenes which are imaged in the depths of the bosom, impenetrable to the eye of man, but radiant over with the colouring of hope, blighted ere fruition, yet retaining the hues, without the fragrance, of its first all-matchless beauty. Such is the remembrance of our first love—a time, a feeling, a bewildering glory, which dwells awhile in the radiance of its own divinity, and then sinks amid the dusky clouds of fate, a mass of lurid grandeur, portentous of despair. Though many years have fled, and many events transpired, still while hanging over the grave of her we loved but too well in early days, the parting scene, the last farewell will recur, and all the agonizing passions of the hour will awake from their slumbers in the bosom, and riot once more on their consuming sacrifice. We look back upon the scene and it is present—bold interest forbids alliance—unfeeling power dooms two fond hearts to misery. They meet for the last time in silence—the silence of despair; words, eloquent as a bleeding spirit can utter, have been wasted in unavailing deprecation, and why should the tongue strive vainly to impart what a pierced and broken heart alone can feel? There is a close linking of the arms as they walk; a still but dreadful communion of tearful eyes; a long and close embrace; a last grasping of locked hands; a warm, a farewell kiss—and all is over! A few years pass and the lover weeps over the sepulchre of her who died (as the world avers) by some of the casualties of mortality, but whose death-blow was inflicted by a parent's hand. Such is the history of true love—"It never did run smooth."

There are others, whom we knew in the days of youth, who have left us for foreign climes, and become strangers in strange lands. At long intervals in our distant dwellings, we have heard chance news of them. Their afflictions had been manifold—they had been chastened by the rod of adversity, and the iron had entered into their souls. Some had perished in the first days of their rejoicing; others had heaped up

riches which they knew not who should gather; and all at last had passed away from among the multitudes of earth. When death has been around us in his silent but overwhelming power, and parted from our view the forms with whom we have been accustomed to mingle in the daily pursuits of life; when we bid adieu for ever to their cold remains, and see them borne to their undreaming bed in the clay, the thousand petty injuries we have experienced sink into forgetfulness, and all their forgiveness, benevolence, kindness, and generous acts rise in succession before us. Their virtues are estimated when the garb in which they were clothed is passed over and forgotten: so true it is that a reflecting mind must always feel something like grief, when bidding farewell for ever to persons and objects in themselves indifferent. There is an awful feeling in eternal separation; and, however brightly faith may unfold a meeting in an after-state, the constitution of our minds is so interwoven with earth, that the certainty we shall behold one no more below, is attended with a persuasion of everlasting sundering. Gradually we are left alone in a strange world; human things are still around us in multitudes, but we no longer bear a part in any thing beneath the sun. Our places become causes of bitterness and jealousy to young rivals in the career of fame, and we feel as if our very offspring would hurry us through the portal of the grave. And yet with what tenacity we cling to life! The tomb is a cold, and a dark, and a silent dwelling-place; the path that leads to it lies through a gloomy vale, whose palpable darkness and shapes of fear we shudder to encounter. The shadow of death's invisible form is awful; the hollow sound of his bodyless voice alarms the feeble spirit; the withering impress of his icy hand is terrible. Could we pass away like a summer cloud from the portion allotted us below, without the "pompa mortis," the shroud, the bier, the sable plumes, and the marble tomb that would keep "the dust we have from mingling with the dust we are," much of the horror which now attends the idea of dissolution would vanish from the heart. The mere departure from this trying world is invested with too much observance, and too little care is bestowed upon that higher duty which should prepare the soul to meet its God in judgment. I have often gazed upon a mildewed flower, and watched its almost imperceptible decay; and I have fervently wished that my spirit might depart from this world as softly as the life (strange life) steals from the withered petals of the rose. Can it be that man is elevated in the scale of being only, in life and death, to be doubly wretched? Is it not rather true that, by the perversity of his inclinations and the obliquity of his judgment, he inflicts continually on his own heart those many miseries which he impiously imputes to imaginary fate?

Continued recurrence to the season of youth as the only season of enjoyment, sufficiently proves that men look back upon their earlier days with delight. But youth is not always a time of gladness and rejoicing. The young brow is sometimes furrowed with the woes of many years; the young form bowed with the burden of a crushed spirit and a broken heart. Adversity chastens unsparingly; the bright eye, beaming with sanguine expectation, is often dimmed with many tears, and the light smile of anticipating hope driven from the lip by the dark gloom of despondency. The eagle hides his death-wound with his mighty wing, and the proud spirit of youth often conceals the arrow that rankles in the heart, lest insulting pity should mock his agony. Human life, indeed, in all its changes and diversities, is full of error, sin, and sorrow. Neither youth

nor age, nor beauty nor genius, is a refuge from their ingress. Mutability is stamped on all mortal things; and the arm of death is extended to destroy all that is most precious to the eye and to the mind. The cultivation of benevolent affections and the practice of beneficent acts, can alone console us in our pilgrimage, and bring us peace at the last. Nothing is more delightful than serene old age, reposing all its hopes of future bliss on a blameless conscience and an uncorrupted heart. Ignorant of passion that mars the beauty of all it touches; unconscious of crime; relying on the constant indulgence of virtuous intention, and grieving that it was ever thwarted by unforeseen and uncontrollable circumstances; the venerable father contemplates the children he has reared through troubles and sufferings with that holy feeling which ambition never knew: and he lies down each night in the midst of his happy household, prepared to awake in earth or heaven. When he finally disappears, he leaves his name, and the sweet flavour of his virtues behind; and his tomb becomes to every feeling heart a holier shrine than Loretto to the Romanist. It should be both the pleasure and the duty of man to visit the sepulchres of the virtuous dead; there is a holiness breathing around them, which imparts its influence unto every visitant. Over the graves of those who have gone to the land "where the wicked cease from troubling and the weary are at rest," the soft breeze sighs its music, as if attendant spirits were watching around the good man's tomb, and hallowing the earth with which his corse commingles. There the world-sick wanderer should come in the deepness of his despondency, and, in communion with the spirit of the scene, forgive what could not gratify him to revenge, and, being at peace with his own heart and all human kind, prepare to live as becomes a wise and accountable creature, in the fulfilment of his duties to himself, his fellow men, and his God. H. K.

ORIGINAL LETTERS OF WILLIAM HAYLEY.

(To Mrs. Spilsbury.)

Dear Emma: *April*, 26 1806.

It grieves me to hear that you have been in the number of the *deeply afflicted*—alas, how extensive is that number!—When I received your letter, I was endeavouring to console a friend, whose affliction is similar to your's, but of *redoubled weight*. She lost an amiable brother by a most unseasonable illness—like you, she had the comfort of knowing that the sufferings of the departing mortal were soothed by her kindness; but while her heart was agonized by the recent loss, she had the *additional misery* of hearing that a distant brother, who had kindly endeavoured to reach the dying invalid before he expired, had suffered such an accident in his journey, that it not only prevented his reaching London, but occasioned immediate danger to his own life.

Our sublunary world is indeed a world of many sorrows, and blessed are those who are mildly and mercifully advanced to happier existence. Yet I had hoped your favourite seaman might become one of our *renowned naval heroes*, and add a *new lustre* to the *name* of *Gibbon*—a man so dear to me, that, to prove my affection for it, if you will send me a brief sketch from your own hand of your brother's life and character, I will try (in some favourable hour) to compose such a simple and just epitaph for him, in verse, as may perhaps be soothing to the heart of his affectionate sister.

Let this friendly suggestion atone for the refusal which I am under a necessity of returning to your request concerning a new periodical publication. In truth, my dear Emma, my hands and eyes are so overloaded with various pro-

jected and suspended works of my own (several of which I shall probably never have leisure to resume), that I must not pretend to afford even the slightest assistance to your friend. I wish him success: but, between ourselves, I greatly apprehend he is embarking in a very *troublesome* and *hazardous* adventure, for there is a *swarm of such publications*, that *must injure one another*. They *all* profess the *same object*—I have been frequently solicited to engage in several, old and new; but it has been an invariable rule with me through life, to *decline all overtures of this nature*, and to reject even splendid offers of emolument.—I tell you this, my dear Emma, merely that you may not think me a *churl* for my positive refusal of your request.

You will have the goodness to make my excuse in the *civilest terms* to your friend. In truth, I begin to feel that *age* affords me a sufficient title to *absolute repose*.

Adieu. Remember me kindly to Edgar, and heaven bless you both.

Ever your affectionate HERMIT.

(To the same.)

DEAR EMMA: *Monday Morning, May*, 5 1806.

When my heart intends a kindness, I do not like (as Lord Hastings says) "to let the coldness of delay hang on it;" I therefore send you *a speedy epitaph*—if it answers no purpose but to sooth your sorrow, remaining in absolute privacy in the recesses of your secret desk, it will be a gratification to

Your affectionate HERMIT, in haste.

Give my kind remembrance to Edgar; assure him I do not wish *to lead him to waste any cash* upon *unnecessary ostentatious marble;* on the contrary, I would rather *advise him*, if he happens to have a few *spare guineas*, to devote them to the purchase of *some young lions* from the *Leverian auction* for his *future studies in art*. But now for your epitaph, which aspires only to gratify your feelings in *privacy*.—Adieu.

Epitaph

Seaman of gentle birth and generous mind!
Had Fortune proved to thy brave spirit kind,
What wreaths thy twice ten years of toil had won!
Glory had hailed thee as a favourite son:
But hardships, cares, and sickness (all thy doom!)
Have sunk thee here in this untrophied tomb:
Yet shall thy great historic kinsman's fame
Here lead inquiry to repeat thy name;
And here, young Gibbon! pity says with truth,
Had the Historian known thy modest youth,
He would have said, and from a heart benign,
His friendship, as his name, was justly thine:
Death, early death, allowed not him to aid
Thy virtues, struggling in misfortune's shade;
But woes so well sustained want no record,
Angels attest them, and the heavens reward.

(To E. A. Spilsbury) *Tuesday, 2 o'clock, July* 12.

All creatures that live, my dear Edgar, are liable to mischance—I am very sorry for my good-natured old Hidalgo,* but I shall be still more sorry for my friend if he grieves *too much* for an accident he could not foresee.

I endeavour to draw good from evil on all occasions where I can employ such useful chemistry, and when we meet, I will tell you how it may be done in the case before us. I shall be happy to see you and Mr. Gibbon in the Turret, at any time *after eleven*. The Hermit is obliged to impose a strict law upon himself, and to work till that hour every day, when he is *not abroad*. I write from the apartment of our good Paulina, whose variable health makes me painfully anxious on her account. Adieu—united benedictions attend you and your's from this friendly house.—Adieu.

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* His favourite horse.

(To the same.)

The Turret, July 22.

Joy to you and your munificent Emma, my dear Edgar, on the delightful present she has just consigned to your arms! I pray to heaven that your gratifications in educating this promising daughter may be similar to what I enjoyed in rearing my beloved Sculptor, without any such calamity as robbed me of that inestimable blessing, which I have yielded, I hope, to the Almighty who gave him to me, with such devout resignation, as may render me the more fit to be reunited to him in a brighter world.

Train your new daughter to the early use of the pencil, and she may prove what we have not yet seen, a *female painter of sentimental landscape*, a sweet profession for a woman who is early taught to relish all the inexhaustible charms of affecting scenery.

Many thanks for your attention to Paulina. Thank heaven, I receive this instant a good account from our excellent Paulina of Lavant, who will take a friendly interest in your domestic treasures—heaven preserve and increase them to you.

Remember you have kindly promised a continuance of your good tidings to

Your affectionate HERMIT in haste.

Our dear Rose is deplorably weak. I could not prevail on him to allow himself the repose that I think essential to his recovery.

(To the same.)

Your friends at Lavant sympathized in your sorrow, dear Edgar of the pencil. Although religion teaches us to say, on these occasions, "the Lord giveth and the Lord taketh away, blessed be the name of the Lord," yet no parent can lose a sweet little innocent without paying to nature the universal tax of tears. I hope, however, we may be able to say of your's and of Emma's,

"Some natural tears they dropt, but wiped them soon."

I heartily wish to assist you in directing your thoughts to such topics as may engage more cheerfully your tender but active spirit.

A mole and a lynx wait upon you for this friendly purpose—two creatures who started into existence, ambitious of affording a moral subject for the young and highly promising *painter of animals*. Remember, that as they arose for *your service*, they request to be exposed to *no eyes* at present but *your own* and *Emma's*. So heaven bless you both.

Ever your affectionate HERMIT.

I hope we shall meet on Tuesday. Adieu.

The other side of the paper will contain the diminutive fable.

The Mole and the Lynx, a Fable.

A young aspiring mole one day
To upper earth had worked his way,
And jumping forth with wond'rous glee,
Cried, "what a world were this for me!
Had nature, with more just esteem,
On me conferred the Lynx's beam!"

A Lynx who still the bullet bore,
That once his wounded body tore,
Reposing nigh, chanced to o'erhear
The proudly murm'ring pioneer;
And, with a noble mind serene,
Thus disciplined his wayward spleen:—

"Creep back again, thou simple mole,
And bless the darkness of thy hole;
A Lynx, half-murder'd for his eyes,
Would kindly teach thee to be wise,
Those creatures, wheresoe'er they rest,
May justly hold their lot to the best
Who live content with nature's plan,
Sequester'd from the crimes of man."

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Gaston de Blondeville, or the Court of Henry III. keeping festival in Ardenne, a Romance, by Mrs. Radcliffe, 1826.—In the memoir of Mrs. Radcliffe prefixed to the present volumes, there is so comprehensive and, altogether, so judicious a panegyric upon her peculiar genius, that nothing remains for subsequent eulogy.

The breathing generation of men and women have rendered to her romances the homage of their deep and ineffacable interests, and our expectations turned with an almost childish longing towards this, her farewell effort, anticipating, as we did, a re-awakening of those ancient and hallowed feelings which waited upon St. Aubin and Emily, and Provence and Languedoc, and the Apennines, and the midnight airs of, as was insinuated, departed spirits. Alas, alas! Gaston de Blondeville is but the sad application of dimmed and fallen faculties to a decidedly lower attempt than even her earliest powers would have stooped to.

The writer of the memoir lauds her boldness in bringing forward, as she does, a *real* ghost, upon the presumption that small and shadowy causes, under her hands, having produced such exquisite effects, the accumulation and realization of extraordinary agencies must of necessity elicit a result proportionably magnificent, or more. But this opinion every reader of Gaston de Blondeville must feel to be erroneous in fact, and we are quite sure it is equally so in theory.

The effect of any kind of writing depends both upon the quality of the actual specimen compared with other specimens in the same department of literature, and *also* on the aptitude of readers for excitation in that particular department. Now, we know that this aptitude varies in great degrees from time to time with regard to all emotions which are of a secondary or associated nature. The primary ones, themselves—love, hate, ambition, jealousy, avarice, have their entrances and exits in the breast; but these ruling emotions of the soul occupy so large a space in the basis of all characters, that they are usually and readily excitable again under situations apparently the most disadvantageous to their production; and after even the fullest development, require but a very brief suspension to recruit their forces. But with the lesser and secondary and artificial tastes, those associations which are no more than the re-action of some individual's peculiar constitution and talents upon the taste of the age, when *these* have swayed the public mind for a while, and run their epidemic course, are felt no more for a long, a very long period, like measles and small-pox, &c. &c.:—those who have once fallen under their contagion are no longer obnoxious, certainly not in the same degree, to the same influence.

The greatest possible effect *has been* produced; and we are sure that to produce the like again, especially upon the same minds, another Mysteries of Udolpho would fail. The old people have had the disorder, and the young have been so thoroughly vaccinated with Miss Edgeworth's anti-superstitions, as to be altogether unsusceptible of infection. Unimaginative pursuits have ossified their nerves against fanciful horrors; and arguments, cut and dried by dozens, for the use of youth, in disproof of ghosts, would drive a new Mrs. Radcliffe from the field with discomfiture; not so much would she be repelled by the armour, offensive and defensive, of mammas, or the frowns and contempt of governesses, as by the broad stare of the pupils—aye, even the pupils of seventeen, who would not deign so much as to smile at any body being fool enough to imagine it was aught but a mouse behind the arras.

We assert that even the Mysteries of Udolpho would, in this age of enlightened nurseries, meet with a supercilious greeting; and undoubtedly could never dispense with those final éclaircissemens which, in our barbarous remembrances, were indeed looked upon as rudely breaking the previous enchantment. How, then, will they suffer the present monsters? a ghost on horseback, amidst and close to myriads of beholders of all sizes, and ages, and sexes; now here, now there, eluding mortal grasp, and deluding mortal eye; nobles, knights, ladies, servants, monks, priests, sentinels, beset in all their paths by the importunate infernal, who solicits, as plain as gesture and unwearied perseverance can speak, their aid in bringing a murderer to justice. These worthy persons, however, one and all, are far more afraid of the secular than the spiritual arm, and not one of them has virtue or nerve to boldly help the demon in his persecution of a royal favourite. The old plea of magic was urged against the genuineness of the ghost, and that plea alone was of weight sufficient to discredit the otherwise damning proofs of guilt afforded by the spectre. Here was a dilemma for the authoress, and she found no escape—for, like the Egyptians of old, whatever ghost did was supposed imitable by man; but the end must come, sooner or later, and the accused lord's sudden death, and subsequent re-appearance and confession of the crime to his royal master, bring the long-resisting mind of the king to conviction, who believes, at last, with about as much reason as he had before disbelieved.

It is needless to sketch the story. Every body has either read it, or, from the shaking head of some friend who has read it, no longer has the wish. Descriptions of pa-

geantries occupy nearly the whole; no plot, no entanglement, no love. The question, is Sir Gaston de Blondeville guilty of the murder or not?—it's an old murder—is the sole point, to which all is made subservient; and the reader's sympathy, contrary to that custom which carries our hopes and fears along with the persecuted individual, goes in the present case with the persecuting ghost all the way, from first to last, until he has fairly hunted down his game.

A glimpse—a casual flash of her olden power of description, comes here and there across the heavy monotony; the different aspects of Warwick Castle, by the setting sun, by moonlight, breathe of Mrs. Radcliffe again. Yet, on the whole, we gaze with unfeigned sadness upon this monument of mental decline. All her own peculiar witchery is put to shame when the real sprite appeareth.

The Poet's Offering; an Appeal to the People of England in Behalf of the Distressed Manufacturers, 1826.—Well-meant as all this is, it is sad nonsense—not the poetry particularly, of which nothing need be said, but the purpose. The distress is of a kind not to be removed or relieved by the petty offerings of extorted or voluntary charity, not by the surplus of publication-profits (scarce things, by the way), or of subscription-balls, or the produce of under-sold silks, or the fruits of ladies' work-bags, young or old, but by national contribution, if the local and legal funds fall short of the demand upon them.

With all the grinding misery before us to touch the gentle and melt the obdurate,—with all the efforts that have been made, and the examples that have been set to stimulate, not more than £130,000 have been raised; and that sum has been applied, not to the relief of the poor, but of the payers of the poor-rates—we do not say by design exactly, but in effect, and that indisputably. The relief afforded to the miserable must have been furnished by the poor-rates, a provision made by the laws of the land for distress, without limit; and if any place be really pressed beyond its bearing, the adjoining parishes are directed to be taken in to its aid, and to this taking-in we see and know no limit till we reach the shores of the island.

The poor-rates cry aloud for some equalizing process. Under the existing system one place pays a shilling in the pound, another a sovereign. It is a prize to live in one part of the country, and a penalty in another. The pressure of public burdens should be made to bear as equally as possible: but this natural principle is perpetually lost sight of in the legislative measures of this land of equality.

A Letter to Henry Hallam, Esq., on the Conduct of the Catholic Priesthood during the late Elections in Ireland, by W. S. Rose, 1826.—If it were not for the respectable names which glitter in the title-page of this petit morçeau, destined henceforth, we suppose, to figure in Mr. Murray's list of publications "on the Catholic Question," it would scarcely be worthy of the very slight notice we are going to give it.

Mr. Rose, we presume, passes for a friend of Catholic Emancipation; but save us from our friends, say we. The sum of his letter is this. The Catholic priests have, it seems, been interfering in Irish elections, and urging their flocks to vote for emancipators—that is, against the interests and in the teeth of the commands of their Protestant landlords. Now this is an enormous evil, says the alarmist, and one which emancipation will but augment. No, replies Mr. Rose, give complete emancipation — admit the Catholic into Parliament, for this very reason, because the priest will no longer have either the occasion or the opportunity of exercising his destructive influence; his power will slip out of his hands into those of the Catholic gentry; the Catholic poor will naturally and spontaneously vote for the Catholic gentleman; and thus this influence, about which you are so much alarmed, will, of itself, go out like the snuff of a candle. You have given the Catholic the election franchise, adds Mr. R.: there you were wrong; but admit him into the Parliament, and you neutralize the pernicious effect of the first measure.

Does it quite escape Mr. R., that the admission of Catholics into Parliament will not immediately withdraw the Catholic tenant from the Protestant landlord,—that, of course, as much whipping-in as ever will be required, and that the only effective whippers-in will still be the Catholic priests? Surely the Catholic priest will bestir himself in a triple degree to seduce the tenant's allegiance from a Protestant landlord in favour of a *Catholic candidate.*

Remarks on the Character and Writings of John Milton, by the Rev. Dr. Channing, of Boston, North America, 1826. — We point out this very able review of Milton's writings and character to the notice of our readers, because we know the reprints of American publications have a very narrow circulation in this country. They do not get well advertised, and whatever, in our times, is not well advertised, has no chance of being extensively read. This is to be lamented. We shall be doing our readers good service by occasionally noticing American productions. They may rely upon it the Americans, progressing rapidly as they do, are destined to infuse new and youthful blood into the effete or wasting energies of English literature. There is among them a freedom of thought and an independence of manner to which we are strangers—a disregard of ancient dogmas in the creeds of criticism, to the height of which our flagging wings can no longer mount. They come fresh and full-born to the review of English genius, and instinc-

tively disdain, or rather are unconscious of, are unstained by our nursery and hereditary prejudices and partialities. Dr. Channing is manifestly a man of considerable discernment and eloquent powers, capable of taking comprehensive views, and of conveying them distinctly and fully to his readers. He is no common person, and we welcome his writings to this side of the Atlantic. Every one who reads the Edinburgh must have been pleased with Macauley's article on Milton. The present is superior, as it is more complete. It gives a more elevated and inspiring view of his character.

By the way, the Bishop of Salisbury is said to have undertaken to disprove Milton's right to the theological treatise which has given occasion to these reviews of his writings and character; on the ground that Milton was orthodox in his youth, and orthodox in his old age—"argol" he must have been orthodox in the intermediate period, and therefore not the writer of the treatise in question, which is any thing but orthodox. The venerable prelate has undertaken to prove odd things before, and argued them upon equally tenable grounds. But why this anxiety? Because the Unitarians, and Dr. Channing is a zealous one, are exultingly associating Milton with themselves, and he must not be lost to us without a struggle. It will be difficult, we take it, to reconcile the theology of Paradise Lost and Regained with our Thirty-nine—but that is the Bishop's affair.

Tales round a Winter Hearth, by Jane and Anna Maria Porter, 1826.—Neither of these accomplished women have, we hope, given up the construction of more voluminous stories, but still mean to favour us with more threes and fours. The present publication we must suppose to be the odds and ends of their escrutoires—occasional pieces—hints which have, from time to time, been reduced to a written shape, the materials of longer and more complicated tales, which proved, in the working, of inferior metal, or at least unsusceptible of expansion, yet not to be thrown away, for who likes now-a-days to throw any thing away? We are not told to which of the fair authors we are to attribute the several stories, nor are we sufficiently familiar with their respective performances to distinguish and appropriate the labours. There are only four tales—five they are called in the preface, but one is merely a prelude to the principal one. Of these the Scottish Tradition, the Irish Legend, and the Tale of our Own Times, are probably by one hand, —these are hazardous conjectures—and the Pilgrimage of Berenice by the other.

The Scottish Tradition is one of 1745. Col. Ferguson, a secret and staunch agent of Charles Edward, is entrusted with large sums and important papers for his service on the approaching invasion—which valuables are buried deep, a dreadful, dreary long way under ground, down a trap-door known to nobody but himself. He wants to be with the invader and at home at the same time, to hand the supplies, or to have some one on the spot to unearth the needful on occasion. Luckily a young lady of more than ordinary nerves is at the time with his sister; on her he confides, and imposes the fearful task of visiting these regions below. She surveys them in company with him at midnight, and is carefully charged never to suffer the trap-door to fall. Certain signs are to be carved on a certain tree, by which she is to know what sums and papers she is to deliver to the carver of the signs, who of course will take care to be in the way to receive them. Why *he* cannot go down into the pit, and spare the frights and perils of the lady, we do not know. But we forget, it is a true story; and truth is often more improbable, they say, than fiction. Well, the intrepid Miss Mackay goes more than once to the "well," and returns safe and sound; but at last, as might be expected, the trap-door falls and encloses her apparently for ever. Providentially some particular paper is wanted, which none but the Colonel can find, and he comes himself to the cave just in time to rescue the lady from a death of hunger and despair.—That's all.

Lord Howth, the Irish Legend, is of a very different cast. The young Lord is of a gay and dissipated turn, the last of his family, and whose own death, a family prophecy bodes, will happen by a rat. On some occasion or other he rescues a rat from the jaws of a terrier, and this rat, in a manner most unprecedented, and quite unlike a *rat*, attaches himself staunchly to his preserver, and go where he will, for good or for ill, pursues him. It becomes at last a regular pet, and the young Lord's companions are, in consequence, perpetually teasing him about his singular favourite. He is of an impatient and irascible temper, and at length, no longer able to bear their gibes, coupled as they are with the persecutions of a lady matchmaker, he resolves hastily to expatriate himself for a while. He takes an affectionate leave of the rat, and proceeds to the point of embarkation, when on a sudden he perceives the faithful animal scouring along in pursuit of him. He gets aboard, however, accompanied by a friend, without thinking of taking the pet with him. On landing at Holyhead, the friend says laughingly, "shall we see this rat again?"—"No," replies Lord Howth, pettishly; when, on the instant, the rat again presents itself, and my Lord in the heat of vexation, hurls a sea-shell at it, and kills it on the spot.

His conscience smites him for the murder—he can never forget it—he wanders over the earth, a guilty thing, and at last returns to his paternal estate, where, moody and melancholy, he, one stormy day, rescues from the surging waves a lady, young and beautiful, and full of mystery and

meaning—a foreigner, and speaking a language no one knows. This lady he, in due time, marries. She wears on her arm a bracelet which attracts his attention, and which he wishes to remove. She intimates that her life is bound up in it. He reluctantly yields; but his jealous and angry spirit dwells upon the repulse, and one morning catching her asleep with her arm out of bed, he unclasps the fatal bracelet, and finds within it—the identical gold thread which he had fastened round the leg of the rat. On the instant the lady dies, and a rat, the ghost, the fetch, or the double of his ancient friend, presents itself, throws a reproachful glance, and is seen no more. The noble Lord retires to a monastery, and survives but a few months. The story is well told, and the mystery judiciously left vague and unaccountable—fit for Irish wonderment.

Jeannie Halliday—the "Tale of our own Times," is a sweet tale of humble Scottish life, where a very amiable girl is beloved by one, but loves another. She marries where her affections bid her marry; but after two or three years spent on their small farm, by untoward circumstances, particularly the failure of a Scotch bank (did Miss or Miss A. M. Porter consider what she was about when she talked of the breaking of *Scotch* banks?) her husband is obliged to go to sea. He unhappily returns not. The poor widowed girl has a sharp struggle for life and livelihood, and at last, at the end of seven years, is persuaded, for the sake of providing for her children, to marry her old admirer, who is in a dying state, but whose property is so tied up that he can only leave it to a wife. Within a day or two of the marriage her long-lost husband returns, after a captivity on the Barbary Coast. The new husband dies, and the bigamed girl is restored to her first husband's arms, rich and happy, and pure as he left her. This story is by far the best of the lot—told in a very simple style, full of deep feeling, and successful delineation of unsophisticated passion.

The larger and more ambitious tale is less to our taste. It describes the desperate attempts of Eustace de Bouillon, who had been cheated of his brother's throne, to recover his lost rights, by sacrificing his Christian daughter to the Mussulman Caliph. The pilgrimage is Berenice's progress from Jerusalem to meet the Caliph on the banks of the Euphrates. Eustace perishes by a violent death, and Berenice is rescued from the Mussulman's grasp, and meets with a more congenial spouse. There is a good deal of gorgeous description and pains-taking topography; and, as usual, frequent strokes of pathos and passion, with difficult positions and dexterous extrications.

The Lives of the Right Hon. Francis North, Baron Guilford, Lord Keeper of the Great Seal under Charles II. and James II.; the Hon. Sir Dudley North, Commissioner of the Customs, &c.; and Rev. Dr. John North, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge, &c., by the Hon. Roger North. 3 *Vols.* 8*vo.* 1826.—These volumes were well worthy of re-publication. To the greater part of modern readers they will be new, and to those of them who are lovers of ancient anecdote, not to say hunters of by-gone scandal, they will afford no inconsiderable gratification. The experienced reader will expect little more than a reprint. The editor's illustrations are of the slenderest description, and might easily and profitably have been largely extended. His short and well-considered preface, however, gives a fair and sufficient view of the characters of these three, or rather of these four distinguished brothers.

And they were extraordinary men for one family. The sons of an impoverished noble, they were, with the aid of a good education, left to be the architects of their own fortunes. Their connexions, however, were extensive, and must have greatly helped, though it might be indirectly, to push them forward in their prosperous course. The keeper, though not the eldest son of the family was the eldest of the four with whom we are concerned, and as his own circumstances advanced he effectually served his brothers. His first introductions to the bar were luckily of the most efficient kind; he came in under the wings of the Attorney-General Palmer (with whose son he had formed an early intimacy in the Inns of Court), whose countenance was alone sufficient to make the fortunes of any man—of any man, we mean, with abilities enough to turn opportunities to account. Those abilities the Keeper undoubtedly possessed. He was indefatigable in his profession, and the fair prospects that daily opened more and more upon his aspiring hopes incited him to labour. He had, besides, no strong and impetuous passions to seduce him from his purpose; his amusements were all of the quieting kind — music and the lighter branches of literature, with an inkling for science and the "new philosophy," sedulously shunning plays and wine, the revelries of his age, and the coarse debauchery of his cotemporaries. He was well tutored by his able protector; and by the facile arts of observance and deference to the leaders and judges of the courts in which he practised, made steady friends, where a less cautious or a less dexterous person would have made enemies, against whom nothing but overpowering talents could successfully struggle. He thus insinuated along his ductile course, and winding his easy way through a crowd of perhaps abler competitors, which rather yielded to the gentle pressure than presented any stubborn obstacle, he reached, at an early age, the highest pinnacle of English ambition.

As a judge he was distinguished in his

day by abstaining from political violence or party obliquity. Once, and once only, do we catch him tripping. This was at Oxford, at an extraordinary Session of Oyer and Terminer, when, as Chief Justice of the Common Pleas, he presided on the trial of Stephen College, on a charge of treason. His brother shall tell the story.

"His lordship," says he, "had not been long in Oxford before word was brought to him that some stranger had put a roll of papers into his (College's) hands. These were ordered to be brought and inspected; and thereupon it appeared that some concerned his defence and the testimony he was to produce at his trial. These were all delivered back to him. Others were found to be downright libels, most artfully and maliciously penned, to reflect upon the government, and tending to sedition, in the form of speeches to be pricked in at the trial, as the cues were given. As, for instance, when the attorney hath opened the evidence say thus—and the like at other pauses. These were detained; for it had been a prime jest if, under the pretence of a defence, the criminal should be allowed to vent seditious libels, full of mutiny and reflection, to amuse the people; and so to come forth and be published in print; when, as the law then stood, they were not allowed counsel to plead—(this was written after the law was enacted, in William's reign, granting counsel in cases of treason),—but upon question of law shewed, and to be assigned, who should behave themselves modestly. Criminals of that sort should not have any assistance in matters of fact, but depend upon plain truth, which they know best, without any dilatorious arts or evasions. But this was the chief, if not the only pretence of clamour against the conduct of that trial, which was all the indulgence in form and matter that could be demanded."

Instead of ourselves remarking upon the tone of these sentiments, which have still their admirers, we give a note of the Editor.

"The detention of College's papers was certainly a most arbitrary and unjustifiable proceeding, and deservedly brought great discredit upon the Chief Justice. 'North's behaviour in that whole matter,' says Burnet, 'was such, that probably if he had lived to see an impeaching parliament, he might have felt the ill effects of it.' Roger Coke also speaks of the transaction in very indignant terms, observing that Sir Francis North was a man 'cut out to all intents and purposes for such a work.' It appears, from Oldmixon, that *Roger North was one of the counsel against College.* The papers withheld from College were actually minutes prepared for his defence by his legal advisers, Mr. Aaron Smith and Mr. West.

This might naturally be supposed no solitary instance of the oppressions of office, but we incline to credit the author, who has furnished no other, and manifestly has no squeamish scruples, or rather no consciousness of wrong, where the *keeper* is the culprit. But of his general rectitude in the discharge of his judicial functions, we need only the following honourable testimony.—

Sir Dudley North's aunt, the Lady Dacres, used to complain of her nephew, the Lord Keeper North, saying that, to get himself credit he decreed against her. "Madam," said Sir Dudley, "he decreed also against me, that had a cause so and so." "Aye, indeed," said she, "even so he serves all his relations." "But Madam," said he, "my adversary shewed against me so and so." "Nay then," said she, "by my troth, I think my nephew served you but right." "Pray Madam," said he, "tell me what your adversary shewed against you." That confounded her so, that she said no more.

As Lord Keeper, he was insignificant. He had little political connexion, and no political authority. Charles liked him for his unpresuming, perhaps for his upright conduct, and may be said himself to have kept him in place by his personal influence to his death. He held the office onward under James for a few months, when death interposed to prevent the painful expulsion which would inevitably have overtaken him very speedily, to make way for Jefferies, a more thorough-paced courtier. North was of the Church of England party, as hostile to the Catholic as the Dissenter, and equally opposed to the relaxation of all restrictions. Except this tendency to bigotry—and that party, be it remembered, was the least illiberal of all the bigotry of the times, when all were bigotted—he was every way respectable; and, compared with leading and official men of his day, conspicuously good. In public life he was honest after his own measure, and beyond the measure of his cotemporaries. In private life he was amiable, social, debonnaire; fond of literary conversation—the noctes, cœnæque Deûm—an amateur of music and an admirer and an encourager of the arts; beloved and courted for his personal qualities; but neither feared nor very much respected for either his official or his professional authority.

Sir Dudley North was articled to a merchant, and sent by him while a mere boy as supercargo to the Levant, where he resided for more than twenty years, and returned at last to his country, with considerable property and the reputation of high commercial knowledge, The credit of his brother introduced him to the King's notice, and he was made first a commissioner of the customs, and afterwards of the treasury. He served the office of Sheriff for Middlesex to further the purposes of the court. He was of a far different temperament from his brother, and calculated, by the resolute intrepidity and stirring energy of his character, to make his own way—with the same opportunities, more vigorously and decisively than his more successful brother. He made that way from first to last, mainly by his own industry and intelligence. It is surprising—surprising we mean, considering the extravagant fuss that is made about the mysteries of political economy—how thoroughly Sir Dudley anticipated all the valuable parts of *modern* discoveries in this over-rated science.

The third brother, the Master of Trinity, was a scholar and a theologian, a man of

retired habits, to which he was disposed both by the delicacy of his constitution, which brought him to an early grave, and by his insatiable love of study. Of superior talents perhaps, and unquestionably of superior acquirements, he was narrowed by the prejudices of his profession, that is, by the bigotries of his day; but not incapable of business, or indisposed to assert his rights—a stickler for the privileges of his college, he boldly and dexterously, on several occasions, opposed the "mandates" and encroachments of the court, by timely filling up the vacancies on which it proposed to fix its grasp.

The biographer himself was the youngest brother, and survived the rest many years. He was a pleader, and under the auspices of the Chief-Justice and Keeper very successful. His respect, or rather reverence for the Keeper, is not only grateful, but profound—not only profound, but prostrate. The feelings of fraternity are lost in admiration of greatness—with the beggarly humility of a grovelling protegé. Be his brothers what they might, he himself appears, on his own shewing, most unamiable. His sentiments are those of the most undisciplined prejudice. There is not a grain of liberality, or of independent thinking, in his whole composition. Hale and Jefferies are tarred with the same brush. We have the characters of all the distinguished men of the time—particularly of the bar; but his sole criterion plainly is—were they the friends, or the foes and the rivals of his 'Lordship?'—The book is amusing—we speak of the Keeper's life chiefly: but we can scarcely take the representation of a Jefferies from the Hon. Roger North—or any such 'honest chronicler.'

Mary, Queen of Scots; her Persecutions, Sufferings and Trials, from her Birth till her Death: with a full Exposure of the Intrigues of Queen Elizabeth; the Conspiracies and Perfidies of the Protestant Lords; the Forgeries of Buchanan and Walsingham; and the Calumnies, Misrepresentations and Mistakes of Knox, Randolph, Robertson, Laing, M'Crie, and Miss Benger.—Unassuming as is the appearance of this little volume, and *tranchant* as the title may seem, it is a capital performance—an independent, vigorous and comprehensive sketch of Mary and her times. We welcome the publication as an event of good augury. Our histories want all writing over again, and this specimen may shew us *how*. The tone of most of them is taken from some one contemporary writer, whose labours were seldom spontaneous, and therefore rarely disinterested; and the rules of sound criticism have never been severely applied to ancient authorities. Credulity has been the besetting sin of our historians and biographers. It is only slowly that collateral and unsuspicious documents come to light, and still more slowly that they are employed to detect established errors. But, what is worse, these errors, though detected, are not, therefore, removed: the narrative continues to be reprinted in its original deformity, and the detections are known only to a few careful inquirers. With all its depravities, the bane passes from mouth to mouth—rarely accompanied by its discovered antidote, which is thus, for the most part, provided in vain. Therefore it is, that we say our histories and biographies require re-writing, as well to admit the corrections of particular facts, as to receive the change of tone, which the multiplicity of such corrections would compel a new historian to throw over the whole expanse of the narrative. Authorities demand close questioning; the great principles of human conduct, self-interest and self-delusion, eternally operating, should never for a moment be lost sight of in estimating the actions of mankind—no, nor the motives of those who represent them.

What are our authorities for Mary's character and conduct? Knox, an intemperate fanatic—an audacious rebel—an insulting contemner of female royalty, and a blind detester of papal influence. Randolph, Elizabeth's supple and subtle agent, despatched as her spy to the court of Scotland, to promote her unrighteous purposes, and ready to adopt any tone to flatter her vanities and prejudices. Next comes Buchanan—Murray's, Maitland's, and Morton's despicable tool—the flexible instrument of those ambitious hypocrites to colour all their plans and plottings. These were all palpably Mary's enemies. Then follows her sole defender and friend, the generous Bishop of Ross. Buchanan's 'Detection,' and Leslie's 'Defence of Mary's Honour,' were contemporary publications; but had they equally fair play? No: Buchanan's calumnies were eagerly and profusely circulated by Elizabeth's orders; and Leslie's defence as eagerly and solicitously suppressed. It was seized at the printer's before it was finished; but afterwards printed on the Continent. Baillie was imprisoned and tortured on account of copies found in his possession; and Lord Southampton imprisoned for 'speaking' with the author. Buchanan had thus undisputed possession of the field, and generations were thus taught to imbibe with their milk impressions of Mary's crimes. Two centuries afterwards Robertson gives a modern narrative. On whose authority relies he? Buchanan's, blindly. Could his testimony be doubted—a presbyterian—a foe of catholicism—the friend of covenanters—a scholar—a writer of latinity of acknowledged elegance? Hume follows on the same side. Tytler, Whittaker, Chalmers, in succession, have examined their narratives and exposed their blunders; but who reads any but Robertson? Laing, notwithstanding the powerful assistance he received, is scarcely worth regarding. More recent still comes an incarnation of Knox—Dr. M'Crie (in

his life of Knox); and finally, Miss Benger, who, with her maiden apprehensions, should have had prudence enough to leave the subject alone. It is really beyond mortal patience, to see persons of intellects so narrow, and principles so fettered, scribbling upon controverted topics—where there are motives to scan, and evidence to balance. Let them cater for nurseries and pulpits. It was reserved for the present writer—what's his name?—to give us a new and consistent version of Mary's fate and fortunes, unawed by established authorities—provoked by the prejudices of his precursors, but stimulated by the conscious possession of superior powers—not, in the idle language of romance, to break a spear in defence of injured innocence and beauty; but, backed by common-sense and sagacity, to step forth in vindication of violated truth, and in exposure of blindness and bigotry.

Etymons of English Words, by the late JOHN THOMSON, M.R.I. *and* A.S.; *Private Secretary to the Marquess of Hastings in India.*—This is a work of no common pretension, and, we believe, of some performance too; but let not the unwary purchaser expect too much. After all the contempt poured on poor Dr. Johnson's head, for his lack of etymon-knowledge, he will be surprised to find—if he be at the pains, as we have been, to compare two or three hundred words, taken at random—how very much less that alleged deficiency really is than the noisy vituperations of certain scholars had led him to suppose. Considering who and what Horne Tooke had to contend with in his political career, his overbearingness and occasional rhodomontading were excusable enough; but the same spirit carried into a question of literature is perfectly intolerable. On the hustings or in the closet, he never minced his phrases; and his disciples, and of course few of his readers, make no allowance for emphasis. His depreciations are construed literally, and Johnson's Dictionary comes to be considered as an incurable lazaretto of blunder and disease. It will regain its estimation, when Tooke, and his dialogues, and his scorn are all utterly forgotten.

The work is given alphabetically; and words originally Greek or Latin, as well as others not strictly regarded as English, are omitted.

The object (says the Preface, distinctly enough) is to trace the descent of English words, their affinity with the different dialects of Gothic spoken in Europe; and the connexion between our own and some other tongues, both of Europe and Asia, without introducing any remarks where the general meaning is obvious.

Gothic words from five dialects of that language are introduced as concurrent etymons; to which the Russian and Irish vocabularies, in the proportion of at least one-third, bear evident affinity, either by cognation or adoption; although so much disguised, by a different orthography, that they could not be usefully added without explanations too diffuse for the present object. The plan, as the reader wil observe, is studiously concise; being intended rather as an index than a glossary. The cursory observer will find it sufficient for his purpose.

Of the 'observations' which precede the lexicon, and which are of some length, it is impossible to give any intelligible—at least, any satisfactory account.

The object in contemplation, [the author says, speaking of these observations] is to trace the probable origin of its words [of the English language], to mark their adventitious changes, and indicate their principal analogies.

And this he may have accomplished; but to search for it, is like searching for a needle in a bottle of hay. If the reader discover it, he will not be much indebted to the author's *direct* assistance. Though full of curious information, and concerning every language under heaven, the observations are piled one upon another, mountains-high, apparently without the slightest regard to any one particular purpose—a mass of confusion merely. But bad as is the arrangement of these observations, it affects not the value of the rest of the book, which is intended to accompany Todd's edition of Johnson, and may do so very usefully.

The Chronological History of Great Britain and its Dependencies from the Invasion of Julius Cæsar to the Present Time, by W. TOONE, ESQ.—Many attempts of this nature have been made, and always unsuccessfully. The great difficulty of course is not so much to hit the happy medium between brevity and prolixity, as to discard insignificancies. The present compiler has had no better success than his precursors—if so much, professing as he does, too, to be fully aware of the Scylla and Charybdis that beset his path. It is, indeed, the task of no ordinary person, requiring, as it obviously does, sound judgment, clear discernment of what is of general and permanent interest, with no common resolution to reject (though it should contract the size of the book more than the writer or publisher might desire) whatever does not decidedly bear that character. The compiler, W. Toone, Esq., complains of one of his predecessors in this line—Salmon, we believe—that his work contained long and *uninteresting details of coronations*, funeral processions, and prolix narratives of events, some of little, and others of no political importance. It has been the study of the present compiler to *omit the unimportant.*

Let us see—we open the book at random towards the end, page 708-9.

1824. June 8. A fire broke out at Carlton Palace, which burnt one of the sitting-rooms; before it was extinguished several valuable paintings were destroyed.

—— Another battle took place in the neighbourhood of Chichester between Spring and Langan, which ended in the defeat of the latter after seventy-seven rounds.

—— The Rev. C. J. Bloomfield, D.D., was promoted to the Bishopric of Chester.

1821. July 19. The Coronation [occupying, after all

his convictions, no less than twelve entire pages of very small type].

We will try again—page 512-3.

1803. April 23. General David Dundas created a Knight and invested with the order of the Garter.
—— May 20. Died, the Rev. Richard Hole, author of an epic poem, called "Arthur," and other works of great taste and merit. [Who ever heard of *him?*]
—— June 17. His Royal Highness Prince Adolphus Frederick, Duke of Cambridge, promoted to the rank of Lieut. Gen. in the army.

Again—page 488-9.

1800. July 29. S. F. Waddington was tried at the Worcester assizes for forestalling hops, and found guilty.
—— J. S. Boothy Clapton, esq. committed suicide by blowing out his brains with a pistol; he was possessed of an estate of £7000 a year!
—— Oct. 6. Sir Wm. Staines elected Lord Mayor of London for the year ensuing.

Once more—page 364-5.

1788. Aug. 5. Joseph Ewart, esq. appointed envoy extraordinary at the Court of Berlin.
—— Aug. 16. The new coinage of guineas of this year's date to the amount of £6000 was issued this day.
—— Sept. 18. The Court of Proprietors of Bank Stock declared a dividend of 3½ p cent. for the half-year ending the 10th October next.
—— Sept. 23. Alderman Curtis and Sir Benjamin Hammett were sworn in sheriffs of London.
—— Sept. 30. The French King made a complete change in his ministry.

All alike!—Still the book has its value. Events, great and small, are brought down to the end of 1825; all that can be required chronologically is here, and we dare say, correctly enough; what we complain of is, that there is more than there ought to be: facts of perfect insignificance, and justly forgotten by every body

De Foix, or Sketches of the Manners and Customs of the 14th Century, an historical Romance. By Anna Eliza Bray, *late* Mrs. Charles Stothard, *author of Letters written during a Tour through Normandy, &c.* 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—Count de Foix is sovereign of Bearn and Foix, at the foot of the Pyrenees. He has two sons, Evan and Gracien, and with these, residing at his feudal castle, are two female wards; one of them, a kinswoman, is Isabel de Greelly. She, by her father's will, is bound to marry according to De Foix's appointment, or to lose her large inheritance: he consequently and disinterestedly designs her for one of his own sons.

The other, Jane de Boulogne, is daughter of the Count de Boulogne, and heiress to the lands of Comminges. Of these territories a neighbouring lord, Armagnac, has violently despoiled the beautiful heiress. In consequence of this spoliation, Jane is placed by her mother under De Foix's powerful protection, with the view both of securing his assistance towards the recovery of her inheritance, and safety to her person against the further designs of Armagnac, who wishes, by marrying her, to confirm his otherwise precarious seizure. De Foix means to bestow her upon his other son.

Besides these sons and wards, there is one Eustace, a youth of unknown parentage, supposed to be a peasant's son, whom the Countess de Foix in her life-time had persuaded her lord to adopt as his own; and who had grown up in the palace under its master's eye and especial protection, together with the Count's sons. To this hero Isabel, with whom he had been familiar from boyhood, all in the usual way, gives her affections, instead of, as in duty bound, reserving them for the far less worthy, less handsome, less clever Sir Gracien de Foix. The remaining damsel also, Jane de Boulogne, at a splendid tournament in honour of the assumption of the Virgin, parts with her's, in a no less perverse and orthodox manner, to a stranger knight, who is successful in the lists. Both these unpermitted attachments are discovered by a plotting abbot of a neighbouring convent. Eustace is forthwith turned to the right-about. The stranger knight, whom they find to be the Duke de Montpensier, son of the Duke de Berry, an enemy of De Foix's, narrowly escapes the indignation of De Foix at his intrusion; but, at Jane's intercession, with the promise of never marrying him without the Count's concurrence, is allowed to go away too.

Now, many years previous to these events one Arnaut de Bearn was holding the fortress of Lourdes for England; this fortress was invaded by the Duke of Anjou. De Foix was afraid of the Duke, and wanted his friendship: he therefore beguiled De Bearn from his strong-hold of Lourdes to the castle of De Foix; and as soon as he had the person of De Bearn in his power, made proposals for the surrender of Lourdes to *himself*, under flimsy pretences, which could not cover his insidiousness. De Bearn rejected his requisition, and De Foix thereupon stabbed him to the heart.

John de Bearn, brother of the murdered Arnaut, succeeded to his inheritance, and together with Le Mengeant, a freebooting chief, ruled over the free bands of Lourdes and its neighbourhood. These chiefs employed themselves from that time in planning vengeance against De Foix, and, in furtherance of that aim, enter into an alliance with Armagnac, the afore-mentioned despoiler of Jane de Boulogne's territories. Upon these alliances and hostilities, and their influence on the fortunes of Eustace, and the two wards, the story is built. Eustace turns out to be the son of the murdered Arnaut de Bearn, and, by means of a secret understanding between his widowed mother and the late Countess de Foix, had been effectually screened from the Count's pursuit and persecution, and his education provided for, by being placed under that Count's own care as a peasant's son, whom his lady desired to adopt.

Finally Armagnac, the alliance being

broken with De Bearn on private accounts, is besieged at one moment on both sides of his castle, by De Foix on the one hand and De Bearn and Montpensier on the other; all three parties mutually hostile. The castle is taken, and Armagnac slain. Eustace is presented with Isabel by his old patron, the repentant De Foix, whose life he had saved in the scuffle. As for Jane of Boulogne, she may not marry Montpensier, because De Foix, once in a passion made an oath against it. The Duke de Berry therefore, father of Montpensier, with a loving eye to the lands, demands her for himself; and the wily De Foix is well content to purchase such an alliance with the resignation of his son's claim to her.

The professed object of the novel is to give an account of the manners and customs of the fourteenth century, and accordingly, throughout the three volumes, we are not allowed above one page of genuine story to two of tiresome, entangled and foolish description of the exterior and interior of buildings, with all their confused intricacies, together with the paraphernalia of monkish devotion and chivalric rites. Surely there is a full abundance of conventional etiquettes of this present day to be gotten by heart, without an additional load upon the memories of youth of a mass of exploded ceremonial.

What importance the author attaches to these transient peculiarities of past times is sufficiently manifested by her weaving them into a story, the main and declared object of which is an elucidation of them. But, although there can be no objection to an acquaintance with chivalrous and monkish usages, or the cobwebbed corners and passages of abbeys or feudal castles; and although *one* gifted pen has graven their details like spells about our hearts and memories; yet we must deprecate the *cold study* of a thing so evanescent, and so little applicable to our universal wants and interests, for the supply of which, universal and permanent truth alone can suffice. We consider the able representation of human character, under whatever conventional forms it may be moulded, or in whatever garb arrayed, as of the nature of universal truth; but the present novel has no claim to ability upon such a score, or indeed upon any grounds at all; and our duty alone, and the sweet consciousness of discharging that zealously and impartially, has enabled us to wade through the book.

Sir John Chiverton, a Romance. 1826.—In some dedicatory verses of great tenderness and smoothness, the author announces the present work as his first and last attempt at fiction. He succeeds too well, not to break his word. He plainly possesses some of the right qualities for story-telling. Natural scenery, and the movements of living objects, he describes with warmth, taste, and distinctness; and some little touches, as elicited in the conflicts of action, afford us occasionally a glimpse of some real power of observation, and considerable felicity of language.

The character of Chiverton, who seems to be a villain almost of necessity, and that of his physician, retainer, and adviser-general, Scymel, who is one by choice, are cleverly contrasted.

Chiverton, a high-spirited youth of the time of Elizabeth, retains the family inheritance to the prejudice of his only sister, who, by a peculiar custom of descent in favour of females, is the legal proprietor. The minutiæ of contrivance by which this sister is still strangely made to love, to confide in, and to live with her unjust brother, all unwitting of the fraud, are not sufficiently detailed, or rather are left quite undeveloped. A young man, however, of family, fortune, and honour, who has been for years attached to her, and who has been treacherously kept in other countries by Chiverton's artifices, to prevent a disclosure to his sister of the real state of things, manages, nevertheless, finally to return to see her, and to divulge the full complexities of the plot—not only to her, whom it principally concerned, but to Chiverton's own betrothed, whom and whose father he had most unaccountably imposed upon with respect to the succession. The physician, however, and Chiverton, with the aid of a certain Moor (who we strongly suspect, not only from his hue, but his wiles, must be a lofty personage in the lower realms), defeats the defeater, and to a great degree the ends of poetical justice also. The sister's life is sacrificed to the dilemma in which their iniquity has involved them; and although the fate which they have violently brought upon her does extend at last to themselves, it does so unsatisfactorily.

Unusual events, when the order of causes do not affront experience, cease to be monstrous; but we must either have only every-day occurrences, or else special good reasons for extraordinary ones; and these, the author has been too lazy to trace through all their steps.

Scymel's character, perhaps not an impossible one, is stretched to the extremest point of improbability—a man of the noblest mental and personal endowments, who has reasoned and philosophized down all sympathies, passions, and propensities, save faithfulness to his employer, and love of stratagem.

On the whole, we should say, the incidents, the characters and conversations, do not go hand in hand sufficiently. Scymel is far too full of his own notions—too fond of descanting upon his infidelity, fatality, and self-subjugation, for one who so entirely *acts* in accordance with these principles as he seems to do. People who have to this fearful degree mastered the strongest impulses of nature, are not so "loose of soul;" and the writer shews

little wisdom in giving his readers such full opportunities of remarking whether the thought, the action, and the word tally, as they should do, in the ideal objects, which he sets before them. Such criticism he might escape, by not bringing the metaphysics of his characters so much into relief. The difficulties, however, which he creates for himself, he sometimes ably and eminently masters, and would in the end, we are sure, if it were not for his rash resolution, be victorious in a distinguished degree.

Researches into Fossil Osteology, partially abridged and re-arranged from the French of the Baron Cuvier, Member of the French Institute, &c. Part I. 4to. 1826.—Cuvier's researches, in this particular department, are too well known by the naturalist to render any account of them here necessary; if it were necessary, we have no space for such a purpose. We deem it, however, quite sufficient to announce to our readers the design of the present publication. That design is, not to give a full translation of Cuvier's text, nor a full transcript of the plates, which could not be accomplished for less than twenty or twenty-five pounds; but by a little curtailment he is occasionally very diffuse—and a new arrangement of the original materials, with a considerable reduction of the plates, to present an abridgment scarcely less useful to the man of science, and undoubtedly more attractive to the public in general. The plates are very distinctly and carefully engraved, and altogether the book has a very handsome appearance. It is proposed to comprize the whole in eight parts. We have here the first at a very moderate charge.

Tales in Verse, illustrative of the several Petitions of the Lord's Prayer, by the Rev. H. F. Lyte. 1826.—In this little volume, the successive clauses of the Lord's Prayer have each a poem attached, to which they serve as texts. The style resembles Crabbe's in its general vigorous flow, though not perhaps quite equal to Crabbe's occasionally irresistible pathos. The object, as may be gathered from the title, is decidedly and pointedly religious; and the allusions, illustrations, and broad descriptions, derived from worldly sources, are used only for the purpose of enforcing the writer's more serious reflections. The tone of his mind is generally too sombre to communicate much pleasure to the reader; but the terseness of his expression—giving point to every syllable—the solemn piety of his sentiments, and the deep and eloquent truth of each of his descriptions, entitle him to no vulgar praise. We might challenge any body to cull a worthless, an inflated—even a feeble passage from the whole book; while, at the same time, we hardly know how to select one, in its bearings, insulated enough for extraction. But not to extract we cannot consent to, and therefore we must quote amply; since in these short and rapid poems, the action and reflection are so interwoven, that any thing short of a considerable extract will not enable the reader to judge of the elevated position of mind from which the writer's thoughts proceed. We choose the 'Missionary' for this purpose—being, as it is, a beautiful picture of devotional feelings, as existing in an elegant and cultivated mind, whose sustained delicacy of sentiment half veils the unbending resolution with which it is mingled.

A young man of good family, fortune, talents and acquirements is betrothed to a lady of corresponding endowments; all is arranged with regard to their union—

——"and nothing now there needs,
But fix the day, and draw the marriage deeds.
I say not how the hours from hence were spent;
I pass each sigh, and look, and blandishment,
The air-built castle, the sequestered walk
With trembling arm-in-arm, and all the talk
'Bout poetry, and trees, and flowers and skies,
And young Love's thousand hopes and phantasies;—
Nor can I tell how they had matched for life,
What husband he had made, and she what wife:
For when all else was settled, and there now
Remained but just the priest, and ring, and vow,
News came, that one, on whom, as on his soul,
He rested, and resigned to him the whole
Of his affairs, was fled, and with him bore
The bulk of all his patron owned before.
"But there was more to suffer. Ah! the crew
Were mean and base with whom he had to do!
Much had been proffered, and it was not much
To look for some concern, some kindly touch
Of sympathy to mitigate his shock:
But all fell off, like waves from round a rock.
They that were yesterday all cringe and bow,
Stared in his face, or swaggered past him now.
At once their smiles and welcomes and respect
Grew cold civility, or proud neglect."

The lady refuses to see him, and

"A letter followed cold and brief, expressing
Her thanks for past attentions, and professing
A high esteem; but she regretted much,
That circumstances were no longer such
As would admit their union; and in fine,
She begged all future visits to decline.
It was enough. He now had known the worst:
He wept not, though his heart was nigh to burst:
He raved not, cursed not, though to both inclined;
But calmly turned his back upon mankind.
He made the woods his mate, and to the breeze
Poured out his spirit's baleful reveries.
He walked the mountain tops; and loved to lie
And follow the light clouds along the sky,
And shape and name them in his moods: he pryed
Into the cups of flowers; and o'er the side
Of streams would lean and watch the fish at play:
Or at the close of evening roam away
Among the dews, and linger till the sky
Grew beautiful with stars, and sounds from high
Came to him through the stillness of the night,
And his soul mingled with the infinite
And rose from earth; and here it was that first
Upon his intellectual darkness burst
The Majesty of God: amid the woods,
The solemn rocks, blue skies, and sounding floods
He grew familiar with Him, learnt to trace
His power, His love, His wisdom, and His grace,

From suns and planets down to the poor blade
That trembled at his foot. His spirit made
A friend of God; and with the flowers and birds
Breathed up a worship which no earthly words
Could adequately utter; till with Him
Conversing, this poor earth grew dark and dim;
And the large spirit bursting every bond,
Rose on immortal wing and soared beyond
The bounds of time and space, and joyed to roam
And drink the glories of its native home;
And heavenly longings swelled within his breast,
And his heart thirsted for eternal rest.
"A few more suns and moons," he thought, and then
A long farewell to earth and earthly men;
A full release from guilt, and guile, and woe,
And all the spirit weeps or fears below."

He goes abroad at last, and sends the faithless the following letter,—

"Beloved and lovely," (thus his letter ran)
"Hear the last words of a devoted man.
I write not to implore, reproach, or grieve:
I simply send to say that I forgive:
Blest if that word from any pang may free
A heart I would not have distressed through me,
A heart round which I wish more joys to twine
Than thy repulse once seemed to snatch from mine.
But this is over now. My soul, though late,
Has found a nobler aim, a higher mate;
God is the object of my love; and I
Go forth to distant lands to lift on high
His glorious ensign. We no more shall meet,
Till thou shalt see me to their Judge's feet
Leading my little flock. O may this be
A joyful meeting to both thee and me!
May we be joined in better bonds than e'er
Our fondest thoughts anticipated here!
Farewell! my prayer shall rise when far away
For thy dear sake to Him I there obey;
And ah! do thou at times a thought bestow
On him who scarce knows how to let thee go,
So loved, so lost;—I feel I must not dwell
On themes like these; once more, Farewell, Farewell!"

The 'Preacher'—the last and most strongly in relief of all his pictures, is a dreadful, but faithful representation of the horror of mind resulting from pride humbled to the dust by conscious sin,—or more correctly we might say—pride resisting the summons to humiliation. This is beyond any of Crabbe's in strength of description.

Specimens of German Romance, selected and translated from various Authors. 1826.—Mr. Soane, the translator, annouces that if he had not originally contemplated a much more extensive collection of stories, the present limited number would have been selected with greater caution than, he confesses, was actually employed; and one of the Tales, 'Master Flea,' would certainly not have appeared at all. This story occupies one of the three volumes, and is the most indescribable production we ever read—its scope and bearing remaining utterly incomprehensible to us after two careful perusals. It may be a satire on men or fleas—we cannot tell. Some of its details are, however, amusing; and belonging, as it does, to the light-hearted fairy-land of metamorphosis, with talking plants and animals, and supernatural power, exercised in ridiculous feats, we were able to bear with our entire ignorance as to the main drift of it.

The 'Patricians,' filling another volume, is the best story, we think, with the translator, of the set. But on the first setting out, we are so confused by a multitude of stormy characters with German names, and by the noisy feuds of the nobles and burghers of Sweidnitz, whose contests form the foundation of the plot, that before interest is awakened the memory takes alarm at its preliminary task. Still these obstreperous knights of the flagon,—when we have once persuaded ourselves to mingle in their stunning society, and have grown enough familiar with their discord to distinguish the individuals who compose it, do gradually develop distinct characteristics, and some of them amiable and attractive ones. Tausdorf, who is the hero of the story, is a good specimen of healthy greatness of mind; Althea, his betrothed wife, is an example, equally agreeable, of that real nobility of soul, which can adopt itself to every change of circumstances without the contraction of a single stain. Erasmus, the burgomaster, old in city-dignities and in the pride of office, and avaricious to his heart's core, displays what it is difficult to represent well—rooted passions operating their steady ends through technical forms, and employing the apparatus of decorum and established usage as active agents in remorseless cruelties, when these are necessary to secure vengeance, or to confirm or augment power: thus, as a requital for submitting to the exactions of society, requiring and obtaining from that society, by means of those very restraints, powerful instruments for whatever the patient and untiring spirit has long desired

There is, besides, a fairy tale—and we like fairy tales—'the Adventurers,' a very lively story, and another, called 'The Blind Passenger,' which we do not like at all.

We trust these tales are only the precursors of multitudes more; and entertain a secret hope that the racy tone of a literature, which allows of more interest than love and adultery, and the metaphysics of blue devils, will brace up our own vicious and fastidious tastes, and gradually compel our sympathies to a more extended action.

The translator's duties have been well performed. The language is English. Why does Mr. Soane withdraw his name from the title-page, after it has been announced over and over again in advertisements? There is nothing to be ashamed of, and it is too late to play the 'anonymous.'

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

THE Lyceum has taken the lead during the last month: and the facility with which the lead might be taken has yet no right to depreciate the merits of the manager's zeal and activity. Mr. Arnold is a man of character and understanding, and such a man has only to follow the dictates of his good sense, to succeed. The public have had to thank him for the introduction of the Freischütz among us, an immortal work, which might yet have been a stranger to us till this hour, but for the intelligence which hazarded its production at the Lyceum, while the wise managers of the winter theatres had been repelling it for upwards of a year. The success of the Freischutz has now naturally led public attention to the German school, and the Lyceum has to boast of another opera of great foreign celebrity, and, to a considerable extent, of deserved London popularity.

Winter's Opferfest, which had been for a number of years a highly favourite performance on the Continent, is now running its course to large audiences. The vocal force of this theatre is unusual for the summer performances, and a remarkable improvement has been made in the general style of preparation. Sapio and Miss Paton take the principal parts, and the remainder are filled up by a very respectable list of singers.

The Opferfest is founded on one of those Peruvian stories which, fifty years ago, made so large a share of the light reading of the Continent. Marmontel had turned the Indians into romance, and the half savage men of the transatlantic forests and mountains became heroes and lovers after the true Parisian mode. Marmontel was of all writers the feeblest—but his style was thoroughly Parisian; it was affected, meagre, superficial in the extreme, but it was the very language of the *salons* and the beaux-esprits of the literary coteries that then carried every thing before them. On this hint the whole mob of French novelists spoke; and as France was, for her day, the dictator of fashions in books, coats and cookery, the taste of Paris ran through the Continent, and all was Incas, Virgins of the Sun, Rollas, Pizarros, and Alonzos. The mania first overlaid Germany, where every phrenzy can find some brain or bosom extravagant enough to foster it. We had our luckless share of it soon after; and Pizarro is to this day a monument of popular absurdity, and the degradation of the matchless wit who stooped his pen to its production.

The Opferfest has its Alonzo, its Elvira, and its Cora under other names; and a slight change would turn the whole into a German version of Pizarro. A Spanish officer has joined the Peruvians, and assisted them to defeat his countrymen in a signal battle. The Inca's daughter falls in love with the young hero, and her hand is pledged to him by the sovereign. A Peruvian chieftain, indignant at this preference, suborns one of the priests to utter an oracle charging the Spaniard with blaspheming the divinity of the sun. The charge is sustained by the princess, who has been deceived into supporting this treachery. The Spaniard is condemned to die. A son of the Inca, an admirer of the victim's bravery, determines to save him, enters the place of execution with troops, and stops the national crime. A civil conflict is about to occur, when the priest who had pronounced the oracle is brought forward to acknowledge the treachery. The Spaniard is set at liberty of course—and of course marries the Inca's daughter, who had gone *mad* previously in the idea of his sacrifice; but suddenly recovers her senses, and becomes delighted and domestic ever after, according to the fashion of stage heroines.

The music of this opera is, on the whole, heavy: the opera is too long, the music too frequent, and the chorusses are too clamorous: but it comprehends a great deal of rich and powerful composition. The first act, the *finales* of the second and third, and some of the symphonies, exhibit variety, skill, and conception of a remarkable order. There is a deficiency of striking airs, and the vocal soliloquies are of a length that nothing but German patience—the patience of a nation of smokers—could endure. But still there is power and beauty enough left to do great honour to the name of Winter. The fine melody of "Paga piu," has been transposed from the "Ratto di Proserpina," and probably some similar changes would be of service to the opera but even in its present state it is popular, and what can a manager ask more?

An improvement has been made in the scenery, which hitherto at this theatre had been *very mediocre*. We can by no means yet congratulate Mr. Arnold on his drop-scene, which looks as if it were composed out of the frontispiece to a nursery-book, and coloured with something between chalk and buttermilk. Mr. Grieves has no reason on earth to rejoice in this fruit of his brush: and if he is to flourish among the immortal operators in distemper, he must found his claim to deathless distinction on some less equivocal testimony. The new scenery of the opera is not altogether the finest production of the art, but it is at least not chalk and ocre alone, there is some attempt at colour and some at design, and there is some variety, and even some appropriateness in the design; and so far forth, any one who has been in the habit of visiting this very pleasant summer theatre, will feel and acknowledge that there has

been a very extraordinary and very unexpected improvement.

The singers are in general familiar to the public. Miss Paton has an arduous part, if straining her fine voice, and distorting her really pretty features, is to be the criterion of difficulty. No singer certainly seems to make a more willing sacrifice of beauty to song—for Miss Paton is a handsome personage, however seldom it can be suspected by those who see her only in full bravura. She accomplishes a cadence with more dislocation of the loves and graces than any female on record; but she will amend this as she grows older, and finds reason to be more chary of her charms.

Sapio is the same thing he was two years ago, when he constituted the united Apollo and Adonis of Drury-Lane, except that his voice quavers more and that his figure is more stooped. We cannot believe that both are from increased age. His time will come like that of other men, even if he were ten times a better singer and a more "enchanting man" than he will ever be. But until that hand, which neither actor nor manager can resist, which is bowing the sinews of Young, and infuriating the irascibility of Macready, has finally crushed him into decrepitude, Mr. Sapio ought at least to try to stand straight, move with the boldness of a man not yet much used to crutches, and make the experiment of pitching his voice to tones not altogether emulous of the unhappy distinctions of Signior Velluti.

As for the rest: Mr. Thorne plays the fool, and has the advantage of perfectly looking the part. However, its humour is so grave, and its frolic so much the opposite of sportive, that we think him supremely fortunate in getting over his task without any worse consequences to his feelings than the box on the ear which Miss Goward—who seems created for such purposes and for no other—gives him with such palpable good-will.

The Death-Fetch has been played some nights at the Lyceum. It is one of those German horror stories, from which common-sense and natural feeling equally turn away. Two lovers see alternately each others' ghosts; thus apparitions are equivalent to a sentence of death, and those two doomed and loving people waste away day by day, looking at what each shall be before the play is over. They at last retire to the Hartz Mountains (the seat of all the romance of Germany since Goëthe has made romance and mountains fashionable) where they see each other, in reality and in vision, until they are sufficiently far gone to die; then Miss Kelly falls into Mr. Archer's arms and they both drop dead. We cannot comprehend the kind of taste which may be indulged by seeing such preposterous things.

Of poetical justice it would be, of course, burlesque to talk in these little, unnatural fabrications; but the stage ought to be a source of either high sensibility or easy merriment—stories of goblins can be neither. Moral is out of the question, and meaning is out of the question too. The stage should not be made a nursery of nonsense that would revolt any other nursery, nor a chapel of ease to the charnel-house. The Death-Fetch is laid, and we hope laid in perfect, as in deserved, oblivion.

"Lying made Easy," no bad successor to the hobgoblinism, is a little farce in which Wrench plays the knave with his usual adroitness. The plot is simple to the full amount of being silly. A young man is in love with a niece of the lady of the mansion. The valet persuades the husband that this lover, his own nephew, is attached to the wife! Another stratagem persuades the wife that her husband is attached to the niece. Jealousy rages in the house, until the valet recommends, as the only sedative, that a fortune should be given to the young people as a bribe to marry each other, and thus get rid of both. The wife and husband snatch at this lucky conception with the headlong simplicity appropriated to such matters on the stage, and the lovers are made happy, if that dubious indulgence, marriage, can make them so.

Wrench is pleasant and lively in every thing, and ought to have been long since transerred to the winter theatres. The race of the lighter men of fashion, the "young fellows about town," as they used to be termed in our comedies, has passed away in a singular degree: Covent Garden has one representative of them, and but one—Jones, a delightful actor in his style, dexterous, spirited, and brilliant; never negligent, never vulgar, never commonplace; always throwing his best powers into his part, and perhaps, on the whole, the preserver of a greater number of performances—which without him must have perished at once—than any actor of his time. But of this style Drury-Lane affords no specimen whatever. Elliston is gone—and whether he lingers in London, attending the police-offices in the day, and figuring at Vauxhall in the night—whether Mr. Poole is to have the honour of mulcting him a second time in his last farthing, or he is to go forth on the general plunder of the transatlantic Thalia, he will never be the "glass of fashion and the mould of form," on this side of the earth again.

The taking of Drury-Lane by the American manager will produce some change of affairs, and so far all is well. He is a lively locomotive person, and obviously thinks but little about a voyage across the ocean. He takes to the Atlantic like one of its own leviathan, and refreshes New York with English of the latest pronunciation of any man alive. He is a sort of general trader in human stock, and has now grown into a monopoly of the rejected,

the ambitious, and the avaricious in the northern hemisphere of the drama. We sincerely hope that he will proceed in his export system with increased vivacity, and we could point out a considerable number of names that the English stage could very conveniently spare. In time the western world may become prolific, and when the age of smugglers, buccaneers, and piracies is past, and the law of the legislature, when American painters no longer consider themselves the first artists upon earth, when her novelists no longer live on copying every worn out romance among ourselves, and when in her whole limits from New York to New Orleans, she can produce a single *poet*, then, in the lapse of ages—and those things will require time—America may contribute something to Europe besides bad pamphlets and the yellow fever, and an American actor may flourish on our boards.

Mr. Price has, however, commenced his career in a rather unpromissing manner. A voyage to America may be a trifle to his aqueous habits; but let him sail as he will, it must take up the period during which all his energies, and ten times his energies, would have been required for the opening of Drury-Lane. He is said to have carried off Macready to the land of liberty; and though Macready is, beyond all comparison, the most repulsive mannerist that ever trod any boards since the days of Thespis, and though his intractableness makes him the most uneasy of subordinates, and his self-sufficiency the most troublesome of equals, yet he has some qualities that might fill up a place, which Mr. Price will find it rather difficult to fill without him. This actor is thus cut away from his strength. Kean is utterly blown upon, and, unless another Shakspeare arise, will have lost all popular effect—for all his principal parts have been played till the world is weary of both them and the actor. But another Shakspeare will not arise; and the old prediction, that as Kean came from harlequin, to harlequin he shall return, is infinitely likely to be verified.

It is undeniable, that the stage is at this day in the lowest condition within the "memory of the oldest inhabitant."—Neither tragedy, comedy, opera nor farce, worth the smallest coin of the realm—our whole modern stock purloined from France, and nothing to palliate the crime but the worthlessness of the robbery. Paul Pry, followed for the mere grimace of an actor, and the exhausted fun of that eternal chip hat, which he wears alike in street and parlour, in the presence of gentle and simple. Liston knows his *forte*, and knows the importance of keeping any ridiculous appendage that makes the rabble laugh, and keeps it, in spite of all decorum and probability, things essential to true comedy. Like a desperate admiral, he nails his colours to the mast, and sink or swim will keep up his flag. But it is Liston's actual misfortune to have fallen into this kind of performance. Its profits are tempting: but to a man of ability they should form no compensation to the humiliation of being bound to be a *face-maker* for life. Grimace is the lowest purchase of low popularity—and the actor who will be a grimacier may make money undoubtedly, till some mime of a more ferocious distortion or more unsparing mummery, ousts him from the worship of the galleries; but as an actor, what is he but a speaking Grimaldi? We should wish to see a man of Liston's powers rescued from this fate, and tried in a genuine comedy.

But who will write such a comedy? No man, until the stage is capable of supplying him with that fair remuneration without which exertion must cease. The emolument of stage-authorship is contemptible, compared with that of any other brilliant and popular writing. The difficulties of stage-writing must make success at all times rare; the talent required for it is peculiar—the knowledge of life, the constant animation and piquancy of dialogue, the vigorous conception of character, the dexterous arrangement of story, all essential to an able production of this kind, are absolutely among the most unusual qualities to be met with, even among the most intellectual classes of society. Yet for this exertion the whole recompense is naturally—depending too on the caprice of the multitude—is absolutely trivial. And this is scarcely the fault of the theatres; they have not the means of supplying a larger recompense. It is the fault of the legislature—that legislature, which protects the most trifling property of trade with a wall of penalties, while it throws open stage authorship defenceless to every marauder. Why will not some public-spirited member of Parliament take up the question, and by a liberal and manly appeal to the common sense and literary feeling of the House, place this interesting and nearly extinguished branch of literature at least on an equality with all the rest? The subject deserves the most speedy and sincere attention of the legislature, for the British drama is on the point of extinction, and nothing but a well-directed public patronage, and a wise public protection, can secure it from ruin.

NEW MUSIC.

"*There is a Love,*" *Cavatina, sung by Mr. Sapio. F. J. Klose.* 2*s.* *J. Willis and Co.*—This is an extremely elegant and appropriate melody, the accompaniments are unpretending and effective. Perhaps it would have been better for the reputation of the composer if the short middle movement in C. had been omitted; not that there is any thing particularly objectionable, except the manner of introducing the A flat in the third bar; but we can trace some plagiarisms from which the other movements are free. We recommend this song as one of the most pleasing that have appeared for these three months.

"*A two-fold Care disturbs this Breast,*" *sung by Mr. Sinclair in the Hebrew Family, composed by Pio Cianchettini.* 2*s.* 6*d.*—This song, though not destitute of merit, is precisely dissimilar in character to the last. The air, which in its simple state is deficient in melody, is rendered florid and highly ornamented to suit the peculiar style of the singer; the accompaniment of a clarinet obligato is shewy, and nearly of equal prominence with the voice. Mr. Cianchettini has shewn some judgment in his manner of writing for a performer to whom feeling and energy are a dead letter; he has made his air little more than a thread on which to string divisions. The passages of execution, on which he has principally relied, are elegant and graceful, and place the singer in a favourable point of view.

"*The Farewell Song,*" *sung by Miss Foote in Benyowsky. By M. Kelly.* 2*s.* *Willis.*—"*My Heart is Young.*" *Do. Do.* 1*s.* 6*d.* *Do.*—These two ballads, like all of Michael Kelly's, are of very simple construction; the former is really a very sweet air, and is superior in the adaptation to most of the accompaniments of his compositions. The latter, an andante pastorale, is wofully common-place: we should suspect, from the style, it is one of his early efforts, which has been restored to light from the bottom of a dusty portefeuille after many years slumber.

"*Nunca de ti me,*" *Bolero for two voices, with accompaniments of Piano-forte and Guitar, sung by Mrs. Hammond, composed by P. Verini.* 2*s.* *Willis and Co.*—We have not the pleasure of knowing who Mr. P. Verini is; but he appears to have some very odd ideas respecting the length and accentuation of his musical phrases: perhaps regular rythm is a branch of the science unknown in the land of his nativity. If we could render our ears callous to this defect, we should admire the duet; for the melody is pleasing, and there is a peculiar character about it—and really any thing like character is to be valued in the present day, when we are refining away every thing into a polished insipidity.

Piano-Forte.

Romance by Mehul, arranged with Variations for the Piano-Forte, by C. M. Von Weber. 3*s.* 6*d.* *Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*—The theme which Mr. Weber has chosen, "*à peine au sortir de l'enfance,*" we do not think particularly adapted to the development of his peculiar style: but the talent of the composer is of such a nature as completely to throw the homely old proverb of the silk purse and the sow's ear into disrepute; he can do any thing, and with any sort of materials. The whole aspect of these variations is terrific to the eye of any but a first-rate performer: in the last we have chromatic chords of four notes each, following each other in semiquavers; they are seven in number, and follow one another in the following order: The first, *con passione,* is an expressive movement with rich harmonies; the second, a powerful dashing variation in demisemiquavers for the right hand; the third, octaves in the bass hand; the fourth, *piu moderato-brilliant,* but with expression; the fifth, *presto con fuoco,* demisemis for the right hand, in groups of six energetic and brilliant. The seventh variation and coda are in riplets *staccato,* and remarkable for the harmonies being much crowded in both hands. A passage of which Weber has made free use in this variation has generally been considered as beyond the allowed license in music, and is therefore remarkable; the air in the upper part is doubled by one of the inner parts in the bass hand, with some of the intermediate harmonies filled up. The effect of the passage is pleasing and original, though it has been scarcely considered allowable heretofore.

Rondo Brilliant for the Piano-Forte, by J. B. Cramer. Op. 72. 4*s.* *Cramer, Addison, and Beale.*—This rondo, in the key of E. with four sharps, requires a finished expression, a delicate touch, and correct performance, to do it any thing like justice. With these advantages it is truly a *bijou;* but we should scarcely recommend it to the generality of amateur performers, to whom, generally speaking, musical rythm is a *terra incognita,* and the marks of expression Arabic at least.

Useful Extracts for the Piano-Forte, consisting of Scales and Exercises, by J. B. Cramer. 5*s.*—As an introduction to the studii of the same author, and those of Woelfe, Clementi, &c., we consider this as a most valuable work; the first eleven exercises are on the scales limited and extended, the last eighteen exclusively for the practice of double notes in every form, and the remaining nineteen includes practices of the shake on skips, contraction, the various arpegii, and almost every species of passage, all excellent of their kind.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Chronometers at Greenwich.—We alluded some time since in our number for June to the singularly capricious performance of the chronometers which, to use a common but incorrect phrase, are entered for the prize at Greenwich. We were not at that time as fully aware as at present of the treatment these very delicate instruments receive, and of the circumstances under which the rates are determined upon which the adjudication of the prize depends, and by which the character of an artist may be unfairly raised, or his reputation unjustly injured. We have seen a letter from the observatory in reply to some specific charges, in which it is stated that "the business of the chronometers" is conducted "with the *greatest degree of honour and attention;*" but we have likewise perused another communication from the same quarter, in which, after repeated denials, it was at length reluctantly acknowledged, that a chronometer entered for the prize had been let down. Now for this neglect the astronomer-royal may not be accountable; we are aware that he disavows all responsibility for the conduct of his assistants, and, for the present at least, we admit his plea; but, without we are greatly misinformed, this gentleman pledged himself a very few years back that, if the salary of his assistants were augmented, no money should hereafter be received for the rates of chronometers, and the salaries were in consequence increased; still the dishonest* practice exists in flagrant notoriety. If it be intended to form a just estimate of chronometers, it is necessary that the greatest regularity should be observed in the winding of them up; any variation in the time of doing so producing a corresponding variation in the rate, which last is altogether changed when the instrument is allowed to go down; and, above all, the works should never be touched. Now of the time-keepers entered at Greenwich some have been allowed to go down, and no notice taken of the fact, which was even for a time denied; of others the hands were altered; one, with a fast rate, when returned to the maker was found to be two hours slow; of another the glass had been screwed off, and between the second and minute hand there was found to be a difference of ten seconds; but it is needless to multiply instances, and we shall only add one more case in which a most able artist, not a little surprised at the vagaries of his chronometer, found that the pendulum stud had been unscrewed and not tightly screwed down again. Registers are kept at the Royal Observatory in which the daily rate of the time-keepers is supposed to be entered, and in which should be noted down whatever is done to accelerate or retard the rate of the instruments, to vary their performance or to evince their regularity. If these registers can be made out by the assistants, it is not for us to condemn the unintelligible manner in which they are at present kept; but we do say that no figure when once entered should be altered or erased, and, in the official returns at least, every artist should be informed if not why his instrument in particular has been neglected, still that such has been the case, and that their regularity of the machine proceeds not from any defect in the workmanship, but from the heedlessness (?) of the persons to whom it was intrusted. As an eminent philosopher has observed "England has now lost her supremacy in the manufacture of achromatic telescopes, and the government one of the sources of its revenue. In a few years she will also lose her superiority in the manufacture of the great divided instruments for fixed observatories," and if by neglecting the chronometers which first-rate artists have produced, and treating others with scrupulous attention, the pledge of comparative perfection, a national prize be conferred upon inferior makers, our hitherto unrivaled reputation in this branch of the arts will be soon and wantonly sacrificed. "When these sources of occupation for scientific talent decline, the scientific character of the country must fall along with them, and the British government will deplore, when it is too late, her total inattention to the scientific establishments of the empire. When a great nation ceases to triumph in her arts, it is no unreasonable apprehension, that she may cease also to triumph by her arms."

Sympathetic Ink.—The following application of a modern chemical discovery has never before been communicated to the public, and affords a sympathetic ink very far superior to any, as yet, in use. Dissolve a small quantity of starch in a saucer with soft water, and use the liquid like common ink; when dry no trace of the writing will appear upon the paper, and the letters can be developed only by a weak solution of iodine in alcohol, when they will appear of a deep purple colour, which will not be effaced until after long exposure to the atmosphere. So permanent are the traces left by the starch that they cannot (when dry) be effaced by Indian rubber, and in another case, a letter which had been carried in the pocket for a fortnight had the secret characters displayed at once, by being very slightly moistened with the above-mentioned preparation.

* If a chronometer were recommended to the captain of a vessel, the rate having been kept by the maker himself, the former might object to the correctness of the entries, but if the rate were supplied from the Royal Observatory, no suspicion would be entertained of a fraudulent certificate; hence the practice of *purchasing* good rates at Greenwich.

New Cement.—A patent has recently been obtained for a composition of marble, flint, chalk, lime, and water, which is denominated Vitruvian cement, and when dry is capable of being brought to a high state of polish. The proportions are one part of pulverized marble, one part of pulverized flint, and one part of chalk, mixed together and sifted through a very fine sieve; to this is to be added one other part of lime which has been slacked at least three months. A sufficient quantity of water is to be added to make the whole into a thin paste, and in that state it is to be spread as thinly as possible over a coarse ground, and brought to a smooth surface by the trowel. This cement when dry, may be polished with pulverized Venetian talc until the surface has become perfectly smooth and shining.

Fossil Bones.—After the various geological systems which have been framed to account for the different fossil remains dispersed over the continents of Europe and Asia, we are scarcely surprised at any new hypothesis, unless it carry with it an appearance of truth. A gentleman of the name of Ranking, in a recent publication of the highest merit, has stated as his opinion, that the remains of different animals which have been found in countries very remote from those to which they belong, have not been transported to their present localities by the action of a deluge, but are some of them the result of the Roman sports in the amphitheatre, and of the great hunting matches of the Mongols, while the rest have accompanied the armies of these two nations, the mighty conquerors of the eastern and western world. This is the outline of Mr. Ranking's very able work, of which we shall give an abstract in a future number.

Surveying Signals.—As a signal to be employed by night in grohesical and other similar operations, a ball of lime intensely ignited and placed in the focus of a parabolic mirror (the ingenious invention of Lieutenant Drummond), will supersede every other. In the last volume of the American Philosophical Transactions, a new form of signal to be employed by day is described, that is preferable to any except the heliostal of Gauss at present in use. It consists of a vessel of planished tin plates, the lower part has the form of a truncated cone open at bottom, whose height is 19 inches, the lower diameter 17, the upper 14. The vessel is closed at the top by a plate 3 inches in diameter and elevated five inches above the upper diameter of the truncated cone; the intervening space is enclosed by a tin-plate, which has in consequence also the form of a truncated cone of a greater verticle angle than that beneath. Under favourable circumstances of light and distance these signals appeared like a strong luminous disk, often requiring the use of a dark glass before the eye. Even in distances of from thirty to forty miles they presented a distinct illuminated point, when the sun was in such a position as to leave its rays reflected directly to the observer; and the continuance of this reflection is sufficiently long to admit of every necessary observation. As the point of reflection is not always in the direction of the centre of the signal, a reduction was used in America to correct the observed angle for the error arising from this cause. To perpetuate the recollection of the position of the signals larger truncated conical vessels of earthenware were buried, with their axes exactly corresponding with the axes of the signals. As earthenware is almost indestructible, it is probable that no monument equally durable can be obtained at so small an expence.

Hardening of Steel Dies.—In Franklin's journal it is stated that Mr. Adam Eckfeldt was the first who employed the following successful mode of hardening steel dies. He caused a vessel, holding 200 gallons of water, to be placed in the upper part of the building, at the height of forty feet above the room in which the dies were to be hardened; from this vessel the water was conducted down through a pipe of one inch and a quarter in diameter with a cork at the bottom, and nozzles of different sizes to regulate the diameter of the jet of water; under one of these was placed the heated die, the water being directed to the centre of the upper surface. The first experiment was tried in the year 1795, and the same mode has been since pursued (at the mint) without a single instance of failure. By this process the die is hardened in such a way as best to sustain the pressure to which it is to be subjected, and the middle of the face, which by the former process was apt to remain soft, now becomes the hardest part. The hardened part of the die so managed, were it to be separated, would be found to be in the form of a segment of a sphere resting in the lowest softest part as in a dish; the hardness of course gradually decreasing as you descend towards the foot. Dies thus hardened preserve their forms until fairly worn out.

New Manufacture of Glass.—A patent has been granted in France to a M. Segnay, for a new method of manufacturing glass without the use of free alkali. The following is the process: take 100 parts of dried sulphate of soda, 656 parts of silica, and 340 parts of lime which has been exposed to the air; all these ingredients must be mixed with much exactness. The furnace and pots are to be heated till full red, when the mixture in small balls should be charged into the pot until the latter is full, the mouth of the pot should then be stopped up, and with its contents introduced into the furnace, and as soon as it is perceived that the materials have sunk in the pot more of the same mixture must be put in until the pot is filled with a melted

vitreous substance. A strong fire must be continued in order to obtain a complete fusion in as little time as possible. When the fumes diminish small portions must be taken out at different times to ascertain whether the glass be sufficiently refined, which generally happens in about twenty-two hours. This glass is then fit for use; it may remain double the time in the furnace without risk. Another mode proposed is to take 100 parts of well dried muriate of soda, 123 parts of silica, 92 parts of lime which has been exposed to the air, well mixed together and fused in the way above described: in sixteen hours a good glass will be obtained, which will be fit for use for any purpose that may be required. Other proportions are likewise assigned—100 dried muriate of soda, 100 slacked lime; 140 sand; from 50 to 200 clippings of glass of the same quality—or 100 dried sulphate of soda, 12 slacked lime, 19 powdered charcoal, 225 sand, 50 to 200 broken glass—or 100 dry sulphate of soda, 266 slacked lime, 500 sand, 50 to 200 broken glass.—*Annales de l'Industrie Nationale.*

Butter in a Bog.—A letter from the Viscount Dunlo, of which the following is an extract; was read at the meeting of the Royal Dublin Society, June 5, 1826. "In a bog upon an estate of Lord Clancarty's, adjoining Ballinasloe, has just been dug up a tub of butter, which, from the circumstance of the wood-work having been quite rotten, so as to fall off when touched, must be of great antiquity. It was this morning discovered by turf-cutters at the depth of eight feet from the surface of the bog. Upon probing it with a long knife some hard substance was found to resist, in consequence of which it was cut into two pieces. The resistance appears to have arisen from a great part of it having become hard and dry; about one-half of it is in this state, the rest to all appearance fresh and good, and emitting no smell. The two parts have been put together again, and at present lie in Lord Clancarty's cellar at Garbally. The marks of the tub on them are quite distinct."—*Annals of Philosophy.*

The Burrampouter.—The military operations of our countrymen have led to an examination of the course of the Burrampouter, one of the greatest rivers of Asia, but of which, except the name, very little was known with certainty. In a journey, of which the details have not been as yet communicated to the public, Lieutenant Boulton obtained the following information. The river, which enters the bay of Bengal in latitude 22° 40 N., is navigable to 27° 54′. Nearly under this parallel, where the Ganges takes a westerly direction, the Burrampouter tends to the eastward, running between the mountains of Miri, Amor, and Michini, behind which many lofty chains of snowy mountains are visible, and whose summits embrace the whole northern horizon. At 120 leagues distance from its mouth in a direct line it receives a large river, which last, in the upper part of its course, communicates with another which discharges itself into the Burrampouter, offering a singular example of an island, thirty leagues long by sixteen in breadth, formed by a large stream proceeding in different directions. It was for a long time believed, and Major Rennel inclined to the opinion, that the Chinese maps were erroneous in distinguishing the river of Sanpo, or of Alou-Tsangpore, from the Burampouter; but the accounts of the natives of all the neighbouring countries confirm the accuracy of the Chinese geographers. They affirm that the source of the last of these rivers lies nearly in latitude 27° 44′ and longitude 96° 2′ from Greenwich; its waters issue from the eastern mountains, by an opening which discharges the overflowings of a lake called Bramah-Khoond. It is known that a similar basin, which unites the waters from the Himalaya and the Cailas, forms between their lofty chains the lakes of Manassavouer and Ervon-Ihrad, from which the Sutlej and probably many other great rivers of Asia have their origin. No European traveller has as yet approached nearer than six days' journey, or from forty to fifty miles to the source of the Burrampouter, and at the farthest point they have reached the channel of the river has not been less than from 6 to 700 yards in breadth. People very different in their habits have been found on the banks of this mighty stream, and among others the Miris, half barbarous mountaineers, whose language, appearance, and manners, have no resemblance to those of the inhabitants of Assam. They use the bow with great dexterity, and in the chace employ arrows imbued with a vegetable poison produced by a plant which grows in the country, but the flesh of animals killed by this poison is eaten without any ill effects. All the Hindoos regard as sacred the source of the Burrampouter, which was formerly an object of pilgrimage. The inhabitants of all classes pointed out to our countrymen the direction in which it lay, by showing them, at about fifteen leagues distance, a very distinct opening in the lowest of a chain of mountains running towards the east, behind which, according to their report, is the reservoir from which the stream issues; this is described as a circular basin in the side of the mountains below the region of snow, the inaccessible summits of which rise towering above it on every side.

Natural Phenomenon.—In the last number of the Révue Encyclopédique, under the head of Naples, mention is made of a young man, at present resident in that city, who is twenty-eight years of age, and was born at Brischel, in Barbary, all of whose hair has attained the surprising length of four feet, and is of the thickness of pigs' bristles.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

Royal Society.—May 25. The reading of the paper on the burrowing and boring of marine animals, by Edward Osler, Esq., was concluded.

June 1.—The following papers were read: Account of some experiments relative to the passage of radiant heat through glass screens, by the Rev. Boden Powell. An account of a telescope having only one reflector, and of easy management in observing, by the Rev. Dr. Abram Robertson. Account of some experiments on the laws of electrical accumulations on coated surfaces, by W. S. Harris, Esq. On the construction and use of a magnetic balance, by the same. On the electrical conducting power of various metallic substances, by the same.

June 8.—The Bakeman lecture, on the relations of electrical and chemical changes, by Sir H. Davy. On the discordance between the sun's observed and computed right ascensions, as determined at the Blackman-street Observatory, by J. South, Esq.

June 15.—The following papers were read, or announced. Observations on a case of restoration of vision, by J. Wardrop, Esq. On the existence of a limit to vaporization, by M. Faraday, Esq. On electric and magnetic rotations, by C. Babbage, Esq. On the compressibility of water, by T. Perkins, Esq. On the figure of the earth, by G. B. Airy, Esq. Observations for determining the amount of atmospheric refraction at Port Bowen, by Capt. W. E. Parry, Lieuts. Forster and Ross. On the crystallization of uric acid, by Sir E. Home. Microscopical observations on the muscular fibres of the elephant, by Herbert Mayo, Esq.

The Society then adjourned till Thursday, November 16.

Geological Society.—The following papers were read:—May 19. Notes on the geological position of some of the rocks of the N. E. of Iceland, by Lieut. Portlock. The conclusion drawn is, that the density and crystallized structure of basalt is not affected by the amount of pressure.

June 2.—On the fresh water strata of Hordwell, Beacon, and Barton Cliffs, Hants, by C. Lyall, Esq.

June 16.—Notes on the geological structure of Cader Idris, by Arthur Aikin, Esq.

FOREIGN.

Paris Institute Academy of Sciences.—The only communications of any interest made during the last sittings were the following. M. Robinet explained a process for removing stones from the bladder by means of chemical dissolvents, and displayed his apparatus for the purpose. M Geoffory St. Hilaire showed two remarkable cases of incubation, where a pullet's egg contained twins. In the first instance, the subjects had died after about the third part of the ordinary time of incubation had elapsed; that which had lived the longest continued to grow, and was about double the size of the other. In the second example, the subjects had increased in size till the incubation was finished; one emerged from the shell and lived; the other perished in its envelope and only on the twenty-first day. Each had a separate umbilical cord, but they were connected by a common canal going from one yolk to the other. In reply to a question that had been submitted by the Minister of the Interior, regarding the use of hail-rods, M. Fresnel, in the name of the philosophical department, said that the electric theory of hail does not rest on a sufficiently solid basis, and the effinity of hail-rods appears too uncertain for us to recommend the employment of them. No attempt hitherto made has given any positive result, and to decide the question by suitable experiments would require much time and expence, disproportionate to the probability of success. M. Arago presented an aerolite which fell in the principality of Ferrara, January 19, 1826, which had been sent by M. Creoli, professor of natural philosophy at Bologna, and of which M. Cordier undertook the mechanical analysis by the microscope. The statistical and mechanical prizes, founded by M. de Monthyon, were not adjudged this year, but the amount will be doubled for the ensuing one, if any deserving productions should appear. The decision of the physical prize was postponed till March 1, 1827, but M. de Monthyon's physological prize was awarded to M. Breschet, author of a memoir on the functions of the nervous system.

Royal and Central Society of Agriculture.—At the last public sitting five silver, and ten gold medals were adjudged. M. Polonceau, chief civil engineer at Versailles, received one for his success in obtaining a cross breed between the Cachemire goats and Angora bucks; the hair of the kids is in much greater quantity, and much more long.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To Jas. Barron, Birmingham, Warwick, brass-founder, &c. a combination of machinery for feeding fire with fuel, and for other purposes—Sealed 24th July; 6 months.

To Wm. Robinson, Esq., Craven-street, Strand, for a new method of propelling vessels by steam, on canals, &c. by a moveable apparatus attached to the stem or stern—24th July; 2 months.

To Wm. Parsons, Dock-yard, Portsmouth, naval architect, for improvements

in building ships calculated to lessen the dangerous effects of internal or external violence—24 July; 6 months.

To Wm. Johnston, Caroline-street, Bedford-square, jeweller, for improvements on ink-holders—24th July; 2 months.

To Wm. Davidson, Gallowgate, Glasgow, druggist, for his new invented process for bleaching bees' wax, myrtle-wax, &c.—1st August; 2 months.

To Thos. J. Knowlys, Esq., Trinity college, Oxford, and Wm. Duesbury, Bousal, Derby, colour-manufacturer, for improvements in tanning—1st August; 6 months.

To Count Adolphe Eugene de Rosen, Princes-street, Cavendish-square, for a new engine for communicating power, to answer the purposes of a steam-engine, communicated by a foreigner—1st August; 6 months.

To Joseph B. Wilks, Esq., Tandridge-hall, Surrey, for improvements in producing steam for steam-engines, &c.—2d August; 6 months.

To Lemuel W. Wright, Borough-road, Surrey, engineer, for improvements in trucks or carriages applicable to useful purposes—2d August; 6 months.

To John Williams, ironmonger, and John Doyle, merchant, Commercial-road, for an apparatus and process for separating salt from sea-water—4th Aug.; 6 months.

To Erskine Hazard, United States, North America, now in Norfolk-street, Strand, engineer, for a method of preparing expletive mixtures, and employing them as a moving power for machinery, communicated by a foreigner, and additions made by himself—12th August; 2 months.

To John T. Thompson, Long-acre, camp equipage maker, for improvements in making metallic tubes, whereby strength and lightness are obtained, and for applying them with various other improvements, to the construction of the elastic tube and other bedsteads.—17th August; 5 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in September 1812, *expire in the present month of September* 1826.

25. Leger Didot, London, for *his improvement in moulds for making paper.*

— Duris Egg, London, for *improved construction of fire-arms and their locks, and in the apparatus for trying and loading them.*

— Thomas Handford, London, for a *travelling trunk on an entire new construction.*

— John Bunn, of Halliford, for *an improved method of manufacturing of rods and hoops from old iron hoops.*

— John Baptist Terrey, Chelsea, for *improvement in the methods already known of raising sunken vessels and other matters, and in the machinery used for such purposes.*

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The manufacturing districts, which we represented in our last political summary as being in a state of alarming depression, have, since that article was written, been gradually improving; so much so, that before Christmas we may expect to find commerce, though not what it was at the commencement of last year, yet restored to a healthy and comparatively active state. Great and unnecessary alarms have been raised throughout England for at least six months past: it has been reported that our manufacturing resources are not merely suspended, but extinct; that our credit is lost; and, in short, that nothing but a national declaration of bankruptcy can restore us to a state of solvency. The consequences of these rumours have been obvious: a general distrust has taken place of our former commercial confidence; and those who but a year ago were among the foremost to circulate money, by promoting all active and plausible speculations, have since limited their circulation, and thus set an example of distrust which others have but too generally followed. Thus commerce is, as it were, at a stand-still, from want of "the thews and sinews" that should set it in motion. It is not that money is scarce in England—at least not to the extent that is generally supposed—but that it is prevented from coming forth and being actively diffused throughout the country from the apparent dangers attending such diffusion. The accounts from the North—to enter without further preliminary upon facts—are, on the whole, extremely cheering. At Manchester, indeed, occasional riots and meetings have taken place, but yet not sufficient to impeach the general character of the country for order and subordination. In the neighbourhood of Birmingham trade is manifestly improving: at Sheffield the usual number of operatives are engaged; and the cotton business goes forward with increased activity. Liverpool has, perhaps, suffered less (if we may rely on the statements of their weekly provincial papers) than any other great mercantile town in England. This, perhaps, may be owing to its general indifference to home trade—it relies principally on its foreign commerce; that branch of trade, especially with the two Americas, is as brisk or brisker than ever. But with what far different feelings do we turn to the consideration of poor neglected Ireland. The distress here is awful! we might almost add, unprecedented. In addition to the usual distress of the times, pestilence has added its horrors; hundreds have been dying weekly throughout Dublin of a fever occasioned solely by famine, and hence emphatically termed, "the famine fever." This distress regards not Dublin alone; in Cork it is equally urgent. In Scotland, however, we are happy to find that such unparalleled misery is unknown. To be sure it has suffered;

Glasgow particularly, and Paisley, in their manufactures; but the clouds are breaking, and in a short time will be entirely dissipated. Thus much with respect to our domestic policy: the foreign is more satisfactory. France goes on pretty much after the usual fashion, that is to say, improving—if not in essence—at least in the externals of devotion, and giving preference solely to the Jesuits. All this is done at the instigation of Charles the Tenth, who, relying on the truth of the old adage—"the greater sinner the greater saint," is spending the latter part of his life in atoning for the delinquincies of the former. Doctor Squintum, in Foote's Minor, called this good logic; for "there is nothing," says that exemplary ecclesiastic to Mrs. Cole, "like committing a few swinging follies in one's youth; because then ,you see, a body has matter to repent on." Unlike France, at present reposing on its oars, Portugal is all restlessness and activity. A few weeks since, Spain made some verbal resistance to its measures with respect to a Regency; but the country of the Braganzas, backed by the influence of England, spiritedly resisted all foreign interference. It seems that the infant and presumptive heir to the crown has resigned all claims to it, preferring a limited monarchy in the new world to bigotry and despotism in the old, in consequence of which resignation a Regency, headed by the Queen Mother, has been appointed; but as its measures and its own stability are as yet undecided, we cannot do more than speculate. Of Spain we have little to observe, and that little is condemnatory. It continues fixed only in its anarchy, and its determined opposition to the intellect of the day, which giant, as it is elsewhere in influence, has here been paralized, as if by the touch of the torpedo. As the jesuits in France, so the monks in Spain carry all before them. Ferdinand himself is a monk, a genuine one, and we know not that we can say any thing worse of him. He is perpetually changing his ministry, one of whom has got undue but sovereign influence over him, by the masterly skill with which four months since he hemmed a silver petticoat for the Virgin. The affairs of Turkey resemble those of Spain, in their wild and lawless character. The Sultan—a spirited and decided monarch—appears to have been somewhat premature in his destruction of the Janissaries, as detachments of that formidable body scattered throughout the country, and particularly in Aleppo, Damascus, and Smyrna, have announced their intention of rising to revenge the slaughter of their fraternity. Should this be really the case the Vicar of Mahomet will do well to look to his own head, or it may chance to keep company with those of his refractory Janissaries on the highest pinnacle of the Mosque of Saint Sophia. It seems, indeed, but too likely that a civil war will break out in Turkey. The numberless executions that have taken place during the last two months throughout Constantinople have diffused terror and subordination solely within the sphere of their action; without that sphere, from one end of the empire to the other, the unanimous cry is "Revenge." Should this be so—and our modern politicians, one and all incline to it as a certainty, what an opportunity will open upon Greece! The wrongs of upwards of four hundred years, from the period when Mahomet I. entered the gates of Constantinople over the bleeding bodies of Paleologus and his heroic subjects, up to the massacres of Scio and Missolonghi, will all be terribly revenged. Unaided by the sublime Porte, Ibrahim Pacha and his wild Arabs can obtain no permanent footing in the Morea. He may indeed persevere for a time in his work of death; but the spirit of the country is in arms, and though split into factions and divisions, will at least be unanimous in one opinion—hostility to an Egyptian despot. Besides, Egypt itself is too far distant for its Viceroy to be enabled to make foreign conquests without the assistance of Turkey; and she, crippled by the Janissaries on one side, and her own persevering bigotry on the other, can do nothing. With respect to Saint Petersburgh, all is prosperous and pacific. The Emperor has successfully eluded the late dangerous conspiracy against the lives both of himself and his deceased brother; and by behaving with moderation to the guilty (few of whom have suffered the punishment of death), has won all hearts to his cause. Among the number of foreign noblemen lately presented at his levee, in order to congratulate him on his escape from the conspirators' daggers and his accession to the throne, Marshal Marmont, and the Duke of Devonshire, ambassadors from France and England, have rendered themselves conspicuous by the splendour and greatness of their display. It is reported that they will remain at Saint Petersburgh (or rather Moscow) until the coronation, which they will of course attend as representatives of their respective nations. In the two Americas, South more especially, a few political disturbances have taken place. The government of Bolivar in Colombia has been objected to by a Mulatto General, named Paez; but an amicable arrangement has since, we are happy to say, been effected between the two contending parties. In North America the principal public occurrence has been the deaths of those celebrated Ex-presidents Adams and Jefferson—the former at the advanced age of ninety, the latter at eighty-two. Adams, it may perhaps be remembered, was the illustrious rival and friend of Washington. While the one fought his country's battles in the field, the other upheld her independence in the cabinet; and by their joint exertions,

aided by the dexterous diplomacy of Dr. Franklin at Paris, enabled her to annihilate the British troops. Of that illustrious band, the heroes and statesmen of 1770 and 1780, one only now remains—the celebrated Marquis La Fayette. He too (if report speak truth) will shortly be lost to the world, and thus the last link that binds the present to the past will be snapped, and the successful triumphs of America over the unwarrantable slavery of England will live alone in history.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE AMERICAN EX-PRESIDENTS, JOHN ADAMS, AND THOMAS JEFFERSON, ESQRS.

The coincidence attendant on the departure of these two transatlantic statesmen is very remarkable: they both died on the 4th of July, the 50th anniversary of American independence, of which they had both been amongst the chief supporters. Taking the age of Mr. Jefferson at 33 years when the declaration of independence was signed, and that of Mr. Adams at 40, which was the fact, it has been calculated, that the chance of their *both* then living 50 years longer, and *both* dying at the precise expiration of the 50 years, was only as *one* to *twelve hundred millions!*—Of the political lives and characters of these remarkable men we are about to offer succinct sketches, commencing agreeably to priority of birth, and priority of Presidential honours.

John Adams, the son of a wealthy yeoman, was a native of Boston in New England. He appears to have been born in the year 1736. Like his namesake Mr. Samuel Adams, he was educated (at Cambridge) for the law; and so eminent were his attainments in that profession, that at an early age he was appointed Chief Justice of the State, but he declined the office. Resisting the second attempt at taxation made by the mother country in 1767, numerous meetings of the inhabitants of Boston took place. At these meetings Mr. Adams, with Mr. Hancock, their great leader, and Mr. Samuel Adams, were very active in supporting the cause of liberty and independence. In 1770 Mr. Adams was returned as a representative from Boston. In the course of the same year an affray took place, in which the English soldiers fired upon the populace, three of whom were killed. Mr. Adams, notwithstanding his known political attachments, was retained as counsel for the soldiers; and, in conjunction with Mr. Quincey, he conducted the defence most ably and successfully. Afterwards he was equally successful in his defence of Captain Preston. In 1774 he was elected a member of the Council; but the election was negatived by Governor Gage, from the part which he had taken in politics.

By this time Mr. Adams had sacrificed his profession, and become altogether a public character. From the year 1770 till 1776 he was constantly engaged in all the measures which were adopted in defence of the colonies against the efforts of the English parliament. In 1774, when the colonies determined to hold a congress at Philadelphia, he was elected, with Mr. Samuel Adams, Mr. Cushing, and Mr. Treat Paine, to represent the province of Massachusett's Bay. He was also one of the representatives of this province in the second congress. In the memorable discussions of 1776, Mr. Adams and Mr. Dickenson took distinguished parts; the former for, the latter against the declaration of independence. The original motion, by a member from Virginia, is said to have been made at his suggestion: he seconded the motion, and supported it by powerful arguments. On a division, the cause of independence triumphed. By the committee who were appointed on the subject of a separation from the mother country, Mr. Jefferson and Mr. Adams—the former, it is understood, through the influence of the latter—were appointed a sub-committee to frame a declaration of independence. The draft reported was that of Mr. Jefferson. From this period until the peace Mr. Adams was employed in the same cause. On the capture by the English of Mr. Laurens, who had been sent as ambassador to Holland, Mr. Adams was dispatched in his room, and was admitted as Minister Plenipotentiary to the States. He succeeded also in procuring a loan, and in concluding treaties of amity and commerce. He was subsequently nominated, in conjunction with Dr. Franklin, Mr. Jay, and Mr. Laurens, commissioners for negotiating a peace with Great Britain. He joined his colleagues at Paris, and the preliminaries of peace were soon adjusted. He had the credit of insisting on an acknowledgment of independence previous to treating, and of securing the debts due to British subjects before the war.

Soon after the signature of the treaty, Mr. Adams had the honour to be appointed Minister Plenipotentiary from the United States to the King of Great Britain. On the adoption of the Constitution, in 1789, he was elected first Vice-President of the United States; during the whole period of the presidency of Washington he filled the office of vice-president, and he was as uniformly consulted by the President on all important questions, as though he had been a member of his cabinet. On the death of Washington, Mr. Adams was elected his successor. He may be considered to have been then at the head of the federalists, but at a subsequent period of his life he joined the republican ranks.

During the administration of Mr. Adams, party spirit raged without restraint. As President he had at least too much of the semblance of independence to be warmly supported by either party. At all events, his character was not a supple one. Speaking of Washington, an observing writer of the present day says, that he "made the government like himself, cautious, uniform, simple, and substantial, without show or parade. While he presided, nothing was done for effect, every thing from principle. There was no vapouring or chivalry about it. Whatever was done or said, was done or said with great deliberation, and profound seriousness." Of Mr. Adams, the same writer observes:—"He was quite another sort of man. He was more dictatorial, more adventurous; and, perhaps, more of a statesman. But look to the record of his administration, and you will find the natural temper of the man distinctly visible in all the operations of the government, up to the moment when he overthrew himself and his whole party by his hazardous political movements. The cautious neutrality of Washington, which obtained for him, in the cabinet, what had already been awarded to him in the field—the title of the American Fabius—was abandoned by Mr. Adams for a more bold and presumptuous aspect, bearing, and attitude. The quiet dignity and august plainness of the former, were put aside for something more absolute and regal. The countenance of the American government, under Washington, throughout all its foreign negotiations and domestic administration, was erect and natural, very strong, simple, and grave. But under Mr. Adams, although it appeared loftier and more imposing, and attracted more attention, it had a sort of theatrical look, and was, in reality, much less formidable."

At the expiration of Mr. Adams's term, Mr. Jefferson, the candidate of the Republican party, received four votes more than his predecessor; and Mr. Adams, in consequence, retired to the enjoyments of private life at his seat in Quincey. So satisfied, however, were those who had been politically opposed to him of his merits and services, that he was selected by the republicans of Massachusetts as their candidate for governor, on the death of Governor Sullivan; but he declined the proffered honour. He was one of the electors, and president of the electoral college, when Mr. Monroe was elected President of the United States. As a speaker, Mr. Adams was warm and eloquent; and as a writer he possessed considerable power. In 1787, he published, in three volumes 8vo., "A Defence of the Constitution and Government of the United States," and a new edition of that work appeared in 1791, under the title of "History of the Principal Republics in the World."

Mr. Adams had been some time in a state of declining health. On the morning of his death he is said to have been aroused by the sound of the public rejoicings; he inquired the cause of the salutes, and was told that it was the 4th of July: he answered—"It is a great and glorious day." These are said to have been his last words. About noon he became very ill, grew gradually worse, and at six o'clock expired. His remains were some days afterwards deposited in the family tomb at Quincey, with every token of veneration, respect, and affection. His private character is described as perfectly pure. There was no christian or moral duty which he did not fulfil—he was one of the kindest of husbands and best of fathers.

Thomas Jefferson was born on the 2d of April 1743, according to some accounts in the county of Albemarle, at Shadwell, a country seat which now belongs to his grandson, within a short distance of Monticello, and within half a mile of his Rivannah mills; but, according to others, in Chesterfield county, Virginia. His family were amongst the earliest emigrants to Virginia; of which colony his grandfather, Thomas Jefferson, was a native. His father, Peter Jefferson, was commissioned, with Colonel Fry, to determine the boundary line between Virginia and North Carolina, in the year 1747.

Mr. Jefferson was educated in America, from which he was never absent before the time that he went to Paris in the capacity of envoy. He received the highest honours at the college of William and Mary; he studied law under the celebrated George Wythe, late Chancellor of Virginia. He applied himself closely to the study of geometry, geography, natural history, and astronomy; and he was devotedly attached to literature and the fine arts. When he came of age, in 1764, he was put into the nomination of justices of the county in which he lived; at the first election following he became one of its representatives in the legislature; and, before he attained his 25th year, he was a distinguished member of the Virginia Assembly, and took an active part in all the measures adopted in opposition to the English government. In 1775, he is said to have been the author of the protest against the propositions of Lord North. From the Assembly of Virginia he was sent to the old Congress, which brought about the revolution, and was there distinguished by the warmth of his sentiments and the energy of his compositions. Afterwards he was employed two years, with Mr. Pendleton and Mr. Wythe, in the revisal and reduction to a single code of the whole body of the English statutes, the acts of the Virginia assembly, and certain parts of the common law. In 1780, (succeeding Patrick Henry, the successor of Lord Dunmore) he was elected Gover-

nor of Virginia, an office which he held during the whole of the revolutionary war. As a member of Congress, it has been already seen that he drew up the record of independence by which the colonies broke their connexion with the mother country. Much difference of opinion occurred respecting his conduct as governor, at the time of the invasion of Virginia by Cornwallis and Arnold; but, as he received the thanks of his fellow-citizens, it must be presumed that by them, at least, it was deemed satisfactory. In 1783 he was employed in drawing up a Constitution for Virginia. He was nominated ambassador to Spain, but afterwards his destination was changed to France. There, obtaining the confidence of Vergennes and Calonne, he received many concessions in favour of American commerce. From France he came over to England, went back to Versailles, and returned to America in 1789, rendering to Mr. Jay, the Minister for Foreign Affairs, a satisfactory account of his negotiations. Shortly after his return, he was appointed Secretary of State to the new government. Soon afterwards the House of Representatives directed him to form a plan for reducing the currency, weights, and measures to one standard; and subsequently he was also employed to draw up a report respecting the fisheries.

On the arrival of an English envoy and a French consul in America, Mr. Jefferson is thought to have found some difficulty in keeping the balance even; and indeed, he has always been considered by the English as having a strong partiality towards France. Another report which he was officially called upon to make, respecting the commerce of the United States, gave great satisfaction to the government and to the country. Early in 1794 he resigned his office as Secretary of State, and retired to his seat at Monticello. From that period he was regarded as the chief of the opposition. After remaining some time in retirement, he was, in 1797, called on to fill the vice-president's chair, under Mr. Adams; and, as it has been already stated, he was, on the expiration of Mr. Adams's term, in 1801, elected as his successor. In 1805 he was re-elected, and in his first message to the Senate and House of Representatives, he developed his grand project of improvement in the public administration. In the year 1807, in consequence of the differences which arose between the governments of Great Britain and the United States, he called a meeting extraordinary of the congress, and submitted to them his plan for defending the country. To preserve the shipping and commerce of America from the cruisers of France and England, he laid an embargo on all the ports of the United States until the danger was over. When his second term of presidentship had nearly expired, he was solicited by the Assembly of Pennsylvania to accept the office a third time. This, however, he resolutely refused—was succeeded by Mr. Maddison—and, like his friend Washington, retired to private life. The writer whom we have before quoted on the merits of Washington and Adams, speaking of Jefferson, says,—"He was undoubtedly a man of more genius than either of his predecessors. His talent was finer, but not so strong. He was a scholar and a philosopher, full of theory and hypothesis. And what was the character of his administration? Was it not wholly given up to theory and hypothesis, experiment and trial? he turned the whole of the United States into a laboratory—a workshop—a lecture-room; and kept the whole country in alarm with his demonstrations in political economy, legislation, mechanics, and government. Hence it is that, to this day, it is difficult to determine whether his administration, on the whole, was productive of great benefit or great evil to the American people. The most extraordinary changes, transmutations, and phenomena, were continually taking place before their eyes, but they were generally unintelligible; so that he left the country pretty much in the situation that his farm at Monticello is at this moment—altogether transformed from its natural state—altogether different from what it was, when he took it in hand—a puzzle and a problem to the world."

At an early age Mr. Jefferson married a lady, the daughter of Mr. Wright, an eminent barrister in Virginia. By her, who has been some years dead, he had four daughters, only one of whom we believe survives.

Mr. Jefferson first appeared in print in the year 1774, when he published "A Summary View of the Rights of British America." In 1781, he wrote his "Notes on Virginia." He has also written "Memoirs on the Fossil Bones found in America." As an agriculturist, he was active and fond of experiment. He invented a new plough, or, rather, effected an improvement in the old one.

Mr. Jefferson had been some time indisposed. During his illness, he constantly expressed a wish to see another 4th of July; and, though he had been speechless from the evening of the 3d, he expressed, by signs, great satisfaction at being permitted to do so. He died about 10 minutes before one, p. m. Mr. Randolph, his grandson, in a letter to a friend says—"He died as he lived, the same calm, serene, benevolent, great man—cheerfully committing his soul to God, and his child to his country; gratified in his only wish, that this day and hour should be the moment of his death." *One o'clock*, it should be remarked, was the hour on which the declaration of American independence was officially read in Congress.

THE HONOURABLE BASIL COCHRANE.

August 12.—The noble family of which the Earl of Dundonald, eldest brother of Mr. Cochrane, is the representative, took its surname from the barony of Cochrane, in Renfrewshire, North Britain, where it appears to have been of great antiquity. Strictly speaking, however, the family name is Blair. William Cochrane, by Margaret his wife, daughter of Sir Robert Montgomery, of Skelmorley, in the county of Ayr, had a daughter, his sole heiress, who married Alexander Blair, Esq., of Blair. The Cochrane estate was settled in 1593 on this lady and her issue male, who were to bear the name and arms of Cochrane; and accordingly Mr. Blair, on his marriage with the heiress, assumed the said name and arms. William Cochrane, their grandson, having been very zealous in the cause of Charles I., was in 1647 created a peer by the title of Lord Cochrane, of Dundonald, and in 1669 he was advanced to the dignity of Earl. One of his descendants, Thomas, eighth Earl of Dundonald, was married to his second wife, Jane, eldest daughter of Archibald Stuart, of Tovience, in the county of Lanark, in 1744. By that lady he had a family of twelve children, of whom Archibald Cochrane, Earl of Dundonald, father of Lord Cochrane, formerly Captain in the Royal Navy, M.P. for Westminster, &c. was the eldest surviving son. Basil, the subject of this sketch, was the seventh child. He was born on the 22d of April, 1753. He was placed upon the Madras civil establishment at the early age of sixteen. He remained in the service of the East-India Company about forty years, accumulated a splendid fortune in India, and returned to England in the month of May, 1807. After his arrival, he purchased the barony of Auchterarder, in the county of Perth. At his town-house in Portman-square, he erected vapour baths on a new plan and construction; and, in the hope that similar baths might be adapted to medical purposes, he, in 1809, published a tract under the title of "Improvement of the Vapour Bath." In the succeeding year that tract was followed by an appendix.

It was highly to the honour of Mr. Cochrane, that, almost immediately after his arrival in England, he paid numerous outstanding debts, mortgages, annuities, &c. of his brother, the Earl, to a very large amount. When in India, his establishment was at once extensive and magnificent, and his hospitality unbounded. Not long after his return to England, Mr. Cochrane took a lady, a Miss St. Julian, under his protection: but the parties quarrelled; and he subsequently prosecuted Miss St. Julian and a Mr. Harrison for a conspiracy to extort money from him.

Mr. Cochrane was accustomed to expend large sums in acts of generosity and benevolence. He had resided for some time, we believe, chiefly on the Continent, and he died at his apartments, Rue Royale, Paris.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

We are all prepared to hear of the prevalence of sickness at this season of the year, but though the metropolis has certainly enjoyed no exemption from the general lot, nothing has occurred here to stamp with any peculiar feature the medical history of the past month. The newspapers announce that typhus fever has become epidemic in Dublin, and no one would be surprised if a similar visitation should affect the distressed districts of our own island. Such at least has been the usual course of events in former times. Plague and pestilence always follow in the wake of scarcity and famine; nor is it difficult to understand why this should be. When the body is imperfectly nourished, and the mind harassed by the want of present employment, and the prospect of still greater evil, the seeds of disease are too surely sown, which, after the lapse of a certain time, require but little to quicken into a severe and wide-spreading epidemic. The metropolis has happily escaped the pressure of general distress, and we have only, therefore, to look for the usual consequences of *summer heat*. These have shown themselves in the several forms of *bilious disorder*, which, though abundantly prevalent, have nevertheless not been marked by any peculiar *intensity*. The finest seasons, in fact, are always the most healthy, and never surely was this country blessed with one more favourable than that which we are now enjoying. The only occasion on which the reporter ever observed in London a *true bilious epidemic*, was in 1821, remarkable for the vast quantity of rain that fell during the months of May, June, and July.

It is difficult, if not actually impossible, to offer a satisfactory explanation of the influence of long-continued atmospheric heat in deranging the functions of the liver, stomach, and bowels. That the vascular system, especially that of the *vena portæ*, is implicated, and that *congestion* takes place in its branches, no one would venture to dispute; but still, the phenomena of bilious disorders, their sudden accession, rapid course, and peculiar mode of termination, point rather to the *nervous system* as the prime source of mischief, and to *vitiated secretion* as the more direct and palpable cause of the phenomena. *Bilious* disorders, as they are popularly but very expressively styled, vary in the character of the *leading* or urgent symptoms, as well as in the degree to which the

constitution sympathizes. Such indeed is the variety both in the local and general symptoms, that a very extended field of observation is required to enable the practitioner to class them properly together, and to appreciate fully their close and intimate relation. The following are the principal forms of abdominal disorder which the reporter has witnessed during the last month:—Bilious vomiting, bilious diarrhœa, their combination, called cholera mitis, bilious cholic, with incessant tenesmus, bilious fever, characterized by headache, languor, pains of the limbs, and *oppression* at the epigastrium, and, lastly, true *yellow* fever.

In all such complaints as are now prevalent, much anxiety is usually manifested by the patient or his friends to determine accurately the *exciting* cause; and in one case, plumbs, in another nuts, and in a third oysters, or pickled salmon, are accused in their turn as having been the direct source of the mischief. To a certain extent this is true; that is to say, when the system is predisposed, the slightest accident will disturb the balance; bad wine, excess in eating or drinking—any thing, in short, which offends the stomach; but in the greater number of cases the exciting cause is of a more general kind—great fatigue of body, late hours, anxiety of mind, cold. The shortest and mildest cases are those which are ushered in by copious evacuations. The disease in this manner brings with it its own cure. The severest cases which have fallen under the reporter's notice are those which assumed the form of bilious cholic, that is to say, where the secretions of the liver and upper bowels were locked up by spasmodic contractions of the alimentary tube. No particular difficulty has been experienced in the treatment of these affections. When vomiting and diarrhœa mark their onset, it is desirable for a time to encourage the evacuation, and subsequently to repair the loss of tone by aromatics and cordials. Where languor and feverishness become the urgent symptoms, an emetic of ipecacuanha followed by two or three doses of calomel and rhubard usually effect a cure. In cases of severe tormina and tenesmus, approaching the character of dysentery, the reporter has prescribed, with excellent effect, a combination of calomel, James's powder, and opium.

The most remarkable of all the cases which the last month has produced in the reporter's practice is one of pure yellow fever, bearing all the characters of that formidable complaint which is the scourge of Walcheren, of the West-Indies, and of Sierra Leone. It originated in the most unhealthy part of the Essex coast, and was characterized by the following combination of symptoms:—excessive excitement of the whole circulating system, determination of blood to the head and liver, deep jaundice, and at last, buffy and cupped blood. The pulse was full and bounding, and when a vein was opened, the flow of blood was with great difficulty checked. It was the *febris ardens biliosa* of the old writers, the *bilious remittent* of modern times. The violence of the febrile symtoms unquestionably abated on the alternate days, but no shiverings were ever experienced, the only sure criterion of intermitting fever. The reporter, therefore, is induced to prefer the more ancient appellation. The treatment pursued in this case, which happily proved successful, consisted in repeated blood-lettings, and a succession of the most active aperients. The reporter is given to understand that fever of a similar character is frequently met with about this season of the year, at Sheerness, and the adjoining coasts of Kent and Essex.

Low fever, of a typhoid kind, is at present rather more prevalent than usual in the outskirts of London; but the central parts of the town do not afford more than the usual proportion of such cases. Small-pox is scarcely to be met with, and other eruptive disorders are of rare occurrence.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, *Upper John-street, Golden-square, August* 23, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

So little corn or pulse is now remaining abroad, that we may very safely state, before this report shall have issued from the press, harvest will have been completed, throughout Britain and Ireland. We apprehend that an earlier or more expeditious harvest is not upon record in Europe. With us, the constancy and power of the solar heat and drought had such a quickening effect, as to ripen all kinds of grain and pulse nearly at the same time; even those between which, in other seasons, there has been more than a month of interval. Hay and corn harvest, also, were actually carried on together, by those who had deferred cutting their grass in the hope of a change of weather. This necessarily occasioned a great and sudden demand for labourers, and some disappointment, where they had not been timely provided and assembled. In some parts of Kent, we heard heavy complaints among the labourers, that the Irish in great numbers took the work out of their hands at an inferior price; whilst in others, we saw in a long track of country extensive fields of wheat, the ears bending and nodding from ripeness, a state in which much loss may be incurred, where only two men, or a man and woman, were at work. On the whole, however, never was corn harvested, stacked, and housed, with greater expedition. Certain of our correspondents lament the necessity of using the

scythe, the ripening progress in the corn advancing so rapidly; but mowing all kinds of corn is an old and prevailing custom in some parts of the North, and also upon the Continent. The late attempts to re-introduce trials of the Hainault scythe do not appear to have succeeded: our labourers deem it a heavy and inconvenient tool. From 8*s.* to 16*s.* per acre have been given for reaping wheat; and men by the day, have been paid 2*s.* to 3*s.* 6*d.* with meat and beer; women 1*s.* 6*d.* to 3*s.* per day with beer.

As to the quantity and quality of the various articles of produce, we can add little to our last report. It is most probable, among various accounts, that the wheat crop, in some considerable degree, exceeds an average in quantity: but the quality is not of such general characteristic excellence as has been witnessed in some former years. The corn, however, being universally dry, and consequently heavy, will be profitable to the flour manufacturer. The straw, not indeed so bulky as in some seasons, yet in great plenty, is of the finest and most pure. Barley, oats, and pulse, take them generally, are perhaps barely half a crop; but there are certainly, in various parts of the country, considerable breadths of barley and oats of which the growers do not complain, and the quality of which is fine. On potatoes we are no longer sanguine; the crop will be far below our former expectations. In Ireland, a peculiar misfortune, potatoes are a failing crop. Accounts of the hop plantations are universally encouraging. In Scotland they speak in still higher terms of the wheat crop than in the South; their Lent corn is reported as two-thirds, and pulse as one-third of an average. Potatoes have generally failed.

Our expectations, from the sudden copious showers which fell in July, have been completely disappointed; the thirsty earth quickly absorbed them, and there has been no efficient succession. Our hopes for the re-sown turnip plants, of an autumnal crop of grass have thus vanished; and the ensuing seasons, both autumnal and winter, will unavoidably rank among the most embarrassing ever experienced by the farmer and grazier. The lovers of oil-cake beef and mutton will be amply gratified. Should the winter prove frosty and severe, the inconsiderable turnip crop will go but little way indeed; and they will act discreetly who adopt in time the old and almost forgotten method of *drawing and stacking.* This is far more deserving the consideration of farmers, than the vain theories of preventing blight and fly on turnip plants, by manuring with this or that, or any particular superinduction; nothing can prevent blight, and drought, and fly, and destruction as a necessary sequence. In the mean time, far from interdicting, we desire to be the strongest advocates for ample manure, whether animal, lime, ashes, bone, or any which may be found suitable to the soil. The hay crop has shared a similar fate with the turnips, and at this moment barges are employed in transporting hay from London to Hull. Winter vetches must fail, as the summer ones have done. The corn-fields being cleared, the sown grasses may yet spring and produce something of an autumnal crop, should the weather change; and a fitter season could not present for proving the experiment originally recommended in the "New Farmer's Calendar," of making a stack with alternate layers of straw and grass, for cattle and sheep food after Christmas. Oat straw, in course, is to be preferred. Rain coming in time, winter-barley and rye, for spring food, should be sown to the greatest extent of land that can be spared. Oats, also, will stand the winter, and sometimes produce a greater bulk than either of the former. Let it be remembered by our country friends, that a long summer drought is probable to be followed by a long and severe frost in winter. The farmer surely stands, at the present season, in a peculiarly distressing predicament; he has no other productive crop or *matériel* to turn into money but his wheat. Yet the consequences of a drought like the present are not so destructive as those resulting from the blight of superfluous moisture and cold.

Cattle have been dreadfully distressed for water in the fen districts of Lincolnshire, it being often necessary to drive them from five to seven miles to obtain it. Much half-fat stock, and even in a store state, has in consequence been sent to market. Sale very dull, and price depressed of all, milch-cows and pigs excepted, for which prices are improved. Some faint hopes have been entertained for a rising demand of wool. Ordinary horses are not easily saleable; but those of high figure and qualification, never in plenty, are at present very scarce and dear. At Horncastle-fair, according to report, three superior saddle horses were sold to a great London dealer for £550: the same purchaser, it seems, took £2,000 to the fair, but could not find horses in which to invest it. The farmers in some of the western counties have wisely changed their plan of having none but out-door labourers, taking them into the house, as in former days: no doubt finding it more advantageous to maintain them in that mode than in the form of parish-rates. This mode should be universally adopted during the ensuing winter, which will inevitably be a critical one.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4*s.* to 5*s.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 6*d.*—Lamb, 4*s.* to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Veal 4*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*—Pork, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 4*d.*—Raw Fat, per stone, 2*s.* 2*d.*

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 46*s.* to 68*s.*—Barley, 30*s.* to 40*s.*—Oats, 27*s.* to 40*s.*—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½*d.*—Hay, 70*s.* to 120*s.*—Clover, ditto 90*s.* to 135*s.*—Straw, 36*s.* to 46*s.*

Middlesex, August 21*st*, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—The market both in London and Liverpool continues much depressed, and few purchases have been made, owing to the stagnation in the market of Manchester; a decline of $\frac{1}{8}$*d.* to 1*d.* per lb. on all sorts for exportation may be stated.

Coffee.—The depressed state of the market has prevented the importers from bringing their supplies to public sale; Jamaicas sold from 46*s.* to 67*s.* per cwt. Dutch from 53*s.* to 68*s.*, Dominicas 53*s.* to 60*s.*, Domingos 45*s.* to 48*s.*, Brazil, 45*s.* 48*s.*, and Mocha 77*s.* to 84*s.*

Sugar.—The market continues steady with little variation in prices, except for yellow colouring for grocers, which are wanted at this season of the year, particularly low lumps for preserving and for wine.—The stock of Muscovadoes in dock is 2,666 casks less than, at this time last year, and prices full 10*s.* per cwt. lower.

Rum.—*Fine* rums are in demand, and command full prices; but Leeward-Islands are dull and heavy in the market; the former at 2*s.* 8*d.* to 3*s.* per gallon, and the latter at 1*s.* 10*d.* to 2*s.*

Indigo.—At the East-India Company's sale, an advance of 2*d.* to 4*d.* per lb. has taken place, and the market has become brisker than usual for some time past.

Tea.—The East-India Company have issued their declaration of Sale for 5th September next, Prompt 1st December following. *viz.* "7,500,000 lbs. tea, inclusive of Private-trade."

Spices.—The market has been dull for the sale of spices for some time past; at Messrs. Tucker and Hunter's sale, 1,238 bags of pepper sold for $3\frac{1}{2}$*d.* to $3\frac{3}{4}$*d.* per lb. in bond; ordinary nutmegs 1*s.* 10*d.* to 1*s.* 11*d.* per lb.; mace 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* per lb.; cloves 1*s.* 8*d.* to 1*s.* 10*d.* per lb.

Hemp, Flax and Tallow.—Hemp without any alteration, at our quotations; flax advanced full £2. per ton; and the holders of tallow appear firmer, and prices rather higher.

Oil.—Remains at our quotations; but sperm oil and head matter are inquired for, and prices of both advanced.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 9.—Antwerp 12. 9.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 95. — Bourdeaux, 25. 95. — Berlin, 7.——Frankfort on the Main, 156.—Petersburg, $8\frac{1}{2}$.—Vienna, 10. 26.—Trieste, 10. 26—Madrid, $34\frac{1}{2}$.—Cadiz, $34\frac{3}{4}$.—Bilboa, $34\frac{1}{2}$.—Barcelona, $34\frac{3}{4}$.—Seville, $34\frac{3}{4}$.—Gibraltar, 45.—Leghorn, 47—Genoa, 43.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 114. per oz.—Lisbon, 50.—Oporto, 50.—Rio Janeiro, $41\frac{1}{2}$.—Bahia, 45.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, $1\frac{1}{2}$.—Cork, $1\frac{1}{2}$.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 14*s.* 0*d.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9*d.*—Silver in bars, standard 4*s.* 11*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of Wolff, Brothers, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Barnsley Canal, 270*l.*—Birmingham, 255*l.*—Derby, 200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—Grand Junction, 265*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 375*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 800*l.*—Neath, 330*l.*—Oxford, 640*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 800*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign Insurance, 3*l.* dis.—Guardian, 15*l.* 5*s.*—Hope, 4*l.* 10*s.*—Sun Fire, 000*l.*—Gas-Light Westminster Chartered Company, 50*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 157*l.*—British, 14*l.* dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Alexander Morris is preparing a second edition of his "Outlines of Lectures" on Mental Diseases, wherein he intends to illustrate the physiognomy of various species of Mental Disorder.

The author of "Recollections in the Peninsula," is preparing the sixth number of Select Views in Greece to be engraved in the best line manner, by H. W. Williams, esq., of Edinburgh.

The Golden Violet, with its Tales of Romance and Chivalry, and other Poems, is nearly ready for publication.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, in a Series of Letters written by himself, is arranging for publication.

Dr. Whitelaw Ainslie, M.R.A.S. announces for publication, Materia Indica, or some Account of the articles which are employed by the Hindoos, &c.

Travels of the Russian Mission through Mongolia and China, and Residence in Pekin, in the years 1820-21. By George Timkowski, with Corrections and Notes by Ab. J. Klaproth, 2 Vols. 8vo. illustrated by Maps, Plates, &c., is preparing.

Mr. W. H. Prior announces Lectures on Astronomy illustrated by the Astronomicon, or a Series of Diagrams, in 12mo.

A Treatise on the Steam Engine, Historical, Practical and Descriptive. By John Farey, jun., is nearly ready.

Miss Benger is preparing Memoirs of Henry the Fourth of France in 2 Vols. 8vo.

Mr. Noble is preparing for the Press a Grammar of the Persian Language, with copious Extracts from the Works of the best Persian Authors; and a Vocabulary and Index.

A Volume of Essays and Sketches of Character and Imaginative Speculations, called Facts and Fancies, will shortly issue from the press.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

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The Rudiments of the Latin Tongue combined with the Elements of the English Language. 12mo. 1s. 8d. bound.

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ARMY PROMOTIONS.

R. Horse Gu.—Lt. E. Packe, Capt. by purch., v. C. Smith, prom.; Corn. Hon. G. C. W. Forester. Lt. by purch., v. Packe; and C. D. Hill, Corn. by purch., v. Forester, all 1 Aug. Lt. J. C. Trent, Capt. by purch., v. Riddlesden, prom.; and Corn. Lord C. J. F. Russell, Lt. by purch., v. Trent, both 2 Aug.

1 *Dr. Gu.*—S. A. Bayntun, Corn. by purch., 20 July; Lt. R. F. Poore, from h. p., Lt., v. Sir G. G. Aylmer, who exch., rec. dif. 27 July.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—As. Surg. A. Campbell, from 64 F., As. Surg., v. Ingham, prom. in 29 F., 27 July.

4 *Dr. Gu.*—Surg. R. Webster, from. 51 F., Surg., v. Micklam, dec., 3 Aug.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—Lt. W. Elton, Capt. by purch., v. Pratt, prom.; and Corn. W. D. King, Lt. by purch., v. Elton, both 15 Aug.

1 *Dr.*—Lt. S. Goodenough, Capt., v. Methuen dec.; and Corn. J. B. Petre, Lt. by purch., v. Goodenough, both 20 July; Corn. H. J. Stracey, Lt. by purch., v. Curteis, prom., 15 Aug.

2 *Dr.*—Lt. V. W. Ricketts, Corn. by purch., v. Hely app. to 7 Dr. Gu., 13 July.

6 *Dr.*—As. Surg. W. Knott, from 15 F., As. Surg., v. Campbell dec., 12 July.

3 *L. Dr.*—Maj. C. H. Somerset, from h. p., Maj., v. R. S. Sitwell, who exch., rec. dif., 2 Aug.

9 *L. Dr.*—Lt. R. Wright, Capt. by purch., v. Somerset prom.; Corn. G. Vesey, Lt. by purch., v. Wright; and Alex. Viscount Fincastle, Corn. by purch., v. Vesey, all 1 Aug.

11 *L. Dr.*—Corn. T. H. Pearson, Lt. by purch., v. Barwell, prom., 1 Aug.

13 *L. Dr.*—E. C. Hodge, Corn., v. Smith dec., 3 Aug.

15 *L. Dr.*—Capt. J. M'Alpine, Maj. by purch., v. O'Donnell, prom., 15 Aug.

16 *L. Dr.*—Lt. Col. R. Arnold, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. J. H. Belli, who exch., rec. dif. 22 June; J. W. Torre, Corn. by purch., v. Blood, prom., 27 July.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—Ens. and Lt. W. J. Codrington, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Dundas, prom., 20 July; Ens. and Lt. E. D. Wigram, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Hall, prom., 1 Aug.; Lt. Col. C. A. Girardot, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. Sir R. Arbuthnot, who exch., 27 July; Lt. St. J. Dent, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Chaplain, prom., 15 Aug.; Ens. J. Forbes, from 53 F., Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Codrington, 1 Aug. M. G. Burgoyne, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Wigram, 2 Aug.

3 *F. Gu.*—Capt. J. Berners, from h. p., Lt. and Capt., v. C. Coote, who exch., rec. dif., 20 June.

1 *F.*—J. G. Wilson, Ens. by purch., v. Carr prom., 1 Aug. Ens. C. Ford, Lt. by purch., v. Carter prom., 3 Aug.

2 *F.*—Capt. W. Hunt, Maj. by purch., v. Cash, prom.; Lt. J. L. King, Capt. by purch., v. Hunt, both 15 Aug.

3 *F.*—As. Surg. R. Ivory, Surg., v. T. Anderson, who rets. on h. p., 20 July. Lt. W. Scott, from h. p. 60 F., Lt. v. T. Shiel, who exch., 13 July.

7 *F.*—Ens. G. C. Bowles, from 55 F., Lt. by purch., v. Forbes, prom., 27 July.

10 *F.*—Lt. H. A. Hankey, Capt. by purch., v. Vandeleur, prom., 15 Aug. Ens. H. C. Powell, Lt. by purch., v. Hankey, 15 Aug. E. Lanauze, Ens. by purch., v. Musgrave, prom., 27 July. J. H. Broom, Ens. by purch., v. Powell, 15 Aug.

11 *F.*—2d Lt. J. P. Walsh, from h. p. 90 F., Ens. v. C. Cooke, who exch., 20 July. Lt. A. Bolton, from 3 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. Wiltshire dec., 3 Aug.

12 *F.*—Lt. W. T. R. Smith, from 47 F., Capt. by purch., v. Forbes, prom., 15 Aug.

14 *F.*—Ens. W. L. O'Halloran, Lt., v. Lynch, prom.; and J. Watson, Ens., v. O'Halloran, both 20 July. Lt. J. Higginbotham, from h. p. 62 F., Lt. v. Evans, whose app. has not taken place, 3 Aug.

15 *F.*—Lt. F. L. Ingall, from Vet. Comp. Newfoundland, Lt., v. Dewson, app. Qu. Mast., 3 Aug. Lt. J. W. Dewson, Qu. Mast., v. L. Hardy, who rets. on h. p. New Brunswick Fenc., 3 Aug.

17 *F.*—Ens. A. Lockhart, Lt. by purch., v. Boscowen prom., 1 Aug. 2d Lt. W. F. Harvey, from 60 F., Ens., v. Graham prom., 13 July. Ens. W. Wood, from 27 F., Ens., v. Lockhart, 1 Aug.

19 *F.*—Lt. J. F. May, from 57 F., Capt. by purch., v. Hely prom., 1 Aug. J. Semple, Ens. by purch., v. Grant prom., 20 July.

20 *F.*—J. Chambre, Ens. by purch., v. Scott prom. in 35 F., 27 July.

22 *F.*—Lt. W. Bartley, from 50 F., Lt., v. H. Croly, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif. 20 July. Lt. Col. P. C. Taylor, from h. p., Lt. Col. v. Sir H. Gough, who exch., 27 July. Ens. S. B. Boileau, Lt. by purch., v. Gough prom., 1 Aug. R. Bayly, Ens. by purch., v. Boileau, 1 Aug.

23 *F.*—Brev. Lt. Col. A. Anderson, from h. p., Maj., v. Dalmer, prom., 20 July. 2d Lt. H. Seymour, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Tupper prom., 1 Aug. S. Powell, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Ottley prom., 13 July. C. S. Bunyon, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Seymour, 1 Aug. As. Surg. T. Smith, Surg., v. E. Weld, who rets. on h. p., 13 July. Capt. W. L. M. Tupper, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Beale, who exch., rec. dif. 3 Aug. Hosp. As. A. Browne, As. Surg., v. Smyth prom., 3 Aug.

24 *F.*—Ens. H. Young, Lt. by purch., v. Walsh, prom.; and T. Rowley, Ens. by purch., v. Young, both 1 Aug.

25 *F.*—Lt. A. Mackenzie, Capt. by purch., v. Taylor prom., 1 Aug. Ens. W. Jackson, Lt. by purch., v. Mackenzie, 1 Aug. T. Osborn, Ens. by purch., v. Seton, app. to 85 F., 20 July. F. F. Laye, Ens. by purch., v. Seton app. to 85 F., 27 July.

26 *F.*—Capt. R. Brookes, from h. p., Capt., v Campbell prom., 13 July. Ens. A. Munro, from h. p. 1 F., Ens., v W. Hagart, who exch. 26 July.

27 *F.*—E. O'Grady, Ens. by purch., v. Wood, app. to 17 F., 1 Aug.

28 *F.*—Lt. C. Ruxton, from h. p., Lt., v. G. Shawe, who exch., rec. dif., 13 July. Hosp. As. M. Bardin, As. Surg., v. Lavens, prom. in 51 F., 8 Aug.

29 *F.*—As. Surg. C. T. Ingham, from 3 Dr. Gu., Surg., v. W. Milton, placed on h. p., 25 June.

33 *F.*—Ens. T. Fiske, Lt. by purch., v. Kelly prom. in 97 F., 13 July. Ens. R. W. W. Young, from 78 F., Lt. by purch., v. Deshon, prom., 20 July. Ens. A. Stanford Lt., v. Clandineau dec., 20 July. Ens. W. T. P. Shortt, from h. p. 6 F., Ens. paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Stanford, 20 July. Lt. W. Everett, adj., v. Thain prom., 13 July.

34 *F.*—Capt. G. Ruxton, from h. p., Capt., v. Cradock, who exch., rec. dif., 3 Aug.

35 *F.*—Capt. W. Hodgson, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. Anton, prom., 20 July. Ens. A. Scott, from 20 F., Lt. by purch., v. Tennant prom. in 73 F., 20 July.

36 *F.*—Brev. Lt. Col. W. Rowan, from h. p , Maj.,

v. E. Browne, who exch., 13 July. Maj. C. Ford, from 53 F., Maj. v. Rowan, who exch., 27 July.

37 *F.*—Lt. T. Smith, from 35 F., Capt. by purch., v. Bowers, prom., 15 Aug. Lt. S. R. J. Marsham, from h. p., Lt., v. B. Sarsfield, who exch., rec. dif., 27 July.

44 *F.*—Ens. R. B. M'Crea, Lt. v. Donaldson dec., 6 Dec. 25. Ens. G. M. Dalway, Lt. by purch., v. Williams prom., 13 July.

46 *F.*—W. J. Yonge, Ens. by purch., v. Crompton, app. to 65 F., 27 July.

48 *F.*—Ens. E. G. H. Gibbs, Lt. by purch., v. M'Cleverty whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 3 Aug. R.C. Hamilton, Ens., v. Gibbs, 3 Aug.

50 *F.*—Lt. A. F. Wainwright, from h. p., Lt. paying dif., v. Bartley, app. to 22 F., 20 July. Ens. C. F. Hatton, from 66 F., Lt., v. Kennedy prom., 27 July.

51 *F.*—Lt. R. Mawdesley, Capt. by purch., v. Bayley, prom., 15 Aug. As. Surg. P. H. Lavens, from 28 F., Surg., v. Webster app. to 4 Dr. Gu., 3 Aug.

52 *F.*—Ens. W. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Keily prom.; and C. W. Forester. Ens. by purch., v. Butler, both 1 Aug.

53 *F.*—H. Walsh, Ens. by purch., v. Forbes app. to Coldstr. F. Gu., 3 Aug.

54 *F.*—Maj. J. Moore, from h. p. 15 F., Maj., v. Lumley prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 1 Aug.

56 *F.*—Capt. W. Mitchell, from h. p., Capt., paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Grant prom., 1 Aug. Lt. J. P. Nelley, from h. p., Lt., v. B. Mason, who exch., rec. dif., 13 July. Serj. Maj. Pollock, from R. Marines, Adj., with rank of Ens., v. Woulds dec., 3 Aug.

57 *F.*—Ens. H. Hill, Adj., with rank of Lt., v. Aubin prom., 3 Aug. E. Lockyer, Ens., v. Hill, 3 Aug.

58 *F.*—Maj. G. Ford, from h. p., Maj. paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Campbell prom., 13 July. Corn. and Sub-Lt. H. L. Bulwer, from 2 Life Gu., Ens. v. Kinlock, who exch., 21 June. Br. Lt. Col. W. Rowan, from 36 F., Maj., v. Ford, who exch., 27 July. Ens. R. H. Creaghe, from h. p., Ens., v. H. L. Bulwer, who exch., 27 July.

60 *F.*—J. B. Serjeant, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Tucker prom. in 41 F., 13 July.

62 *F.*—Maj. J. Ried, from h. p., Maj., v. Roberts prom., 27 July.

64 *F.*—Hosp. As. C. Brown, As. Surg., v. Campbell, app. to 3 Dr. Gu., 27 July.

66 *F.*—W. L. Dames, Ens. by purch., v. Coryton, app. to 85 F., 26 July. J. W. Jackson, Ens. by purch., v. Hatton prom. in 50 F., 27 July.

71 *F.*—Ens. A. Seymour, Lt. by purch., v. Lord A. Lennox prom., 1 Aug. Ens. C. A. Dean, from 84 F., Ens., v. Seymour prom., 3 Aug.

72 *F.*—C. W. M. Payne, Ens. by purch., v. Barton prom., 1 Aug.

73 *F.*—Maj. R. Drewe, from 91 F., Maj., v. Owen, whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 13 July.

79 *F.*—Ens. C. B. Newhouse, Lt. by purch., v. Christie prom., 1 Aug. T. Isham, Ens. by purch., v. Newhouse, 1 Aug.

81 *F.*—Capt. C. F. Maclean, Maj. by purch., v. Horton prom.; Lt. G. V. Creagh, Capt. by purch., v. Maclean; Ens. H. M. Blaydes, Lt. by purch., v. Creagh, and T. Gravatt, Ens. by purch., v. Blaydes, all 1 Aug. Lt. L. A. Spearman, from h. p., Lt., v. T. C. Wheat, who exch., rec. dif., 27 July.

82 *F.*—Lt. Col. T. Valiant, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. Conyers who exch., 18 July.

84 *F.*—D. Laird, Ens. by purch., v. Dean app. to 71 F., 3 Aug.

85 *F.*—Ens. A. Coryton, from 66 F., Ens., v. Henry prom. in 56 F., 20 July.

87 *F.*—Ens. N. M. Doyle, Lt., v. Baylee, killed in action, 3 Dec. 25. Lt. F. Stanford, from h. p. 34 F., Lt., v. E. de L'Etang, who exch., 20 July. Ens. R. Loveday, Lt., v. Masterton prom., 3 Aug. C. Dunbar, Ens. by purch., v. Loveday, 3 Aug.

89 *F.*—Lt. J. Barrett, from h. p. 12 F., Lt., v. Gore, app. to 92 F., 3 Aug.

90 *F.*—Ens. W. J. Owen, Lt. by purch., v. Eyles, prom., 15 Aug.

91 *F.*—Capt. W. Fraser Maj. by purch., v. Drewe, app. to 73 F., 13 July.

92 *F.*—Lt. W. Gorse, from 89 F., Lt., v. Graham prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 3 Aug.

94 *F.*—Ens. G. Maclean, from h. p. 88 F., Ens., v. A. F. Morgan, who exch., 20 July. Ens. R. Lewis, from h. p., Ens., v. S. Philips, who exch., 20 July. J. K. Pipon, Ens., v. Currie app. to 53 F., 3 Aug. T. Cunninghame, Ens. by purch., v. Maclean prom., 15 Aug.

96 *F.*—R. C. Lloyd, Ens. by purch., v. Partridge, prom., 15 Aug.

98 *F.*—Capt. A. Neame, Maj. by purch., v. Rudsdell prom.; Lt. A. C. Gregory, Capt. by purch., v. Neame; Ens. H. W. V. Vernon, Lt. by purch., v. Gregory; and E. O. Broadley, Ens. by purch., v. Vernon, all 15 Aug.

Rifl. Brigade.—1st-Lt. R. Dering, Adj., v. Falconar prom. 20 July. Capt. A. R. Wellesley, from h. p., Capt., v. Logan, prom. 3 Aug. 2d-Lt. J. R. Groves, 1st-Lt. by purch., v. Falconer prom., 27 July. E. H. Glegg, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Groves, 3 July.

Cape Corps. (Cav.).—Lt. Sir A. T. C. Campbell, bart., from 13 Lt. Dr., Capt. by purch., v. Cox, prom. 1 July

Afr. Col. Corps.—Maj. W. Lumley, from 54 F., Lt. Col., v. Grant, who rets., 1 Aug. Capt. R. Gregg, Maj. by purch., v. Hartley who rets., 20 July. Lt. H. Kelly, from 59 F., Capt., v. Rainey prom., 11 July. Lt. T. Walsh, from 6 F., Capt., v. F. W. Clements who rets. on h. p., 12 July. Lt. W. T. Graham, from 92 F., Capt., v. George, app. to 66 F., 13 July.

Regt. of Artillery.—2d-Capt. and Br. Maj. C. G. Napier, Capt., v. Lane, prom., 2 Aug. 2d-Capt. and Adj. W. Wylde, Capt., v. Wilford prom.; 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. C. E. Gordon, Capt., v. Straubenzee prom., 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. W. E. Maling, Capt., v. F. Gordon prom., 5 Aug. 2d-Capt. Ford, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Napier, 2 Aug. 2d-Capt. P. Sandilands, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. C. E. Gordon, 4 Aug. 2d-Capt. T. N. King, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Maling, 5 Aug. Vet. Surg. H. Coward, from h. p., Vet. Surg., v. Cordeaux dec., 8 July.

Brevet.—The undermentioned Cadets of East India Company's service to have rank of 2d-Lt. during period of their being placed under command of Lt. Col. Pasley, at Chatham, for Field Instruction in Art of Sapping and Mining:—J. Kilner, E. Walker, S. Hare, S. Vardon, J. Bell, C. Alcock, W. Birdwood, F. Clement, all 1 Aug.

A. S. King, late Lt. Col. on h. p., local rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only, 3 Aug

Hospital Staff.—Dep. Insp. J. Erly, from h. p., Dep. Inspector of Hosps., v. W. W. Fraser, who exch. 13 July.—*To be Surgs. to forces:* Surg. A. Melville, from 25 F., v. J. Glasco, sen., who rets. on h. p., 3 Aug. As. Surg. W. R. Rogers, from 10 L. Dr., v. S. Panting, who rets. on h. p., 3 Aug.—*To be Hosp. Assists. to forces:* A. W. Murray, v. Lucas app. to Cavl. Regt., 6 July. J. Bryden, v. Bushe prom., 6 July. T. E. Ayre, v. Ford prom., 17 July. P. O'Callaghan, v. Brow prom. in 1 W. I. Regt., 18 July. A. H. Cuddy, v. Murray prom. in 33 F., 31 July. T. Spence, v. Thomson, app. to 78 F., 3 Aug. H. Marshall, v. Bardin prom., 3 Aug.

Commissariat.—To be Dep. As. Coms. Gen.: Commissariat Clerks C. B. Dawson, T. C. B. Weir, W. H. Looker, J. M'Farlane. J. H. Kennedy, all 15 July.

Unattached.—To be Lt.-Cols. of Inf. by purch.—Maj. G. W. Horton, from 81 F.; Capt. J. B. Ridlesden, from Horse Gu., both 1 Aug.; Maj. H. C. Cash, from 2 F.; Capt. T. Chaplain, from Coldstr. Gu.; Maj. C. R. O'Donnell, from 15 L. Dr.; Maj. J. Rudsdell, from 98 F., all 15 Aug.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.* Capt. W. S. Taylor, from 25 F.; Capt. W. Cox, from Cape Corps of Cav.; Capt. F. W. C. Smith, from Horse Gu.; Capt. C. H. Somerset, from 9 L. Dr.; Capt. J. P. Hely, from 19 F.; Capt. J. Hall, from Coldst. F. Gu., all 1 Aug.; Capt. B. Adams, from 17 L. Dr.; Capt. R. Vandeleur, from 10 F.; Capt. J. W. Dunn, from 49 F.; Capt. H. Bayly, from 51 F.; Capt. C. Forbes, from 12 F.; Capt. H. Pratt, from 7 Dr.; Capt. C. R. Bowers, from 37 F., all 15 Aug.—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.* Lt. N. Christie, from 79 F.; Lt. E. S. Boscawen, from 17 F.; Lt. W. Le M. Tupper, from 23 F.; Lt. C. J. Walsh, from 24 F.; Lt. O. Barwell, from 11 L. Dr.; Lt. Lord A. Lennox, from 71 F.; Lt. J. B. Gough, from 22 F.; Lt. R. Keily, from 52 F., all 1 Aug. Lt. E. B. Curteis, from 1 Dr.; Lt. T. W. Eyles, from 90 F.; Lt. S. Pole, from 17 L. Dr., all 15 Aug.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Ens. F. Carr, from 1 F.; Ens. D. T. Barton, from 72 F., both 1 Aug. Corn. C. A. Lewis, from 11 L. Dr.; Ens. W. C. Mayne, from 5 F.; Ens. G. Maclean, from 94 F.; Ens. W. T. P. Shortt, from 33 F.; Ens. J. P. Gordon, from 89 F.; Sub-Lt. H. Peyton, from 1 Life Gu., all 15 Aug.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Maj. F. Hankey (Col.), 15 F.; Capt. E. W. Cowley, ret. full-pay Artil.; Capt. O. C. Jackson, Irish Artil.; Capt. S. Carabelli, Corsican Rangers; Capt. H. Cavendish, Irish Artil.; Capt. R. D. Hooke, Artil.; Lt. J. Goodwin, 69 F.; Lt. W. B. Hill, 6 Gar. Bat.; Lt. Col. J. Hicks (Col.), un-

attached; Maj. W. Irving (Lt. Col.), unattached; Maj. D. K. Fawcett, unattached; Maj. J. Bartleman, Marines; Maj. R. P. Boys, Marines; Maj. B. Lynch, Marines; Capt. P. de Franck, 15 L. Dr.; Capt. H. Lee, Rifle Brig.; Capt. R. Steiger, Watteville's Regt. all 1 Aug.; Lt. Col. J. Maxwell, unattached; Maj. T. Carter, Marines; Maj. G. Gray, Marines; Maj. T. Inches, Marines; Maj. G. Nicolson, Marines; Lt. C. J. Peshall, 18 L. Dr.; Lt. R. Kiernander, 22 F; Lt. W. H. West, 24 L. Dr.; Lt. F. O. Haguerry, 4 Irish Brigade; Lt. Col. A. S. King, unattached; Lt. Col. A. Peebles (Col.). do.; Lt. Col. Sir H. Pynn, Portug. Officers; Maj. H. Priddle, Marines; Maj. W. Burke, unattached; Maj. R. Bernard, ditto; Capt. J. Dunn, 26 F.; Capt. J. M'Crohan, 3 F.; Lt. G. Napper, 54 F.; Lt. G. Wathen, 4 F.; Capt. G. Haasman, 2 L. Inf. Bat., Germ. Leg., all 15 Aug.

The undermentioned Officers having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted promotion upon h. p., according to G. O. of 25 Apr. 1826:

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. Br. Lt. Col. F. Dalmer, from 23 F., 20 July; Br. Lt. Col. R. Roberts, from 62 F., 27 July; Br. Lt. Col. G. Gorrequer, from 18 F., 3 Aug.—*To be Majs. of Inf.* Br. Maj. L. Owen, from 73 F., 10 July. Br. Maj. A. G. Campbell, from 26 F., 13 July. Br. Maj. J. Grant, from 56 F.; Br. Maj. H. Rogers, from 6 F.; Br. Maj. G. Tovey, from 20 F., Br. Maj. J. Anton, from 35 F., all 20 July. Br. Lt. Col. C. H. Churchill, from Ceyl. Regt., 27 July. Br. Maj. E. E. Kenny, from 80 F., 27 July. Br. Maj. J. Lagan, from Rifle Brig., 3 Aug.

The undermentioned appointments, as formerly stated, have not taken place:—

44 F.—Ens. M'Crea, Lt. by purch., v. Courtayne prom., 8 Sept. 25.

87 F.—Ens. N. M. Doyle, Lt. by purch., v. Shipp, who rets., 3 Nov. 25.

The appointment of Lt. Wake was to the 36 F., and not 35 F., as stated in a former number.

The undermentioned Officers of Artillery, having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have been granted promotion on h. p.:—

To be Majs.—Brev. Majs. H. B. Lane, 2 Aug. E. C. Wilford, 4 Aug. T. Van Straubenzee, 4 Aug. F. Gordon, 5 Aug.

HONORARY DISTINCTION.

The 35th Foot to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the Regiment, the words "Fuentes d'Honor," and "Nive."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 21st of June and the 24th of July* 1826; *extracted from the London Gazettes.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Ballen, S. Wotton-under-Edge
Bevil, J. W. Oxford
Foster, J. H. Bread-street, Cheapside
Harper, T. and E. Ystradgunlais, Breconshire
Izod, J. London-road
Milner, G. Derby
Nichols, F. Otley, Yorkshire
Price, J. Birmingham
Toner, J. Friday-street
Tuck, W. Elsing, Norfolk
Williamson, S. T. Southampton

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 107.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets

Allistone, J. Waltham Abbey, Essex, shop-keeper [Robinson, Jermyn-street
Allen P. and Smith, C. J. Alcester, Warwickshire, millers [Snow, Alcester, and Dax and Alger, Bedford-row
Abraham, H. C. Houndsditch, oilman [Carter, Royal Exchange
Allkins, I. Mount-street, Grosvenor-square, tailor [Parker, Dyers-buildings, Holborn
Birch, W., St. Peters, Isle of Thanet, victualler [Lewis, Canterbury
Biggs, E. Birmingham, brass-founder [Spurnier and Ingleby, Birmingham, and Norton and Chaplin, Grays-inn-square
Baghott, Sir P. Knight, Leonard Stenley, Gloucestershire, merchant [Bloxsome and Co. Dursley, and Ellis, Verulam-buildings, Grays-inn
Bentley, R. Bolton-le-moors, Lancashire, machine-maker [Morris and Wigan, and Merry, Bolton-le-moors, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Bentey, W. High Holborn, woollen-draper [Young, Poland-street
Balshaw, J. and Burrows, T. Manchester, machine-maker [Wood, Manchester, and Hurd, and Johnson, Temple
Baldwin, B. Burley Woodhead, Yorkshire, worsted-spinner [Granger, Leeds, and King, Hatton Garden
Burnell, B. Wakefield, woollen cloth-manufacturer [Granger, Leeds, and King, Hatton Garden
Baldwyn, J. Chobham, Surrey, butcher [Mears, Bagshot, and Hammond, Furnivals-inn
Cartwright, S. Dover-road, Southwark, coal-merchant [Robinson, Walbrook
Chadwick, W. and R. and C. Oldham, Lancashire, machine-makers [Radley, Oldham, and Shaw, Ely-place
Campbell, S. Bristol, wool-factor [Evans, Chepstow, and Poole and Co. Grays-inn
Cullen, J. Liverpool, merchant [Leathers, Liverpool, and Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Crosley, T. Wakefield, Yorkshire, currier [Melton, Wakefield, and King, Castle-street Holborn
Dryden, B. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, common brewer [Seymour, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, and Bell and Brodrick, Bow-church-yard
Dixon, G. Runcorn, Cheshire, shop-keeper [Bover and Nicholson, Warrington, and Mason, New Millman-street
Dixon, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, file-cutter [Smith, Walsall, and Wheeler and Bennett, John-street
Dunn, T. Bristol, victualler [Wellington, Bristol, and Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings
Duncan, H. Portsmouth, surgeon [Dalston, Took's-court, Chancery-lane
Dudeny, E. Brighton, builder [Green, Brighton, and Sowton, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Eastgate, R. York, linen-draper [Mence, Barnsley, and Lawrence, Doctor's Commons
Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, tobacconist [Jackson, Bank-end, and Rodgers, Bucklersbury
Emett, H. Manchester, victualler [Barlow, Manchester, and Dicas, Pope's-head-alley
Ford, R. Regent's-terrace, City-road, merchant [Jones, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Fearnside, W. Liversedge, Yorkshire, merchant [Carr, Gomersal, and Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden
Gallemore, J. jun., and Foster, J. Manchester, calico-printers [Ainsworth and Co., Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple
Gifford, J. Paternoster-row, bookseller [Collins, Great Knightrider-street
Galiegne, J. B. Fort-street, Spitalfields, silk-manufacturer [James, Bucklersbury
Geronimo, P. Bristol, looking-glass-manufacturer [Dicken and Benson, Birmingham, and Clinton, Exchequer Office
Gibbons, T. jun., Wells, Norfolk, merchant [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square
Germain, W. Bath, jeweller [Hodgson, Bath, and Hughes, Clifford's-inn
Gough, N. and M. and A. Manchester, cotton-spinners [Hampson, Manchester, and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Gibbs, J. Chard, Somerset, ironmonger [Livett, Bristol, and Poole and Co., Grays-inn-square
Gill, T. W. and J. L. Coventry, mercers [Carter and Dewes, Coventry, and Edmunds, Exchequer Office
Hodson, G. and Shepherd, J. Liverpool, hide-merchants [Davenport, Liverpool, and Chester, Staple-inn
Harper, T. Ystradgunlis, Breconshire, dealer, [Price, Swansea, and Goren and Price, Orchard-street
Hooper, A. Worcester, inn-keeper [Croad, Cheltenham, and King, Serjeants-inn
Halifax, B. Gutter-lane, warehouseman [Brightwell, Norrich, and Taylor and Roscoe, Temple
Holiday, J. and Savage, J. and Grundy, T. Preston, machine-makers [Troughton and Co., Preston, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Hyde, T. Portwood, Cheshire, spindle-maker [Potter, Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple
Humphrey, T. H. Mile-end-road, stone-mason [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane

Honeysett, W. Dalston, Middlesex, builder [Horncastle, Crooked-lane, and Butler and Teague, Watling-street
Hinde, M. Rochdale, flannel-manufacturer [Baker, Rochdale, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Hart, W. and R. Holborn-hill, linen-drapers [Fisher and Spence, Walbrook
Haselwood, W. Stratford, Essex, stationer and school-master [Wigley, Essex-street
Hallet, Mary, Devonport, Devonshire, earthenware-dealer [Rodd and Co., Devonport, and Walker and Coulthurst, New-inn
Hinde, M. and Dean, W. Rochdale, woollen-manufacturers [Woods, Rochdale, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Harrison, J. Wigan, Lancashire, inn-keeper [Morris, Wigan, and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Harrop, C. and S. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, clothiers [Brown, Oldham, and Brandreth and Spanks, Temple
Hickman, W. Great Coxwell, Berkshire, butcher [Biggs, Southampton-buildings
Heane, J. Gloucester, brick-maker [Matthews, Gloucester, and Coe, Hatton-garden
Jackson, T. and W. Liverpool, linen-merchants [Brabner, Liverpool, and Blackstone and Bunce, Inner Temple
Jelf, G. Crown-court, Broad-street, merchant [Gwynne, Walcot-place, Kennington
Jarman, E. Holcombe-Rogus, Devon, tanner [Hellings, Tivertone, and Beetham and Son, Freeman's-court
Johnson, J. Congleton, Cheshire, silk-throwster [Lockett and Vaudrey, Congleton, and Wilson, Temple
Kent, R. Liverpool, surgeon [Finlow and Robinson, Liverpool, and Chester, Staples-inn
Kennedy, F. Kingston upon-Hull, linen-draper [England and Shackles, Hull, and Rosier and Son, Gray's-inn-place
Lane, J. Middlewich, Cheshire, woollen manufacturer [Woods, Rochdale, and Norris, John-street Bedford-row
Lake, S. Alfred-place, Bedford-square, builder [Lake, King's-place, Commercial-road, St. George's East
Lediard, J. Cheltenham, slater and plasterer [Packwood and Lovesy, Cheltenham, and King, Hatton-garden
Lavell, J. F. Portland-street, Walworth, cheesemonger [Benton, Union-street, Southwark
Levin, S. L. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, bead merchant [Whittington, Dean-street, Finsbury-square
Lawrence, T. Park-place, St. James's-street, tailor [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Moore, H. Suffolk street, Battle-bridge, builder [Santer, Chancery-lane
Merrell, J. Cheltenham, grocer [Packwood and Lovesy, Cheltenham, and King, Hatton-garden
Monk, R. Bispham, Lancashire, malster [Richton and Banks, Preston, and Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Moakes, J. K. Louth, Lincolnshire, carpenter [Allison, Louth, and Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn square
Midgley, S. and J. and J. and W. Almondbury, Yorkshire, fancy cloth manufacturers [Battye and Hesp, Huddersfield, and Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street
Moojen, J. G. Mark-lane, merchant [Eicke, Old Broad-street
Moyes, T. Bouverie-street, printer [Topping, Bartlett's-buildings
Oliver, J. Manchester, victualler [Chapman, Manchester, and Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square
Offor, J. Cambridge, bookseller [Winter and Williams, Bedford-row
Oakley, G. Allsop's-buildings, Marylebone, merchant
Otley, G. and Byrne, H. Regent street, tailors [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho
Parkinson, C. Whitby, Yorkshire, grocer [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Pinero, D. Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, coal-merchant [Lewis, Temple Chambers
Peeling, J. Liverpool, druggist [Parkinson and Colcheth, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Poore, G. and H. Moorfields, breeches-makers [Brown, Birchin-lane
Price, J. Deritend, Warwickshire, bellows-maker [Wills, Birmingham, and Clarke and Co. Chancery-lane
Pearsall, J. King-street, Cheapside, boarding and lodging-house-keeper [Parrey, Aldermanbury
Rogers, W. Lad-lane, silk-warehouseman [Fisher and Spencer, Walbrook-buildings
Ruby, J. Helston, Cornwall, shopkeeper [Bevon and Britton, Bristol, and Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street
Stirling, W. and J. Bow Church-yard, merchants [Baxendale and Co. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Simpson, J. Cushion-court, Broad-street, coal merchant [Holt, Threadneedle-street
Spurrier, W. Walsall, Stafford, wine and brandy-merchant [Parkes, Birmingham, and Amory and Coles, Throgmorton-street
Sears, C. Cleveland-street, Fitzroy-square, ironmonger [Carlon, High-street, Marylebone
Stangroom, R. Perceval-street, Clerkenwell, plumber and glazier [Stratton, Shoreditch
Scoe, C. Austin-friars, scrivener [Gadsden and Barlow, Austin-friars
Sprigg, J. Drury-lane, leather-seller [Tilleyard, Old Jewry
Swift, J. W. Liverpool, bookseller [Houghton, Liverpool, and Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Skinner, W. Hatton-garden, apothecary [Burnett, Gray's-inn-road
Stewart, C. Birchin-lane, merchant [Scott and Son, St. Mildred's-court, Poultry
Turner, T. and Gough, J. Salford, Lancashire, cotton-spinners [Naleb, Manchester, and Smith, Basinghall-street
Tickle, W. and Roberts, W. Burnley, Lancashire, [Alcock and M'Connochie, Burnley, and Beverley, Temple
Trott, R. Stepney, scavenger [Walker, Church-row, Stepney
Tatham, W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer [Greasley, Nottingham, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Tyrrell, J. Stamford-street, dyer [Lyddon and Brown, Carey-street
Twigg, J. Earl's Eaton, Yorkshire, blanket-manufacturer [Archer and Greaves, Osset, near Wakefield, and Jacques and Battye, Coleman-street
Wolstencroft, J. Manchester, clothes-broker [Seddon Manchester, and Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Wood, S. Manchester, merchant [Casson, Manchester, and Milne and Parry, Temple
Wynne, J. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer [Seckerson, Stafford, and Clowes and Co. Temple
Wisedill, B. Prospect-place, Surrey, jeweller [Luckett, Wilson-street, Finsbury-square
Wilkinson, T. West-square, under-writer [Gadsden and Barlow, Austin-friars

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DIVIDENDS.

ALZEDO, J. R. de, Bank-buildings, September 12
Baskerville, J. Lambeth-walk, August 15
Bentley, T. and Beck J. Cornhill, September 2
Bentley, D. and Fogg, J. Eccles, August 23
Bloomfield, J. Fleet-market, September 22
Bratt, S. Macclesfield, August 19
Brickwood, J. and Co. Lombard-street, August 22
Bousfield, R. White-horse yard, Drury-lane, September 22
Blacklee, D. Cambridge, August 25
Burns, G. Maidstone, August 29
Braddock, J. Macclesfield, Aug. 29
Braddock, R. Portwood, Cheshire, September 5
Butler, J. and Co. Austin-friars, August 29
Baylis, J. J. Leeds, September 29
Barnes, W. Richardby, Cumberland, September 14
Coxe, D. sen. and jun., Mark-lane, August 18
Coyne, P. Welbeck-street, September 2
Chittenden, H. Ashford, Aug. 21
Cook, J. Wood-street, August 26
Crowder, T. and Perfect, H. T. Liverpool, August 28
Cording, J. Strand, August 28.
Corney, Beauchamp, Essex, August 25
Corbett, J. Birmingham, Aug. 31
Coward, H. Preston, August 30
Copeland, J. Burslem, Stafford, September 2
Cleverley, C. and Hutchinson, Chiswell-street, September 19
Clarke, P. Manchester, September 16
Delafons, J. and H. Sackville-street, August 19
Dallman, T. Old Bond-street, December 8
Deppin, R. Greville-street, August 9
Dobson, J. and W. B. Huddersfield, August 30
Emerson, J. and S. S. Whitechapel-road, August 25

Evans, D. Marchmont-street, September 8
Ellis, J. Rathbone-place, September 12
Ferguson, J. Cotterick, Yorkshire, August 28
Francis, A. High holborn, September 1
Graham, J. Gloucester-square, August 29
Gittoe, G. R. Bristol, September 4
Haddon, J. Castle-street, Aug. 22
Horne, E. and Willan, C. Jermyn-street, September 1
Henley, G. Strand, August 15
Harsgrave, J. Mirfield, August 16
How, W. F. Threadneedle-street, September 19
Horne, E. and Willan, C. Jermyn-street, August 13
Hutchinson, G. and Co., Stockton-upon-Tees, August 24
Higginbotham, S. Macclesfield, August 19
Hills, E. Faversham. August 21
Hawes, R. B. Horsley-street, August 18
Hill, W. Old-ford mill, Bow, August 18
Hudson, T. High street, St. Giles's, August 22
Mayden, J. Southampton, Aug. 23
Hulthin, Z. Catherine-court, Tower-hill, August 26
Harrison, B. and M. Brightside, Yorkshire, August 30
Holgate, G. and T. Burnley, September 1
Hedge, Star-court, Little Compton-street, Soho, August 29
Henson, S. Brownlow-street, Holborn, August 29
Hoskins, S. Bristol, September 7
Hair, T. Scottswood, Northumberland, September 12
Johnston and Co. Whitehaven, August 28
Johnston, E. jun. and Manley, T. Whitehaven, August 16
Jackson, D. Birmingham, September 9
Ingelow, W. sen., and W. jun. Boston, September 18, 19, 20
Jordan, J. Whitechapel, September 9
Kennedy H. Brighton, August 19
Knight, A. Maldon, August 15
Kerby, T. Finch lane, Cornhill, August 29
King, W. J. Battersea, Sept. 15
Lewis, D. Lampeter, Ponstephen, Cardiganshire, August 29
Lawson, E. Brown's-lane, Spitalfields, August 25
Lucas, C. London, August 29
Lawton, W. Brinistage, Cheshire, August 30
Leadley, J. Fetter-lane, Sept. 2
Lethbridge, J. Carmarthen-street, Tottenham-court-road, September 12
Latham, T. D. and Parry, J. Devonshire-square, September 5
Lunn, E. and G. Halifax, September 12
Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, Aug. 15
Mann, C. Birmingham, August 30
Mercer, W. Manchester, August 24
Messent, P. Aldermanbury, Aug. 22
Moody, W. Leeds, August 30
Moore, J. sen. Burnley, August 31
Mane, T. T. and J. E. and W. Plymouth, October 6
Mills, G. Wood-street, September 1
Maynard, J. Great George-street, Westminster, September 8
Maskall, R. S. Basinghall-street, September 12
Marshall, T. Collegeshill, September 12
Nunn, R. Queen-street, August 19
Owen, R. Warrington, August 29
Perring, R. Modbury, Devonshire, August 25
Phillips, F. and Cutforth, W. Goldsmith-street, Cheapside, August 25
Pott, W. Union-street, Southwark, August 29
Perkins, J. Bull-wharf-lane, Upper Thames-street, September 1
Parker, C. Bristol, September 16
Quilan, T. and Stokes, J. T. Grosvenor-market, August 29
Rains, J. S. Wapping-wall, November 7
Ryland, S. H. and Knight, J. Horsleydown, September 1
Stewart, W. Pall-mall, August 15
Smith, T. W. Fenchurch-street, August 18
Swain, T. Collingham, August 3
Sayer, C. and Gardner, G. Great Tower-street, August 18
Spooner, W. Chiswell-street, August 8
Symonds, W. Store-market, Suffolk, August 31
Shepherd, W. Basing-lane, Aug. 29
Shave, R. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, September 1
Shard, J. and Smither, J. St. Martin's-lane, October 20
Stoddard, R. R. and Nash, H. Broadway, Westminster, September 5
Smith, A. Lime-square, August 26
Scowcroft, W. Haverfordwest, September, 12
Storey, J. B. Blandford, St. Mary, Dorsetshire, September 8
Thomas, T. Osnaburgh-street, August 19
Thornthwaite and Co. W. C. Fleet-street, August 25
Torr, J. Nottingham, August 31
Trollop, H. Whitechapel, Aug. 29
Vaughan, S. Pool, Montgomeryshire, August 28
Whyte, M. and J. Great Eastcheap, August 15
Wissenborn, E. A. and H. Upper Holloway, August 5
Winson, W. Ivy-bridge, Devonshire, August 24
Wightwick, J. W. Greenhammerton, Yorkshire, August 22
White, J. Isleworth, August 5
Webb, T. New Sarum, August 30
White, J. Princess-street, Storey's-gate, August 15
Webb, W. Wakefield, August 30
Wood, D. H. Dean-street, Westminster, September 2
Wagstaff, T. Bristol, September 3
Williams, S. Finsbury-square, September 3
Wells, J. Kenninghall, Norfolk, September 11

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. G. A. Burnaby, to be one of the Duke of Cambridge's domestic chaplains—The Rev. W. Landon, D.D., Dean of Exeter, to the vicarage of Bishop's Tawton, Devon—The Rev. A. B. Townsend, to the rectory of East Hampstead, Berks—The Rev. G. P. Stopford, to the rectory of Warkton, Northampton—The Rev. J. Harwood, to the rectory of Sherbone St. John, Kent—The Rev. J. Beesley, to the vicarage of Feckenham, Worcester—The Rev. J. Barnwell, to the vicarage of Stogursey, with the chapelry of Lilstock, annexed Somerset—The Rev. T. Corsor, to the New Church at Stone, Lancashire—The Rev. I. Carridge, to the Living of Nether Poppleton, York—The Rev. Dr. Copleston, to the Deanery of Chester—The Rev. B. Howell, to the Rectory of Highley, Shropshire—The Rev. J. B. Webb, to the Vicarage of Weobly, Hereford—The Hon. and Rev. N. Rodney, to the Prependary of Hereford—The Rev. T. Mounsey, to the Vicarage of Owthorne, Yorkshire—Rev. C. Randolph, to the Vicarage of Lyme Regis, Dorset—Rev. Dr. Wrench to be Minister of the Chapelry of Blakeney, Gloucestershire—The Rev. C. Arnold, to the Rectory of Wakerley, Northamptonshire—The Rev. M. Bertsford, to the valuable Living of Inniscarra—The Rev. A. Gordon, to the College Church, Aberdeen—The Rev. W. A. Coldwell, to the Vicarage of High Offley, Stafford—The Rev. J. Serjeant, to the perpetual Cure of Egloskerry, with the Chapel of Tremaine, Cornwall.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

July 25. A powder-mill at Hounslow blew up with a tremendous explosion. Two men were destroyed. The report was heard at fifteen miles distant, and not a vestige of the mill was left standing.

— 27. The Recorder made his report to the King of the prisoners under sentence of death in Newgate. Out of twenty his Majesty respited eighteen, and two were ordered for execution.

— Parliament prorogued to the 2d of November.

July 28. A deputation from Birmingham waited on Earl Liverpool, to present to His Majesty's Government a memorial of the extremely depressed state of trade in that town, and praying that some measure may be devised for its immediate and effectual relief. His Lordship promised the most serious attention should be paid to it. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, Mr. Huskisson, and Mr. Secretary Peel accompanied his Lordship. A deputation from Frome waited upon Mr. Peel, also, to the same purpose, and on Mr. Canning, when the result was similar.

Aug. 2. C. Collison was executed at the Old Bailey for sheep stealing.

— 6. John Fordham respited during His Majesty's pleasure.

— 10. The Ambassador to Brazil embarked at Portsmouth.

— 11. The largest steam-packet ever built in England arrived in the Thames—1063 tons; two engines of 100 horse power each; she is called The United Kingdom.

— Warrants issued by the Lord Mayor against some inhabitants of St. Olave, and Bishopsgate, forcing them to pay poors'-rate and tithes, which they had refused in consequence of disputes between the parishes and their spiritual pastors.

Aug. 14. A stone of nearly 100lbs. weight fell from the upper cornice of the tower of Bow Church, upon the roof of Mr. Aughtie's house, Cheapside. Upon a report made by Mr. Guilt, the architect, it appears the stone was detached from the building by the vibration of the tower caused by the ringing of the bells.

— 18. The King's proclamation, issued, ordering the duties on American Shipping to be levied in the ports of the West India colonies, equal to those which the Americans impose on the West-India shipping in their ports, and restricting the entrance of American Ships until such duties are paid.

The King has appointed Lord Frederic Montague, to be Post-Master-General.

The King has appointed Sir Thomas Le Breton, knt. Bailiff of Jersey.

MARRIAGES.

Capt. W. F. Martin, R.N, eldest son of Vice Admiral Sir Byam Martin, comptroller of the navy, to Ann, daughter of Lord Chief Justice Best—Edward Laforest, esq., to Miss Carew—Sir E. Mostyn, bart., of Talacre, North Wales, to Miss Slaughter, of Furze-hall, Essex, daughter of the late H. Slaughter, esq., and Dowager Viscountess Montague—The Rev. C. Benson, Prependary of Worcester, and Rector of St. Giles-in-the-Fields, to Bertha Maria, daughter of J. Mitford, esq., and grand niece to Lord Bedesdale—E. D. Legh esq., son of the late J. Legh, esq., of Booths, Cheshire, to Catherine, daughter of Sir C. Robinson, Advocate-General—Rev. H. R. Pechell, to Caroline Mary, third daughter of Lord Mark Kerr.

DEATHS.

At Chatham, Capt. H. R. Moorsom, of H. M.'s sloop Jasper. He was the youngest son of Vice Admiral Sir R. Moorson, commanding in the Medway, and brother of Capt. Moorsom of H. M.'s ship Prince Regent—In Tavistock-row, Mrs. Weybrow, the once favourite columbine—74, At his house South-street, Grosvenor-square, the Earl of Winchelsea, K. G. Henry George Grey, esq., deputy assistant commissary-general to the forces—R. Bell, esq., editor of the Weekly Dispatch, and author of many literary works—Mrs. Sarah Dedicot, of Pitt-street, Kent-road. She was in her 105th year, and never knew the taste of medicine, and only kept her bed a week before her decease. She lived in the reigns of George I, II, III, and IV. Her venerable remains were attended to the grave by two of her daughters, one 76, the other 65. She was a native of Pancras, Stafford, and perfectly remembered the Duke of Cumberland and his army marching into the town against the Pretender—At Belvidere, Kent, the Countess Gersoff, daughter of Lord Say and Serle—At Croom's Hill, Greenwich, H. Meriton, esq., late superintendant of the East-India Company's marine, Bombay —In Chesterfield-street, May-fair, Lady Sebright.

DEATHS ABROAD.

In April last, at Malta, W. R. Wright, esq., president of the High Court of Appeal, formerly recorder of Bury St. Edmonds, and author of a beautiful poem on the Ionian Islands, and other pieces—June 5th. At Sevile, Sir John Downie, Major General in the army of His Catholic Majesty, and Governor of the palace of Seville—123, In Kamtschatka, Michael Golzow. He was born in the reign of Peter. I., and survived the accession of ten Russian sovereigns—In America, John Adams, esq., in his 92d year. He was successor to General Washington as President of the United States of America, and father of John Quincy Adams, the present President—and on the same day, July 4th, Thomas Jefferson, esq., also President of the United States after Mr. J. Adams—At Berne, Lieut.-General Sir Manley Power, K.C.B. and K.T.S.—At Paris, the Hon. Basil Cochrane—At Naples, W. A. Hutton, esq. He was on antiquarian researches, and was relatived to the late Mr. Nutton, historian of Birmingham—At Brussels, C8, Vice-Admiral Woolley.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Bishop of Durham made his public entry into Durham, July 21st, when the ceremony of enthroning took place.

At the Northumberland assizes four recorded for death—one transported—five imprisoned—and at Durham—two death—five imprisoned—one transported.

At the customary hiring for the harvest at Newcastle, the men were engaged at twenty shillings per week and their victuals; and the women at fourteen or fifteen shillings—the largest hiring known there for many years.

Married.] At Durham, the Rev. T. Harvey, to Miss Mary Ann Forsett—At Newcastle, Mr. G. Bulmer, to Miss E. Watton.

Died.] At West Jasmend, 68, Sir T. Burdon. He was Lieut.-Col. of the Tyne Yeomanry, and Durham Local Militia, and his lady was sister of the present Lord Chancellor, and Lord Stowell—72, At Warkworth-villa, the Rev. W. Read.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The completion of the first voyage of the first steam-vessel employed in trading between Liverpool and Carlisle, was witnessed on July 20th in the arrival of "The Solway" to Bowness from the former port. She is a fine vessel; her length over all 140 feet —depth 15, and is capable of 283 tons burthern.

Another subscription for the relief of the poor has taken place at Carlisle, but liberal as it has been it cannot cure the distress which is so prevalent that the local intelligence inform us, "robberies are as regular as night; one comes not without the other."

There are forty paupers in Keswick workhouse, sixteen of whose ages amount to 1207—averaging upwards of seventy-five years each.

At Westmoreland Assizes there was not a single criminal, nor one civil cause.

Married.] At Hawkeshead, E. Curwen, esq., son of J. C. Curwen, esq., M. P., to Miss Burton, of Low Graithwaite-hall—E. T. Copley, esq., of Nether-

hall, to Emily Mary, daughter of Sir J. B. Milbanke, bart., of Nalnaby-hall.

Died.] At Ive Gill, 83, Ann Seale. She has left 109 descendants; viz. fourteen children, sixty-three grandchildren, and twenty-six great grand children —At Wokington, 76, Mrs. Murray—76, Mrs. Osborn —81, Mrs. Lamb—At Kendal, 93, Mr. Monkhouse—90, Mrs. Atkinson—At Cockermouth, 77, Mrs. Dempry—At Carlise, 75, Mrs. Irving, relict of the late J. Irving, esq.

YORKSHIRE.

A deputation of the distressed manufacturers of Leeds, &c., waited upon the Earl of Harewood (Lord Lieutenant) to present a memorial from the unemployed and distressed inhabitants of the district. His Lordship received the deputation with kindness and attention, "but as to the remedy," he said "he saw no other than time and patience."—The population of Colne consists of about 8000 inhabitants, who have been employed in weaving calicoes by the *hand*-loom, which the *power*-loom is fast supersceding; so that wages have been reduced 200 per cent.—as ninepence is now paid for that which some years past two shillings and threepence was paid; and in 1814 eight shillings. Thus 5000 of the inhabitants have been reduced to demand parish relief, and the poor-rates have risen to twenty-five shillings in the pound, although from £60 to £100 a week has besides been subscribed from the various funds of London, Liverpool, Newcastle, and its own neighbourhood; the weekly allowance amounts only to one shilling to each individual!!!

Married.] At Croft, E. T. Copley, esq., to Emily Mary, daughter of Sir J. P. Milbanke, bart.

Died.] At York, in her 80th year, Lady Mary Stapleton, relict of M. Stapleton, esq, and aunt to the Earl of Abingdon—At Sheffield, 63, the Rev. J. Nelson. He was grandson of the famous John Nelson, one of the earliest Methodist preachers, and like him, as Mr. Southey said, "he had as brave a heart as ever Englishman possessed."—At Oversden. Miss Wood. As she was running down stairs with a pair of scissors in her hand, she unfortunately fell upon them, the points entered her heart, and she expired At Cogleton, burnt to cinders, their cottage having taken fire, Joseph Dale and his wife; he was 69, she 76 years of age. They were remarkable for propriety of conduct, and strict attention to religious duties.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

At Stafford Assizes—sentence of death three; transportation three.

Died.] At Oakley, Lady Henrietta Chetwode, wife of Sir J. Chetwode, bart., and daughter of the late Earl of Stamford and Warrington—At Eton, 23, Miss Wright. She had been sixteen times tapped, commonly at intervals of five weeks; and from fifty-three to fifty-seven pints of liquid removed each time—At Bobbington, 89, Mr. Perry.

LANCASHIRE.

The gloom still continues in our manufacturing classes; and it appears more and more necessary that some powerful measure should be thought of by the governing powers before winter approaches, to relieve our population, as no subscriptions, whatever their amount, can possibly cure the evil. The total cost of the Manchester weekly distribution to the poor of July 28th was £466 0s. 1d., and it appears that the sum raised, including a balance from the fund of 1820, amounts to £15,057, exclusive of His Majesty's £1,000, and the London Committee's £2,000; Of this, more than £16,000 has been expended, and the balance of £1,800, which now remains, even at the reduced rate of fourteen pence per family per week, will not last another month.—The county rates for the last year amount to £10,440—£152 have been charged for providing the military with barracks, during April last at Manchester. Notwithstanding the prevailing distress, the enormous price of eight shillings per day has been paid at Dorrington, to harvest-men, besides their ale allowance, in consequence of the scarcity of hands.

A meeting was held at Manchester Aug. 17, at which more than 2000 persons attended, presided by Mr. Baxter. The subject was the present awful distress; and the result a petition to His Majesty, praying relief from the Corn Laws; the present enormous taxation; the standing army; and extravagant pensions, and some cures. In the course of the debates it was stated that round Pendlehill there were 80,000 persons, comprized in about 20,000 families, who got up hungry in the morning, and who had no prospect of obtaining any thing to eat during the day! and that at Barnley, out of 11,000 persons, 8,000 were wholly destitute.

Died.] At Manchester, 75, Colonel Silvester. He was Lieut.-Col. commandant of the Manchester Local Militia—At New-hall, near Ashton-in-the-Willows, 53, Sir W. Gerard, bart.—At Singleton Brook, 65, G. A. Lee, esq.

DERBYSHIRE.

At Derby Assizes—six condemned to death; four transported; two imprisonments.

Married.] At Darley, J. Milnes, esq., to Miss Anne Wathall—At Heanor, G. Grundy, esq., to Miss Stinson.

Died.] At Chesterfield, 86, Mrs. D. Knowles—78, Mr. E Worrall. Himself and ancestors had carried on the trade of stone-masons in that place upwards of 200 years—At Stone Gravels, 88, Mr. Sanforth.

WORCESTER.

July 27. The coal masters met at Dudley and lowered the wages of the colliers sixpence per day, deeming it "imperatively necessary" from the melancholy position of the times. A disposition to turbulance and mischief being manifest, the yeomanry were called out and the riot-act read. The major and some of them were slightly wounded. Several persons were secured without further mischief.

Married.] At Worcester, J. Worthington, esq., to Miss A. M. Barnett—Rev. I. Temple, to Miss Tonkinson.

Died.] 65, At Diglis-house, Major-General J. Simons—At Worcester, 72, W. Blew, esq.—Miss E. Hastings—At Boraston, Mrs. Langley—At Powick, 105, Mrs. Williams—At Worcester, 89, D. Jebb, esq. He had been surveyor-general of the Province of Ulster, and an indefatigable friend to the agriculture of Ireland.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

The damages done in the late election at Newark amounting to £119 11s. have been ordered to be levied upon the place, in addition to the usual county rate.

Married.] Mr. Stretton of Nottingham, to Miss S. Morley.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

At the Leicester Assizes—nine received sentence of death; three transported; four imprisoned. Enoch Luccock, aged only sixteen, was acquitted; he had been ten times tried at Warwick, and after his acquittal he was sent off again to Warwick to be tried the eleventh time. The nine election rioters were discharged upon bail. The Rutland Assizes proved a maiden one.

The distress among the Storking manufacturers is by no means abated; and sheep-stealing has become so prevalent that the Leicestershire association have offered a reward of £100 upon the conviction of any offender.

Married.] Rev. T. Davies, to Miss M. E. Oliver, of Leicester.

Died.] At Stamford Baron, S. Judd, esq., an eminent medical practitioner. He is reported to

have died worth £100,000—At Woolshorpe, 74, the Rev. L. Towne,—At Syston, 70, the Rev. H Woodcock.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At the Summer Assizes for this county, sentence of death was recorded against thirty-three; transportation seven; imprisonment nineteen.

His Majesty has given his patronage to the grand musical festival, to be held at Birmingham in October.

Several colliers have been going about the streets asking charity; but they meet with little sympathy, as the reduction of their wages is considered unavoidable in the present state of affairs. The business at Coventry is improving, and the late introduction of French silks, in consequence of the Free-Trade system, has not in the least hurt its trade.

Married.] At Leamington, S. St. Barbe, esq., to Miss A. Neufville—Rev. J. Woods, Nuneanon, to Miss Ritchie—At Birmingham, Mr. Brogg, to Miss Granger—J. Corrie, esq., to Miss A. Greenway.

Died.] At Radway, Henrietta, relict of F. S. Miller, esq.—At Birmingham, 79, Mr. T. Robins—At Atherstone, the Rev. C. Okeover—At Edgebaston, T. Francis, esq.—At Stratford-on-Avon, Mr. Downing.

SHROPSHIRE.

At the Assizes—five were sentenced to death; three transported; two imprisoned. There were only fourteen culprits in all.

The coronation show at Shrewsbury was more extensive than at any former meeting.

It has been resolved to build a new infirmary at Shrewsbury, for 150 patients, at the expense of £14,000.

Married.] At St. Chads, Rev. J. Langley, to Mary Emma, relict of H. Andrews, esq.—At Chetwynd, W. O. Jackson, esq., to Miss C. E. Bishton, of Chetwyne-house.

Died.] At Shrewsbury, 76, Mrs. Powell—James Schofield, town-crier of Shrewsbury. He survived his wife but two months, with whom he had been united nearly seventy years. He polled at the elections of 1772, in 1796, and in that of the present year—At Cardington, 74, Mrs Russell—At Aston Botterell, Mr. W. Barker; and on the same evening his neighbour and intimate friend Mr. J. Povey, both in their fifty-eighth year.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

The first meeting of the Archery Society took place at Hampton-Court, the residence of John Arkwright, esq. It was numerously attended; several ladies showed great skill in directing their arrows. A splendid ball ended the pleasures of the day. Lady H. Clive is the Lady Paramount for the present year, and the second meeting was held at Oakley Park, her Ladyship's residence near Ludlow.

At Hereford Assizes, two received sentence of death—one transported, and three imprisoned.

Died.] At Foxley, 72, Lady Charlotte, wife to Uvedale Price, esq. and mother to the member for the County—At Orcop, 104, Mrs. E. Williams; she retained her faculties to the day of her death—At Weobley, 73, the Rev. J. E. Troughton—At Evesbutch, 67, Rev. D. Griffiths—At Hereford, W. Bennett, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

At the Assizes at Gloucester, sixteen were recorded for death—twenty-three transported, and thirteen imprisoned—At Monmouth, two condemned—three transported, and two imprisoned.

Married.] At St. Mary-de-Lode, R. Canning, esq., to Miss M. Cheston—At Walcot, the Rev. E. Frossard, minister of the Protestant Church at Nismes (France), to Miss I. Trye—At Lydney, E. W. Hassell, esq., to Dorothea, daughter of the late E. King, esq., Vice-Chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster.

Died.] July 30, the Rev. E. Mansfield, Vicar of Bisley; his death was caused by a fall from his gig. He was the son of the late Lord Chief Justice Mansfield—At Pitchcombe House, Mrs. Caruthers.

OXFORDSHIRE.

June 25, The Lord Mayor of the City of London, with several Aldermen and their ladies, paid a visit to Oxford. His Lordship held a court on the river Thames, connected with the rights of the City of London, which court is held every fourteenth year. His Lordship and suite were elegantly entertained by the Mayor, the members and magistrates of Oxford—June 26, the Mayor, magistrates, and suite, with the Vice-Chancellor, and several heads of colleges, &c., dined with his Lordship at the Star; and on June 27 his Lordship and suite left Christ Church meadow in their splendid barge.

Married.] At Shiplake, the Rev. H. R. Pechell, to the Hon. Caroline Mary, daughter of Lord Mark Kerr—At Bletchingdon, the Rev. J. T. Drake, to Miss Annesley.

Died.] At Oxford, the Rev. Peter Vaughan, D.D., warden of Merton College, and Dean of Chester—77, Mrs. Bartlett; 83, Mrs. E. Wells—At Denton, 75, Mr. Rogers—At Rose-Hill, Mrs. Dudley—83, Rev. R. Grant, Vicar of Blackbourton for fifty-five years.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

The annual competition in archery took place July 20, at Stowe; the ladies and gentlemen were all dressed in green. The prizes were distributed by the Duchess of Buckingham; and the victors, both ladies and gentlemen, were borne in triumph.

Married.] At Eton College, Rev. E. Coleridge, to Miss Mary Keate—At Hampden, Rev. A. Hobart, to Miss M. I. Egremont.

Died.] At Weston, 72, Bucks, Sir George Throckmorton, bart.—At Snelsmore-House, Rev. W. Dupre.

HERTFORD AND BEDFORD.

July 15, the new chapel at London Colney, near St. Alban's, was consecrated by the Bishop of London. This populous village has hitherto been entirely without a place of worship, and this elegant chapel has been erected without the assistance of government. Lord Hardwicke contributed the ground, gave £250 besides, and has endowed it for ever with £40 per annum. Private subscriptions pay the rest of the sum amounting to £2,800.

The inhabitants of Hemel-Hampstead have presented a valuable piece of plate to Dr. Hamilton, on his retiring from their parish where he had been minister thirty-five years.

In the course of the last twelve months numerous donations and annual subscriptions have been received for the enlargement of the Bedford Infirmary.

Married.] At St. Ibbs, A. Amos, esq., to Miss M. Lowndes—At King's Langley, the Rev. H. Dennis, to Miss Wotton.

Died.] At Hoddesdon, Mrs. Fare; 84, Mr. Peak

NORTHAMPTON.

Great apprehensions are beginning to be entertained here on the subject of the industrious poor; owing to the great stagnation of the Lace trade in this and the neighbouring counties.

A national school has been erected at West Haddon for the children of that place and the parish of Winswick, at an expense of nearly £2,000 by an individual—J. Heygate, esq.

The building of a new market has commenced at Oundle.

Died.] At Peterborough, 76, W. Squire, esq.,—At Syston, the Rev. H. Woodcock—At Clipstone-house, Lieut.-Col. H. Coleman—At Stony Stratford, 94, Mrs. Lever.

NORFOLK.

At the Norwich Assizes, twelve recorded for death — three transported — six imprisoned. Mr. Robberds, foreman of the city grand Jury, made the following presentment—"In the calendar laid before us we observe that, *out of twenty-one prisoners, thirteen had been committed previously to that period at which they might have been brought to trial*, if the benefit of a Lent Assizes had been also extended to the City of Norwich, in common with all the other Counties in England; and among those thirteen prisoners we particularly refer to the case of Michael Gready, against whom, *after a confinement of nearly eleven months* the evidence brought before us was insufficient to substantiate the charge on which he was committed !!!"

The subscriptions for the New Corn Exchange at Norwich, amount to £4,650—£6,000 is the estimated expense.

July 31. Previous to a very awful storm the Light-House Hill and adjacent heights at Cromer were literally covered with myriads of lady-birds of an unusually large size.

Died.] At Hackford, 77, Mr. Kerrison—At Burnham, 71, J. Oakes, esq.—At Yarmouth, 75, Mrs. Giles—At Thorpe, J. Robinson, esq., Sheriff of Norwich in 1792—At Wooton, 76, Mr. Dring.

SUSSEX.

Millions of lady-birds have been visiting the coast of this County; and although they have been so very numerous in several towns, yet they are in greater numbers nearest the sea; and the Brighton fishermen report that they are still more abundant out at sea; they have been multitudinous also all over the western coast.—Lewes wool-fair was very badly attended.—The Chichester Infirmary will be ready for the reception of patients at Michaelmas next.

Married.] At Parham, Capt. Peachell, to the Hon. Miss Bishop, daughter to Lord de la Zouch—At Heathfield, Rev. I. Young, to Miss Deane—At Worthing, Lieut.-Gen. Sir R. Church, to Mary Anne, eldest daughter of Sir R. Wilmot, bart.

Died.] At Chichester, 82, Mr. R. Mason—At Augmering, 74, Mr. Charce, master of the Free School—At Brighton, R. Ironmonger, esq., M.P. for Stafford; Mr. T. Pelham, late comptroller of the customs there—At Hastings, 72, E. C. Ward, esq.

HANTS.

July 24. In the afternoon an enormous swarm of ants (horse emmets) passed over Lymington, in their flight they were mistaken for gnats, and would have passed for such but for the myriads which fell in the High Street. About the same time a similar multitude of lady-birds fell near Pennington-common, and in the evening another passed over Newton-Park.

Married.] At Romsey, C. J. Hall, esq., to Miss C. Fitfield.

Died.] At Winchester, 60, Mr. Butler, lay Vicar of the cathedral.

CAMBRIDGE.

August 10. A most dreadful fire broke out at Over, which consumed several farm-houses, and nearly the whole of the property, hay and corn contained in the premises had been destroyed. The loss is estimated at £12,000 in buildings, and implements and produce at £15,000. Luckily no lives were lost, and only one head of Cattle sacrificed on the melancholy occasion.

The 10th anniversary of the Cambridgeshire Sunday School Union Society was held July 26, when it appeared by the report that there is now connected with this society fifty-nine schools, 5,000 scholars, and 570 teachers.

Married.] At St. Neots, G. Dyke, esq., to Miss Rowley.

Died.] S. Ware, esq., one of the esquire Bedells of Cambridge University—At Cambridge, 102, Mrs. Atherton; Rev. E. E. Lally, Rector of Clopton-cum-Croydon, in this county, and upwards of eighty years Resident Vicar of Whitegate, Cheshire.

WILTS.

A deputation from Frome on behalf of the distressed weavers has been appointed to wait on H.M.'s ministers, urging the abolishment of machinery as one of the means of effectuating their relief.

Married.] Rev. H. Hodgson, Vicar of Idminston, to Miss H. Knyvett.

Died.] At Calne, 86, Mrs. Allsup—At Salisbury, 65, Mr. W. Dodsworth, the well known verger and highly respected author of the "History of Salisbury Cathedral"—At Chipping Norton, 80, Mrs. Skillern. At Salisbury, the Rev. J. Howard—At Tytherton, 74, Rev. L. R. West.

SOMERSET.

Lately an exhibition of skill in archery took place at West Monckton. All the ladies and gentlemen were dressed in appropriate costume.

Bath corporation has voted £500 towards Lyncombe and Widcombe new Free Church.

At the Assizes held at Wells, sentence of death recorded against five—transported six—imprisonment eighteen.

Married.] At Yatton, J. W. Bush, esq., to Miss M. J. Day—At Bathwick, W. L. Caldecot, esq., to Miss Straham; Hon. H. B. Arundell, brother of Lord Arundell, to Lucy, daughter of H. P. Smythe, esq.—Rev. E. Coleridge, to Miss M. Keate.

Died.] At Yatton, 103, Mrs. Betty Hacker—At Bristol, 107, Mrs. S. Tapscot, of Stokes Croft Almshouse—At Glastonbury, 74, W. West, esq.—At Bath, 82, Mrs. Pennie, mother of the poet Pennie; 87, Mrs. A. Prichardson, mother of the Countess of Clare.

DORSETSHIRE.

At Dorchester Assizes, four condemned to death—one transported.

At Poole, fish has been so cheap that mullet have been sold at a shilling a dozen, and barce at sixpence per dozen.

At the Petty Sessions held July 29 for this County, six boys were condemned to the tread-mill for stealing two or three hat's full of apples and pears in an orchard !!! Four were about seven or eight, and two about ten years of age !!! The prison at Dorchester is provided with a school-master as well as a tread-mill.

Aug. 1. The tide flowed in a very singular manner at Lyme. Between 11 and 1 o'clock it flowed and ebbed about a foot in depth ten times, and continued so in the afternoon. The next morning at four o'clock the same phenomenon was repeated.

— 2. Earl Grosvenor laid the foundation stone of the new court and market-house at Shaftesbury.

Married.] At Weymouth, B. Goad, esq., to Miss A. E. Hill, daughter to R. Hill, esq., Commissary-General at the Mauritius.

Died.] At Sydling, J. Forward, esq.

DEVONSHIRE.

A fire at Chudleigh has destroyed six houses.

The North Devon Infirmary will shortly be opened for patients.

The Stonehouse Ragatta, on the day of His Majesty's coronation, was attended with crowds, and the adjoining cliffs covered with fashionable company. The prizes were two silver goblets and a silver tankard.

Exeter July fair was slacker, both as to quantity and sale, than was ever remembered.

At Exeter Assizes, death recorded against nine—transportation, four—imprisonment fourteen.

The first annual meeting of the exeter Mendicity Society was held at the Guildhall July 25, when it appeared by the report, that 1,048 cases had been investigated, and the persons relieved.

Aug. 1. At Beer and Seaton the sea presented an extraordinary degree of convulsion, and the tide ebbed and flowed so rapidly, that a large schooner was suddenly left aground; in a few moments after she was again floated by the tide, which came in with such violence as to excite apprehensions that she would be thrown on the pier-head; and this was repeated several times.

Married.] At Berry Ponneroy, J. Lukin, esq., to Miss E. B. Farwell—At Tiverton, W. J. Hancock, esq., to Miss M. A. Haydon.

Died.] At Lawhitton, the Rev. C. Marshall—At Washfield, 89, Miss Worth—At Plymouth, the Hon. Capt. R. Rodney, of H. M.'s ship Dryad; Capt. S. Gordon, of the Dwarf cutter—At Stoke, 79, Mr. Thomas—At Devonport, 81, Mrs. Lewis—At Ashton, 71, A. Hawkins, esq.

CORNWALL.

A dreadful fire, occasioned by the carelessness of some boys in letting off squibs, &c., has nearly destroyed the village of Trevennock, near Penzance. The loss is estimated at £2,000 and no part of the property insured.

At the Assizes held at Bodwin, sentence of death recorded against three—imprisonment, nine.

SUFFOLK.

Married.] At Worstead, Rev. Z. Trivett, to Mrs. Sunstead—At Lowestoff, W. C. Worthington, esq., to Miss Scott.

Died.] At Ipswich, 78, J. Viel, esq.

WALES.

At Denbigh Assizes, sentence of death recorded against one—transportation, two—imprisonment, one.—At Flintshire Assizes not a single prisoner for trial; the High Sheriff in consequence presented the judges, the barristers, and the officers of the Court with white gloves.

Miss Margaretta Maria Downes of Fir-court, Churchstoke, Montgomeryshire, underwent (July 25) the 109th operation of tapping, which she sustained with wonderful fortitude—sixteen quarts of water were extracted.

Married.] F. R. Price, esq., of Bryn-y-Pys, Flintshire, to Eliza, daughter of the Rev. R. B. Burton Philipson—D. S. Davies, esq., of Poutre, near Cardigan, to Miss E. M. Philipps, of Williamston, Pembrokeshire—R. Jones, esq., Dinbren Hall, Langollen, to Miss E. Wood, of Burslem.

Died.] At Llanfyllin, Mr. J. Jones, known by his bardic appellation of Mylin—At Llangollen, Miss L. E. Robertson—At Aberiswith, 73, Middleton Jones, of Penybent Court, Radnorshire—At Llanbedrog, Mrs. Williams, wife of Rev. Dr. P. Williams.

SCOTLAND.

The Grand Highland Road is in rapid progress towards completion, and is expected to be finished in the course of the present year; it will open a direct communication between the north and the south—from Glasgow, Sterling, and Crieff, on to Inverness; and the line of it runs through some of the boldest and most beautiful scenery of the central Highlands of Perthshire. This great work has been undertaken by the heritors for public accommodation, without aid of any sort, beyond their own individual subscriptions. As this line to Inverness will, by coming through Carlisle and Glasgow, shorten the distance from London by fifty miles, there can be but little doubt of its being made the principal line of communication.

The Comet steam-packet has at length been hauled upon the beach; it was a complete wreck.

The foundation-stone of an elegant church, for the use of the United Associate Congregation, has been laid at Leith, as well as at Roslin, for a new chapel of ease, with all the honours of masonry.

The ladies of Edinburgh have raised £400 for the manufacturers, by a fourth sale of their fancy works at the Hopetown rooms.

At the last meeting at Paisley, it appeared that only £1,700 remained—that the weekly expenditure was £500, and that within the last two weeks the number of applicants had increased by 180. The chairman stated that he had weekly communications with H. M.'s ministers, who were averse to give a government grant.

The ministers and magistrates of Haddington and Batho, have published commendatory reports of the Burgh and Batho Schools. The examinations took place August 3 and 4. The Lord Provost and magistrates of Edinburgh have likewise examined the different classes of the High School, the Edinburgh Academy, the Scottish Military and Naval Academy, the Leith High School, &c. &c.; and the students went through their exercises in a style which did honour to themselves and teachers—When will *all* the public schools in England be brought to similar attention on the part of its magistrates and ministers or other qualified persons. Such proceedings would relive themselves from the degradation in which Mr. Brougham found them.

Married.] At Edinburgh, J. Crawford, esq., to Miss M. Balfour—At Kilravock Castle, Cosmo Innes, esq., to Isabella, eldest daughter of H. Rose, esq.—At Springland, W. Fraser, esq., to Miss M. Sandeman—At the Mause of Craie, J. Marshall, esq., to Miss M. Tod—At Edinburgh, Stair Stewart, of Physgill and Glasserton, esq., to Ellen, daughter of the Right Hon. Sir John Sinclair, bart., of Ulbster.

Died.] At Edinburgh, 75, M. A. Watson; he had been fifty-three years in the same coach-work. He was of the firm of Watson, Reid, and Co.—At Elderslie, 113, Hugh Shaw; he formerly served in the 42d Regt., and till within the last eighteen months, walked seven miles daily, and was shamefully suffered to gain his subsistence by begging—William Gilchrist, eldest Baille of Edinburgh—Mrs. L. Ryder wife of Mr. Ryder, manager of the Caledonian Theatre—At Cargilfield, Miss J. R. Hope, daughter of Lieut.-Gen. Sir I. Hope, G.C.H.—At Pitlessie, R. Graham, esq., familiarly known by the term "Laird."—At Tullibole, Lady Moncrieff Wellwood—At Langton House, Berwickshire, Lady E. Gavin, mother of the Countess of Breadalbane, and sister to Lord Lauderdale.

IRELAND.

At a late meeting of the proprietors of coaches from London to Holyhead it was determined that the Holyhead Mail should in future be forwarded at the rate of ten miles and a quarter per hour; thus upwards of twelve hours will be gained in the delivery of letters in London and Dublin.

57,000 men are employed in our fisheries, and our trade with foreign nations has been considerably improved for these last two years, chiefly in beef, pork, butter, linen, and printed calicoes.

The Carrickbeg Committee say that among their population containing about 4,000 people, there are 163 families destitute of employment, without food, or money to procure it. Dublin, too, we regret to say, has been in a very disturbed state, and pillage has been the consequence. Parties, attended with a number of women, to whom the plunder was given, have been frequent—but several of the rioters having been taken into custody peace has been restored. Fever has also increased with the most frightful rapidity, which, in addition to the dreadful distress so long prevalent, renders the situation of this capital tremendous.

Died.] At Dublin, Catherine, relict of the late Sir H. Nugent, bart., and niece of the late Earl of Llandaff—73, Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Cloyne.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th July to 19th August inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

July.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M.	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P. M.
20			65	73	60	29 90	29 65	63	72	W	SW	Fine	Rain	Rain
21			67	69	49	29 47	29 52	64	75	WSW	SW	Clo.	Fair	Fair
22			65	69	55	29 61	29 80	70	84	NE	N	Fair	—	Rain
23			56	61	53	29 82	29 89	85	86	N	NNE(v.)	Rain	Rain	—
24	82		58	69	56	29	29 96	92	82	NE	NE	Cl.&R	Fair	Fair
25			65	72	56	29 99	30 04	66	70	N	E	Fair	Fine	—
26			65	72	52	30 10	30 15	72	68	ENE	E	Fine	—	—
27			64	71	56	30 16	30 12	61	68	ENE	ESE	—	—	Starl.
28			67	73	57	30 09	30 00	68	72	ENE	ESE	—	—	—
29			70	77	60	29 94	29 90	63	64	WSW	SW	—	—	—
30			72	80	65	29 92	29 88	60	55	SW	SSE	—	—	—
31			80	84	69	29 83	29 80	54	54	SSW	NE	Clo.	—	—
Aug.														
1			74	80	63	29 87	29 91	62	60	NE	ENE	Fair	—	—
2			68	78	63	29 84	29 78	80	76	E	E	Dp.&C	Fair	Fair
3			67	73	55	29 76	29 80	83	92	NE	E	Rain	Rain	Rain
4	135		62	73	58	29 81	29 86	84	73	NE	NE	Clo.	Fair	Starl.
5			62	69	59	29 85	29 85	84	79	NE	S	Rain	—	—
6	27		68	68	63	29 90	29 98	70	63	NW	W	Clo.	—	—
7			71	76	62	30 02	29 99	62	65	W	W	Fair	Fine	—
8			68	78	62	29 94	29 85	71	65	WSW	W	Fine	—	—
9			68	76	61	29 83	29 82	66	71	NE	E	—	—	Clo.
10	9		67	72	60	29 81	29 76	72	71	E	SSE	Clo.	—	—
11	30		63	65	55	29 71	29 77	75	79	SW	NW(var.)	Rain	Rain	Fair
12			65	70	55	29 85	30 01	67	59	W	W (var.)	Fair	Fine	Starl.
13			67	72	56	30 05	29 91	64	61	S	SE	—	—	—
14			71	76	57	29 79	29 90	62	63	SW	WSW	—	—	—
15			64	73	61	29 92	29 83	70	70	SW	SW	—	—	—
16			64	70	58	29 81	29 85	79	72	W	W	Rain	Fair	Clo.
17			63	73	65	29 91	30 03	72	70	WSW	WSW	Clo.	—	Fine
18			73	78	62	30 14	30 18	69	69	WSW	SW	Fair	—	—
19			67	79	62	30 16	30 03	69	70	SW	E	—	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of July was 1 inch 16-100ths.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of July to the 20th of August 1826.

July.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acct.
21	198 199	77½ ½	76⅞ 7	84¾	92½ ⅞	18 7-8, 19	84⅛ ⅜	—	18p	11 12p	77⅝ 77
22	198¼	77⅝ ¾	77⅝ ¼	—	92⅝ 3	18 5-16, 19	84⅜ ½	—	20 22p	12 16p	77⅞ ¼
23	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
24	—	77⅞ ⅛	76¾ 7	—	92⅝ ⅞	18 15-16, 19	84¼ ⅜	—	20 22p	12 16p	76⅞
25	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
26	198¾ 199	78⅜ ½	76¾ 7	84⅝ ¾	92⅜ ⅞	18 15-16, 19	84⅛ ⅜	—	19 21p	11 13p	76⅝ 77
27	199	77⅞ ¾	76⅞ 7⅛	85	92¾ 3	18 15-16, 19	84¼ ½	226¼ 7½	18 20p	11 12p	77⅞ ¼
28	199 200	77¾ ⅜	77⅛ ⅜	84⅞	92⅝ 3⅛	19 1-16	84½ ⅜	—	18 20p	11 13p	77¼ ½
29	200¼	78⅜ ¾	77¾ 8¼	85⅛ ¾	93¼ ¾	19 1-16 3-16	—	—	20p	12 14p	77⅞ 78⅜
30	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
31	200¾	78½ ⅜	77⅞ 8⅛	—	93⅜ ½	19 1-16 1-8	84⅛ 5⅛	—	18 20p	13 15p	78⅛ ¼
Aug											
1	200¼ 200¾	78½ ⅜	77⅞ 8	85⅜	93⅛ ¾	—	84⅞ 5⅛	—	19 20p	14 16p	77⅞ 78¼
2	200½ 201	78⅜ ⅜	78⅛ ¼	86¼	93¼ ½	19 1-16 1-8	85¼	—	20 22p	16 19p	78¼ ¼
3	201 203	79⅛ ⅜	78⅜ ⅞	86⅜	93½ 4⅛	19 1-8 ¼	85¼ 6	—	—	15 16p	78⅜ ⅛
4	202	79¾	78½ 9	87	93⅛ 4⅞	19 3-16 5-16	85¾ 6⅜	230½	24 26p	18 20p	78 79½
5	202¾	79½ ¾	79⅛ 8¾	86½ ¾	94¼ ¾	19¼ 5-16	—	—	—	18 21p	78¾ 79¼
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	202 203	79⅜ ¾	78¾ 9	85⅜ ⅞	94½ ⅝	19¼ 5-16	—	—	25 27p	17 19p	78⅝ 79
8	202 203¾	80¼	79¼ ⅜	89	95¼ ½	19 1-8 7-16	87¼ ⅝	—	27 30p	17 18p	79¼ ⅝
9	—	79½ ¾	78¾ 9	87½	94¾ 5	19 5-16 ¾	86⅞ 7	231½	30 31p	18 19p	78¾ 79
10	202¼ 202¾	79½ 9½	78⅜ ⅜	86¾ 7	94¼ ¾	19 3-16 ¼	86¼ ½	—	29 30p	17 19p	78 3-8 ⅞
11	—	79½ ¾	78¼ ⅜	87½	94¼ ¼	19 3-16 ¼	86¼ ½	—	30p	15 18p	78¼ ¾
12	—	79⅜ ½	78⅜ ⅞	86¾	94½ 5	19 3-16 3-8	86½ ¾	—	26 29p	15 17p	78⅜ ⅛
13	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
14	202½	79⅜ ½	79⅛ ⅜	—	94½ ¾	19½	86⅞ ⅜	—	26p	14 17p	79⅛ ¾
15	201¾ 202¼	79½ ⅜	78¾ ⅜	86¾ 7	94¼ ½	19 3-16 ¼	84½ ⅜	—	22 24p	14 16p	78 3-8 ⅜
16	202¼	79¼ ⅜	78⅜ ½	86½	94¼ ½	19 5-16 3-8	86½ ⅜	—	22 24p	14 16p	78⅛ ⅜
17	202¼	79⅜ ½	78½ ¾	86¾	94¾ ½	19¼	86¼ ⅜	—	23 25 p	14 16p	78½ ¾
18	—	79½ ¼	78⅜ ⅜	87	94¼ ⅜	19¼ 5-16	86½ ⅜	—	23p	15 17p	78⅜ ⅝
19	—	79⅛	78⅜ ⅜	—	94¼ ½	19 5-16	86¼ ½	231	24 25p	16 18p	78 3-8 ½
20	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—

E. Erron, Stock Broker, 2 Cornhill, and Lombard Street.

THE

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EMIGRATION-REPORT.*

Behold another blue-covered folio of four hundred pages, manufactured by one of those indefatigable Select Committees of the House of Commons, which inflict their thousands upon the public annually. What Select Committee is this? One appointed to inquire into the expediency of encouraging emigration. Well, and what is the result of the inquiry? What has the Committee done? Established, it seems, by evidence, three main facts, with multitudes of subordinate and derivative ones—a redundancy of population at home—the existence of large tracts of unoccupied land abroad, in colonies expanding under the four winds of heaven,—and an actual want of people for the cultivation and defence of those colonies—for all which evils emigration is the grand specific; and emigration is recommended accordingly.

But before we advert more particularly to the labours of the Committee, let us look to these 'main facts' of theirs, or rather, let us confine our view for the present to the first position—the redundancy of population. This is the basis of the whole question;—if there prove to be no redundancy, or if such redundancy can and ought to be provided for at home, what have we to do with peopling the wildernesses of another hemisphere?

Now, as to the fact, what do the Committee mean by this redundancy? In *what* respect is it, that there exists a surplus of people? Is it that there are more mouths than the produce of the country will support? Oh no, there is produce enough, because none, or at least but few have been actually starved, or are now actually starving; and with money in their hands, their mouths might still be readily filled. It is that there are more mouths than can supply themselves. It is that there are more hands to labour than can find labour. Oh, it is redundancy with respect to *labour* then, and not with respect to produce? But how has this redundancy come about? Have the Committee extended their inquiries into the causes? No; but those causes may be of a

* Report from the Select Committee on Emigration from the United Kingdom. 26 May 1826.

transient cast, and then, if we search for permanent remedies, we are searching in a wrong direction; or those causes may be of an artificial kind, and then they are perhaps removable, by retracing the steps which have led to their effects. The search into causes was clearly a part of their bounden—their appropriate duty. Not at all, the Committee would reply; or, being of the schools of the philosophers, they would of course, in half a dozen words, assure us, the natural progress of the laws of population was fully and solely adequate. Against which assurance, we, being no philosophers at all, but mere observers of facts, should, in our undisciplined style, exclaim—no such thing; or if we did for a moment indulge in their own vein of confident assertion, we should say,—multiply the population as it will in any country, so long as there is still land to cultivate, subsistence in that country may be obtained for every one.

No, the fact is, the redundancy in question, the reality of which we cannot at all doubt, is not the result of natural but of artificial causes. What have the land-lords and loom-lords, and capitalists of every description been doing for the last half-century? Ransacking heaven and earth—employing every conceivable expedient for lessening the agency of *manual* labour. That object, by the brilliant inventions of the 'genius of mechanism,' they have obtained to their heart's content. They have succeeded to a degree perhaps beyond their most sanguine hopes, in accomplishing by machinery, what was before done by labour. They have superseded the labourer; they have contrived to do without him, and by the just laws of avenging nature—the eternal nemesis—they have him left upon their own hands, in numbers too importunate to be repulsed, and too formidable to be contemned.

Multiplied the people have doubtless, but to nothing like the amount* that is alleged; and numbers again have been forced down into the ranks of labour to add to the tale; but these additions are insignificant compared with the extents of new soil brought into cultivation, and the multiplications of manufactories. But they might *all* have been employed, and more, could more have been obtained, if machinery, at the very lowest estimate, had not decupled the powers of production, and thus thrown out of employ ten pair of hands, where the natural multiplication of the species would not have given birth to one superfluous pair, had matters gone on temperately and usefully in their ancient course.

Oh yes, the truth, the indisputable, the intolerable truth is, that in in the depth of their cunning, and the intensity of their avarice, both landlords and manufacturers have overshot the mark. The consequences of their overweening graspings are recoiling upon themselves. They threw off the man as a labourer, and he returns upon them as a pauper. The law of nature speaks aloud—thus far shall you go, and no farther. You have long ago reached that impassable point; and had you not been blinded by the ardour of your selfish pursuits, you might long ago have detected the tendency, and checked, before it was too late, the career of your ruinous course. That career you may still

* Let it be remembered, the census of 1801 was confessedly defective, and that of 1811 was very far from complete. It is the census of 1821 which alone has pretension to accuracy. Any conclusions, therefore, with respect to the increase of population, founded on these data, are not worth a straw.

check, and indeed you must check it; but you will now do so to your own degradation. Things must be forced back into their wonted channel, but they cannot be thus forced back without tumultuous effects, and, what is worse for you, without serious losses, and among others, to thousands of you, the loss of caste inherited or assumed.

But above all other classes, have the owners of the soil the least reason to complain. They have had greater facilities for pursuing their own contemptible interests than any other, and they have, if possible, more zealously pursued those interests than any other. They have made use of those facilities both in public and private life. In private life, they have exacted higher rents from the farmer, and turned over to him the labourer, an helpless victim, to screw out of him an indemnity. Corn-lands have been converted into pasturage, at once to elude, or almost to defraud the tithes, and to lessen the employment of labourers. He has stripped the labourer by degrees of his rights of common, and of his patches of ground, and left him no resource but his hands, and rapaciously and cruelly deprived him even of the benefit of them, by substituting, to the utmost extent of his power, machinery—and all and solely to augment his own advantages. Still farther to augment those advantages, he has employed the influence of his station, in his public capacity—as sole legislator; he has secured to himself the monopoly of the materials of bread; and flung from his shoulders the burdens of the state; and now hugs himself on his dexterity in imposing those burdens on the bulk of the people. Delighted with the relief which this transfer afforded, he has all along eagerly seconded the wanton extravagancies of the government; and the government, in grateful return, has rained down the fertilizing showers of taxation upon the families and *protégés* of its zealous and admiring supporters.

Well, say the lords of the land, and we were surely justified in throwing some part of these burdens upon others. Are we not saddled with the support of the clergy and the poor? Is not the land groaning under the weight of tithes and poor-rates? And shall we be sinking under these oppressions, and not relieve ourselves by casting something of the load upon the shoulders of others? No, say we; you have no right to any such relief, on any such score. Having more, in common equity, you were bound to pay more. Your claim of relief on the ground of tithes and poor-rates is an idle pretence. You labour under no peculiar oppression from the one, and scarcely any from the other. Which of you pay tithes out of property, which is strictly and legally your own? In other words, which of you possess titheable estates, from which the value of tithes was not deducted in the purchase? The tithes you profess to pay, were never yours. How many of you, besides, are yourselves in possession of the tithes? Full one-half of the whole of the tithes are actually in your own hands—in the hands of lay-proprietors. And again, of what has the tenant, in the matter of tithes, to complain? Does he not calculate their value, and bargain with his landlord accordingly? Tithe, then, is no burden whatever, either to landlord or tenant. The tithe-owner is neither more nor less than joint-owner of a titheable estate—only to a very small amount—and he takes his rent in kind, or, if he pleases, in composition, which differs nothing, not even in form, from rent. Such an estate has two owners, with distinct rights; the tenant, who farms the estate has two landlords, to one of whom he pays what he calls rent, and to the other what he

calls tithes. The difference is strictly no more than nominal. Both are equally definite, or may, by agreement, be made so. Neither landlord nor tenant, then, has any thing to complain about. The landlord might like to be sole owner of the estate; but let him remember, he has never given value for the *whole* estate. The tenant too might prefer one master to two; but let *him* remember also, he would have precisely the same sum to pay.

But if the tithes oppress neither landlord nor tenant, do they not bear hard upon the people, and augment the price of corn? Just as rent does, neither more nor less. Rent and tithes, we repeat, operate alike. The tithe-owner has the very same interests, and of course, the very same prejudices, and pursues the very same purposes as the rent-owner; and thus it is, that, notwithstanding the eternal bickerings between landlords and parsons, we always see them combining in public measures. They are to all intents and purposes the same class. If tithes were abolished to-morrow, that part of the estate would fall, gratuitously or by purchase, into the hands of the land-owner; and the price of provisions —so far—be precisely the same as before. The cry of the landlord is thus, we see, a groundless one, and any claim he may make to relief, on this score, is undeserving the slightest regard. The cry of the people too against tithes, as bearing heavily and unjustly upon prices, is equally futile. Rent and tithe are essentially the same thing; the interests of the owners of both are the same; and neither of them oppressive to the country, except so far as they have taken advantage, which they certainly have done, of the ignorance and impotency, and at the expense, of the main body of the people.

To a very considerable extent, though not to the full extent, the same thing may be said of the poor-rates—not to the full extent, because they fall unequally. A charge upon the land, for the poor, has existed for centuries, and of course must constitute an element in the price of the produce of the land. An average charge for the poor is constantly calculated upon, and included in the expenses of cultivation. All expenses of cultivation must go into the cost, and be returned by the price, or land could not be cultivated. This average payment then to the poor falls neither upon landlord nor tenant, but enters into the price of produce, and is sustained by the purchaser. The landlord may say, when the poor-rates rise, I am obliged to relax my demand—I must lower my rent, and that is surely my loss. That is true, in some cases, where the poor-rates rise above that general average, which enters into the general price of produce; and which must fall upon landlord or tenant, or upon both in some ratio or other; and hence arises in parishes the resolute struggle to keep down the amount of the poor-rates. But generally, those districts where the poor-rates do rise much above this average are manufacturing ones, and the landlord gets a higher rent for his land, which thus balances things again with him: and besides, these rises above the average have of late been but of transient duration. And finally, though there be cases where the loss actually falls upon the landlords or their tenants, still, with the market in their own hands, the tendency must be to resist individual loss, and by a common and tacit consent, to lay the amount of it upon the produce. For whatever portion, however, of the poor-rates, which presses finally upon the landlord, he has indemnified himself ten-fold by the corn-laws.

No pretence whatever, then, is there on the score of tithes, and little worth regarding on that of the poor-rates, for flinging the burdens of the state from their own withers on those of the community, and still less for securing to themselves a monopoly of the corn. Yet these things have they done—have done them, too, with a high and insolent hand, and with a ruinous effect upon the rest of the country, and particularly on the lower classes. Upon them have the accumulated consequences of public extravagance and private exactions fallen. The landlord squeezes the farmer, and the farmer screws the labourer. The manufacturer is taxed in his materials, in his food and his clothing, his horse and his gig, and indemnifies himself by clipping the wages of labour. The trader finds the articles in which he deals many of them heavily taxed, and himself sharply watched; and he lays that tax, with a profit for additional outlay, and additional vexation, upon his goods, and all is replaced at the cost of the purchaser. The labourer has no lower labourer, on whom he can devolve the load thus cast upon himself, and must bear all; he can nowhere indemnify himself, and must pine and suffer in helpless despondence. Can there exist a doubt of the truth of this representation? Look to these plain facts—the wealthy enhanced their gains, and augmented their scale of living, through the whole progress of augmented public expense; and the poor, in the same proportion, have become, through the same period, more and more depressed. If we could not distinctly trace the cause, and course of these evils—these facts stare us in the face—perfectly unaccountable upon any supposition of equitable distribution in the burdens of the state. Had that distribution been equitable, the rich must have suffered proportionately at least with the poor;—but these are the incontestible facts, the rich became richer, except in cases of excessive folly arising from excessive elation,—pretty numerous, by the way—and the poor have become poorer. We *can* however trace the causes distinctly, satisfactorily, to the despair of all evasion. In the senate, the great have laid taxation mainly upon articles of consumption, upon which is expended a larger share of the income of the poor than of their own; and at home, in the fields, and in the workshops, they have encouraged the invention and employment of machinery to the ultimate deterioration and destruction of the poor.

Well then, here is a hasty sketch of the CAUSES, which the Emigration-committee have not, we suppose, thought it worth their while, or within their province to ascertain, of a REDUNDANCY IN THE POPULATION, which they *have* ascertained to exist—resulting, we say, not from the laws of nature, but from the laws of the representative,—not from laws over which the great had no control, but which they have themselves created, and which, were they so disposed, they could as speedily and effectually repeal—not perhaps from the cool knowledge of the full effects of their measures, but, at all events, from the ardent pursuit, right or wrong, and with the zeal and recklessness of all-devouring gain.

But if, after all, we agree on the fact of redundancy, why quarrel, it may be asked, about the cause? We do not quarrel with them about the cause; for, with a most significant silence, they do not breathe a whisper of the cause. Then why this long preamble to trace the cause of a fact, which fact is admitted by ourselves and the committee? Here, it will be urged, here is an allowed effect,—a most disastrous

effect, be the cause what it may; but there is no undoing what is actually done. Not so; some undoing is possible. The steps that have led to this ruin may, some of them at least, be retraced, and, to a considerable extent, they must be retraced. Things must be brought, by sound, though perhaps gradual measures, as nearly as possible to the state they were in forty or fifty years ago. Taxation must be transferred from consumption to property, and the corn laws must be repealed. The land-legislature may then, and doubtless will find a way to reduce the expenses of the state at the very least one-half, though it be to the abandonment of some of our useless colonies and military fineries,—with a clipping of ten, twenty, or thirty per cent. from the funds. All the harm that will follow will be to chip off a few of the exuberances of luxury, while the poor, though they may not for a time get adequate labour, will get cheaper provisions.

But what is to be done in the meanwhile? Enforce the poor-rates, to the full extremity of the law. For what were they instituted but to provide for permanent as well as occasional distress. The law was wisely enacted against the callousness of wealth, and let the poor, now that they are deprived of all other resources, have the full benefit of it. The law contemplated no limit, and least of all is it to be endured that a limit shall be fixed by those, who are the very creators of the distress. And let it be literally and virtually a provision,—not the paltry provision, on the Dorsetshire scale, which upon trial proves to be about one-third below the price of bread and water simply, with no consideration for fuel, rent, or clothing. But our estates will be quickly swallowed up. Very well, you should have foreseen the effects of your intemperate measures, or have listened to those who did; you should have husbanded your resources more thriftily; you should have kept in mind, *who* had a claim upon them,—that the poor were born on the same soil with yourselves, were of the same nation, and entitled to the equitable protection of an equitable government;—that though machinery eats nothing, man must eat; and if you force him to be idle, he must eat, at last, at your expense.

Truly the rich of the land seem to think the poor have no claim whatever upon the produce of the soil, and that, if they cannot live without aid, they must die. Lands are now appropriated, and sacredly must they be regarded as belonging to the proprietors. Yes, for that very reason it is, because the whole of the reclaimed land is appropriated, as we call it, that those, who have none, must somewhere or other have a claim to support. Let them labour by all means; but if you exclude them from labour, as you really have done, you must support them. No, say you, let them go elsewhere, and get their own living. But here nature has thrown them into life, and here they have a right—the right of nature, to live, as long as subsistence can be raised, and as long as land remains capable of growing it. There are still unreclaimed wastes, let them be allotted and cultivated; and land may still be rescued in many spots from the seas. Let these things also be done, and every superfluous hand may raise food enough and to spare. There is no justice in any scheme of emigration, so long as there is a possibility of finding support at home. That support is still possible, by the great relaxing their gripe, and treading back their steps.

But we are arguing, it will be said, on the supposition of force;

whereas the Committee expressly state, they contemplate no emigration, which is not 'essentially voluntary,' and where the parties are not in a condition of 'permanent pauperism'—which smooth-flowing syllables, transmuted into rougher and more consistent phrases, mean, the pauper shall be compelled to emigrate, if it seem good to the legislature. What else 'essentially voluntary' as applied to 'permanent pauperism,' with a resolution all the while to carry emigration into practice, can mean, but virtual compulsion, we cannot divine; for of course the only choice that will be left is the option of going to the colonies or of starving at home, and if that be not virtual compulsion, we wonder what is. The very purpose of the project is to relieve the country of a burden, and if such project be adopted, of course the means of enforcing it must be given. The poor prefer home generally, though doubtless they will, most of them, prefer exile to starvation. The Committee must have meant to disguise the sense of virtual compulsion, under the dainty phrase of 'essentially voluntary,' and certainly they have shewn no mean skill in the use of language, if, as was once characteristically observed, that use be to conceal our thoughts.

But if the Committee did not contemplate compulsion, though some of the plans given in the evidence distinctly express it,—we are quite sure the country gentlemen do. The language of some of the evidence of this class is perfectly disgusting—exhibiting a rancorous antipathy to the whole crew of paupers—'pests and nuisances'—and a manifest desire to send them all—we had almost profanely said—to the devil.

Unjust, oppressive, detestable as any scheme of banishment under the guise of emigration must be, so long as there exist the plain means, or even the bare possibility of subsistence at home, let us see what it is which the Committee and their evidence suggest—what is the amount of this precious scheme of theirs.

In the first place, be it observed, the object being to relieve the land, or, as the Committee would phrase it, the nation, any scheme of emigration that was to cost the said nation a sixpence was not worth a moment's consideration. Therefore the Committee, as they themselves avow, bent the whole force of their powers to excogitate a plan that should, as a speculator would say, pay its own expenses. And as any thing can be accomplished on a sheet of paper, and indeed, till of late, by loans, the Committee have laid before the honourable House a long and laborious calculation, to shew, if not the practicabilities of the scheme, at least—the facilities of figures.

The redundancy of the population—how endearing the phrase is—is to be taken, it seems, at 140,481 families, making perhaps 700,000 persons. Divide these families into twenty-six portions, and expatriate one of these portions every year for twenty-six years, that is, five thousand for each of the first twenty-three years, seven thousand for the twenty-fourth year, eight thousand the twenty-fifth, and—we love to be particular in nice cases, 10,481 the twenty-sixth. The curious reader, if he have any dexterity in arithmetic, will find these numbers together to amount to the said sum of 140,481. Well, for despatching the first five thousand families, say the 1st of January 1827, a loan of £752,500 at 4 per cent. is to be raised by the parishes, the interest guaranteed and paid by the parishes. Now these five thousand families, be it remarked, would cost the parishes for their subsistence at home £200,000 a year; therefore they will of course very gladly give and

grant the fourth of that sum every year—and no more is asked of them—to go towards paying the interest and liquidating the loan, and save themselves £150,000 every year. We hope our readers understand us. The interest of this first loan will amount only to £30,100, therefore there will be a balance in hand at the end of the first year, of £19,900, from the parish contributions.

Now comes the second year, and away go, on the 1st of January 1828, the second party of five thousand families; and for these a second loan must bera ised, but less by £19,900, than the loan of the first year; and the parishes again, with a dancing alacrity, give a second £50,000 to save a second £150,000. The same course is pursued the third year,—the loan decreasing, the reader will observe, as the balance in hand increases; but in the *fourth* year another element of calculation on the credit side enters into the account—for really and truly—would heart of man conceive it?—the prosperous five thousand of the first year, will this fourth year be themselves ready to contribute £50,000, that is, £10 a family. And thus—farther particulars are quite superfluous—the calculation proceeds year after year, in the nicest, neatest, most satisfactory manner conceivable, without let or interruption, through the whole six and twenty years;—every successive year a fresh 5,000 goes out, every successive year the new loan reduces by the amount of the accumulating balances, every successive year, each successive five thousand, in its fourth year, steadily and punctually remits £50,000, till at last, at the end of five and twenty years, the final batch of 10,481—the last is the largest,—the calculator getting weary, or things running more and more of their own accord—is actually transported without borrowing a farthing; the whole of the loans are paid off; and the final and beautiful result is, the parishes are clear of the paupers, scarcely any thing out of pocket, and not one farthing, we believe, to pay again for ever and ever. The scheme is magnificent, and worthy the exertions of this brave and laborious Committee—every one of them deserves a pension—with the under-secretary for the colonies at its head, from 'Lunæ, 20° die Martii to Veneris, 26° Maii 1826,' together with such a splendid catalogue of members of the House, country magistrates, colony speculators, and Irish bishops, with their overpowering evidence, as it never could have entered into the heart of man to expect or conceive.

We are ourselves no great hands at a plan; but let us try for once. 140,000—dropping the hundreds, tens, and units—× 150 = £22,000,000. Raise this amount at once. Less than a sixth of what these families would cost at home will pay the interest of the loan. Advance this interest for three years; and the fourth year, the colonists themselves will of course be able to remit £1,140,000, which will not only pay the interest of that year, but leave a surplus applicable to the indemnifying of the parishes for the advances of the first three years. The similar surpluses of the fifth, sixth, seventh, and eighth years will make up the whole advance of the parishes; and the interest and liquidation of the debt may then be left to the ample funds of the thriving and thrifty colonists themselves, without the interference or guarantee of the parishes. Thus at the end of eight years, instead of twenty-six, the parishes will be actually and *wholly* indemnified for the outlay—risk there is none,—and actually and perfectly clear of the paupers. A decidedly better scheme than the other, and equally practicable, though

it is our own, and quite as likely, quite as willingly, and quite as promptly, unofficial as it is, to be adopted by the parishes.

This capital project—the Committee's, we mean—is however unsusceptible, it seems, of general application. It is indeed applicable only to those parts of the 'United Kingdom' where the poor laws are established. It rests entirely for its basis on the credit of the provision made for the poor by the poor-laws. For our own parts we do not see, why this plan of emigration for England will not do quite as well for Ireland, nor why it should not be made obligatory on the Irish landowners, as well as on the English parishes—seeing, that this plan is, in the long-run, to cost little, or nothing at all. To the Committee, however, it seems otherwise. What then is to be done with Ireland, where no legal provision exists, and where the redundancy is still more appalling than in England? It baffles even the fertility of resource for which the Committee must for ever be renowned. But still have they too much bottom to despair. The main difficulty is of course in raising the money at first; now this onus—as the Irish landlord is not subject to the poor-laws—cannot be wholly imposed upon him. For his own good, and the good of the nation, however, a little, a very little force must be applied. £150 is the sum necessary for each family; therefore he shall be taxed an annual sum of £2. 12*s*., in the nature of a county charge, forty-five years, which annuity will sell for £50; and the other £100 shall be raised by a loan, secured by Parliament, and to be repaid by the emigrant's colony-rent of £10 per annum, commencing at the end of the third year of his settlement; which repayment will be accomplished in fifteen years and a quarter. For every emigrant family these Irish estates will thus be charged with £2. 12*s*. for forty-five years,—and more too, we warrant. The Irish landlords, if they act upon the common principles of common-sense, will prefer the poor-laws, and their securities. The Committee, however, as if themselves were distrustful of the palatability of their plan, particularly that part of it which regards the parliamentary security, have contemplated the matter in another view. The Irish proprietors, it seems, 'are legally entitled to eject a redundant pauper population, which has surreptitiously intruded into their property. Now these proprietors, looking to the interests of their families, are of course exceedingly desirous of exercising this undoubted right, but shrink from the exercise of this right, legal as it is, because they are apprehensive of disastrous consequences.' Will not these landlords then jump at any opportunity, which is calculated at once to relieve themselves of these apprehensions, and their estates from swarms of unwelcome guests, that burrow like rabbits, and riddle them through and though? Will they not gladly embrace any plan, that will disburden them of such pests, at almost any sacrifice? Not they indeed: for what security have they, that the place of those, who are thus transported to the colonies from their estates, mainly at their own cost, will not be forthwith as speedily occupied by others? What security have they, or can they have, that one-half of them will not, by hook or by crook, return; and that at the end of any term of years, they will not have as many miserable occupants on their estates as when they began? The condition of the Irish landlord, whose estate is split into very minute divisions, is, in some respects to be sure, disagreeable enough; but, let it be remembered, it has its compensations,—that land so divided is often let at ten guineas an acre,—though

he may not always realize the full amount—where, under other circumstances, and with wealthier tenants, he would not dream of asking *two*—an advantage, we may be quite sure, that will not be lightly abandoned, especially, if with the abandonment, he is expected to be at any considerable part of the cost of removing his profitable though precarious tenantry. No, no; this is as wild a scheme as the other,—the one resting upon figures, the other upon contingencies. The Committee should first establish the poor-laws, and then they will be able, with a simplicity and unity of plan, that must, we think, charm them, to offer security for loans, and proceed on the English plan.

For by some such plan of emigration, if not exactly the one suggested by the evidence before them, the Committee seem to be troubled with no doubts of the redundancy they talk about being quickly drawn off—this redundancy of 700,000 in England, and as many, or perhaps more in Ireland! The very entertainment for a moment of so gigantic a scheme, to be executed by means so unsubstantial and precarious—so completely impracticable—such a *papier-machée* construct—shews their utter unfitness for any other occupation than that of recording the follies of heated enthusiasts, or the projects of crafty speculatists, or the illusions of blundering and selfish ignorance.

And not only do they contemplate the realization of these plans of theirs, but they are even looking forward to the means of preventing the necessity of any such second emigration in after-times. We could not but smile, in the midst of our vexations, at the reach of their interminable foresight, and the promptitude and ardour with which they provide against evils, that lose themselves in distance. "Your Committee," say they, "being fully aware that one popular objection, which is continually offered to any system of emigration on an extended scale, is the argument, that the benefit would be only temporary, and that the temporary vacuum would be rapidly filled up, felt it necessary to direct their inquiries to the consideration of such collateral measures, both of legislative and of a practical nature, as might be calculated to repress, if not to prevent that tendency; they have therefore pursued their inquiries very extensively, and have been fortunate to collect very valuable evidence on this branch of the subject."—Where they have put this part of their valuable evidence—though, should it never be found, it is a matter of no mighty importance—is beyond our discovery. We have thumbed over the report pretty well, but in vain; and even the index points but to two pages, one of which recommends the prohibition of sub-tenancy, which applies to Ireland alone, and the other page only tells us, what does not seem much to the purpose, that if great numbers emigrate, those who are left behind will get better wages.

But this popular objection, as they call it, originates entirely with their masters the Economists, and their own dutiful submission to those teachers is the sole reason, why it really and truly receives no refutation. It is the simple and direct deduction from that dictum of Mr. Malthus (he must surely have been grievously misrepresented both by friends and foes, and his own-self too), that population is always treading upon the heels of subsistence, and continually tripping them up; that is, that in any given space or country, more people can be produced than food. This is theoretically and algebraically proveable, but never has this result actually occurred, or in any degree approaching to

it; and, for any thing we can tell, in the multitude of causes and combinations of causes around us, that result never can occur. We at least are at a measureless distance from any approach to it. Still the Economist, and the Committee manifestly have this impression constantly before their eyes, and have no hesitation whatever in announcing the redundancy in question itself, a proof of the doctrine. We say it is no proof at all. The redundancy is the result of nothing, but excess of machinery on the one hand, and the over-reachings and over-graspings of private interest on the other. The country is well capable of sustaining all that breathe upon it, tenfold. The remedies are at home, and it is idle to go elsewhere on a wild-goose chase after them.

Not to recur to the actual sources of the circumstances under which the pauper labours, and bring them prominently forward, is impossible. Public measures and the interests of particular classes, have ruined the *lower* classes. Public measures have relieved the wealthy, to the sacrifice of the poor. Particular classes have pursued their accumulating course, reckless of consequences, and have, carelessly or ignorantly thrown the labourers out of employ, or reduced them to wages, on which they cannot subsist; and now that they return upon them, as we said, in the shape of paupers, they must be gotten rid of. They are nothing but burdens, though burdens of their own making. Pack them then out of the country; expose them to the snows of Canada, or the suns of Colombia; dismiss them to the Antipodes to herd with convicts, or drive them in the rear of the Cape to grapple with savages—no matter, get rid of them at all events,—but, remember, make them first or last, pay the charges of the transport. Now really this last condition is more intolerable than the infliction of exile itself. The least that could have been expected by the degraded victims of power, if they must be transplanted from the soil of their birth, was to be freely transported, and to be freely left to themselves and their own exertions, unfettered by any obligations to repay the expenses, by them unwillingly incurred, of an unwilling and undeserved banishment. It is altogether atrocious.

But the expense—the expense will knock the foolish scheme on the head. £20 a-head for Canada, and £40 for Botany Bay, is the very lowest rate of transport: and what, without large additions of expense, is to become of them, when they arrive? Oh, crops are soon raised—not for months at least, and then they may fail. Emigration to new lands and distant climates is not for paupers, but for those, who, while they have money at command, cannot maintain their rank at home; who have time to look about them, and choose their station, and wait for events.

Any person of common sense may reasonably ask, where is all the provision—the actual food and clothing to come from, till the colonists provide for themselves? They will take every thing with them. Then these things are in existence—they are to be had? To be sure, all are living and eating now. Then let them still live and be fed at home, and save the cost of conveyance. It will be the cheapest expedient, and in the meanwhile look to the remedies, which are at home, and in your own hands.

THE GREENWICH PENSIONER.

A Greenwich pensioner! Did any of my readers ever ponder on that strange composition of battered humanity and blue serge? Did they never feel a something approaching very near gratitude on passing, in the metropolis, a Greenwich pensioner, who with his honest, carved-out, unabashed front, looks as bluntly and as wonderingly at the bustle and splendour around him, as does an unsophisticated wether suddenly removed from South Downs to Cheapside, whilst shaking his woollen coat beneath the whip of the coachman to the Lord Mayor. What a mixture of gravity and wonderment is in the poor brute's countenance! how with its meek, uplifted head, it stares at the effulgent vehicle,—runs leaping at the coach-wheels, mistaking them for hurdles—falls, awe-struck, back, at the gilt and beavered greatness of the footman's cocked-hat—then, suddenly awakened from its amazement by the lurcher's teeth or the driver's stick, makes an unlucky spring of some three feet into the air, catches a glance of its figure in the mirrored walls of a silk-mercer's, and, startled at the sight, dashes through the first court,—carrying perhaps a few yards upon its back, some red-faced, nankeen-gaitered little stock-broker, whose spattered small-clothes are for a time unregarded, in the mighty rush of drovers, butchers, dogs, and idlers.

Now such is the real Greenwich pensioner. When I say *real*, I mean, one who abhors London worse than he does a Frenchman; who thinks there is nothing to be seen in it, unless, indeed, it be Nelson's tomb, in St. Paul's, or the Ship, public-house, in Tooley-street. London is to him a never-failing source of merriment; that is, whilst he is out of it. He sits at Greenwich, and looking as sagely as a starling ere he snaps at a fly, at the piled-up clouds of smoke hanging over the metropolis, or indeed almost propped upon its chimney-pots, and, stretching forth his stick, significantly points them out to his former shipmates, asking them if they do not think "there is something dark over there—something of an 'ox-eye' to the west?" He, indeed, never ventures to London, unless it be for a fresh supply of tobacco, or to pay a quarterly visit to his grand-daughter, the upper housemaid in a gentleman's family—and who, indeed, thinks with horror upon his call, because the neighbours laugh at the cocked-hat and the shoe-buckles of her relative; but principally because Richard, the baker's young man, declares he hates all sailors. The visit is never a very lengthened one, especially if the girl lives far to the west: for her grandfather has to call upon Will Somebody, who set up, with his prize-money, a public-house in Wapping: so off he starts, hurries up the Strand, touches his hat from a point of principle as he nears Somerset House; puts out more canvas, and away for Temple Bar. The pensioner has not yet, however, sat for his picture.

We have all read of crabs being despoiled of their claws, locusts of their entrails, and turtles of their brains, receiving in lieu thereof a pellet of cotton, and yet retaining life, and appearing, in the words of the experimentalizing and soft-hearted naturalist "very lively and comfortable."* Now, the real Greenwich pensioner distances all these; he is, indeed, an enigma: nature knows not what to make of him. He hath been suspended, like a schoolboy's bob-cherry, a hundred times

* See Vaillant and Redi.

over the chaps of death, and yet still been snatched away by the hand of Providence—to whom, indeed, his many hurts and dangers have especially endeared him. Ye of the "*land* interest," ye soft-faced young sparks, who think with terror upon a razor on a frosty morning,—ye suffering old gentlemen, who pause at a linen-draper's, and pass the flannel between your fingers, as time verges towards October—ye martyrs to a winter cough, ye racked with a quarterly tooth-ache—all ye of household ailings, look upon this hacked, shivered piece of clay, this Greenwich pensioner :—consider of how many of his powers he is despoiled—see where the cutlass and the boarding-pike have ploughed up and pierced his flesh; see where the bullet has glanced, singeing by: and when you have reckoned up—if they are to be reckoned—his many scars, above all, look at his hard, contented, weather-barnacled face, and then, gentle spectators, complain of your rheums, your joint-twitchings, and your corns!

Why, this Greenwich pensioner is in himself a record of the last forty years' war. He is a breathing volume of naval history: not an event but is somewhere indented in him with steel or lead: he has been the stick in which the English Mars has notched his cricket-matches, when twenty-four pounders were balls, and mainmasts wickets. See, in his blinded eye is Howe's victory on the glorious First of June; that stump of what was once an arm, is Nile; and in his wooden leg, read Trafalgar. As to his scars, a gallant action, or a desperate cutting-out is noted in every one of them. And what was the old fellow's only wish, as with a shattered knee, he lay in the cockpit under the surgeon's hand—what was his earnest supplication to the wet-eyed messmate who bore him down the hatchway? Simply, that he would save him one of the splinters of the mainmast of the Victory, to make of it a leg for Sundays! His wish was granted; and at Greenwich, always on the seventh day, and also on the 21st of October, is he to be seen, propped upon the inestimable splinter, which from labour, time, and bees'-wax, has taken the dark glossiness of mahogany. What a face he has! What a certain consciousness of his superiority on his own element at times puffs out his lip, and gives a sudden twitch to his head! But ask him in what quarter sets the wind—and note, how with his one eye he will glance at you from top to toe; and, without ever raising his head or hand to make a self-inquiry, answers you at once, as though it was a question he was already prepared for! And so, indeed, he is; it being his first business, on rising, to consult the weather. The only way to gain his entire confidence, is at once frankly to avow your utter ignorance, and his superiority; and then, after he has leered at you with an eye, in which there is a meeting of contempt, good-humour, and self-importance, he is wholly your own; and will straightway launch into the South Seas, coast along the shores of Guinea, where—by the bye, he will tell you he once fell in love with a negress, who, however, jilted him for the cook,—and then he will launch out about Admiral Duncan—take you a voyage with him round Cape Horn, where a mermaid appeared, and sung a song to the ship's crew; and who, indeed, blew aside all the musket-shots that were ungallantly fired at her in requital of her melody. But our pensioner has one particular story; hear him through that, suffer yourself to be wholly astounded at its recital, and, if you were not a landsman, he would instantly greet you as his dearest friend. The heroes of this same story, are our pensioner and a shark: a tre-

mendous shark that used to be the terror of the harbour of St. Thomas's. Upon this shark, and the piece of the mainmast of the Victory, is our pensioner content to rest all his importance during his life, and his fame with posterity. He will tell you that he, being caterer of the mess, let fall a piece of beef out at the port-hole, which this terrible shark received into its jaws, and twisted its body most provokingly at the delicious mouthful. Hereupon our pensioner,—it was before, he reminds you, he had lost a limb—asks leave of the first-lieutenant (for the captain was ashore) to have a bout with the shark: leave being granted, all the crew are quickly in the shrouds, and upon the hammock-netting, to see Tom—"tackle the shark." Our pensioner now enters into a minute detail of how, having armed himself with a long knife, he jumped overboard, dived under the shark, whom he saw approaching with distended jaws, and inflicted a tremendous wound with the knife in the belly of the fish; this is repeated thrice, when the shark turns itself upon its back—a boat is let down, and both the conqueror and the conquered are quickly received upon deck. You are doubtless astonished at this; he, however, adds to your surprise by telling you that the mess regaled off the piece of beef recovered from the fish; be more astounded at this, although mingle no doubt in your astonishment, and he will straightway promise some day to treat your eyes with a sight of a set of chequer-men, cut from the very dorsal bone of the immolated shark! To be the hearer of a sailor's tale, is something like undergoing the ancient ordeal of red-hot ploughshares; be innocent of unbelief, and you may, as was held, journey in safety; doubt the smallest point, and you are quickly withered into nought.

What an odd contrast to his early life is the state of a Greenwich pensioner! It is as though a part of the angry and foaming sea should lie stagnant in a bathing-tub. All his business is to recount his former adventures—to plod about, and look with a disdainful eye at trees, and brick and mortar; or, when he would indulge in a serious fit of spleen, to walk down to the river's side, and let his gall feed upon the mishaps of London apprentices, who, fearless of consequences, may have ventured some five miles from home in *not* a "trim-built wherry." A Greenwich pensioner fresh from sea is a most preposterous creature; he gets up every morning for a week, a month, and still finds himself in the same place; he knows not what to make of it—he feels the strangeness of his situation, and would, had he the patience and the wit, liken himself to a hundred unsettled things. Compare him to a hippopotamus in a gentleman's park, and he would tell you, he had in his day seen a hippopotamus, and then, with a good-natured grunt, acquiesce in the resemblance; or to a jolly-boat in a flower-garden; or to a sea-gull in the cage of a canary; or to a porpoise upon a hearth-rug; or to a boatswain's-whistle in a nursery; or to a marling-spike in a milliner's work-room; or a tar-barrel in a confectioner's; with any one or all of these misplaced articles would our unsettled pensioner sympathize, until time shall have reconciled him to his asylum; and even then, his fancy, like the shells upon our mantel-piece, will sound of the distant and the dangerous ocean. At Greenwich, however, the mutilated old sailor has time enough to indulge in the recollection of his early days, and, with what wisdom he may, to make up his mind to meet in another world those whom his arm may have sent thither long before. Death, at length, gently lays the veteran upon his back—his last words, as the

sailor puts his withered hand upon his heart, are "all's well," and sea and earth have passed away. His body, which had been for forty years a bulwark to the land, now demands of it but "two paces of the vilest earth;" and if aught could spring from the tomb characteristic of its inmate, from the grave of the pensioner would arise the stout, unbending oak—it would be his fitting monument; and the carolling of the birds in its branches would be his loud, his artless epitaph.

The Greenwich pensioner, wherever we meet with him, is a fine, quaint memento of our national greatness, and our fortunate locality. We should look upon him as the representative of Neptune, and bend our spirit towards him accordingly. But that is not sufficient; we have individual acknowledgments to make to him for the comforts of a long safety. Let us but consider, as we look at his wooden supporter, that if it had not been for his leg, the cannon-ball might have scattered us in our tea-parlour—the bullet which deprived him of his orb of vision, might have stricken *Our Village* from our hand, whilst ensconced in our study; the cutlass which cleaved his shoulder, might have demolished our china vase, or our globe of golden fish:—instead of which, hemmed round by such walls of stout and honest flesh, we have lived securely, participating in every peaceful and domestic comfort, and neither heard the roar of the cannon nor seen its smoke. Shakspeare has compared England to "a swan's nest" in the "world's pool:" let us be nautical in our similies, and liken her to a single lemon-kernel in a huge bowl of punch: who is it that has prevented the kernel from being ladled down the throat of despotism, from becoming but an atom of the great, loathsome mass?—our Greenwich pensioner. Who has kept our houses from being transformed into barracks, and our cabbage-markets into parades?—again, and again, let it be answered—the Greenwich pensioner. Reader, if the next time you see the tar, you should perchance have with you your wife and smiling family, think that if their tenderness has never been shocked by scenes of blood and terror, you owe such quietude to a Greenwich pensioner. Indeed, I know not if a triennial progress of the Greenwich establishment through the whole kingdom would not be attended with the most beneficial effects—fathers would teach their little ones to lisp thanksgivings unto God that they were born in England, as reminded of their happy superiority by the withered form of every Greenwich pensioner.

D.W.J.

A SERENADE.

Wake, Lady, wake! the midnight moon
Sails through the cloudless skies of June,
The stars gaze sweetly on the stream
Which in the brightness of their beam
One sheet of glory lies;
The glow-worm lends its little light,
And all that's beautiful and bright
Is shining on our world to-night,
Save thy bright eyes.

Wake, Lady, wake! the nightingale
Tells to the moon her love-lorn tale;
Now doth the brook that's hushed by day,
As through the vale she winds her way,
In murmurs sweet rejoice;
The leaves, by the soft night-wind stirred,
Are whispering many a gentle word,
And all earth's sweetest sounds are heard,
Save thy sweet voice.

Wake, Lady, wake! thy lover waits,
Thy steed stands saddled at the gates;
Here is a garment rich and rare
To wrap thee from the cold night-air;
The appointed hour is flown;
Danger and doubt have vanished quite,
Our way before lies clear and right,
And all is ready for the flight,
Save thou alone.

Wake, Lady, wake! I have a wreath,
Thy broad fair brow should rise beneath;
I have a ring that must not shine
On any finger, Love, but thine—
I've kept my plighted vow;
Beneath thy casement here I stand,
To lead thee by thy own white hand,
Far from this dull and captive strand,
But where art thou?

Wake, Lady, wake! She wakes, she wakes,
Through the green mead her course she takes—
And now her lover's arms enfold
A prize more precious far than gold,
Blushing like morning's ray;
Now mount thy palfrey, maiden kind,
Nor pause to cast one look behind,
But, swifter than the viewless wind,
Away, away!

H. N.

THE CONDEMNED CELL.

There are tragedies in real life which, but for their every-day occurrence, would penetrate men's souls deeper than all the fabled woes that poets ever yet imagined. I do not allude to the consuming or broken hearts which one meets at every turn, and which are either masked by their owner's pride or pass unheeded by the selfish short-sightedness of the million, but of those public and notorious spectacles in which—as on a stage—the miseries of mankind are exhibited—even paraded, without exciting from the beholders more than a passing remark—sometimes without being thought of at all.

The condition of criminals sentenced to die is of all others the most heart-sickening. Every feeling of humanity revolts at the degradation to which these human beings are exposed—and, putting aside the enormity of their crimes, and the justice of their punishment (upon which latter topic much might be said), it is impossible to contemplate men in this condition without sensations of the deepest pain and humiliation. Few persons visit these abodes of wretchedness: and it is perhaps well that they do not. Little good can result from the spectacle—it is indecent to gaze upon sorrows which cannot be alleviated—and as for the benefit of example—always strangely overrated—what can be the force of example from persons whom imprisonment, and suffering, and conscious helplessness, have reduced to a condition little above that of the inhabitants of Bedlam, in point of intellectual power?

Years have passed since I saw the condemned cells of Newgate; but many more must elapse before the impression which that sight made upon me can be removed, or even weakened. It was on a gloomy November day—the streets were filled with that damp murky vapour which is the reproach of our climate—and every thing looked as sad and dull as the task I had undertaken. The approach to Newgate—the appearance of the building, and the entrance to the prison—form a succession of horrors, the gradual increase of which prepare the mind for those which are to ensue, and are a fit prologue to the tragedy behind. The massy fastenings to the doors, the chains, of forms and size as various as the crimes which fill the heart of man, and hanging upon the walls as if in mockery of the ornaments which are to be found in ordinary dwellings; the thick stone walls, through which the passages seem rather to be cut than built, cast a chill upon the blood, and the respiration is checked by the weight which falls upon the animal spirits. This oppression is heightened by the scarcely human appearance of the gaolers, who swarm about the entrance of the prison. Originally possessing the same feelings as other men, their features expressed those feelings; but long commerce with the most abandoned of their kind, the necessity for exercising an incessant vigilance, and, more than all, the knowledge of crime with which their minds have become familiarized, have had a blighting effect on their whole being. Like those plants which blossom and flourish under the light of the sun and the airs from heaven, but which in the noisome damps of a dungeon lose their freshness, change their odour for rankness, and their beauty for deformity, these men seem to have been lowered from their first nature, and to have undergone a similar degradation. But frightful and painful as was the approach to this scene of horrors, every further step became infinitely more so.

At the period of my visit to this place, for some reason—perhaps on account of the number of criminals then under sentence of immediate execution—they were not confined in the cells commonly allotted for such purposes, but were all placed together in a long chamber, on what might be called the first floor of the building. A staircase of stone led to it, and as the edifice stood within a court-yard, the entrance to which was secured by several gates and passages, it had not been thought necessary to fasten the door of the room. It was a long whitewashed chamber, lighted by small windows, which were secured with thick iron bars. At one end lay the mattresses and bedding of the inmates, rolled up in as small a compass as possible, to be out of the way: a small wooden desk, furnished with materials for writing, stood near them. At the other end of the chamber there was a chimney, in which a fire, as dull as the weather, was consuming. A long deal table, with benches on each side, stood in the middle of the room; and on the right hand was a large leaden sink, furnished with water for the use of the prisoners. Every thing was kept scrupulously clean; but, at the same time, so bare and desolate an appearance prevailed throughout the room, that if all the other circumstances of horror had been absent, there was enough in the mere look of the place to make one's blood run cold. But the people—the human beings of whom this was for a time the abiding place—they formed a sight the most revolting, and which words can hardly describe.

On a seat near the fire sate a miserable looking old man, dressed in a loose brown great-coat, and wearing a white night-cap. He was reading, or rather spelling, a hymn, from a book which had been given him by one of the dissenting clergymen, who are always about the prisons. The utter want of expression in this poor wretch's countenance, and the almost idiotic manner in which he continued to mutter, half aloud, words which he did not understand, excited feelings of greater pain (because there was something of disgust mixed up with them) than a display of violent grief. This man had been a small farmer, and was possessed of some substance; he had long been suspected in his neighbourhood of dishonest practices, and at length being convicted of sheep-stealing, the general circumstances of his life prevented his being treated as many others who had been found guilty of the same offence. The apathy which he displayed formed a sickening contrast to the scene around him:—the helpless wretch, with less intelligence than a beast destined to be slaughtered, was awaiting his fate with as little apprehension.

On the opposite side of the room three men, each of whom was heavily ironed, were walking up and down in a row. At every step their fetters rung against each other, and the regularity of their paces produced a dull horrible sound, monotonous and sad as the groans which may be imagined to proceed from the prison caverns of the damned. The first of these persons was a pale, slender youth; who, with the second—an elder and more robust man on the other side,—had been condemned for a burglary. The third man, who occupied the middle place, was a Jew, of sturdy limbs and short stature. He had been found guilty of a street-robbery, and as he had maltreated his victim after plundering him, he was doomed to a fate, which but for the cruelty he had practised, he would probably have escaped. After his condemnation he had suffered his beard to grow—a practice which it seems is common with the Jews—and the grizzled black hair of several days' growth, which now overspread all the lower part of his face, added to the naturally

base and ferocious cast of his features. These three persons walked and talked together in a dogged, reckless manner, for some time. At length the younger, as if tired with the tediousness of his exercise, quitted his companions, and sate down at the table to read a prayer-book which was lying upon it; the others continued their walk for some time longer. Their conversation, however, seemed to flag—they said less to each other, and each was evidently thinking of some other subject than that on which they spoke. The burglar at length went towards the sink, and drew some water in a cup, which he drank, while the expression of his eyes told plainly that he was almost unconscious of what he was doing: he sate down, and, as if at that moment some bitter thought thrust itself upon his memory, the tears started involuntarily to his eyes—he buried his face in his hands, and threw himself upon the table, while a low groan burst from him, and the quivering of his whole frame told the agonies which remorse was inflicting upon his inmost soul. The Jew, left alone, continued to walk for a short time, looking more sulky and dogged than ever: after a few moments his features relaxed a little—a tremulous motion was apparent upon his upper lip, and a tear rolled down from either eye, which he wiped off with his hard, muscular hand; and, as if more surprised than softened by so strange an emotion, he went into a distant corner of the room and sate down upon the beds.

I believe these three men were wholly unconscious of the presence of any other person in the room. In their actions might be traced, as plainly as if they had been described by words, the feelings which worked upon them. A deep and bitter remorse—not repentance of their crimes, but regret that they were reduced to this condition—a sense of their own helplessness, and a desperate conviction that there was no hope left them—these feelings, as by turns they sprang up and exercised their power upon the uncultivated minds of the miserable men, swayed them as the winds move the waves of the ocean. It was a curious speculation, and I have often thought since—for at that time I was too much pained at the spectacle to reflect upon it—that a strange lesson might be learned of the heart of man in such a school as this.

Another man was there of a superior character to the criminals I have mentioned. His mind had been to a certain degree refined by education and by travel. He had served in the army abroad, had fought bravely, and had signalized himself on several occasions, the only reward for which was some severe wounds, which were not even then wholly cured. The idleness which the peace brought with it to soldiers, and a desire to improve his fortune in pursuits for which he was better calculated than for the military profession, induced him to quit the army. He was married—and this was a more cogent reason than all the others for his entering again into civil life. He did so, and was unfortunate—perhaps imprudent—but he lost his all, and (in time) found himself beggared—without the cost of a day's subsistence in hand; and with a wife whom he loved—(he only wanted children)—dying slowly of a broken heart—which people called a "fever." In this situation, a *friend* recommended him to "try the *forged notes*." At first, of course the proposal was rejected. But, next day—furniture, clothes, every thing but the bed his dying wife lay on (and that lay on the floor) was gone—the demon was not to be cheated of his prey—he went to work—and to destruction.

The unskilfulness with which he set about his task ensured his detection: in the second attempt he made he was taken and imprisoned; he was tried, pleaded guilty, and was sentenced to be executed. At the period of which I now speak he was in the same room with the others destined to a similar fate; but upon him the effect of the surrounding circumstances was extraordinary as well as dreadful: for he was impressed from the beginning with a belief that his life would not be forfeited. The lenity which so many confirmed offenders had experienced, the small amount of crime he had committed, his previous character, his distress, all combined to strengthen that opinion, and it became stronger and deeper as all rational hope declined. The following day was now fixed for his execution, but still he believed that his life would be spared—the sands of his existence were rapidly dropping, and still, though he might have counted them, he insisted with a desperate infatuation on believing that years of life were yet before him. With a smile, which was full of horror, he dismissed the exhortations of the clergyman, recommending to his care the other culprits who really had need of them; and to every other suggestion he either turned a deaf ear, or received them with an incredulous shake of the head; adding occasionally as he strode about in feverish anxiety, "It is quite impossible; they will not, they cannot, they dare not commit so needless, so useless an injustice!" It was evident to all of cooler reason who observed him that he had nourished this fatal belief until it had taken the place of his judgment, and in this belief until the morrow, until the very preparations for his death had begun, he resolutely continued.

At the desk near the lower end of the room a young man was engaged in writing a letter. He was pale and looked ill, but his features were handsome, and his clothes made in the extreme of fashion: hanging over him stood a young woman dressed in a splendid but awkward manner; her clothes were of a very expensive description, but tawdry, and unsuitable for the weather and the time of day. When she looked up I recognized one of those unfortunate women whom "the dangerous gift of beauty" has brought to the most fatal destruction. The appearance of these two persons in this place of unmixed wretchedness, and among people upon whom privations and confinement had fixed their hard and degrading stamp, formed a distressing contrast; and a sense of the ridiculous which intruded itself among the other sensations to which the scene gave rise, made it horrible. The young man, whose fate at this period made some noise in the town, was an artist of respectable talents; he had been long pursuing dishonest courses, and at length, being engaged in a burglary, he was sentenced to death. The female had shared his short-lived prosperity, and now, with a rare fidelity, clave to him in his lost fortunes, when all the world besides had abandoned him. This instance of the power of that passion which rules the world struck me as being infinitely more remarkable than many of those proofs of female affection which are cited as heroic. Here were two persons whose lives had been base and profligate to the last degree; that of the woman too vile to be thought upon—and yet that holy and purifying passion which neither vice, nor crime, nor misery could extinguish, now seemed as it were to triumph over all: and in the very hour when it was the turn of the more hateful qualities to have uncontrolled sway; when every inducement, even the opinion of the world—of that world by which she was abandoned—was in favour of her deserting this man, she was impelled by the unaided, irresistible power of her affection to comfort him

in his helpless wretchedness, to strip herself of all that she possessed to furnish him with food and such aid as might bestead him; and this too for a man whose claims upon her affection, if they could have been estimated, were probably (as such men's claims mostly are) less than that which he would have had upon a brute devoid of reason! I know that most females know no limits in their exertions for men whom they love; and that this should be the result of a sincere, and ardent, and pure attachment, excites no wonder; but that a woman divested of all the most estimable attributes of her sex, degraded in mind and in person, regarded by the better part of society as an anomaly—a monster, belonging to neither sex, but the reproach of both—that she should, in the depth of her humiliation, practise, in one instance at least, the same devoted virtue which would have added dignity to the most exalted of women; that she should do this with a disinterestedness which admits of no doubt, (for the object of her love was a wretched criminal, whose days were numbered, and whose name was wedded to contempt and disgrace,) this it is that excites my astonishment, and the highest veneration for the passion which can work such wonders.

> The treasures of the deep are not so precious
> As are the concealed comforts of a man
> Locked up in woman's love!

In a corner near the door stood another groupe, which had commanded my attention from the moment of my entering. It consisted of a hard-featured ugly young man who was also to die on the morrow, for uttering forged bank-notes, an old man of most respectable appearance, and a middle-aged person, upon whose arm the old man was leaning. The elder of this party appeared to be about eighty years of age; he was dressed in a fashion long gone by; his head was bald at the top; but from about his ears some few silver locks hung curling down and reached his shoulders. He was talking to the criminal in a solemn manmer, but in so low a tone that its purport did not reach me. The frequent use which the other persons made of their handkerchiefs induced me to believe that he was earnestly exhorting the culprits to prepare for the fate which awaited them. The youth listened with unmoved features, and when at length the old man bade him farewell for the last time, and, blinded by his tears, felt his way down the stairs, the criminal accompanied him into the court-yard, when the gate which separated them for ever was closed upon him. He immediately came back to the dismal prison in which his fellows were, and after standing for a few moments with his eyes fixed, and the same dull, impenetrable expression in his countenance, he uttered a loud yell, and dashed himself with frightful violence on the floor. It is impossible to describe the effect which this scream, accompanied by the noise of his fall, and the clashing of his fetters against the floor, had upon every one present. The criminals looked aghast towards the spot, and the terrified woman grasped the arm of the young man near whom she was standing. It seemed as if the poor wretch had resisted, as long as he was able, the feelings which flowed upon his heart, and that at length the force which they had acquired by being thus pent up, enabled them to burst through the restraint with overpowering violence. The old man was his grandfather, and had not seen him for several years before this last fatal interview.

I could endure no more, but made a hasty departure from a scene of horror and despair, which I am conscious that I have failed in attempting adequately to describe, but which I can never forget.

THE CHEVALIER D'ASSAS.

Le Chevalier D'Assas, le Decius François, étant à Closter-Kamp en 1760, posté près d'un bois pendant la nuit, avec un détachement du Regiment d'Auvergne, entra seul dans ce bois pour le fouiller, et se vit tout-à-coup environné d'une troupe d'ennemis. Ceux-ci, lui appuyant leurs baïonettes sur le poitrine le menacent de la mort s'il dit un mot. De ce mot dépendait la surprise de son poste et vraisemblablement de l'armée. D'Assas n'hésite pas; il cria, "A moi, Auvergne! ce sont les ennemis!" et il tombe percé de coups.—FLORIAN.

ALONE through gloomy forest-shades
A soldier went by night;
No moon-beam pierced the hollow glades,
No guiding star shed light.

The darkness that about him lay
Was filled with boding tones,
The massy boughs that arched his way,
From every leaf sent moans.

But on his vigil's midnight round
The warrior cheerly passed,
Unstayed by aught of mournful sound
That muttered in the blast.

Where were his thoughts that lonely hour?
In his far home perchance;
His father's hall, his mother's bower,
'Midst the gay vines of France:

Wandering from battles lost and won,
To hear and bless again
The rolling of the wide Garonne,
Or murmur of the Seine.

Hush! hark!—did stealing steps go by?
Came not faint whispers near?
No! the wild wind hath many a sigh
Amidst the foliage sere.

Hark, yet again!—and from his hand
What grasp hath wrenched the blade?
Oh! single 'midst a hostile band,
Young Soldier! thou'rt betrayed!

"Silence!" in under-tones they cry,
"No murmur—not a breath!
The word that warns thy comrades nigh,
Shall sentence thee to death!"

Still at the bayonet's point he stood,
And strong to meet the blow,
And shouted, 'midst his rushing blood,
"Arm, arm, Auvergne!—the foe!"

The stir, the tramp, the bugle-call,
He heard their tumult grow,
And sent his dying voice through all,
Once more, "Auvergne! the foe!"

F. H.

PHILOSOPHY TEACHING BY EXAMPLES.

"Does your Epictetus, or your Seneca here, or any of these poor rich rogues, teach you how to pay your debts without money? Will they shut up the mouths of your creditors? Will Plato be bail for you? or Diogenes, because he understands confinement and lived in a tub, go to prison for you? 'Slife, Sir, what do you mean to mew yourself up here, with three or four musty books, in commendation of starving and poverty!"—LOVE FOR LOVE.

In the thirty-third number of the "Connoisseur" there is an ingenious plan for the advancement of the study of the law; in which the author recommends his pupils, instead of poring over dry Institutes and wearisome Commentaries, to rush at once into the practice of the profession, by experimenting on themselves. There is nothing, he affirms, so likely to bring a man acquainted with the duties of a magistrate and constable as a course of night brawls and batteries on the watch; nothing so calculated to make him master of the whole law of debtor and creditor, as the defending an action against his tailor—(in those days that "*Court moyen*," the insolvent court, was unknown). The whole art of conveyancing, in like manner, he thinks is best illustrated by a series of post-obits; and the details of the penal code, with all its intricacies and chaotic jumble of conflicting clauses, rendered familiar by an occasional burglary or murder. A course of study like this, it is justly observed, is much superior to the old jog-trot method of hard reading, and a painful attendance in a special pleader's office, in which eyes, health, time, and money are lost; while from the table of the memory it wipes away not only "all trivial fond records," but all traces of classical learning, science, and knowledge of human nature; and the sources of imagination are dried up, till the student is left with about as much apprehension as a cabbage. The system here recommended embraces the "*citò, tutò et jucundè;*" every thing that is delightful in the pursuit of knowledge: it is, indeed, the *ne plus ultra* of royal roads to instruction; and I have long lamented that this ingenious notion should have been confined to the study of the law, while it might have been usefully applied, not only to the other sciences, but to morals, politics, and diplomacy,—to the "*quidquid agunt homines,*" and brought knowledge home to men's business and bosoms, far quicker than the Paleys and Burlamaquis—those despairs of the light-hearted and ingenious kill-cares of our sister universities.

In this age of steam-engines, rail-roads, and power-looms, one might have thought it superfluous to recommend the experimental before the dogmatic method. In the natural sciences, men are at length pretty well agreed to open their eyes and look about them, "to see what they shall see," and to weigh the dead salmon before they set about reasoning why it should be heavier than when alive. Nor is it necessary any longer to knock Bacon at folks' heads to set them more against a musty and obsolete philosophy, which they are already predisposed to hold sufficiently cheap. But in the moral sciences, or, to speak a less pedantic language, in all things which concern manners and life, we are but too prone to cling to the old *à priori* habits of our ancestors; to turn to our Senecas and Epictetuses; and when we have strung together a few pithy apothegms, and rounded off a few Johnsonian periods, to imagine that we have the whole science of man at our fingers' ends. Oh! is it not provoking, at the time of day in which we live, to feel what a long way half a dozen empty hypocritical words, "full of sound signifying nothing," will go, when spoken under the shadow of a big wig and a pent-house

brow! When a physician wishes to know the properties of a new drug, he immediately gives it to a dog—unless indeed some human animal of smaller pecuniary value is at hand, to be made the subject of the experiment. When the Congreve rocket is required to do the work of death with more accuracy and despatch, the ingenious inventor sets to work his artificers in the elaboratory at Woolwich: but when the human heart or head are the subjects of inquiry, instead of applying at once to "the parties concerned," men still fly to their folios of theology, and preach upon the matter till they are perplexed in a labyrinth of no-meanings,—to the great loss of rest of the country gentlemen in Parliament, and to the horror of the over-worked newspaper-reporters. Let any speculative man but sum up the vast and varied savings which would accrue from the overthrow of the imposing but useless scaffoldage of "ifs" and "ands," and "therefores" and "thoughs," which at present govern the speeches and actions of public personages, and he will rejoice with me in learning that a new light is breaking upon mankind, that a new school of philosophy is springing up, which, to use an expressive Irishism, will *insense* men respecting their own nature, and lay bare the realities of life with a cynical veracity, that leaves nothing to be desired. Well indeed have our nursery sages decided, that

> "If 'ifs' and 'ands'
> Were pots and pans,
> We should have no need of tinkers."

—This short sentence may be taken as a summary and judicious criticism on all the books of moral philosophy that ever were written, which are indeed but so many elaborate treatises, on catching birds by putting salt on their tails. Why it should have been said that experience is the wisdom of fools (*experientia stultorum magistra*) I never could understand. Certain it is that fools are the only persons who *never* profit by it; while the wisest allow that the purchase of one ounce of "London particular" experience, is worth a pound of the very best advice that ever was brewed by a tutor or a father. It is on this account, and with a view to the dissemination of juster and more fructiferous notions of morality, that some of the best and most loyal men that England ever knew have set on foot a plan for substituting Sunday papers for sermons, and for superseding the dry musty didactic pages of Tillotson and Taylor, by those fascinating displays of the practical workings of the passions, which enliven the pages of the "John Bull" and the "Age." Certain individuals who take a pleasure in "railing against the Lord's anointed," and demonstrating that whatever is, is wrong, have imagined that the style and matter of these publications but ill accord with the professions of religion and morality, which form so prominent a part of the true Tory creed. These short-sighted critics overlook the deep and recondite meaning, to run their heads against what half an eye might enable them to avoid. What they mistake for illiberal libel, or vulgar abuse, is indeed nothing else than "*philosophy teaching by examples*,"—than a running commentary upon the Whole Duty of Man, illustrating what he ought to be, by the contrast of a perpetual example of what he is. Another splendid instance of this cynical, but impressive mode of tuition, is to be found in that wonderful production which forms a part of the private libraries of all persons—of fashion and of no fashion alike—the *nocturna versata manuversata diurna*" of every boudoir from

Cadogan-place to Ratcliffe-highway,—the "Memoirs of Harriet Wilson."—"It makes me strange even to the very disposition that I owe," to observe how egregiously the best judges have erred concerning the scope and tendency of this work. One calls out "scandalum magnatum;" another vociferates "indecent exposure;" a third cries "abominable extortion;" a fourth chuckles over the gibetting of his friends: a fifth is terrified lest himself should become the hero of the tale; but no one dreams of viewing the production in its true light, as a compendious treatise of morals, illustrating by practical instances, love and life, demonstrating the superior morality of moral England, discoverving the pitfalls which beset a life of pleasure, and proving that "the gods are just, and of our pleasant vices make instruments to scourge us." Such a work is to the science of morals, what dissections of living animals are to physiology—painful enough to the victims, but admirably profitable to those who know how to make use of them. Methinks I hear the frail but philosophic teacher exclaiming, with Terentian elegance—

> Id vero quod ego puto mihi pulmarium
> Me reperisse quomodo adolescentulus
> Meretricum injuria et mores possit noscere
> Maturè ut cum cognovit perpetuò oderit.

And as "nothing under nobility approaches mistress Kitty," and it is not every man's lot to go to Corinth, the utility of such instructions cannot be too highly rated, nor the number of cheap editions too extensively multiplied. Another important lesson which this great moralist teaches is addressed to the spiritual pride of the upper classes of society; who because, for some reason or other, they are not often hanged or transported, are but too apt to rail against the immorality of the common people, to legislate away their innocent amusements, and lean with severity upon their frailties. This is a crying sin; and most fortunate is it that we possess so faithful a monitor,—a mirror so true,—a remedy so fitted to purge away the dangerous conceit. If "vice to be hated need but to be seen," the vices of the aristocracy are in the work in question held up to their contemplation, not only without clothes, but without a skin. Mrs. Pilkington, the wife of that Rev. Mr. Pilkington who figures in Swift's correspondence, was the first, I believe, who hit off the mode of raising a "Paphian rent," and at the same time "*victorque virum volitare per ora*," by threatening to show up her old friends and connexions, and letting them off for a douceur, or softening her portraits when the originals came down handsomely. And she may be considered as the founder of the new school of morals. Georgiana Anne Bellamy and Mrs. Baddeley followed in the same track, and many other writers of less celebrity have succeeded, without equaling their great original, until Miss Wilson came, and carried the school at once to perfection. The genius of the happiest inventions have often remained exposed for years to human contemplation, without any one having possessed wit enough to discover their capabilities, and to turn them to account. It will not escape the penetration of the reader, that the gem of these practical codes of morals existed for centuries in the last dying speeches of criminals, who have passed out of this life by the debtor's door of Newgate; nor will they fail to be struck at the vast inferiority of the *prima intenzione* to the completed work.

Among the teachers of this school may be reckoned a long list of

writers of novels, sentimental, amorous, and religious, who have endeavoured to make their imaginations subservient to the propagation of sound morals, by depicting at full length the odious and the absurd. But the Lovelaces, the infidel fathers, and the De Valmonts, like certain anatomical prints, have more nerves and arteries than are to be found in the living subject; and while they are thus overcharged in some particulars, are lamentably deficient in the truth of nature as to others. Invention never yet reached the sublime of real life, nor could imagination ever venture upon such exquisite touches of vice and absurdity as the passions themselves can alone develope. To be convinced of this truth, we need but compare the *nouvelle* Héloise with the confessions of its author, and decide whether the latter, if they had been amalgamated with the former, and given forth as fictions, would not have been universally decried and run down as false, improbable, and ridiculous. "*Quodcunque ostendis mihi sic incredulus odi.*"—No, gentle reader, there is nothing like auto-biography for showing up "the dignity of human nature," and demonstrating the true dimensions of the heart of man. Among the most successful efforts in this new mode of teaching must be placed the dramatizing of Tom and Jerry, which may be considered as the first public course of lectures given on this branch of philosophy. The spectacle of Tom and Jerry was to the mind, what the new system of gymnastics is to the body; and it was admirably calculated to put a novice on the footing of an old stager, or in the terms of the art to make him "*fly.*" The annals of the police-office afford abundant proof of the zeal and industry with which the pupils of this school repeated the experiments on life exhibited by the professors, and like king Solomon, satisfied themselves by "*l'autopsie*" that all is vanity and vexation of spirit. It is in the same laudable spirit of instruction, that numerous writers have crammed their novels, reviews, and articles for all sorts of journals, with real personages and real anecdotes, the whole illustrated by "a key," that no one may doubt the genuineness of the experiment: and it is therefore much to be lamented that the author of "Vivian Grey," and he of the "Sayings and Doings," should have brought this species of composition into disrepute, by getting themselves a character for personality on false pretences; by affecting to be severe when they are only silly, and shaking their head when "there is nothing in it." We cannot therefore do less than warn the young and the innocent from looking to such false teachers for sound views, and refer them to a much more authentic source of information in the reports of our criminal and civil courts, in which the most ticklish combinations of society, the most striking situations in life, are exposed to the public gaze, without even a fig-leaf to hide out the naked truth. What a course of moral anatomy was the entire history of Thurtell and his associates! What instructive gossipry filled the journals concerning the execution of Fauntleroy! What lessons on conjugal and *cher-ami-ical* duties! What illustrations of Pope's doctrine of the nearness of love and religion in the human heart!!

"Where mixed with God's thy loved idea lies."—*Epistle to Abelard.*

The superior utility of "philosophy teaching by examples," as contrasted with the dogmatic system of sermons and treatises, must by this time have become pretty evident to the reader. To a judicious and discriminating public a word will suffice; but one immediate and most im-

portant benefit that will arise from it I must notice: which lies in the great lesson it will read to that rather numerous herd of *servum pecus* in middle and low life, who are perpetually ruining themselves, by plunging into the mire of crapula and crime, in the vain hope of imitating their superiors. It is impossible to rise from the perusal of any genuine scandalous chronicle, without being convinced that the inimitables are not to be imitated; that the flaws in nature's chinaware are not to be copied in the coarse texture of her crockery; that the supreme *bon-ton* are a class apart, in their vices as well as in their refinements; in short, that in sins and schneiders, in folly and foppery, the aristocracy stand alone, and that "none but themselves can be their parallel." In the place, therefore, of professorships of morality of the old school, and of evening lecturers in our churches,—in the place of "Mr. Joshua Watson, wine and spirit dealer in Mincing-lane," and the rest of Mr. Cobbett's supporters of the church,—I would recommend the subsidizing Mr. Pierce E——, Mr. D'I———, jun., Mr. Th. H——, and a *selected* portion of the writers for the Sunday press, to give weekly demonstrations of practical morality, from such living specimens in high life as their respective resurrection-men may procure: and that Mr. Stockdale should be encouraged to contract with the trade for an annual supply of "Lives" of the most fashionable impures, with all the "*dicenda tacendaque*" of their very faithful memories. I would have an annual Necrology printed, embracing the most conspicuous individuals who have met the gallows, or who have deserved it, of both sexes: and I would place in all our universities female professors in scandal. We have all heard of female professors at Bologna, mouthing out Homer's Greek like thunder; and I doubt not that the Harriets of the new school would by their eloquence, and their intimate knowledge of character, shed an equal glory on the chairs they illustrate. The practice of their art, "*quam equidem ad bene institutiæ reipublicæ rationem non solum utilem, sed et necessariam esse plerique sapientissimi* (for this reason doubtless) *arbitrati sunt*," * bids them to dive into the frailties and caprices of human nature, without a competent knowledge of which they might starve in the streets; and as no man is a hero to his valet-de-chambre, still less can he hope to escape the penetration of his mistress, or to hide from the world any peculiarities of disposition which she may choose to communicate to it. If Cicero could praise the purity of Leontium's diction, and if Diogenes studied philosophy under Lais, there would be no derogation in even the heads of houses imbibing practical wisdom at the fountain-head, or in a divine's learning christian charity and tolerance from a female's demonstration of human frailty. In the mean time it is to be hoped that the public will have profited by the lesson which has already been read to them by the new school—a lesson which they will not easily forget: that henceforward we shall hear less of French gallantry and Italian cicisbeos; and that a decent silence will for some time be maintained respecting the vast and inappreciable moral superiority of the vice-suppressing heroes of the fair professor's lucubrations. T.

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* Agrippa de Vanitate Scientiarum.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.

No. VI.

General View of Education there.

I HAVE been putting together a multitude of facts, my dear P., concerning the state of education here; and as I know of nothing more likely to interest you in your "search after truth" about America, I shall try to give you the result of my labour in a few words; after which, if there should be room enough left, and I should happen to feel as I do now, about a dozen or two of your popular writers, who have been helping the British public to information about America and the affairs of America, while, to judge by what I see, they are profoundly—inexcusably ignorant of the most public and best-known facts relating to that very part of America with which they are best acquainted—I shall show them up for it. It is high time, I assure you.

You will not care much about order, I hope, in the arrangement of the results which I am to furnish you with: for to throw a multitude of little facts into the shape of a narrative or an essay, or into any other regular shape, would require a great many more words than will be necessary, if you let me have my own way. Statistical tables may answer every purpose, though the reader should see as little connexion in them, as the man did between the first and second volumes of the dictionary that were lent him to kill time with on a voyage to Madras.

I have already told you, or, if not, I intended to tell you, six or eight months ago, that in the six New England or Northern States, and in the three out of the four Middle States, it would be no easy matter to find a person, black or white, between the ages of twelve and forty, unable to read, write, and cipher. The very Indians of the north are taught so much, and have their established schools. I have been a good deal over the country now, and I have never yet seen but three individuals of a proper age, and in the full possession of their faculties, who could not read and write; and of those three, two were of the generations that have gone by: the growth of a period, when the schools of the country were not a fiftieth part so plentiful in proportion to the necessities of the time as they are now. At the south, it is not so; has not been—hitherto, I should say—the whites being wealthy enough to educate their young, either at home, with private instructors, or at the northern colleges, academies, and boarding schools; or too poor, and too proud when poor, to educate them at all; and the blacks being, of course, either incapable or unworthy of learning their alphabet—in the opinion of those who are not black. So it has been hitherto, I say; but a better spirit begins to appear, as you will see by the facts I have gathered for you. And, by the way, speaking of this matter—the capacity of the blacks here, and the prejudice of the whites, a word or two in your ear for the people of the Mother-country. Do you know that you are getting very absurd in your sympathy for the blacks of America; and very outrageous in your indignation at the prejudice that you suppose to be felt here by the whites toward their black brethren? I would read you a lecture on the business, if it were worth while; but, as it is not, I shall give you the substance of a little conversation that I had with two of your greatest

men, while I was with you—one a great man among the greatest men that ever yet lived; the other a scholar, a poet, and a genius—both brimful of philanthropy, wisdom, and liberal hope. They were complaining to me of the unjustifiable behaviour of the whites of America towards the blacks of America. I agreed with them—I considered it unjustifiable and impolitic. They knew that I was perfectly sincere; for they had the proofs before them. The poet kindled with his theme. He had lately met with a well-educated American, who had been chattering with him about the blacks of the United States—" and," said the poet, " I never heard a man talk so unreasonably, so foolishly in my life." I smiled; for I knew that, unreasonable as the Americans were, they were not much more unreasonable than the British—in all that related to the distinctions of society. " Only think," said the poet, " a white American will not be shaved by a barber who shaves black men!" (This he had from a British traveller in America—Fearon.) " Very true," said I, seeing my other antagonist lift up his eyes in amazement, " very true; nor would a white Englishman be shaved by a barber, who is in the habit of shaving other *white* Englishmen of a rank in society as much beneath him, as the blacks of America are beneath the whites of America. You do not know, perhaps, that negroes emit a very offensive odour in a hot climate; that in America they are, to a man, occupied in the lowest drudgery of the lowest labour, and that they are much dirtier, and forty times more disagreeable when they are dirty, than your lowest English labourers. And yet an English barber, who is in the habit of shaving the lowest of your English labourers, I take it, would not have much custom (or patronage) among your British merchants, to say nothing of your British aristocracy." Neither would believe this; and I proceeded: " Your white shop-keepers will not associate with your white footmen, or your white mechanics, I perceive," said I. " You dare not marry a servant, if you are of the gentry; you never get rid of the reproach, if you do, whatever may be the merit of such servant; it will stick to you, no matter how wealthy, no matter how great *you* are, no matter how good, no matter how beautiful *she* is: you will not walk side by side with your servants, nor eat with them, nor suffer them to sit before you; nor would you appear at a public place of entertainment where you were likely to meet them, nor at a ball where they were admitted on equal terms with yourself; nor would your people, I speak of your gentry—and I might speak of your tradesmen—they would not even sit in the same pew with a well-bred white male or female, if either were living, or ever had lived as a servant." Here my adversaries interchanged a look of, I will not say what, for they were both well-bred men; but they pitied me, it was clear, and thought me altogether mistaken. I could proceed no further, of course; but within a week from the day of our dispute, I saw a well-behaved, sensible, modest *white* girl, the daughter of a respectable tenant, whose family had been invited to walk in the grounds belonging to the mansion of the great and good man, the lawgiver and philanthropist, who had been so grieved by the unnatural prejudice of the white men of America toward the black labourers of America. I saw a plan laid, by which this well-behaved, well-dressed, and well-educated *white* girl was to be prevented from walking at a particular time of the day; and having asked the reason, I was told by the great and good man himself, that, if she were permitted to walk there, a female friend of his, a neighbour, a step or two above her in society, would no longer

avail *herself* of the same privilege. What a comment on his incredulity! what a lesson for judges and critics! But enough.—Ranks are established in England, you will say; in America they are not. In England you do not profess to be *all equal;* in America they do: and besides if the English were as absurd as I say, in such matters, that would not make the behaviour of the Americans either right or wise. Very true; but, so long as inequalities do exist in the nature of man, so long inequalities must prevail in society, whatever may be the political equality of each man with every other man of the state; and all that I desire to show is, that, inexcusable as may be the prejudice of a white American toward a brother-black of his country, it is not so very inexcusable, nor so very unreasonable as the majority of the British public are getting to believe. But this comes of your poetry; of your much speaking; of Curran's beautiful apostrophe about the "sacred soil of Britain"; of your anti-slavery meetings; of your prodigal charity—and of your undoubted, undoubting ignorance of the true state of the blacks here. It is bad enough—too bad; but not a fortieth part so bad as you suppose. And you—upon my word, you have no idea, I believe, that, for slaves and slavery, the Americans are *altogether indebted to the cupidity of British merchants, and to the short-sighted policy of the British legislature;* and that, from the first to the last, the British colonies of America, now the States of America, have been striving to get rid of that, which, from the first to the last (so long as they were the colonies of the Mother-country), she persisted in forcing upon them—slavery, and the curses of slavery.* What I say is true; and if there should be any body to gainsay it, I will undertake to establish every word of my charge. Be more moderate, I beseech you, therefore, in your outcries about the unnatural behaviour of the whites here toward the blacks here.

But enough on this head: let us now go to the facts which I spoke of. There are supposed to be more than 3,000,000 of children in the United States, of an age suitable to elementary education. Of these, nineteen twentieths, I dare say, have it in their power to be well educated for all the common business of life, at the public expense; while a great proportion of them, throughout New England, may be educated for almost any pursuit in life, either at no expense at all, or at an expense so trifling as to be within the reach of almost every farmer, tradesman, or mechanic. Three years ago, it was computed by Mr. Ingersoll † that more than half a million of these children were actually going through their education at the public expense; for upwards of 40,000 were so, in a small state containing only 275,000 inhabitants;‡ and perceive now that in the south matters are going on much in the same way; that Maryland, the most southerly of the middle states, has already made provision for the object; that Indiana has followed, and that, in a word, a new spirit appears throughout the whole confederacy. To give you a general idea of the matter, I shall take a return, which appears in the JOURNAL OF

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* Very true: some of the colonies of America were the first to abolish the trade in human flesh. The United States were the first, and are yet the only nation who have made it *piracy;* and, in spite of their sins, the people of the United States have done more to put an end to slavery than all the rest of the people of all the rest of the earth.—X. Y. Z.

† In his discourse concerning the INFLUENCE OF AMERICA, a very valuable pamphlet of some fifty pages or so; republished by Miller of London.

‡ CONNECTICUT, we suppose.—X. Y. Z.

EDUCATION (a work of which I have had occasion to speak already.)* It is a return or official report from the little state of Maine; by which it appears that "there is annually raised in the said state, nearly one dollar a head (4*s.* 6*d.*) for every child between four and twenty-one years, and appropriated for the purposes of education;" that, "averaged upon those who usually attend school, it amounts to *one dollar and thirty-nine cents* (6*s.* 3*d.*) *a-year for each scholar.* But, in addition to the public free-schools, there are twenty-one incorporated academies (for males) in the same state, four of which have been endowed, in addition to funds derived from private sources, by the grant of a township of land, and seventeen by the grant of half a township; six incorporated female academies, two of which only are in operation, with half a township of land each, and one respectable college: that there are but 135,344 children between the ages of four and twenty-one; that of this number 97,237 usually attend school at the public charge; and that the whole state is divided into 2,419 school districts, under the control of inspectors, who are obliged to report on the discipline of their several districts."

Mr. Ingersoll says, too, that, in the year 1823, "there were more than 3,000 under graduates always matriculated at the various colleges and universities of the union authorized to grant academical degrees; not less than 1,200 at the medical schools, several hundred at the theological seminaries, and at least 1,000 students at law; that nearly all of these are under the tuition of professors, without sinecure support, *depending for their livelihood on their capacity and success in the science of instruction;* that in the city of Philadelphia, without counting the private or the charity schools, there are about 5,000 pupils in the commonwealth's seminaries taught reading, writing, and arithmetic, at an expense to the public of little more than *three dollars* a-year (13*s.* 6*d.*) to each person."

They are establishing high schools (a sort of college) for *girls*, too, in several of the states (in New York, and at Boston with great success); agricultural seminaries; agricultural, mechanic, mercantile, and other libraries, for the exclusive use of particular trades and professions. "It is no exaggeration to say (I quote from the Journal of Education here) "*that every boy in Boston* (the capital of New England), *whatever may be the character and condition of his parents, may receive a thorough course of instruction, not only in the lower and more common branches of knowledge, but also in classical literature and the sciences,—in the schools supported at the public expense.*"

When the candidates for the high school for girls, at Boston offered themselves for admission, it was found that there were 286, out of which number, after a suitable inquiry, 135 were received, thirteen more than they intended to receive. This noble institution *must* succeed, and before long we shall see women educated here, in America, if we do not see them so educated any where else, for a worthy companionship and a proper equality with man. I do not mean to say that girls are to be made boys of, by this or any other mode of education; but I do mean to say that by this mode they will be fitted for breeding men, for associating with, and for educating men; fitted, in short, for all the

* Miller is the agent for this work, we perceive, and our friend is largely indebted to it.—X. Y. Z.

duties of life, whatever they may be, and whether of heroic or domestic life.

You have made no little noise, one way and another, about the Indians of America, and about their cruel task-masters the whites; and you may therefore be glad to know—for humanity's sake, that you are sadly ignorant of the true state of the case. Take one example: "The government pays 13,500 dollars for the support of schools, &c., at thirty-eight stations among various tribes of Indians. Of the schools sixteen were established by the American Board of Foreign Missions, seven by the Baptists, six by the United Foreign Missionary Society, and two by the Moravians. The society of Jesuits have a Catholic school among the Indians of Missouri, which receives 800 dollars annually. The number of teachers (including their families) at all the schools is 281; number of scholars 1,159 (but four scholars to a teacher, the children of the teachers being teachers); and so in other matters which concern the red people, who, though they are not treated as I would have them treated by the white barbarians of America, are treated more generously than any other conquered people ever were by their conquerors—for the whites are the conquerors of the red men, as you know, and that, after ages of exterminating warfare: but of this hereafter.

You have heard of Mr. Jefferson's great university. It has just gone into operation, with every prospect of success.* It will be a worthy rival yet of the great northern university, at Cambridge, Massachusetts, where, up to this hour, all the southern young men who are not sent abroad, or educated at home by tutors, or sent to some other New-England college, are prepared for the higher duties of life. I am glad to see this: for though it would be *better*, if, while the young men of the south are educated at the north, the young men of the north were educated at the south—*better*, because it would promote a feeling of brotherhood among them; still, as that can hardly happen for a great while, and as the jealousy which does already exist between the very blood of the north and that of the south, is rather quickened than allayed, I fear, by the limited and peculiar intercourse which takes place now at Haward, between the students of the south and the people of the north, it may be wiser to keep them apart, until they have grown up and have it in their power to travel, each into the country of the other. When that period arrives, they always behave better and are better received, than while they are at college. Visitors and travellers are very different from collegians, every where.

There are law schools too in different parts of the country; one at Northampton, Massachusetts; one at Litchfield, Connecticut, and one at Baltimore; besides a law professorship in certain of the colleges and universities; and the medical schools of Maryland and Pennsylvania are considered in Europe as among the best of the age. They have no difficulty *here* about bodies—they frequently cost no more than two or three dollars each (9*s.* to 13*s.* 6*d*). And, what is better still, they are beginning to discover that the system of education hitherto in use here is not *American*, but *foreign;* that it is not suited to the age, or the people, nor to the nature of Republican institutions; and that, if a

* The dormitories actually provided can receive 218 students; and about fifty more can be accommodated at Charlottes-ville, a neighbouring village. The university began with forty students; but in a few weeks that number had augmented to 116.

adical change is to be made, *you must begin with educating the teachers.* Having discovered so much, there is little to fear. By the system of mutual instruction, by monitorial aid, as they have it in use now, and by teaching their teachers before they suffer them to teach others, anything—every thing may be done, with a people such as the Americans are.* They have leisure enough, and knowledge enough already, to understand the value of more knowledge to their posterity.

Nor should it stop here. Go to the ends of the earth (in America) and you have the same spirit before you. That sober, practical, and most worthy madman, Robert Owen—a creature who has done forty thousand times more good than ever yet was done by the same quantity of sense without a mixture of headlong enthusiasm—even he has built up a sort of college at New Harmony, in the very heart of the great western wilderness. "Upward of a hundred packages of books, &c. (says the Journal of Education) have just arrived at New Orleans; the most useful and the most splendid that could be procured, on natural history, antiquities, architecture, agriculture, &c. &c.;—and a ship-load of foreign teachers, I dare say, with an extensive collection of paintings and prints."—The expenses, it would appear, will not now exceed 100 dollars (22*l.* 10*s.*) a year, for each pupil, including board, and the best of education, &c. &c.; and, after matters are properly arranged, it will be reduced one-half, says the projector. Very good.—Now I happen to know this cool-headed, benevolent, imperturbable visionary, and though I have no fear of seeing what he predicted a while ago, the streets of London over-grown with grass before ten years are gone by, or his communities multiplying themselves throughout all Europe, to the overthrow of "princedoms, dominations, thrones," yet I have so much faith in the probity and practical good sense of the man, with so fixed a belief in the superiority of his arrangements for the physical, moral, and intellectual education of youth, my dear P., that if I had a boy of my own, I would pack him off to-morrow, for education at the New Harmony School.

To conclude—more than two hundred years ago the FATHERS AT NEW PLYMOUTH (so called because they were the first English settlers of America) established a perpetual fund for education throughout their territory, by appropriating lands, in every township or district, for the support of schools. Their children have walked in their steps. All the New England states, most of the middle states, and a few of the southern states, with eleven of the last new states, have made a similar provision for schools, academies, colleges and universities. In most of the original states large sums of money are appropriated by the government for education, and taxes are laid for the purpose.—"Reckoning all these contributions, federal and local (that is, by the confederate or federal government, and by the state or local governments), it may be asserted," says Mr. Ingersoll, to whose work I am indebted for this knowledge, "that *nearly as much as the whole national expenditure of the United States* is (in that way) set aside for the instruction of the people."

* I say nothing of Pestalozzi the great, or of Hamilton—the quack; the former of whom was a philosopher, whose mode will yet be the mode of men altogether superior to those who have derided or mistaken Pestalozzi; and the latter of whom—quack though he was—did pursue a mode of teaching, whereby more may be learnt in less time, than by any other mode with which men are familiar.

Take a single case from a new state, in confirmation of this. By Governor Ray's message (the governor of Indiana), it appears that for *free-schools*, they have set apart 608,207 acres of land, which, at two dollars an acre (9s.), would produce a fund of 1,216,441 dollars, producing at legal interest an income of 72,986 dollars; and that there are also 40,960 acres of *college-lands* granted by the state.

Nor should we stop here. The public lands yet remaining unsold are estimated by a committee of Congress to amount to somewhere about two hundred millions of acres, and the American Congress have had a bill reported to them by their committee, whereby it is proposed, that from and after the 1st of January 1827, "fifty per centum (one-half, ladies) of the nett proceeds of the monies accruing from the sales and entries of the public lands," shall be applied exclusively for the support of common schools in the several states.

Need I say more to convince you, my dear P., that, in this country, the value of education is properly appreciated? But—I have not yet done. There is yet another sign of the times for you. Are you prepared?—They are going to publish an American dictionary; not a dictionary of mere Americanisms, made of pure yankee, but a sober-sided American Dictionary of the English language, by Noah Webster, which, laughable as it may seem to you—and it may seem very laughable to you, for it did so to me a few weeks ago—will stand a pretty good chance, I do believe now, from what I know of the editor, to rival your mighty Johnson—a book, by the way, that I was never more than half satisfied with, chiefly on account of the etymological derivations, and partly on account of the Doctor's omissions (for he omitted a heap of words in the dictionary, that he used both in writing and in conversation.) Mr. Webster is an able, and very industrious man, with good-sense, wit, and scholarship enough, I am sure, to profit by every dictionary that ever was written. The work is to be in two volumes quarto, and, as usual here, "to be executed in a very *superior* style;" subscription price 20 dollars (£6): *to contain* 20,000 *additional words* (on good authority?) *upwards of* 5,000 *of which are modern scientific terms: precise and technical definitions; additional significations omitted in most other works*, and *amounting to between* 30 *and* 50,000 new etymological deductions, &c. &c.

There!—I have done. With all the universities, colleges, academies, high-schools, and every other sort of school, and with a dictionary of their own, there is—what shall I say?—much to be hoped from the new race of sturdy Republicans.

A. B. C.

P. S. I forgot my promise; and, as I should not have had room to score the whole body of your British writers who have blundered about America, I am not sorry for it, now. But hereafter—perhaps in my next, I shall most assuredly give two or three of them, if no more, a rap over the knuckles for their absurdity.

THE CUP OF HONOURS.

It was one of the finest evenings that ever shone on the shore of Naples. The sea lay under the sun-beams like a huge golden plateau, edged with the innumerable buildings of the city and the suburbs, that looked in the distance like incrustations of silver. The echoes of music from the various boating parties, and even the sounds of the city that came up softened and mingled, filled the air with harmony. The eye ranged from Miseno, with its bold purple promontory overshadowing the waters, to Vesuvius, on the opposite side of the most lovely of all bays, sitting like a gigantic guard of this fairy region, crowned with a diadem of cloud and fire. All the heights were filled with travellers enjoying the magnificent landscape in the cool of the sea-breeze; even the peasantry, accustomed as they were to the sight, stopped on their way home up the hills, and exulted in their having a country which the world could not equal.

But in the midst of all this beauty and exultation there sat a man, who seemed neither to see the one nor share in the other. He was evidently young, and as evidently under some heavy misery of mind; for, as he sat on the side of the Solfatara, he was observed to start up frequently and hurry forwards, as if he had forgotten the hazardous height, or had intended to throw himself down the precipices on whose very edge he was treading; he would then lift his eyes to heaven, beat his forehead, and tear his hair, with the violence of Italian passion. Those extraordinary gestures naturally caught the eyes of the strangers on the different points of the mountain; but the difficult spot on which he had fixed his seat repelled the generality, and those who at last reached him received such repelling answers, that they soon left him to himself.

The general eye, too, was now fixed upon a more amusing object; there was a felucca race from the point of Capri. The king's barges were on the water, followed by a large train of the nobility in their boats, and the whole swept and sparkled along like a flight of flying-fish. But as they came towards the centre of the bay, a boat with a single rower suddenly took the lead, beating all the ten and twenty-oared chaloupes, barges, sparonaroes, every thing. The sea-breeze had now sprung up, all the feluccas hoisted their sails; they were not a foot the nearer, the vigorous rower alone kept them behind, and evidently did not exert half his strength. As he came nigher the shore, the thousand telescopes that were pointed to the water had but one object, the extraordinary boatman. To the general surprise, he seemed scarcely to touch the oars; he sat, throwing an occasional look back at the crowd of gilded vessels that were ploughing the sea into foam far behind, then dipped his oar into the water, and then paused again, while the boat absolutely shot along over the surge.

Night falls rapidly in the south; the scene below had been gradually darkening for some time, and the boatman had scarcely darted in and disappeared under one of the little wooded hills at the foot of Puzzuoli, when the whole royal show sank in shade, and but for the innumerable lamps that twinkled on their tops and rigging, would have been invisible. But they were still at some distance from land, when the cloud that had sat during the day, gathering upon Vesuvius, moved towards Capri, and began to discharge its thunders and lightnings. The rapidity and fierceness

of a Mediterranean storm are proverbial; the breeze had now become a fierce succession of gusts that tore up the bosom of the waters: guns of distress were heard from time to time, but all earthly sounds were speedily extinguished in the incessant roar of the thunder. The only light was from the long flashes that burst round the horizon, throwing a blaze of peculiar and frightful redness over the earth and sea. The young Italian gazed from his height on this conflict of the elements with strange delight: it seemed to have renewed life within him; he stripped his bosom to the rain as it burst round him in torrents; he lifted his arm to the burning and serpent flashes, as if to bid them do their worst; he cried aloud through the roarings of the wind, as if to challenge and defy the storm in his despair. The cloud which had been rolling heavily along the bay, at length sailed towards the Solfatara; the sulphurous vapours of the hill caught fire, a yellow flame rushed round it like a garment; and the last look cast upward by one of those who had fled in terror towards Puzzuoli, showed the Italian sitting calmly in a circle of conflagration, evidently awaiting his catastrophe.

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"Ho, friend, will you sleep for ever? Here, take a drink of this, and be a man again." The Italian opened his eyes, and to his astonishment found himself in a low chamber, evidently hewn out of the rock; and his surprise was not diminished, when he saw standing over him the boatman holding wine to his lips! It was evidently to the activity and courage of this bold fellow that he owed his preservation. His last perception had been that of the cloud stooping deeper and heavier round the spot where he sat in gloomy eagerness for death; a broad burst of intolerable light flamed across his eyes, and he fell, smote by the flash, and felt no more! He now attempted to thank his preserver, but was answered roughly, by "Come, come, no words, I have not time for talking now. Here you are safe for a while against every thing but starving. The Douaniers will look twice before they come after their old acquaintance Malatesta." The Italian recognized the name as that of a famous contrabandist, who had either eluded the vigilance or defeated the force of the officers of the customs for many years.

"Malatesta!" repeated he in surprise. "What!" said the boatman, "you know Malatesta then? Do you expect to get the information money for giving me up to the sharks in the king's pay? But, no—though I defy them, the rascals generally contrive to keep clear of me; and when, now and then, we have come athwart each other about the bay, I think I have given them pretty good cause to steer another course in future. I suppose you saw the dance I led them this evening?" The Italian expressed his astonishment, though he acknowledged that he had been too much absorbed in his own griefs to have looked long. "Aye, that," said the boatman, "was a specimen of what I could do any day in the week, the wind on an end, or larboard or starboard, aye, or in the teeth, it is all the same to Malatesta—all the same to Malatesta.—All winds, hours, seas and times, all the same to Malatesta."

The repetition of the name came with a tone of voice which struck the Italian as the most peculiar that he had heard in his life—but in what the peculiarity consisted he was unable to define; it however roused him out of the half slumber into which he was fallen from exhaustion, and made

him look in the man's face. "Malatesta!" said he, "why, can you be that prince of smugglers? Impossible! I have been hearing of him since I was in the cradle, and then they talked of him as a very old man: he must be ninety or a hundred by this time."—The boatman laughed out loud, "Aye, those are Neapolitan stories; give the honest people there enough of sun-shine, macaroni, and nothing to do, and they will find tongue for the world. Look at me, do you take me for ninety or a hundred?"

"Quite the contrary," said the Italian, "you look scarcely as old as myself; but I have had troubles enough to make me old at thirty, and it is ease of mind after all that keeps one young. Yet you are remarkably active, strong-looking, and fresh-coloured."—"Aye, ease of mind," muttered the boatman, and his countenance lost its open expression.—"Words, words, human folly; but this is no talk for us. Come, let us see what provision there is on board." He now pulled down a few stones from the side of the cell, and shewed a rude receptacle of wine-flasks and sea stores. "Here," said he, "is the true receipt for good looks of all kinds. Look at the sallow faces of Naples; the nobles lolling in their coaches, the citizens stuffing themselves with every beast of the earth, fowl of heaven, and fish of the sea, without taking an hour's real labour for it in the four and twenty! Money is not a bad thing in its way, nor title neither; but if men were not three-fourths fools, there would be no physicians in the world. I would not have the gout or the dropsy for all the strings or stars that ever glittered on the Chiaja—no, not for a pile of gold as high as St. Elmo. Drink, friend, and thank your night's work, bad as it was, that you are both hungry and thirsty."

The Italian acknowledged that he had earned at least an appetite; and the wine and salt-fish appeared to him delicious. He remarked the singular pleasure which he felt in this simple fare, and acknowledged that," hunger and fatigue were the true secrets of enjoyment after all. "Yet said his jovial entertainer, "an hour ago you would have tossed yourself down the side of the Solfatara, or jumped into Vesuvius supperless. You see the advantage of waiting awhile in the worst of times—you would have been a cinder already, but for my luck in seeing you as I stept out of my boat. I had amused myself long enough with the king and his fools—long enough to bring them in the way of the gale—as it happened; and if the gale does not give a handsome account of some of them, it is no fault of mine." He laughed long and loud. "Aye, by to-morrow morning there will be something besides fish to be caught in the bay, and something to be seen in the palace yonder besides bowing knaves covered over with gold lace and rascality. I saw, aye, it was the very last look I gave them; I saw," said he, in a low wild voice, and with one of those strongly derisive gestures peculiar to the Neapolitans, "one royal fool the less in the world." The Italian started and pronounced, "The king lost!"—"Well," said the boatman, "and where's the wonder?—there are heirs enough to follow him. When his time is come, what is to hinder his going, in the way of quiet, like yours,—or mine—" He broke off, and writhed on his seat, as if with an internal pang. "No—not mine! No—never, never!" He buried his forehead in his huge hand, and remained for awhile convulsed, but in silence; then recovering suddenly and completely, he said, with a flashing eye and a reddened cheek, "Come, another flask, brother, and let me hear what brought you on the hill. I found you on my way to this den; the

lightning had, I thought, put an end to your troubles; but I felt motion in you still, and as you seemed pretty much in my own condition, an outcast—though I now and then see good company too, nay, the first of company—I thought you might be the better for a cup of Malatesta's wine. Come, no thanks—but confess who you are at once—spies are not in fashion here." The Italian hesitated. "Why," said the boatman, lifting up a heap of clothes that lay in a corner of the cell, and shewing a capuchin's habit, "I have been a confessor myself—nay, within these four and twenty hours—nothing is to be done in our trade without it. The douanier's wife knows more than the douanier all the world over, and what she knows the capuchin knows;—if you doubt me I can tell you more than that: the unlucky king might have been this night safe and sound in his bed, in spite of thunder and lightning, but he had a friend at his elbow who gave him a longer sleep. I confessed, not three hours ago, the wife of the excellent and trustworthy minister who plunged him over the poop. To-morrow the Count Matteo Flores would have been brought to book for robbing the exchequer, and looked through the bars of a dungeon; but to-morrow he will be appointed prime minister to the new king, for reasons best known to each other and the bay of Naples."

"And you kept this horrid treason to yourself?"—"Why not," was the reply; I should not have been believed if I had told it; the guards would have kicked me out; the courtiers would have marked me for a fellow not to be trusted in an *emergency;* the king would have never troubled his head about me; Count Matteo would have had me assassinated for half a ducat; and if I escaped his bravos, the Capuchins would have thrown me between four walls, with leave to live as long as I could upon a loaf and pitcher of water. Excellent thanks per Bacco, I should have had of it—and deserved them too, for meddling with matters out of my line. But you see I can keep a secret, at least when there is nothing to be got by telling it, and that is monkish law from Ireland to Indostan. Now for your story."

The Italian had been startled by the reckless familiarity with which crime was thus talked of. But the customs of the confessional were notorious—the man before him was his preserver, and he himself felt too much out of sorts with life to care about concealment. His story was, in fact, but brief and common. He was an advocate in one of the royal courts of Naples, and in the receipt of a moderate competency for his time of life; but he had been for some years soliciting a superior appointment in the court, and it had been alternately promised to him and given away to others with higher interest. The disappointment had worn out his patience, and with every occasion of its being snatched from him, the place had grown upon his imagination until it was equivalent to death or life. He had at length mustered up all his interest and hope for a final effort; he had actually seen the instrument of the appointment made out for him, and had received on that morning the congratulations of his brother advocates. On returning to his home, a rumour reached him that it was again lost; he soon ascertained that the rumour was true; it had been given to an inferior advocate, whose brother shaved the minister's valet. He felt his brain turn round—he flew furiously to the minister—there he was beaten from the portico, and had a narrow escape of being run through by one of the halberdiers, for his wrath at ministers and mankind. He then rushed up among the mountains,

determined never more to associate with human beings; the storm had seemed to offer him an easy way of escaping from all his anxieties at once, and he availed himself of it with fierce philosophy.

"Well," said the listener with a smile, and stretching his large and finely formed limbs across the cell, "if I were not too sleepy, I think I might put you in a way of getting the place after all; but I take it for granted, you have lost all inclination for it now." He looked inquiringly into the visage of the Italian, which blazed up with sudden passion. "I have a friend or two about the court—for I must contrive to have friends in all kinds of places—who, I think, might in time get you the appointment, if you felt inclined to bestir yourself." The Italian silently clenched his hand. "So," said the boatman, grasping the hand and strongly preventing the Italian's instinctive effort to draw it back from the giant grasp, "I don't know but that may be the best way among a thousand—it is, at all events, the shortest. The stiletto saves an infinity of trouble, and one-half of Naples would eat the other without it; per Bacco it is your true peace-maker. Why not stab the rascal who has tricked you out of your livelihood?"

The Italian obviously shrank, and was wrapt in thought. "No," murmured he, almost unconscious that he was not alone, "I cannot commit murder."—"Ha! ha!" burst out the boatman, "you are a rare Neapolitan; yet you are an honest fellow at bottom. No, you must not commit murder; leave that to the nobles and the friars. We, though we cut up the king's customs a little now and then, never do any thing of the kind; all is fair fight, and as little of that on both sides as we can. The officers are shy of us, for we give them nothing but the best Leghorn powder and ball; and we have no liking for loosing our time when we should be landing our cargo. But here, sorrow calls for a bumper, whenever it is to be got; and I have not yet let you taste my 'friar's wine.'"

He brought out a large golden cup, magnificently chased, and sparkling with jewels. It flashed a sudden light through the cave as he took it from its case: to the Italian it seemed an altar cup, and he felt reluctance at drinking from what might have been sacrilegious spoil. The boatman held it closer to the light. "What offence is there in my cup?" said he, laughing; "it does not come from Loretto." The Italian had no answer to make—the chasing, which had at a distance seemed to represent sacred subjects, was obviously, on the nearer view, taken from Ovid; and what had appeared crosses, and virgins in the clouds, had been banquetings, huntings, and dances of nymphs. But the sculpture was incomparable; and the Italian, a man of native taste, broke out into loud admiration of its beauty. "Well, then, since you like my cup," said the boatman, "you shall taste my wine. I tell you, however, before I draw it, that it is heady; and with some people, of weak brains and idle consciences, has played strange tricks; but you have no fears of that kind." The Italian had already taken more wine than was usual with his temperate countrymen, and he felt no reluctance to further hospitality. In a kind of frolic of acquiesence, he raised the empty goblet to his lips: casting his glance into the bottom, he saw it, to his astonishment, covered with sculptures resembling an incantation; a young figure, naked, was kneeling in the centre of a circle of fearful forms, and above him stood a colossal shape with its lower extremities covered with a cloud—a fiery crown was on its forehead, whose flashes seemed pointing

down to consume the victim. The flashes were so vivid, that the Italian thought that he saw them actually blaze, and felt their heat—he set down the cup with a trembling hand. "Why, friend, what is the matter now? you look as white as my main-sail. Come, try my wine." He held up a large golden flaggon. "The cup, the cup!" muttered the Italian; "I dare not touch it—look in the inside." "Folly!" said the bold boatman, "you have not had wine enough to bring back your senses yet. My cup, what could you see in it but the reflection of your own frightened face? its inside is as smooth as the queen's hand—look again!" The Italian still drew back, but the strong hand of his entertainer was suddenly pressed upon his forehead, and he was forced to glance in. The inside was, to his wonder, perfectly smooth—there were absolutely no sculptures or figures of any kind to be seen. While he was still gazing, a dash of rich Burgundy-coloured wine was flung into it from the flaggon held above his head, and the cup was all but forced upon him. He swallowed some drops—the flavour struck him as incomparable. "This is no native wine," said the Italian, almost breathless; "but, wherever it has been grown, it is the finest I have tasted in the whole course of my life. Where does it come from? what is its name? or where can any more of it be had for love or money? By San Januario, for colour, fragrance and flavour, I never saw its equal." He now drank deep and delighted.

"Why, Mr. Advocate, since you have found the use of your tongue at last, I will treat you as a friend. and tell you, that where this flaggon came from is a profound secret. But don't take me for a churl about a bottle of wine. You have only to give me your address in Naples, to have a little consignment of it sent to you whenever you want it. The truth is, that the wine is first-rate, and first-rate we have always found it for our business. Malatesta's vintage is as well known in the court of Naples as the king's countenance, and, between ourselves, I have known them go together. Now, for a health to all your hopes and mine, and let us talk of business." They drank to each other. "I must drink no more," said the Italian, "it gets into both head and heart. I feel myself fit for any thing now. That wine is absolute temptation."—"I don't know that if we were thinking a hundred years, we could find a better name for it," said Malatesta, in a half whisper. "But to your affairs. This fellow who has supplanted you—"

"He is deputy-treasurer of the first Royal Tribunal."

"And of course, as in Naples the principal never does any thing, the deputy is the acting man. A cheat, too, we may fairly presume."

"No; I believe, honest, as the world goes."

"Well, but if he was supposed to filch the tribunal money, the lawyers seldom like to have the tables turned upon them, and be under apprehension of being robbed. Now a little insinuation to that effect—nothing direct—but a mere hint, a look, a gesture, has done good service before our time; and besides, ten to one but the fellow is, from his trade,—I beg your pardon, Mr. Advocate,—not remarkably clean-handed already. Now listen to me. I happen to know the very man. I know him to have fingered the public money; and we may be pretty safe in saying, that when once a man begins with that, he is a long time before he tires of the amusement. Denounce him to the minister, and you are sure of his place."

The Italian's countenance flushed with the thought, and he lifted his

eye to Malatesta's, which he found fixed on him with a strange intenseness. Under his dark brows it looked like a fire-ball from the skirt of a cloud.

"It will be disingenuous, nay, may be thought dishonourable in me, of all men, to turn his accuser."—He hesitated. "Besides, I have no proof," said the Italian.

"Proof! folly. Suspicion is enough where the public purse is concerned. The fellow is too cunning to leave proofs to be picked up in the streets against him. I take an interest in you. You have been atrociously treated in this business. Leave it to me to find proofs. In the mean time, all you will have to do will be to write a note—anonymous, if you like—to the Minister, warning him of the rascal he has to deal with. Leave the rest to me, and now for a health to his successor." The cup was filled again——

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Five years after, the Italian was sitting at twilight in his cabinet, surrounded by books and papers, when he heard a low knock at the door, and a stranger entered, who seated himself, and addressed him by his name. He was altogether unconscious of the acquaintance. "Do you forget your old friend Malatesta?" said the stranger.

"You Malatesta! impossible. I had certain intelligence of his being taken up by the Inquisition and dying in his dungeon. Besides, friend, you are at least fifty years older; he was in the prime of life, but you——"

"I am what I say, and I am not what I look. Five years of hard weather and tossing about in the world, sometimes half starving, and sometimes half burned to death under a tropical sun, would be enough to make some alteration in a man's outside. Why, I don't think that even you look much the better for your staying at home; you don't seem to have recovered that night on the Solfatara yet."

The Italian started at the name. It let him at once into the full conviction that the decrepit being before him was the boatman. But how changed! His black and curling hair was thin and white as snow; his florid complexion was jaundiced and wrinkled; he walked with extreme difficulty; the athletic limb was shrunk, the whole noble figure was dwindled and diminished into that of one on the very verge of the grave.

"Accursed be the memory of that night," exclaimed the Italian: "better I had died. From that moment I have been a miserable man."

"But you got the deputy-treasurership, and have it still, I think?"

"Aye: that letter, that you persuaded me to write in drink and madness, did the business. I was never asked for proofs: but I might as well have stabbed him at once—the suspicion was enough—he was turned out of his office, and in despair—

"Went up the Solfatara," said Malatesta, with a low laugh.

The Italian shuddered, and, with his eyes cast on the ground, said, "the unfortunate man died by his own hand, even in this very room." There was silence for a while; he then resumed: "you may have heard the rest—or if not—the place was given to me without any solicitation. I had even shrank from what I must look on as the price of blood; but refusal would have been suspicious and fatal. I soon after married. The emoluments of my new situation were considerable. I launched out

into life, as is expected from every man in office. My wife had her expenses too, and I became embarrassed."

"But the public funds were in your hands; you might have relieved your difficulties, and replaced the money at your leisure."

"Dreadful expedient! I need conceal nothing from you—you have some strange power over my confidence. I have been in the habit of employing that expedient; and till now all has been safe: but this very day I have received an order to pay up my balances to the minister, who is fitting out an expedition against the Algerines! I am not at this hour master of a zechin. Matteo Flores is a villain; but he is rigid to inferior villains—and I am undone."

"Matteo Flores! My old enemy, and yours too, my dear friend. Oh for an ounce of opium in his soup to-night: it would be but justice to you, to me, to all mankind! I swear it by the majesty of evil," exclaimed the old man, springing up from his seat with the vigour of manhood; "have you thought of nothing to save yourself? I know Matteo well; he is corrupt to the very bottom of his soul—but he is vindictive, unprincipled, merciless. Ah, my young friend, how soon, if he were in your situation, he would extinguish all his fears: the tiger would have your blood before he laid his head upon the pillow to-night."

"And yet Flores, said the Italian, is not wise in being too hard upon me; I know some of his proceedings that might ruin him. We have had private transactions—for he has been constantly in want of money; and, if I am not altogether mistaken, he is at this moment engaged in a desperate design. I am even convinced, that nothing but the urgency of this enterprize could make him press me now for the money, which he must know I cannot raise, if I were to search the world."

"Then why not inform the king of it at once? You thereby save yourself, and extinguish his credit at a blow. You may remember, Matteo Flores has had the life of one king to answer for already. Smite him, and get yourself the name of a patriot—it is the most thriving trade going; and if you then want to have the handling of the public gold, you may have it to your heart's content, and have all the honour and glory that the rabble can give besides."

"I have thought of it. But all access to the king has been of late impossible. Flores has had him surrounded by his creatures. The result of discovery on my part, would be an order for my hanging within four and twenty hours. I am inevitably a ruined man."

Malatesta had cast his eye upon a case of pistols, hidden, on his entrance, among a mass of papers. He took up one of them, and pointed it significantly to his forehead. The Italian faintly smiled. "I see that I must have no secrets with you," said he. "Those things are sometimes good friends: they pass a man's accounts when nothing else can—you and I agree at last." He took up the fellow pistol and began to examine the priming. Malatesta sat gazing at him as his eye glanced into the barrel. "One touch of this trigger," murmured the Italian, "and all is over."

"Madman!" exclaimed his visitor, seizing it, "shoot your enemy, your destroyer, the public enemy, the regicide, if you will, or if you have a sense of common duty about you; but as to shooting yourself"—he sank back in his chair, with a laugh—"would you make yourself the sneer of all Naples, only to oblige him? Now, listen to me with all

your ears. I have, from particular circumstances, a strong hope of bringing that villain to justice."

"Justice!" exclaimed the Italian: "it is now you that are the madman. Justice in Naples! Justice with a bigotted government, a besotted people, and every soul in the tribunals bribed, or bribable, from the lowest huissier up to the supreme judge! No: the only chance for me is his instant death. Are there no fevers, no pestilences under heaven!" He rose and walked restlessly about the room. Malatesta followed him with his eyes. "Are there no opium draughts, no *aqua-tofana* drops? Is there no doctor in the whole length of the toledo?" the old man pronounced: those are rather more to the purpose—shall I inquire?"

The Italian heard him—but returned no answer: he continued pacing the room. A loud knocking was suddenly heard at the outer-door. He glanced out of the window; and, starting back, flung himself on the floor in agony. "They are come," said he, "the officers of the tribunal, to take me before the minister—my disgrace will be public: I am beggared, outcast—crushed to the dust for ever." He writhed upon the floor.

"At all events, you must not be left in the hands of those hang-dogs," said the old man, attempting to lift him. "One word for all—give me *carte-blanche*, and let me save you; there is but one way." The wretched treasurer, still upon the ground, paused in his agony, and threw up a melancholy look of doubt on his preserver. "What I say I can do," whispered Malatesta: "but Flores must die. I have sworn it long ago—my own injuries, and not your's, call for it—but I also desire to save my friend. Have I your consent to my at least making the trial?" The knocking was redoubled. "All—any thing," said the shuddering Italian: "do what you please!" The old man absolutely sprang from the ground with a cry of exultation, waved his withered arm with a gesture of wild triumph over the head of the unfortunate being still stretched beneath him, and was in an instant gone.

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The fleet of the King of the two Sicilies was coming into the Bay of Naples after a successful co-operation with the imperial forces against Venice. The city was all in an uproar of exultation. The whole range of the magnificent houses on the Chiaja were illuminated; and fêtes of the most costly description were going on in the mansions of all the principal courtiers. But the most costly was that celebrated in the palazzo of the Count of Manfredonia, first minister, and a man of the most distinguished abilities and success in his administration. The Spanish alliance had been negociated by him in the face of difficulties innumerable; and the late conquest of the Venetian terra firma was due not less to his diplomatic sagacity than to his personal enterprize.

But he was more respected than popular. His life of anxiety and occupation had given him secluded habits; and on this evening he had soon retired to his cabinet, leaving all the pomp and vanities of almost royal feasting to the crowd that filled his superb apartments. He was sitting, wearied and head-ached, in a small study that looked out upon the waters; and where the slight sound of the sea-air, and the subsiding waves, were the only music. He had been for some days waiting for despatches from the imperial governor of Milan; and their delay had

increased his habitual irritability. A page announced their arrival. The courier was an officer of rank, in the uniform of the Hungarian guard. He delivered a personal letter from the imperial court, announcing him as in its entire confidence, and empowered, under the name of a bearer of despatches, to negociate in the fullest manner with the minister.

Manfredonia seized the despatches, and read them with evident and eager satisfaction. "All is as it should be," said he: "but why was this delay? The business was on the point of discovery; and half an hour more might have been fatal."

"The delay was inevitable," pronounced the officer firmly: "precautions were necessary—they take time—and the court was to be put off its guard: but now we must proceed to execution. The archduke is actually within three hours' march of Naples, with a strong column of cavalry; the Genoese fleet are only waiting for a rocket from your roof to come round Miseno, and by this time to-morrow the fools that now fill the throne will be on their passage to Africa; and you prince and governor of the Calabrias, for yourself and your posterity. You may depend on the archduke's honour."

"Honour!" repeated Manfredonia, with a bitter smile: "well, so be it. The king has insulted and injured me beyond human forgiveness. Nay, I have certain intelligence, that I have grown too important in the public eye to be endured by the low jealousy of the race that infest the court, and that before this night was over I was to have been arrested; and probably sacrificed in my dungeon"—He turned away.—"Accursed ambition! would that I never knew you—sin of the fallen angels! it is still their deadliest temptation to miserable man:" he bowed his head on the casement, and even wept.

The officer made no observation: but a tumult outside now attracted the Hungarian to the casement. The glare of the torches first led Manfredonia's eye to the figure before him. He was a remarkably handsome man, tall, and noble-looking; and the rich costume of the imperial guard, covered with orders, gave the Hungarian a most conspicuous and brilliant appearance. Yet in the handsome countenance, bright with manly beauty and intelligence, he recognized some traits with which he was familiar. There was a glance of deep fire, at times, in the eye, to which he had never seen the equal but in one man. "I think, Sir," said he, "we must have met somewhere before; at least, you have the most striking likeness to a person whom I have not seen these five years. Yet his excessive age—a Neapolitan—obscure, besides—impossible."

"I am the Count de Rantzau," said the stranger, proudly drawing himself up, and laying his hand on the diamond-studded hilt of his sabre; "none but Hungarian blood, and that of the noblest rank, can wear this uniform. But we waste time: is all ready?" He took up the firework which had been agreed on as the signal to the Genoese; and planted it on the edge of the casement. Manfredonia felt the sudden sickness of heart that has been so often experienced by the most powerful minds, when the blow is to be struck that makes or mars them. He swallowed some wine; and the thought flashed across him, that its taste strongly resembled that strange draught of the Solfatara, which had never left his recollection. The Hungarian was now about to apply the match to the signal, when he paused, and turning, said: "In five

minutes after this is seen the Genoese will answer it; and there may be some alarm about the palace. If there should be resistance, we must be prepared for all results:—the royal family—" He half drew his sabre, and held it suspended. The gesture was not to be misunderstood.

" You would not let slaughter, indiscriminate slaughter, loose in the palace?" said Manfredonia, shuddering.

" They or we," pronounced the Hungarian fiercely. " How can it be helped? If they are mad enough to court their fate;—consent to this. It may not be necessary: but, at all events, I must have your authority for using my discretion in the business; or I leave you to—aye, to the scaffold." He pronounced the word sternly—and dashed the sabre into the sheath with a look of supreme scorn.

" Is their no alternative! They or I—an ignominious death—or—!" The minister's voice died away.

" Or safety, honour, wealth unbounded—prince of the Calabrias"—was the quick reply. Manfredonia could not speak: his throat was filled: but stooping his cold brow upon the marble of the casement, which was not colder, he gave a token of acquiescence with his hand. The rocket flew into the air, and it was instantly answered by a shower of fireworks that illuminated the whole horizon. " They come," exclaimed the Hungarian: " I knew they would not fail." The sound seemed repeated from earth and air. Manfredonia cast one look towards the bay, on which a huge crescent of ships of war, with lamps in their bows and rigging, were advancing, like a host of new-fallen stars. At that moment the door was burst open behind him—he was grasped by the neck—and the king and a crowd of armed men stood in the room.

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It was in the month of November; the weather was stormy; and the chillness of a Neapolitan winter night is often such as to try the feelings of men accustomed to the coldest climates: yet, through that entire night, the Chiaja was filled with the thousands and ten thousands of the Neapolitan multitude, to see the preparations for an illustrious execution. A scaffold was raised in front of the mansion of the celebrated and unfortunate Count of Manfredonia. He had been tried in secret, and consigned to the dungeons under St. Elmo. His crime was not distinctly divulged: but he was charged with some strange offences that apparently belonged to the tribunals of the church, as well as of the state. Traitor and magician were a fearful combination; and the city was in a state of boundless confusion. The bells of the citadel roused Manfredonia from a broken slumber, and a few minutes before day break the governor of the castle entered his cell, with the confessor, to give him notice that his time was come.

The confessor remained with him for confession. " Holy father," said the miserable man, " I have but one sin to confess: but that one is the mother of all—ambition." He then disclosed the singular succession of events which had led him on from obscurity to rank, and at each step with its accompanying crime. " But had you no adviser, no accomplice in those acts of guilt—no tempter?"—said the confessor. The word struck on the unhappy man's ear. " Aye—too surely I had. But my chief tempter was my own hatred of obscure competence, of the superiority of others, the mad passion for being first in all things.—Yet,

and his voice died away, "evil was the day I first met thee, Malatesta." He sank upon his knee in prayer.

"Would you desire to see that tempter again, or have you forsworn all connexion with him?" said the confessor.

"From the bottom of my soul I have forsworn"—was the answer of the penitent.

"Then, more fool you," exclaimed the confessor, throwing back his cloak: "once more—and your life is saved. Make that prayer to me."

The miserable Count looked up in astonishment. Malatesta stood before him: but with his former handsome countenance darkened into gloomy rage. "Hear me, fool; that look of horror is absurd. I can save you:—nay, you can save yourself." He took a lamp from his bosom, and opened a small trap-door in the pavement. "Under this stone," said he, "is the powder magazine. The king and his nobles are now in the fort waiting to see you set out for the scaffold. I have a key to every door of the prison: we can escape in a moment, and the next moment may see the fort and all that it contains blown into the air. Vengeance, my friend,—glorious, complete, magnificent vengeance. But command me, to lay this lamp upon the train. Nay more, the extinction of your enemies would leave the world clear for you—from a dungeon you might be in a palace—from a scaffold you might mount a throne. One word—! The monk waved the lamp before his eyes, and the sudden thought of vengeance and mighty retribution, the whole filling of the whole of human ambition, smote through him like lightning. The conflict was fierce: he grasped the lamp, and felt that he had the fates of a dynasty in his hand. But an inward voice, such as he had not heard for many a year, seemed suddenly to awake him. He flung the lamp on the ground: "No more blood—no more blood!"—was all that he could utter, as, faint and half-blind, he took up a goblet in which some wine had remained, and hastily put it to his parched lip. He saw it suddenly covered with sculptures of the same strange character that had startled him in the cave of the Solfatara. "Leave me, Malatesta," said he, as he dropped the cup on the table. "I deserve to die: life is distasteful to me. Yet I would have avoided the shame of a public execution."

"Then drink," said the capuchin, pouring wine into the cup: "shame will never reach the man that drinks this liquor." The perfume of it filled the cell.

"Never out of that cup—that cup of crime!" groaned the victim.

"Worship me, slave,!" echoed in thunder through the air.

"Leave me, fiend," was the scarcely audible sound from Manfredonia's lips.

"Then die."—The form snatched up the cup, and dashed the wine on the Count's forehead, as he knelt in remorse and agonizing prayer. He felt it like a gush of fire—uttered a cry, and was dead!

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The storm of that morning is still remembered in Naples. The wind unroofed a number of the principal mansions along the shore, tore the scaffold into a thousand fragments, and dispersed the multitude. The sea rising, committed great damage among the more exposed buildings, and swept away all the smaller vessels, and every thing that is generally

loose about a beach. The scaffold was gone totally into the Mediterranean. In the burst of the hurricane on St. Elmo, the first care had been to secure the ammunition and other important stores of the fortress. The illustrious criminal was partially forgotten. When at length the governor and the guard entered his cell, they found him alone. He was still kneeling, with his hands fixed as in prayer—but utterly dead. The countenance was calm: but on lifting the cloak that had fallen over his forehead, they found a deep red impression of a cross burned through to the brain. His death was attributed to the lightning!

THE LAST MEETING.

We parted—but not in anger—
We parted—without a tear;
Our meeting was made in danger—
Our parting was made in fear.
The dread of loving thee longer
Through sorrow and through distress,
Came o'er my lone heart the stronger,
As I struggled to love thee less.
It was not through truth decaying
I parted without a sigh—
Oh! no—I was still delaying
That moment as it drew nigh.
It was not a wish to leave thee,
I could not be so untrue—
The thought that such change would grieve thee,
Would grieve me as deeply too.
I felt that my spirit was broken,
And sorrow was in my heart—
I loved thee—our shame's the token—
But felt that we soon should part.
I was calm when thou wert speaking,
And calmly I cried, adieu!
That moment my heart was breaking,
And *thy* heart was breaking too!
Who loved thee like him whose madness
Burned in a desolate frame?
Oh! none—for through joy and sadness
To him thou wert still the same!
The world could promise no treasure
Like that I resigned in thee—
And—oh! could it offer pleasure
Like that thou hast lavished on me?
I cannot so soon forget thee,
I would not so soon forget—
'Tis joy even thus to regret thee,
And think that thou feelest regret.
Go, lovely one!—go; if ever
We meet, may it be in a time
When true hearts no longer sever—
But meet without tear or crime!
Go, go—but I'll still watch o'er thee—
I'll hover around thee still—
My love shall be still before thee—
Go—lovely one!—go where you will!

PUNCH AND JUDY.

A Philosophical Poem, in Two Cantos;

With a Commentary in Verse, by Bougersdickius.

CANTO II.

"Ludibria seriis permiscere solitus."—*Tacitus.*

We parted for a time, my Punchinello,
  For friends *must* part,—and often part in pain—
And thee, dear Judy, like a shabby fellow,
  I left just in the middle of my strain:—
But now, at evening's twilight soft and mellow,
  I take my idle verse up once again,
Where I was saying, life has few employments
Higher than your's, and still more few enjoyments.

As for myself, *I* know but little better
  That I can do—and I *have* done much worse—
Than thus attend to tricks, which leave no fetter
  Upon the heart, or vacuum in the purse,
Nor bid me feel—as I *have* felt, a debtor
  E'en to myself—that sure yet bitter curse
Imposed on wasted time—powers misemployed,
And energies ill governed, or destroyed!

I feel no calm in academic bower;
  I live in crowds, and seldom hear the bee hum,
As swift he flies, from living flower to flower;
  I am no licensed guest at the Museum,
Nor visit Murray's at the learned hour;
  I am no member of the Athenæum,
Or companies for commerce, or for piety,
Or any philosophical society.

And therefore, Punch, I turn to thee, and smile
  At many a graver folly, richly gilt,
Which charmed my earlier fancy:—the tall pile
  Of hopes that vanish now, like water spilt;—
The paper-plans, a fair and goodly file;—
  The airy domes by young ambition built—
The visions and wild acts, which, day by day,
Half dreamt, half dissipated, life away!

But what am I? why, nothing to my story;—
  Yet when we make ourselves the subject-matter
Of our discourse, alike the young and hoary,
  Severe or gay, can eloquently chatter;
And find an ear attuned to their vain glory,
  And meet no frowns, all grossly though they flatter.
Thou, Punch, to others only art a study:
Nor flattery sooths the dull cold ear of Judy.

Where Kemble once with his majestic tread,
  "The last of Romans" played a hero's part;—
Where Siddons awed, or melted; as she led
  Our passions captive with transcendant art;
Or sweet O'Neil her softer magic shed,
  And struck the waters from the stony heart,—
Few moons have waned, since thousands rushed to see,
Oh, Punch! how well Mazurier mimics thee!

'Twere better far to look on thee, than gaze
At all the tinsel splendours of the stage,
While either patent puppet-show displays
Such monstrous births to our degenerate age:—
Thou better claim'st the eye, that fondly strays
O'er Harriette's or her Julia's wanton page,
Filled with known names, that boys may shew the book
As the best answer to a sire's rebuke.

Thou hast more satisfaction for the mind
Than wordy volumes of philosophy,—
That fountain filled with doubts of every kind,
While all its springs of certain truth are dry;—
And if the reader fail this fact to find,
In politics or ethics, let them try
Æsthetics, metaphysics, or phrenology,
Or any other alogy or ology.

Punch! thou art fairly worth the three professions
(We leave the Church), War, Physic and the Bar.
To place renown in those sublime transgressions,
Rape, murder, pillage, is the work of War;
To prostitute the mind in court, or sessions,
Is what must raise the Lawyer above par;
And where's the Physic, that long life ensures,
Nor kills at least as many as it cures?

And truly, Punch, it doth appear to me,
Though the remark may savour of ill-nature,—
That there's more wit and pleasantry in thee,
Than in nine-tenths of modern literature!
Not but, though Byron sleeps, our land may see
Some giants yet in intellectual stature:—
But what, alas! are they among so many?—
Yet none I name, and therefore hurt not any.

For literary warfare is, Heaven knows,
A savage thing, and borrows from the stews
Weapons, whose filthy wounds are worse than blows,
And sadly shame the votaries of the muse:
Besides, its front when my next epic shews,
I wish it to be puffed in the Reviews.
Wherefore, in general, of the writing tribe
Myself the humble servant I subscribe.

The Gallery of the Commons I've frequented,
And heard long speeches—loudly cheered ones, too;—
I have withdrawn me—somewhat discontented—
From Halls and public meetings not a few.
And now, my Punch, between ourselves be vented
The rash conclusion which at last I drew,
That many a weightier object may usurp us,
That is, our time—to quite as little purpose!

Again, I have been squeezed in a hot room—
As Wordsworth has it, in a parlour crammed—
Amid a mass of feathers and perfume,
Bright gems, and rustling satins, fairly jammed
Till I have felt the fulness of that doom,
(What words, oh Wordsworth,) "silent and all damn'd:"
While flowed around the common pretty prattle,
As some would say—or others, "tittle-tattle."

I've walked where jewels formed a starry way,
  And heard, near some flirtation-corner straying,
Some fop, some walking suit of fine clothes, say
  The very things I might have just been saying—
Remarks on Almack's, Opera, park, or play,
  Trite and unvaried as more vulgar braying,
And then—oh, then—the feats of Punch came o'er me,
And then the charms of Judy flashed before me.

Punch! I have lounged through many an Exhibition,
  Praising the Painter's and the Sculptor's art,
Where by the magic of some modern Titian
  Fair forms from out the canvas seemed to start;
Or, wrought by embryo Academician,
  Some shell-borne Venus stole upon my heart:
And I have heard the cognoscenti speak
In raptures of the classic and antique:

Yet, by mine honour, if I must confess it, I
  Believe, that half the admirers of *vertù*,
Still chattering on, with, or without, necessity,
  Of Raphaël's grace, and Rubens' glowing hue,
And all Corregio's corregiescity,
  Lovelier than nature, yet to nature true,
More feel, more understand thy grand grimaces,
Than nobler things, mere pegs for common-places.

Nor will I add the insult of comparing
  Thee with the Fives-Court, and the mob within it;
Nor with that pit, where Billy the unsparing
  Slays at his ease some twenty rats a minute:
As heroes, who their fame are fond of wearing,
  Rush through the blood of meaner things to win it!—
Thine are the bloodless triumphs of broad humour,
Which never cause a death, nor e'en a tumour.

Go, Punch, to court, and shame the polish'd rogues
  Who live by lies supplanting one another:
The scandal, which their envy disembogues,
  In the full tide of thy gay fancies smother!
To Congress go, where kings speak epilogues
  To that stern drama, when man slew his brother,
Through Europe's many nations, and entreat them,
Much as they love such plays, not to repeat them,

Go, Punch, again to country town or village;
  Go, and amuse the pests, whose tongues, like sabres,
Hack and destroy; who love fair fame to pillage,
  Half grubs, half hornets, in their deadly labours!
Many I know, who reap from such a tillage
  Full crops of libel 'mid their friends and neighbours:
But through the muse to fame they shall not clamber—
Who would preserve such gnats as these in amber?

And thus I might proceed, and like a Turk
  All grades, all trades, all sorts, in turn bespatter;
But men might in my lay see venom lurk,
  And deem this poem a malicious satire—
Instead of, as it is, a serious work,
  Replete with moral and didactic matter;
The rest, then, I pass over in a bunch,
Nor make comparisons 'twixt them and Punch.

Yes! politicians, jobbers, quacks, projectors
(I too am one) of grand associations;
Attorneys to the same, and rich Directors—
All gamblers with your high denominations—
Geographers of mind, or brain dissectors,
I leave you in your several occupations,
To float, or sink, or struggle in the stream;
While I return to Punch, a better theme!

I've said that to the fair Italian clime,
Florence, or Naples, or the Eternal City,
Punch bears us, and to that old merrier time,
Fraught with gay jest, or love-recording ditty,
Unlike our calculating age sublime,
Dull;—sage, and money-getting, more's the pity;—
For should we lose them, who shall look again
Upon the like of that immortal twain?

Back, too, he bears us to the lovely morn
Of life, ere life's true value has been found:
When joy from no external cause is born,
But springs within us, rather than around;—
All happy, as the bird upon the thorn,
Or colt, that frolics o'er the grassy ground;
Or little fish, that leaps in stream or bay,
At noon, or evening, of a sultry day.

At least for me these peerless pranks restore—
The very hour, when first my boyish feet
Trod London's stones;—when wondering more and more
I paced each long interminable street,
Yet still untired, unsated, could explore
From dawn to dusk; and deemed time's wing too fleet,
Amid those thousand marvels of that time,
Beasts, panoramas, wax-work, pantomime.

With more, through which the eye delighted ranged,
And thee, illustrious Punch, among the rest.
And though dark intervening years have changed
Most of the thoughts and feelings then impressed,
From these my heart cannot be all estranged,
More than from him, who made a child his guest—
His friend, yet scarcely will remember yet
Those kindnesses, which I can ne'er forget.

For they to him were as habitual things,
Done often and unvalued;—but *I* glowed
With life's first warmth, when every arrow wings
Its way into the heart, and finds abode
With all the grief or joy, whiche'er it brings.—
Should I forget the favours thus bestowed,
Should I not love the man who loved me then,
Methinks I were unfit to herd with men!—

Yet, though our nature bids such feelings dwell
Long in the heart with undiminished pow'r;
Though lightest things have oft a potent spell
To raise the spirits of each vanished hour:—
Perchance, these deeper thoughts accord not well
With antics and wild whims, that haunt the tower
Whence Punch, the great magician, seen on high,
Instils the laughter, and dispels the sigh.

Yet not all laugh: and thus this merry game
  Calls up in me the philosophic mood,
Shewing how objects in themselves the same
  Are different still, as differently viewed;
And seem, according to the mental frame,
  Delightful or repulsive, bad or good;
And wake, as feelings vary with man's years,
The fountains of his mirth, or of his tears.

For 'tis the teeming mind that doth create
  More than the half of things it dwells upon:—
Their qualities, like colours not innate,
  Have only with a false existence shone;
Where now the hues are brilliant, now sedate—
  Now flash effulgent forth, and now are gone;
E'en as the rays of intellectual light
Come and depart, and make them dark or bright.

Thus look at Punch: his pranks appear to *these*
  A source of laughter most legitimate;
These marvel how such fooleries e'er can please,
  And hold themselves erect in awful state.
And e'en ourselves, in health or in disease,
  Busy or idle, care-worn or elate,
Now stop and gaze, with joyous satisfaction,
Now hurry by in silence and distraction.*

The child with feelings fresh and gushing o'er,
  Feels sure, ere half the witty feats are done,
There never *could* have been a Punch before
  So full of frolic and resistless fun:
But grey beholders, who where gay of yore,
  Deem this poor Punch a most degenerate one,
And seek, as in grave matters, to be told
Why modern times thus lag behind the old.

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* Here I consider Punch to be a test
  Of human character, as good as any:—
He who with too much wonderment and zest,
  Admires "consumedly," will prove a zany;—
He who affects to scorn so light a jest,
  But a grave fool, and such fools there are many:—
But just to look and smile, and soon depart,
Speaks the sound head and the well-tempered heart.

All men of wit and genius, I conjecture,
  Lov'd Punch: and Spurzheim I would ask forgiveness
For former doubtings, and at thy next lecture,
  Believe at once in all and every "iveness,"
If you can only shew, by bust or picture,
  That Shakespeare's skull had Punch-and-Judy-tiveness.
Prince Hal, methinks too, looked at Punch mid quaffing,
And Falstaff shook his jolly sides with laughing.

Voltaire, in France, must have pronounced Punch "*good*:"
  Here Sheridan and Scott the "myriad-minded,"
And Byron also in his happier mood:
  Of Southey I'm not sure—he may be blinded
By Lakes and Laureateships—but humbly should
  Suppose *our* king liked Punch (for some, I find, did)
And of the Statesmen, placed to guard our weal,
Fox more than Pitt, and Canning more than Peel. *Bougersdickius.*

But whether, as such folks will have it, thou,
  Oh Punch, hast dwindled since thine earlier day,
Not having lived then too, as well as now,
  I cannot take upon myself to say:
And the same rule shall follow, I avow,
  In other things I have not seen, nor may,
As once they were; nor therefore can compare,
Save by some faint false light, with what they are.

Dogs, horses, men, we're told by bard and proser,
  From bad to worse have always been declining.
But if 'twere so, the question seems a pozer,
  How mid *our* darkness could one ray be shining?
Must not the world, like some old nerveless dozer,
  With dotage and infirmities be pining?—
But does it pine? I think not, nor at any rate
Shall swell the stupid cry about "degenerate."

I, in my time, have seen some revolutions;
  And in my time may still see hundreds more—
Subverted thrones—new-fangled constitutions—
  Though age not yet my brow has silvered o'er:
For frequent as a Mussulman's ablutions
  Have moral earthquakes shaken many a shore,
And stars, that seemed designed for countless years,
To meteors turned, and tumbled from their spheres.

Punch is unchanged, unmenaced.—I have known
  Men lifted by a nation's loud applause
Almost to Heaven,—and ere a year was flown
  Reviled and hated for as little cause.
Abroad—at home—might specimens be shown—
  But I love not to break decorum's laws.
They were but followed while they were a rarity,
But Punch enjoys a deathless popularity.

My soul flies back rapt in a "frenzy fine;"
  And with imagination's kindling eye
Proud kings and nobles,* who in armour shine,
  And courtly dames in splendour's richest dye,
Plantagenets, and Tudors, and the line
  Of the unhappy Stuarts, floating by,
Elizabeth—and Scotland's lovely queen,
Who was too much a woman—all are seen:

And all are gone: yea, dynasties have set
  Like suns declining in the fiery west,
Never to rise:—but thou remainest yet,
  Thou king of nonsense, thou eternal jest!
Thee all have known, and none, who know, forget,
  Recalling still with pleasure unreprest;—
Thou happiest ape, and emblem of humanity,
Thou standing satire on ambition's vanity.

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* Perchance, the poet, in his vein historical
  Requires not truth exactly for his pages:—
But with so much of hist'ry allegorical,
  Or dark, could he clear up the mist of ages?
Could he pretend to be a perfect oracle
  For solving doubts which have perplexed the sages?—
He only knows, that nought the heart inflames,
More than a string of old heroic names. *Bongersdickius.*

Once cried a king, whose joys began to pall:
  Proud Xerxes, or the soft Sardanapalus—
The half my realm to that man's share shall fall
  Who finds out a new pleasure to regale us."
What had he said to Punch, why "There is *all*,
  Thou best enchanter, when our griefs assail us:
Accept those treasures, freely I forsake them!"
But Punch had ne'er been fool enough to take them.

Yet tell me Punch, belong'st thou to the class
  Of Whigs or Tories, and in what degree?
In short, what are thy politics?—Alas,
  Us may their dulness fret, but never thee,
Heedless what bills the Lords or Commons pass,
  So they but leave thy trade in laughter free!
Thou wilt not take old Solon for thy tutor,
Who said, "in civil strife let none be neuter."

Thou art, indeed, the shadow of a shade,
  The mockery of poor man, creation's mock;—
But life, and life's mishaps, thou hast arrayed
  In shapes and hues which neither grieve nor shock,
And thus array'st them still: while round thee fade
  The glories of the buskin and the sock.
Like life, thou art a jest:—but not so mad a one—
Like life, thou art a farce;—but not so sad a one.

Whether, like Hamlet speaking his "to be,"
  And meditating upon life's hereafter,
Thou strik'st thy brow:—or sunk at Judy's knee,
  Declar'st how in thy heart thou dids't engraft her:
Or in full inspiration of thy glee,
  Movest the many with contagious laughter;
Still art thou loved "and memorable long,
If there be force in folly, or in song."

Thee still, oh Punch, the pleasing task employs
  To strew thy wild flow'rs o'er the wilderness
Of streets;—to haunt remembrance—(while the toys
  Of added years grow stale and valueless)
Mix'd with its first—best—unforgotten joys;—
  To dissipate awhile the mind's distress:—
And (for thou can'st) allure bright Beauty's eye,
And wake her dormant smiles, when thou art nigh.

For, three springs back, young Ernest, having been
  To Music's proud Italian fane one night,
Beheld a maiden of transcendent mien
  With plume, and gems, but more with beauty bright:
Then looked no longer on the mimic scene,
  Too fondly gazing at that lovelier sight.
He saw but her—his ears were deaf as stone,
For all his senses were locked up in one.

No more he heard the lengthened shake and swell
  Of the De Begnis or sweet Caradori;
Nor marked he how the ballet's group could tell
  With arms and heels some most pathetic story.
Noblet! thy fairy foot unheeded fell!
  Paul! unadmired was thy aerian glory:
So deeply that fair she, who sat above,
Could fill and fascinate his heart with love!

The rustic damsel is full fair to view,
  Far from the town in some sweet valley bred;
Whose eye, like summer's heav'n, is clear and blue,
  Whose cheeks arrayed in nature's white and red:
Whom morning welcomes fresh as its own dew,
  Free as its gale that plays around her head;
Health on her brow, and truth within her heart,
And gaiety that knows not to depart.

Yet lovely too, even lovelier, perchance,
  The polish, the refinement, and the grace
Of courtlier womanhood—the speaking glance,
  The mind, the soul, which animate the face;
The thousand added witcheries, which enhance
  Nature's best work, yet not her charms erase;
The conscious elegance, th' habitual ease,
All beauty's aids, which more than beauty please.

Such aids were her's whom Ernest now survey'd,
  As in the box she stood erect and tall;
While one, whose mien bespoke him of war's trade,
  O'er her smooth marble shoulders threw a shawl;
Then ('twas her father) early led the maid
  From where she shone the brightest amidst all.
And Ernest following, reached them just before
Their carriage vanished from the entrance-door.

Swiftly the wheels were whirled through street and square,
  And fast did Ernest, as he might, pursue,
Yet found it hard, in spite of speed and care,
  To keep the carriage and its lamps in view;
Till as a street he entered, broad and fair,
  Full loudly his ill-fortune did he rue,
For there, whatever had been, nothing was,
Save one old watchman, and the lights of gas.

That watchman much he questioned; who replied,
  That but few moments back a carriage came
(He knew not whose), and drawing on one side,
  Stopped at some house (but *which* he could not name);
That persons thence descending he had spied;
  But truly could not say they were the same
Whom Ernest sought—the carriage had been gone
An instant, ere the youth rushed breathless on.

Careless he spoke, and oh, 'tis hard to bear,
  Anxious ourselves, another's carelessness;
To ask with warmth, and meet a vacant stare,
  Or short cool answer mocking our distress.
Much, therefore, that old drone's dull drowzy air
  Aroused our lover's wrath, as you may guess;
But farther question or reproach was vain;—
He knew no more, and wished to doze again.

Yet here the street was which his gem possessed,
  Although her name and house were both unknown,
And disappointed, Ernest thought it best
  To turn him homeward—where retired, alone,
He with his pillow might some plan digest
  To make that fair incognita his own.
There doubts and troubles held him long awake,
Full many a scheme to frame and to forsake.

Yet there was hope—for she who caused his sighs,
  Shining beneath the lamps with brighter blaze,
Had marked with blended pleasure and surprise
  His fixed and fervent, yet respectful gaze.
For ladies love that homage of the eyes,
  Tribute deserved, which youth to beauty pays.
His hair, height, dress, her mind had noted down
Besides, nor thought him ugly nor a clown.

He sought the Opera oftener than before;
  He searched the parks again and yet again;
And Kensington's fair garden traversed o'er,
  With every haunt most likely to contain
What fashion styles the world; and many a score
  Of visits paid to Regent Street in vain;
Till, like the luckless lover of Miss Bailey,
He lost his stomach, and grew thinner daily.

At last—for love will well reward at last
  The faithful hearts that own his high command,
Adding rich recompense for torments past—
  As Ernest took his now accustomed stand,
Punch came, and sudden hope was o'er him cast,
  While, as by some enchanter's potent wand,
Flocked round a motley, laughter-loving crew,
Who wondered still at what so well they knew.

The lover heard and saw; and came like light
  Th' intoxicating thought, that by the aid
Of Punch and his good spouse, perchance he might
  Draw forth the hidden fair; he therefore bade
The chief magician of that sound and sight—
  With largess at the moment duly paid,—
Move slowly on, and shew his feats before
The windows of each house and every door.

Himself too followed with the merry train,
  And looked with love's keen glance on either side,
Till, at a plate-glass window, standing plain,
  The form so stamped upon his heart he spied.
Excess of joy caused doubt—he looked again,
  And certainty brought rapture's fuller tide;
For there, with playful smile and kindling eye,
That maiden viewed the matchless drollery.

Not with more transport did the Greeks of old,
  The brave ten thousand of the famed retreat,
Worn with their long and perilous march, behold
  The boundless ocean foaming at their feet;
Not with more transport, after toils untold,
  The western world did stout Columbus greet,
Than that delighted lover, then and there,
Viewed the long-lost and late-discovered fair.

She gazed on Punch, and saw her lover too,
  And blushing recognized; then soon her name,
Lineage, and spotless worth, young Ernest knew,
  And, brought to her acquaintance, urged his claim
In moments sweet; which sweeter moments drew,
  And soft confession of a mutual flame,
Which e'en a parent's prudence could approve—
Thus Punchinello served the cause of love!

ON THE CHEERFULNESS OF SEXTONS.

The duty of a sexton has now become a profession, and in some places a lucrative one. He stands between the dead and the living, and no power changes his fiat but that of the archangel and the resurrection-man. When the sexton's business is done, he cares but little which of those two authorities has the precedence.

There was something exquisitely sacred in the old custom of sepulchre in the private garden, or other chosen spot of the deceased, or under his own hearth-stone—the scene of many of his joys and sorrows; —but all these habits, so grateful to the kindlier feelings of humanity, have given way, and their flight has brought amongst us a cheerful set of men, whose business it is to keep and till God's field, or *God's-aker*, as the old Germans used to denominate a church-yard.

I never knew a sexton who was not a cheerful man. Some are, of course, born with cheerful minds; some become cheerful by conversation with cheerful people; but for the most part they are cheerful by reason of their occupation. The church-yard is a cheerful place; the earth-worm, by his movement, seems to be a cheerful animal; the flowers and verdure are objects and motives to cheerfulness; the epitaphs and emblems are inducements to gentle reflection; hope waves her pinions over the whole spot and its associations, brightening the present and glorifying the future.

Our ancestors understood and felt these things much better than we do. Old *Weever*, in his "*Discourse on Funerall Monuments*," observes, "they accustomed yearely to garnishe, decke, and adorne the tombes or graues of the dead with poesies, crownes, and garlandes of all sorts of flowers. Husbands were wont to strew, spread, or scatter ouer and upon the graues and sepulchres of their deare wiues, violets, roses, hyacinths and diuers simple flowers; by the which uxorious office they did mitigate and lessen the griefe of their heartes, conceiued by the losse of their louing beddefellowes. The like expression of mutual loue the wiues shewed to their buried husbandes. The antient Ethnicks did hold the springinge of flowers from the graue of a deceased friend an argument of his happiness, and it was their vniuersal wish that the tombe-stones of their dead friends might be light unto them; and that a perpetual springe-tide of all kindes of fragrant flowers might incircle their verdant graues."

Although much of this peculiar feeling and practice is now gone by, yet in country-places remote from populous towns the same spirit is still somewhat alive; and instead of church-yards being gloomy and neglected places, they are often trimly decked: even the lowliest graves are bound over with willows and osiers, and the whole scene looks like a place of enduring and eternal repose, where affection wanders to feed on hope, and memory revels in enjoyment of the past.

The sexton is the gardener who cultivates and cherishes the fairest flowers—for what fairer flowers can there be than the memories of the wise and good, and gentle and amiable? They are amaranthine flowers, and breathe of spring and summer-tide all the year round. The fancy gardener plumes himself upon this fine tulip, or that delicate ranunculus, and exultingly explains to his auditors the qualities of each—the nicety of its culture, and the rarity of the stock. The gardener of the graves luxuriates equally amidst his descriptions of his garden's pride, and

seems to make a private property of their virtues which bloom above ground. The gentle maid, on whose grave the first violets of the year are blooming, calls from his heart its warmest sympathy; he remembers her tender infancy, her budding womanhood—the fell disease which numbered her amongst the sleepers: he sees her in his mind's eye shining amid the cherubim, and smiles with inward joy as he tells her story. He rejoices that she was snatched from a wicked and ensnaring world, and knows that nothing can assail her now, and gently builds for her his hopes in heaven. He points to the graves of grey-haired elders, and in the contemplation of their peaceful end, cheerfully looks forward to his own, when he himself shall also lie flower-bound amongst those remains which he has so kindly garnished.

To the reflective mind, death with all his attendments is a cheerful personage; he comes not really with a frown, but with a welcome wafture to a shore where the billows roll not, and where their roar is hushed. The sexton is his servitor and body attendant—he and the undertaker together garnish the dishes that their master prepares. The sexton stands amidst his duty as a privileged being—he takes his chirping cup, and drinks to the present. His chief wish is that he and the sun may stand still together.

"Get thee to Yaughan and fetch me a stoup of liquor," saith Shakspeare's sexton, and falls to his work with a merry old chaunt; while the philosophic prince, surprised at what he witnesses, asks his friend Horatio: "hath this fellow no feeling that he sings at grave-making?" —Yes, my Lord Hamlet, he hath feeling—and yet he sings—sings because he hath feeling, and having feeling, he cannot choose but sing—

In youth when I did love, did love,
Methought it was very sweet—

And this chaunt he sings while making the grave of her who died—not for love—but who died while she loved, with her young heart and all its wild and throbbing emotions warm about her. It wanders into Love's paradise, while he prepares the resting-place of her who was worthy to be the queen of that paradise. Can he choose but sing of love? And is not love a cheerful theme? And can he be less than cheerful, or cheat himself into the melting mood, when he tunes his old husky pipe to a cheerful strain? To him, death and the grave are abstractedly nothing, if not boon companions—them and their attendants are all he cares for.

Does the old wag recollect aught that bears a gloomy aspect, or rake the storehouse of his memory for bye-gones that have not the character of cheerfulness about them? "A pestilence on him for a mad rogue" (*Yorick*) saith he, "he poured a flagon of Rhenish on my head once." Chirping old soul—wouldst thou be always in thy cups—wouldst always have thy head and beard streaming with Rhenish? Verily, thou wouldst rouse Yorick from his repose, to crack his jests anew, while thou shouldst again crack thy sides with laughter. Away—away, rogue! Scatter thy moulds less slovenly—lay all the bones in order—be grave, if thou canst, for a moment. Yorick seems to have infected thee: the wit and Rhenish seem to have been flowing on, while thy locks have been hourly turning from their early brown to their present sexagenarian silver.

And has the wing of time swept thee away, thou hoary-headed

chronicle, old Robert L——? Thou who art mingled with the purest recollections of my childhood, and who returnest often and often to my memory, but oftenest when I walk across a fair, well-garnished church-yard. I fancy I see thee now, in the little distant church-yard of W——, with thy coat of faded sky-blue, and thy long silver locks, bending as thou wert amidst the weight of years. I never remember thee otherwise than I now describe thee:—that self-same coat—almost a part of thee: but thy cheerful face, thy cheerful heart, thy cheerful voice and spirits, and that warm, mild eye—how do I remember these! How often have I followed thee to thy domestic haunts, and teased thee amidst thine unsextonlike occupation of making wooden rakes for the hay-harvesters—played with thy tools in mock labour, and then hid them from thee: and how often have I seen thee with thy notable dame chirping thy joyous thoughts beside thy chimney-hearth, beneath that roof which my benevolent father gave thee for thy life. In these—in all thy occupations, thou wert the same: thou hadst a benison and a smile for all; and I was happy to have thy hard hand stroking down my flaxen locks, gently chucking me under the chin, and filling my pockets with fine swan-egg pears, from the high tree opposite the door of thy quiet dwelling.

I have frequently observed that sextons generally possess good memories, not only of persons, but also of things and circumstances. I do not mean to insist that their occupation confers this quality—but that it affords inducement towards it there can be no doubt, and this in their situation is an ample source of cheerfulness. To the sexton, death is so familiar—he frequently overleaps its physical effects in his contemplations. He goes with you from this grave to that—for every grave he hath an anecdote:—and if its tenant ever uttered a jest, the rogue remembers it, and repeats it, with as much glee as if it had been the child of his own fancy, when in truth it has been only a foundling and nurse-child. He is a great relater of incidents, and therefore generally prattles—and your prattle is a glorious provocative to one kind of cheerfulness. In his mind, the dead and the living may be said to be both living: he is the master of the ceremonies—the major-domo, and introduces them to social intercourse; and, what is more, he equalizes all. Your living peer and your dead peasant have a sympathy through his gossip: and the proud peer listens with real interest to the history of the departed peasant, whom in life he would have passed by unheeded. Can there be a kindlier office, or a more cheering and cheerful one, than that of such a go-between? How importantly he conducts you through the labyrinths of his territory; he is the repository of the secrets of the dead, as to where they have hid themselves, except when the ostentatious tomb-stone blabs the secret. He attends you with as much ceremony as a connoisseur would assume in conducting you through the rarities of his gallery or museum. No one knows half so much as he does: he smiles at his conscious knowledge of the information you wish to obtain—he smiles more (at your ignorance or his triumph) when he has satisfied your interrogations—but oh what a smile is the last, when your half-crown tickles his hard palm; for then the dreams of the warm chimney-corner, and the foaming cup, and anon, drinks five fathom deep, in his chosen potation, to the health of curious strangers and inquisitive stragglers.

"Your humble servant, Sir," said a sexton to me, as I passed

through the church-yard of B——, and, with a smile, the old man paused, and rested on the brink of a grave in which he had been busily employed, and wiped the dew from his brow. "Your humble servant, Sir," said he again—apparently wishing to court conversation. I suppose he took me for a dead-hunter, and fancied I wished to pry into the secrets of his tenantry. There was a sedate foolery about his manner, which on second-thoughts invited me to make his acquaintance: he seemed to be a grave humorist — an obtuse jester.——"You are no servant of mine, though you may be humble," said I; "I want none such. My time is not come. I am sweet, wholesome, locomotive, and still likely to remain so. Go to your earth-worms, and to them you may bend, cap in hand, and say, 'your humble servant'—for you spread their banquet, and art a brave seneschal to their luxurious supper—old Life-in-death!" "Ha! Ha! Life in death—'faith that's good. Life in death, quotha"—said the old man, tickled by the epithet, to which he had unwittingly given the cue. We were on terms immediately; he was my chosen friend—my equal:—no more my humble servant.

How doth a smack of good-humour open the heart! The old fellow jumped on his hobby-horse of "graves, and tombs, and epitaphs"—(many a waggish rhyme he gabbled over to me)—and no improvisitore, with all his fire, ever gave more eloquent effusions than this old chronicler did in his way. I remember one of his epitaphs, on three children buried in one grave:—

> Under this stone lie babies three,
> That God Almighty sent to me;
> But they were seized by ague fits,
> And here they lie as dead as nits!

"You see, your honour," said he, "I am a bit of a wag."

"Heigho!—the days are gone—the days are gone."

Between a sigh and a chuckle, the rogue continued—"I am but a boy yet—I am but eighty-six,—I have had five wives, and they were all of them good ones. There was Margery the first—I mean my first wife's name was Margery—not that she was the first of Margeries:—oh! poor Margery! bless her blue eyes! there she lies with the violets and cowslips over her head. Then I had Joan:—ah! Joan was a rare good 'un. I liked her better, 'cause she kept Margery more in my mind, and I seemed to have two wives at once (and not against the law either). There she lies—there she lies; and there I thought I should have lain too, 'til once on a time I saw Dorothy—and Dorothy won my heart, as I saw her milking the old red cow in the pasture, one fine May evening. In a week after I saw Dorothy, she and I became one. I was always an attractive one to the sweet sex—Heigho! heigho! We spent many happy days together; but she, like the rest, one day gave me the slip, and—bless her black eyes, there she lies amongst the others with a handsome head and footstone. Then there was—let me see—who was the last I told your honour of? Margery, Joan, Dorothy, and—oh! Dorothy was the last I mentioned. Then there was Peggy and Bridget:—Bridget was the last of the flock: ah! bless 'em all—bless 'em all: there they are, all in a row; and I never let one grave have more violets than the other, though they spring the freshest over Margery, and so I am often transplanting from her to give to the rest. They were all of them good ones—all—all. Pray, your honour, how many wives have you had?"—This home question struck me at the

moment in a very odd way, not having at that period of my life been able to boast even of one-fifth part of the old man's late possessions.

It seemed to be a trick of the old man's calling to dwell on matters of this kind; and I almost fancied he married five wives for the chance of seeing their five violet-covered graves, ranged in neat and becoming order in the chosen spot of all his contemplations. I indulged in a little further parley with this humorous rogue, and then bade him farewell; but not before he had gathered me a violet off each of the five graves, and placed them firmly in my button-hole.

There was old Tom P——, a merry old rogue, who not only dug graves and composed the dead, but also peeped at Parnassus, and composed epitaphs—composed *to order*. Besides this, he always used to keep a stock on hand, containing tributes to more virtues than any man, woman, or child ever possessed, and sold them at two-pence per line. Tom was a very mighty man in his way, and all the wit of the village flowed either from his tongue or his inkstand. If John Milton had been half so celebrated as a poet during his life, it would have well nigh turned his brain, or any other brain a degree weaker than that of the village poet.

Tom had never dreamt of Lindley Murray's two tomes of English grammar, and had never heard of the existence of the science which they taught: I cannot therefore say he set them at defiance; certain it is he never cherished that branch of human attainment.

I was sitting in his chimney corner one day, enjoying his sharp uncouth humour, when, after a slight knock at the door, a widow-like looking personage, dressed in deep mourning, lifted the latch and made her appearance amongst us. Tom was in full expectation of a job, and after bowing a most reverential and obsequious bow, and handing the lady a chair, he sat quietly turning up the whites of his eyes in steady anticipation of his orders.

"Mr. P——," said the widow in a whining, tremulous tone, "I want an epitaph to the memory of my poor dear man:—you know he was a tender kind-hearted lamb to me,"—("He was a tiger," muttered Tom.) "and I want something that will explain the character,—("He had none that will bear explanation," said he in a whisper,) "You know Mr. P——," proceeded the lady; "he was charitable, affectionate, sober, religious—in short, he was"—here she managed to squeeze out her first tear.

"I'll fit him immediately ma'am," interrupted Tom: "in the mean time, ma'am, please to run your eye over these patterns," handing her a greasy dogs-eared MS. volume, "and if none of those will do—I will make him a stave on purpose." The widow turned and turned again—read and re-read—but there was nothing amongst the sample that answered the throbbing of her sensitive heart; at length she closed the volume in despair, and begged of Tom to execute a *bran* new one in his best style.

The poet-sexton held consultation with the ceiling, as other knowing persons sometimes do, in the fulness of deep thought and reflection, then fixed his rolling eyes upon a well-smoked flitch just swinging above him, rubbed his hands, raked together the embers of his fire, and sat with pen in hand and spectacles on nose, and, as the poet Collins says of melancholy,

"Like one inspired."—

At length the liquid lines were penned, and after a few expressive ahems! Tom read as follow:—

"Under this stone
Lies Mister Bone:
He lying lived, and lying died,
For, dying or living, he always lied:—"

"Oh! Mr. P——," interrupted the widow, "the poor soul always told the truth to the best of his ability."—"Yes, ma'am, to the best of his *ability*, I know he did; but you know, ma'am, he had been bed-ridden for many years," replied Tom, "and therefore he lived lying, and died lying." The rogue turned round and gave me a knowing wink, expressive of his high sense of his own ingenuity. The widow's silence shewed her scruples were at an end, and the author proceeded in the recitation of his production:

"His virtues under a bushel were hid,"

("I mean under a bushel of vices," said Tom, in a half audible whisper to me;)

"But he did as he liked, and liked what he did,"

("He was drunk every day," muttered Tom aside.)

"And I his survivor and widow dear,
Come here every day with a sigh and a tear;
And I says to all husbands, 'take copy from he,
And make ready to follow him like unto me.'"

"Thank you—oh! thank you, Mr. P——! you are a clever man! Oh! if the poor dear departed lamb could but hear how nicely you have spoken of him! Pray, Mr. P——, how much am I to pay you?" "Twenty-pence, if you please ma'am—two-pence a line—long and short together: the long ones ought to be two-pence half-penny, but I had rather give than take." The widow forthwith paid her pence; and having pocketed what might have been called an affront, but which she took for an epitaph, she made her curtsey in apparent delight; and it was a fine thing to see the face Tom made when he had shut the door upon her. *Munden* is the only man who could give an idea of that extraordinary phiz.

"What a dottrel that old woman is!" said he. "That rascal of a husband led her the life of a *nigger-slave*, and she was spaniel enough to like him the better. However, twenty-pence is well earned: those who understand the king's English will see I have given the knave his due, and the widow goes home pleased withal—for 'a knavish speech sleeps in a foolish ear."

I have not space to copy more of Tom's choice morsels, but they were all smart in their way, or, as I should rather say, in *his* way. I could give twenty other instances of the cheerfulness of sextons, but I have indulged in my rambling gossip long enough, and I am sure my readers can support my few observations from their own experience.

To conclude this desultory subject:—there is a moral beauty in cheerfulness wherever it exists: it becomes every person, and every period of life; but a cheerful old age is the choicest of earthly blessings When I see the gray-haired sexton smiling and chirping amidst the labour of his vocation, I think of the spreading ivy on the ruin that flourishes the freshest and greenest amidst the scenes of desolation and decay. G. F.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

THIS is the first month of Autumn, when, by common consent, the being seen in town is a waver of all pretentions to gentility; and even the swindlers who starve and comb their whiskers in the King's Bench, bless their stars that they are not in the Fleet—they shall not be known to pass their *September* in London! General news now is rather scarce, and consists chiefly of rural notices from the country papers; extraordinary quantities of "game" *bagged;* "cucumbers" brought to uncommon perfection; old women caught (where they have no business) "in *man* traps," and plough-boys sent to the Treadmill for bastardy. The Post managed a little variety three mornings a week,—till Vauxhall closed,—about "the warring elements," and "bright Luna," and so forth, on the over night; but they are brought down now regularly to the forlorn hope, the "*Haut ton* patronage," and—"fantastic toe," &c.—in "Letters" from Reporters, *on leave*, at Margate, Brighton, or Cheltenham. Home politics may be summed up into a pretty considerable continuance of distress in the manufacturing districts; and a most absurd pamphlet about Corn and Currency, published by Sir James Graham, and gloriously cut up by Cobbett. In foreign affairs, the production of the account-current between the "Struggling Greeks" and the London "Committee" for their "Independence," makes the most entertaining feature. The general result of the disclosure (as far as it goes) seems to be—that the people in Greece must by this time have found out what it is to borrow money in England: and I dare say that, in due time, the people of England will have their turn, and find out *what it is to get it back again.* Meantime Greek bonds continue at 13½—and I wish much satisfaction to the holders of them.

"Letters from Smyrna," to the 14th of July, state that Mahomet the IId. continues his "Reform;" and that "the same compulsory measures enforced in Constantinople for the sale of provisions had been adopted in the city of Smyrna. Meat was thus reduced from thirty-six paras the pound to twenty-eight; bread from twenty-eight to eighteen; and oil from sixty-five to forty. *The rapacious dealers* are the only murmerers. *The inhabitants* bless the *paternal care* of the Sultan, and the *attention* shewn to *public tranquillity.*" Notwithstanding this "paternal attention," it seems to me that Mahomet's tenure of life and throne is problematical. It is easier to cut off the head of one man than to change the habits of twenty millions.

I see that a Jew, according to the Paris papers, has just been burned at Valentia, "for the salvation of his soul." Or perhaps—as the French Editor observes—"because the people in Valentia wanted the spectacle of an *auto da fé.*" I am sure it would be the saving of a thousand souls (Christian)—if cursing be a sin—every year, if we might burn a Jew in this country—by way of example to the rest—I mean one of those villains who sell "old clothes" in Russell-court, or Holywell-street in the Strand. There is literally no getting through any of the streets that these people infest, without either consenting to purchase a new wardrobe, or leaving part of one's own—torn off one's back—behind one! And I am sure it is quite time that they were persecuted again: for their numbers are frightful—they run in and out of the courts about Lyon's-Inn like rabbits in a warren. *N. B.* In case we should have to hang

any—Philip the IVth of France, who had a great many Jews, and hanged them very freely, always hanged his with *a dog*, (by way of accompaniment) on each side of them. Now I don't like this, because I hate wanton cruelty: I should recommend hanging our's with an old pair of breeches on each side of them.

Irish affairs have exhibited a glimmering of improvement. Earl Fitzwilliam, in a late speech at a Catholic Meeting, adverting to the *real* state of what they call the existing "Political restrictions in Ireland," avowed broadly, that "*all* the *privileges* which *could be granted to the lower classes, had been granted.* The *lower orders* of the people *had every power* which *they could* possess." Now there is nothing new in any of this to reasonable people; but still—it does seem a pity that Earl Fitzwilliam should not have endeavoured to promulgate the same truth in Ireland before? Because we all know—though perhaps his Lordship himself will scarcely credit it—there *have been* persons, using the authority of his name and party, trying to persuade these very *amply gifted* "lower classes," that they were degraded, powerless, trodden upon, slaves; and that the "Emancipation" which they were exhorted to seek through crime and wretchedness, and riot, was not a question of double fees to a handful of barristers, or seats in parliament to some twenty gentlemen who wish to perpetuate speeches in the House of Commons; but a question of "powers," of "privileges," nay, of *Political existence*, between themselves and their *English oppressors.*

After this declaration from Earl Fitzwilliam, Mr. O'Connell made a speech, as usual, about "hills," and "streams," and "feelings," and the "rights of Ireland," and other not very material or original, poetical topics. But there are meetings taking place upon the subject of introducing *Poor laws* into Ireland; a project which I hope to see persevered in; and which may have a chance to secure to the inhabitants of that country, a *meat and drink* existence—convenient at least in the way of preparation for a "political" one. "Emancipation," if it were carried to-morrow, would not give the peasant of Ireland—who, with all his "privileges," is the real sufferer—a single additional potatoe. The poor law system, with all its evils, *will* do this. Let those who hold property in Ireland, and who now make speeches for her prosperity, find that property actually taxable for the support of those of her population that are starving; and they will then find an *interest*, and if any thing can impel them, interest will, in keeping the peasantry of that country, (instead of talking to them about "Emancipation") as far as possible, from tumult and distress.

The *Hereford Journal* says, on the subject of "horse stealing:"—"We understand that *fifteen* stolen horses have been regained by their owners in consequence of a recent discovery at Stroud. The greater part of them were discovered in the possession of little farmers in the vicinity of Stroud, who accounted for such possession by stating that they purchased them; but the prices which they gave, and the characters they dealt with, attach considerable suspicion to many of them, and we should hope the affair will not be suffered to rest here. From one person, his whole team of *four* horses was taken, which had been stolen; and which he had bought under these questionable circumstances."

I shall take occasion, shortly, to say a few words upon the very considerable extent to which this sort of half felonious receiving is carried on.

People in general have very little conception of the mass of stolen property which is bought every year, by persons who do not *live* by unlawful courses, but are content to accept a *bargain*, where they think it may be taken with safety.

"Many actresses, it is known, sport their carriages. On a recent wet evening, when the daughters of Thalia were retiring from the Haymarket Theatre, the lobby of the stage door resounded with "Madame Vestris's carriage!"—"Miss Love's carriage!"—"Mrs. Waylett's." and others of equal note. Poole, the dramatist, being in conversation with a married actress, whose character as a wife and a mother exempts her from any imputation, significantly observed, "Have you no carriage?"—"Ah, no," said she, "I am *draggle-tailed Chastity*, doomed to walk through the rain and dirt." —*Evening paper.*

It is pity we are not told *which* actress is the last here alluded to. But "Poole, the *dramatist*," gets rather troublesomely obtrusive. There are one or two farces not worth a farthing a piece, that I see, never can be acted at the Haymarket Theatre, without the "permission," in large letters in the bills, of J. Poole, Esq.!!!

The King has sent twenty-five pounds to the new "Poor's box" at Bow-street, intended, under the control of the magistrates, for the relief of those unfortunate persons, whom necessity more than vice brings occasionally into the hands of the police. This is an excellent charity; and one to which every body who can afford so much indulgence ought to contribute. No one who reads the newspapers but must see that it has long been wanted. Donations to the fund ought to be *advertized* half-yearly, and an account regularly kept of the money disbursed; and care should also be taken that extreme cases only are attended to. The charity will then have this peculiar advantage—arising out of the system of "Police Reporting" (which I have before taken occasion to commend), that its administration will go on, from day to day, before the eyes of the whole country.

Speaking of "Police offices," I observe that there has been a fight in the matter of the "Welsh Iron Company;" and that the new solicitor, M. Verbeke, has been trying to take up the old solicitor, Mr. John Wilks, for a felony. This M. Verbeke, if I don't mistake, was Mr. Wilks's late partner. There is a proverb, that "when a *certain* description of persons *fall out*, another *certain* description of persons *come by their own*."

There is a writer on Parisian manners, in the New Monthly Magazine, whose last letter gives a most extraordinary account of the *intelligence* of French society. He assures us that "a man who mixes in *fashionable* life in Paris, generally knows *all* the facts recorded in *all* the journals *twenty-four hours before they appear in print!*" Now this is an admirable extent of knowledge, as regards the members "of fashionable life;" but what a state, as regards information, does it leave the poor people that belong to the "journals" in!

"On Tuesday the 5th instant, the Stratford and Moreton railway was opened to the public," says a daily paper; "and it was estimated *by competent judges*, that not less than 20,000 persons were present." Now there is more meant here than meets the eye! I should not have a notion myself of what *constitutes* a "competent judge" to know in a mob exactly how many persons are "present." But some people have the faculty—both as regards numbers and distance: an example of it appears two hundred years ago, in Shakespear's Henry the Fifth:—

Officer (entering to the King)—"My Lord, the French troops lie within a hundred paces of your tent.

King.—Who has *measured* the ground?

Officer.—The lord Grandprée.

King.—A most *valiant* and *expert* gentleman!"

Privileged persons. The political economists are asses—that, by this time, every body knows. We must legislate for *times* and for *emergencies*, though we send "fixed principles" four times a week to the devil. Thus, we laugh at the Pacha of Smyrna, and his *maximum* for meat, of eighteen paras a pound; all the while valiantly maintaining a law ourselves which fixes a *maximum* for the hire of money at five per cent. Moreover, we hold—here is a choke-pear for "fixed principle!"—that the Jew who lends on the *worst* security shall be punished if he take more than five per cent. for his money, though freely offered; and yet allow the pawnbroker, who lends only upon the *best* security, to demand from twenty to fifteen. But, in fact—the Benthamites affect to treat the law of usury as an exception from our general free commercial policy;—there is not a more ridiculous humbug than to assert that, in England, every man is *free* to ask *his own* price for the commodity in which he deals. There is a constant vigilance in the law—but that custom prevents us from observing it—to take care that no one man (even in trifles) shall have power to take advantage of the *sudden necessities* of another. Barristers, in ordinary cases, have no power, when retained, to make their own bargain; but, by the rules of their profession, with the *accustomed* fee, *must* take a brief. What should we say of a physician, who, being sent for, and finding a patient in immediate danger, were to stop short, and demand two guineas instead of one, before he prescribed? How are the charges of attornies regulated—and God help us, if they were not so regulated!—but *by law?* How is it that "victuallers," if all trades but that in money are free,—are *compelled* to furnish meat and drink to travellers at reasonable prices? Why, are we not going to pull down half the people's houses in the Strand—and turn the very wild beasts at Exeter Change out of their homes—because it suits the public convenience! and, shall we agree to let *these dealers* make *their own demand*, I wonder, or refer them to a jury to settle that which is *fair* compensation? And even for fear people should be overcharged, when they want to get home on a rainy night from Vauxhall!—even for fear of such a little inconvenience as this,—do not we—not merely most tyrannically fix the price of a hackney-coach for every mile's riding; but absolutely compel the owner of the vehicle, willy nilly,—in spite of wind, weather, or better offers elsewhere—inexorably to sell the ministry of himself and horses to the *first* applicant who demands it of him?

And this very law about the "hackney-coaches" it is—as the subject of a lady's letter is to be found always in the postscript—which has been the cause of inflicting the above long paragraph upon the public! Only that, now I am upon the subject, I *must* have a word with these wise men of Westminster—who, if they were sent to Erebus, would be for finding fault with the waters of the Styx,—and, who—if they will utter follies in St. James's Park—content! for it is at their own expense;—but, if thay succeed to whistle off law, and make their fortunes by usury—for the rogues are cunning—that would be at the expense of the public

Money, the economists say, stands in commerce in the same condi-

tion with every other commodity; and he who possesses it is entitled to make the best market of it that he can. Now this propositiun is quite unfounded in fact; for money is not "like any other commodity;" but, on the contrary, differs most curiously and essentially from *every* other commodity. It is *not* (as we are told day after day), like "cloth for a coat," or "silk for a handkerchief;" because he who wants these things will *wait* for them, if the terms be very unreasonable on which he is to purchase them. But for *money*, when he *wants* it, five times in six, he *cannot*—or, what is *practically* the same thing—he *will not*—wait.

Money *can* stand in the same relative condition with *no* commodity, except it were a commodity which should be an absolute and indispensable *necessary of life;* and by a wonderful felicity in the arrangement of human affairs, there is scarcely any *absolute necessary* of life which is not so *perishable in its quality*, as to give the *seller* a common interest in its ready disposal with the *buyer*. The baker, who has baked his shop full of loaves, *must* sell them within twenty-four hours, or their value is materially decreased. The butcher who has filled his shop full of meat, must sell it within two days, or it becomes *unsaleable* altogether. Even if we take a broader view of the subject than this—apart from those considerations which depend upon forms of existing or casual detail. Corn wastes in weight, and loses in quality, by *warehouseing*. Moreover, it eats up money in room-rent, for it is a bulky, as well as a perishable article. Cattle, again, every day that they live, after they are once in a state fit for the market, are eating up so much of the profit which should eventually be gained upon them. There is *no* commodity, of which the need of him who *wants* it is likely to be vitally pressing, which can be *held* back with so much convenience by him who *has* it as money. The only approach to the same power which the *capitalist would* have without the usury laws, is in the power which the *land-owners* now hold by the aid of the corn laws. And—here is the *proof* that such a power cannot continue to be borne. The landlords *must not have their own prices*—the corn laws are the first curse that we shall get rid of.

So, now to return to the "Hackney coachmen," who are most mercilessly dealt with!—being restrained, not only in the use which they shall make of their coaches, but also of their tongues.—(Not but that these economists, I believe, would persuade us, every one of them, that they have seen the sun take "coach," and could distinguish the colour of his horses!)—But Mr. Alderman Wood made a perquisition the other day into the quantity of liberty which hackney-coachmen had left to them; and I think that the public, as well as the parties themselves, ought to be advertised of the result. The worthy Alderman carried the conductor of No. 1135 to Bow-street, upon a charge of having driven furiously against himself, and some other gentlemen, in the street; calling them "tailors," &c. very impudently, and desiring them to "get out of the way." Upon inquiry into which, it turned out that the Jehu in question could not be punished for his mis-doings, as the Act of Parliament against hackney-coachmen's insolence only applied to the vituperation of their "fares."—"A word to the *whips* is enough."

Miracles are not quite hopeless even in the year 1826. The Morning Post of this day (12th of September) contains the following extraordinary notice of a "removal."—"The *plot of ground* allotted for the

scholars to play, in the centre of Dean-yard, Westminster Abbey, *has been removed,* and a handsome iron pallisade is now forming round the same, from five to six feet high!" This is "the mountain coming to Mahomed" with a vengeance! Nobody can doubt the authority of the Post; but there are Journals which might have stated such a fact, and hardly been believed.

But there is an infinite deal in a "manner of speaking," as Master Matthew says, when he terms the cudgelling that Downright threatens to give him "the bastinado." "Mr. Richardson's *Theatres,*" I see by the Times of this morning are advertised for sale. Now, even with the name of "Richardson" to help me, I read on to the end of the advertisement, before I discovered that these "Theatres," meant *the booths and caravans of Mr. Richardson who shows at Bartholomew fair.* The "*Scenery*" is declared to be of "first-rate order," executed by "Greenwood and Andrews in their best manner." The *wardrobe* is necessarily of the best description; inasmuch as the performances being more frequently in *the day-time,* renders it imperative that it should be of such a superior class as *to bear the light!*" Of course this sale is by "George Robins," and it is said that Mr. Peter Moore has made proposals for becoming the purchaser.

Mr. E. G. Wakefield means (according to the Manchester Guardian) "to move for a writ of Habeas Corpus immediately, to bring up his wife [Miss Turner] to the Court of King's Bench, in order that she may be delivered to him." Mr. E. G. Wakefield had the lady in his possession ten days, and, at the end of that time all she desired was to get away from him. I think—after an exposition like that—Mr. E. G. Wakefield should give up making fortunes by marrying ladies; and try some other trade better suited to his (apparent) capacity.

The two winter theatres have opened for the season; Drury-lane with the comedy of *The Wonder,* and Covent-garden with *Pizarro.* My firm belief is, that it was this last play that killed the King and Queen of the Sandwich Islands; and not the pork sausages that they ate at supper afterwards, as has been currently reported. At all events, it was the last play they ever saw; and they never were well afterwards: a result, which, judging from my own feelings under the same visitation, I cannot say I am at all surprised at.

An ingenious person who mends the appearances of sparrows, hen linnets, and other homely feathered birds, by *painting* them up into cock bull-finches, and Java orioles, has had his occupation murdered by a stretch of arbitrary power. He sold some brickdust adulterating chandler a "CARPOON" (name and all), for eighteen pence, which turned out to be a tom-tit touched with minium and yellow ochre. They sent this improver of nature's works to the House of Correction, which seems to me a sentence very questionable. It would have been far more just to have sent the *purchasers* of "CARPOONS," at eighteen pence a piece, to Bedlam.

The Bishop of Calcutta is dead; which, as the Bombay Courier observes, is an event "highly afflicting." But, he died of apoplexy—as a dignitary should do—in which there is some consolation.

Poor Lord Gifford, too, has died since my last: an event which touches me more nearly, because I used to meet him every day, hardly a week since, in the full enjoyment of health, fortune, and never dreaming, I dare say, that he should die at all. He died—second judge

of the kingdom—at the age of eight and forty. It was the wig that killed him, and the sight of so much parchment; "so young, so wise," as King Richard says, "do seldom live long." For myself, my mind is made up: "I shall *not* die a victim to "Viner's Abridgment;" but—as that admirable moral philosopher, Walter Mapes, expresses it,

> "I'll in a tavern end my days, 'mid boon companions merry,
> Place to my lips a lusty flask, replete with sparkling sherry;
> That hovering angels round may cry, when I lie dead as door-nail,
> 'Rise, genial deacon, rise, and drink, of the well of life eternal!'"*

I spoke a little way back about the advantage that would arise in London from hanging *one* Jew—one of those who sell clothes in Holywell-street—hanging him by way of example to the rest. On consideration, I think it would be much better to destroy the whole race there altogether. And that might be easily done, by first bricking up the end of the street, next the New Church in the Strand, and then setting fire to the other end. I think that the public feeling will go along with me in this proposition.

Letters from Boulogne Sur Mer inform us that "a sort of *jail delivery* has lately taken place there of English prisoners for debt, from a conviction of the uselessness of keeping the parties confined any longer. The places of the emancipated however (continues the writer) are filling fast, and, improvident as these persons have been, it is impossible not to feel for their condition; for the worst prison in England is a palace compared with the "*Hotel d'Angleterre*," as it is called, at Boulogne.

Compassion is a sentiment which, under any circumstances, commands respect; but the epithet "improvident" is a little misapplied in this paragraph. The persons alluded to are not "improvident," but "fraudulent;" *common robbers*, for the most part, who *live* by a system of plunder, which is morally just as felonious as shop-lifting or forgery, although it is not punishable by law precisely in the same manner. Men may be "improvident" as to the disposal of their own means (where they have any means); or they may be unwise speculators, and so, to a certain point involve the means of others; but it is not "improvidence" to elect systematically to live in idleness; and to obtain credit for luxuries by misrepresentation, where we *know* that we can have no means to pay for them. I take no objection to the provisions of the Insolvent Act, because locking pennyless knaves up in prison only keeps them pennyless, and no way benefits their creditors; but my assent to the operation of that law, arises out of no jot of feeling for what are called the sufferings of the great mass of those people, who are assisted by it. If the records of the Insolvent Court were published, it "would go near to be thought," I doubt, as Dogberry says, very generally, that three-fourths of the persons who annually take their six weeks' residence in the King's Bench, are just as perfect scoundrels as five in six of those who take their trials at the Old Bailey.

Now I am on "fashionable affairs," there comes an advertisement in

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* "Mihi est propositum in tabernâ mori
Vinum sit appositum morientis ori,
Ut dicant, cum venerint Angelorum chori,
'Deus sit propitius huic potatori!'"

the Morning Post, every day, from a wig-maker.—"J. Dimond recommends to the *Nobility*"—(this preference of the higher classes ought always to be observed by tradesmen)—"his fashionable PERRUQUES,"—"*particularly* to those *who wear false hair.*"—Now who the devil others should he recommend them to?

The Globe of the 19th inst. states, as an instance of the extraordinary effects of "competition by steam," that persons may now "get from *Bristol* to *Cork* for one shilling and sixpence." The worst of it is, that for the same money they may get from *Cork* to *Bristol.*

I am particularly fond of a good advertisement; and there is an excellent one in the Chronicle of to-day.—"A *married* man, with little incumbrance, wishes for a situation as gardener, &c."—"Perfectly understands green-house, forcing, framing," &c. Also a *general* knowledge of agriculture and *breeding of stock;* likewise *the wife is calculated to take her part in the same.*

No man in England will read without horror and commiseration the trash which was uttered a few days since about the Duke of York in a "Catholic Meeting" at Mullingar. What the tastes and habits of those persons must be, who could attempt to make the serious and painful illness of a kind-hearted and benevolent man the subject of "*loud laughter,*" it cannot be necessary for me to declare. But of this I am *certain*—the "Catholic cause" already "stinks in the nostril" of three-fourths of the people of Great Britain; and those who wish well to it, have no chance but in *separating* themselves *finally* from its present *soi-disant* leaders, to save it from hopeless and incurable ruin.

The new farce called *Before Breakfast,* which Mathews plays in at the Lyceum, is a lively, laughable affair—almost the only good thing that has been produced at any of the small theatres all the summer. And I am the more pleased to say a good word of it, because it is done by Mr. Peake, on to some of whose productions I have laid, in my time, rather unmercifully. In fact, he wrote one piece that had a "charity boy" in it, a part that was very much applauded, but used to make me sick. And another that had a man with a hump-back in it, which made me still sicker. And then his puns! They put one's stomach out of court altogether. But the *Jonathan Doubikins* farce was of a better order than these; and I like *Before Breakfast* better still. There is some clever management about the "business" of Mathews' part; and a notion rather of character in the beginning of it, And Bartley's, too—the man of "impulses,"—is good. And Keeley makes something of a discharged foot-boy. And the Major of broken phrases is very comical. It is an excellent manner of speaking, that; and has been under-rated. I heard a barrister on the Midland Circuit do a case in it, and it struck me as better a hundred times than a Philippean oration. I will describe it some day when I have time, but I am too much pressed now.

An agreeable 'bout at give-and-take fell out the other day in the neighbourhood of Brussels. An Englishman passing along the road on the top of the *Hirondelle* diligence, saw a Frenchman shooting in the fields, and made faces at him. The latter immediately put up his piece, fired at the offender, and wounded several persons on the coach. The illustration of national character, on both sides, here is admirable. One sees so clearly that an Englishman would make the faces; but, as clearly—

that he would *not* have fired the gun. I *like* the French taste the best; but it is *not* the best to get on with. The Paris paper which records this fact, announces it as an "unpleasant incident."

A meeting of the electors of Sudbury, at a public-house in Whitechapel, on Tuesday last, furnishes a pleasant commentary upon what is meant by a "triumphant reception" of a candidate, as applied to the welcome at an election for a borough-town. This "meeting" seems to have been called by some persons of Sudbury, who voted lately for Mr. Wilks, in order to abuse him for declining (after he was returned) to defray *contest expenses;* and after proving, at great length, that Mr. Wilks is a most fraudulent and censurable character, perfectly unworthy to sit in the House of Commons, the precious assembly resolves—

"That the *warm* and *affectionate* manner of Mr. Wilks's reception by the *electors* of Sudbury, and the *triumphant* manner in which he was placed at the head of the poll," ought to have induced him, &c., to pay his charges in a different manner. I hope he will sit, with all my soul, and never pay them sixpence.

The Examiner, of the 17th September, contains the following editorial paragraph.

"At the Middlesex Sessions, last week, two fellows were convicted of a most indecent and brutal assault on a woman, the particulars of which are so obscene as not to allow of mention. After the jury had returned a verdict of guilty on the savages, the Chairman recommended an *arrangement* between the prosecutrix and defendants, observing, that it might induce the court to pronounce a *mitigated* sentence; but in default of this arrangement, it must pass a *severe* one, *however reluctantly,* on *persons in the situation of life* of the delinquents. The arrangement being very properly declined by the prosecutor, the Chairman passed sentence of *one month's imprisonment* in the House of Correction; this being the *severe* sentence he had contemplated for an assault of singular brutality." The court has to learn that justice does not acknowledge a particular tenderness for particular causes, though the Chairman of the Middlesex Sessions does.

These persons in a "*situation of life*" were two shop-boys at a ticket linen-draper's in Holborn; and one feels at a loss to understand how Mr. Const could have used the words imputed to him, or why he should be "*reluctant*" to send two knaves to the House of Correction, who very richly deserved to be sent there. But the system of permitting *compromises* to take place between prosecutors and defendants, which has already been carried to a most improper length at the police offices, ought to be resisted through thick and thin, when we find it making its way into our courts of justice. A proposition like that of Mr. Const, changes the whole *character* of the tribunal at which he sits; and converts it from a court of criminal indictment, into—that which is provided elsewhere—a court of civil action for damages.

The fact is, it is an insult to justice, and a mockery, the permitting any offender to choose whether he will pay in his purse or suffer in his person. The power of *property* is strong enough already, without any attempts of this covert and illegal character to extend it. It is trash to talk of the liberty of the subject, under any other *régime,* than that there should be the same law for the wealthiest man in the state and for the common labourer. Our civil justice has become gross job enough; a poor man has little more than the choice to forfeit his right, or be ruined, ten times over, in the expense of a suit

to obtain it. But our criminal law *was* pure. It was cheap, and attainable. An injured party could go to work himself, without being compelled to employ either counsel or attorney: he could tell his own tale plainly to a jury, and receive the justice which was due to him, shortly, from a judge. But, though Mr. Const executes the general duties of his office very fairly and humanely—*that I know*—and the fault is not peculiarly in him—yet in this case, he recognizes a system, which has a tendency to *creep on*, and which is offensive and unbearable. It is perfectly *impossible* upon a scheme of pecuniary penalties ever to do justice between man and man. Such a *principle* is perfectly monstrous. It amounts just to a *sale of indulgencies* to commit temporal offence, in the same way as the Catholic Church sells indulgencies for those crimes which are moral and spiritual. But, beyond this, there is not, nor can there be any *justice*—any *equality*—in it. It enables one man to commit grievous offences constantly, without encountering the smallest *real* consequent inconvenience or suffering, while another shall be visited most heavily, and ruinously, for the commission but of a single and a slight one. It sends one man to gaol—himself, to disgrace and privation, and his family to the workhouse or to beggary—for *precisely* the *same* act which another answers by writing his name on a slip of paper. The payment of a hundred pounds, in the way of bribe, or fine, would be a penalty *entirely unfelt* by thousands of persons who possess property, which they hold only to squander; and yet *this is all* which such individuals are to suffer for the same crime, that a carpenter would have to expiate by six weeks imprisonment in the tread-mill or in Bridewell. It is an insolence, and an abomination to talk of converting our criminal courts into *shops* where a poor needy creature may be *tempted* to forget that he is a Freeman, and to sell his injuries for a bargained price. The equality of any kind of *money arrangement* in such cases is trash. The mere payment of the *fees* levied in this very Court of Session upon one man's Acquittal, becomes a heavier calamity to him often, and entails more subsequent privation and suffering, than a thousand pounds fine inflicted, upon Conviction, produces to another. Mr. Const has gone a step too far, even for policy, on this occasion. The declaration from a judge in open court, that there is *any class of society* upon the individuals of which he is more unwilling to inflict punishment than upon another, is a declaration which Englishmen deserve to be insulted if they tolerate. There is no difference, nor can we, in this country ever admit any, between the blackguard who drives a cart, and the blackguard who drives a curricle. Mr. Const's observation was inadvertent, at least though it formed part of a *growing* system, I feel convinced that he did not perceive to what extent it went. But I should be inclined very much to doubt, whether, even formally, and in the eye of the law, a sentence delivered by a magistrate subject to such a declaration, would not be sufficient to form the ground of a proceeding against that very magistrate himself for *corrupt motive*.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

Journal of a Third Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific; performed in the Years 1824-25, *in the Hecla and Fury, under the Orders of Capt. W. E. Parry;* 1826.—Though less successful than either of Capt. Parry's preceding voyages, this is by no means the most discouraging. The failure was the consequence of an accident not at all out of the course of calculation. Such are the perils of the icy seas, that scarcely could the most confiding speculator, or the most skilful and dauntless navigator, anticipate safety *three* successive voyages. Every fresh attempt, however, adds to the chances of safety, and to the probabilities of finally succeeding, or at least of ascertaining the non-existence of a passage, by adding to our experience, and thus teaching us to guard more and more against the effects of recurring perils.

Those perils are now better understood than ever; though we cannot help, with Capt. Parry, expressing our admiration, accompanied with some little wonder, at the successful daring of our old navigators two centuries ago. In vessels of five-and-twenty tons, of an ordinary construction, with no specific provision and no particular precaution, Davies, Baffin and Hudson encountered these seas, and surveyed these coasts, with an accuracy, which does not indeed put our adventurers and our surveys to shame, but which may well check the strong bent of the times to boast of the superiorities of modern science and of modern intelligence. Were these seas less perilous in their days than in ours? They might be so. Seasons occur of extraordinary severity, where even in lower latitudes the ice of the winter is not melted by the warmth of the ensuing summer, and what accumulations may not the successive severities of many seasons in the course of two centuries have occasioned? We incline to the belief that these difficulties have augmented; if not, either our superiorities are imaginary, or our seamen have degenerated; and we are unwilling to concede either alternative, though doubtless we think too much of ourselves.

Capt. Parry, in this third voyage, has not at all progressed towards the grand object of his labours. The summer of 1824 appears to have been unusually short and severe, and the season was lost, or rather spent, in straining the vessels through the ice of Baffin's Bay, and most extraordinary exertions, and machinery of extraordinary power, were employed for that purpose. They had only time to work into Prince Regent's Inlet, when they were obliged to establish themselves for the winter in Port Bowen, lat. 73° and long. 89°. In the following summer, 1825, the vessels did not get afloat till the 20th July; after sailing a few miles back along the eastern coast of the inlet, they crossed over to the western about forty miles, and then ran down—if running it can be called—where they had to struggle with piles of old ice, and the congealings of new, almost every inch of the way—about seventy or eighty miles—when, on the 1st of August, the Fury finally stranded. The floating ice pressed upon her, as she lay upon the unyielding bottom, and squeezed her till her timbers cracked; and nothing but the extraordinary diagonal strengthenings of the vessel could have resisted the enormous pressure for a moment. The whole of August, or at least till the 26th, was consumed in lightening the ship, and attempting to 'heave her down,' that is, in plain language, we suppose, to turn up her keel for the purpose of examining and repairing. Such, however, was the extent of the damage she had received, that Capt. Parry was finally obliged to abandon her; and as well from the lateness of the season, as because his own ship was burdened with a double crew, he deemed it his wisest course to return to England, which he reached in safety the following October.

The narrative is of a plain and respectable character, but unusually meagre of incident. He has little to tell, save the wreck of the vessel, which he has not told before. The scenes are the same—novelty is at an end. The mode of spending the winter was the great object of curiosity in the first narrative, and the intercourse with the Esquimaux of the second. Of the first we have nothing new to learn—monthly masquerades were the leading amusements—and Capt. Parry has judiciously avoided repeating new details of an old character; and of the Esquimaux he saw nothing.

The health of the crews was wonderfully good, greatly to the credit of Capt. Parry and of all concerned. They lost only two men during the eighteen months, one of a scrofulous disorder, and the other by an accident—a random fellow, we suppose, who seems to have had two narrow escapes.

Capt. Parry will go out again, it is understood, in the next spring, but by what route is unknown; he himself is still in favour of Prince Regent's Inlet, to the south-west of the spot where the Fury was wrecked—clear water was observed as far as the eye could reach.

Notes of a Journey through France and Italy; 1826.—These Notes have already appeared in the Morning Chronicle. The opinion entertained of them by the readers of that respectable print, 'suggested the idea,' according to the preface, 'of the present work; and, indeed, with a circulation so contracted, at least so limited to a particular party, as is that of the Morning Chronicle, the republication of any thing

of value is any thing but superfluous, and we may recommend the book as fresh, to the greater part of readers. 'My object has been,' says the writer—that is, Mr. Hazlitt—(what affectation is this, by the way, of concealing the name?)

To give the reader some notion of what he might expect to find in travelling the same road. There is little of history or antiquities or statistics; nor do I regret the want of them, as it may be abundantly supplied from other sources. The only thing I could have wished to expatiate upon more at large is the manners of the country: but to do justice to this, a greater length of time, and a more intimate acquaintance with society and the language would be necessary. Perhaps, at some furture opportunity, this defect may be remedied.

The tour is the very common one by Dieppe, Rouen, Paris, Lyons, Chambery, Turin, Bologna, Florence, Rome, and back again by Venice, Ferrara, Milan, the Simplon, Geneva, down the Rhine, through Holland, home. Adventures, there are none; novelty of object, there is none; he has an eye mainly for pictures—picture after picture is inflicted upon us, without measure or mercy—but a reflection for any thing and every thing. Saving the pictures, the book is full of remark, more or less lively, sometimes sagacious, but oftener fantastic—in the writer's usual rambling, but still agreeable manner—governed by no law of association that ever was heard of before, though never forgetting his contempt for Sir W. Scott, his abhorrence of Croker and the Quarterly, or a smile at the charlatannerie of our classical Foreign Minister. Let nobody be repulsed by the introductory letter, full of *niaiseries* as it is; they will find compensation for a little perseverance. We will give a specimen. Speaking of the French theatres, and of Racine, and the well-known line of poetry—why it is called poetry, we do not know—

Craignez Dieu, mon cher Abner, et ne craignez que Dieu;

It is certain (says he) that a thousand such lines would have no effect upon an English audience but to set them to sleep like a sermon, or to make them commence a disturbance to avoid it. Yet, though the declamation of the French stage is as monotonous as the dialogue, the French listen to it with the tears in their eyes, holding in their breath, beating time to the cadence of the verse, and following the actors with a book in their hands for hours together. The English most assuredly do not pay the same attention to a play of Shakspeare's, or to any thing but a cock-fight, or a sparring-match. This is no great compliment to them; but it makes for the gravity of the French, who have mistaken didactic for dramatic poetry; who can sit out a play with the greatest patience and complacency, that an Englishman would hoot off the stage, or yawn over from beginning to end for its want of striking images and lively effect, and with whom Saturn is a God no less than Mercury! I am inclined to suspect the genius of their religion may have something to do with the genius of their poetry. The first absorbs in a manner their powers of imagination, their love of the romantic and the marvellous, and leaves the last in possession of their sober reason and moral sense. Their hieroglyphic obscurity and quaint devices; and, when they come to the tangible ground of human affairs, they are willing to repose alike from ornament and extravagance, in plain language and intelligible ideas. They go to mass in the morning to dazzle their senses, and bewilder their imagination, and inflame their enthusiasm; and they resort to the theatre in the evening to seek relief from superstitious intoxication in the prose of poetry, and from Gothic mysteries and gloom, in classic elegance and costume.——

The theatre, in short, is the throne of the French character, where it is mounted on its pedestal of pride, and seen to every advantage. I like to contemplate it there, for it reconciles me to them and to myself. It is a common and amicable ground on which we meet. Their tears are such as others shed—their interest in what happened three thousand years ago is not exclusively French. They are no longer a distinct race or *caste*, but human beings. To feel towards others as of a different species, is not the way to increase our respect for ourselves or human nature. Their defects and peculiarities, we may be almost sure, have corresponding opposite vices in us—the excellencies are confined pretty much to what there is in common.

The ordinary prejudice entertained on this subject in England is, that the French are little better than grown children—

"Pleas'd with a feather—tickled with a straw—"

full of grimace and noise and shew, lively and pert, but with no turn or capacity for serious thought or continued attention of any kind, and hardly deserving the name of rational beings, any more than apes or jackdaws. They may laugh and talk more than the English; but they read, and, I suspect, think more, taking them as a people. You see an apple-girl in Paris, sitting at a stall with her feet over a stove in the coldest weather, or defended from the sun by an umbrella, reading Racine or Voltaire. Who ever saw such a thing in London, as a barrow-woman reading Shakspeare or Fielding? You see a handsome smart *grisette* at the back of every little shop or counter in Paris, if she is not at work, reading perhaps one of Marmontel's Tales, with all the absorption and delicate interest of a heroine of romance. Yet we make doleful complaints of the want of education among the common people, and of the want of reflection in the female character in France. There is something of the same turn for reading in Scotland; but then where is the gaiety or the grace? They are more sour and formal even than the English. The book-stalls all over Paris present a very delightful appearance; they contain neatly-bound, cheap, and portable editions of all their standard authors, which, of itself, refutes the charge of a want of the knowledge or taste for books. The French read with avidity whenever they can snatch the opportunity; they read, standing in the open air, into which they are driven by the want of air at home; they read in garrets and in cellars; they read at one end of a counter, when a person is hammering a lock or a piece of cabinet-work at the other, without taking their eye from the book, or picking a quarrel with the person who is making the noise. Society is the school of education in France; there is a transparency in their intellects as in their atmosphere, which makes the communication of thought or sound more rapid and general. The *farina* of knowledge floats in the air, and circulates at random. Alas! it "quickens, even with blowing." A perriwig-maker is an orator; a fish-woman churches are theatres; their theatres are like churches. Their fancies are satiated with the mummeries and pageantry of the Catholic faith, with

is a moralist; a woman of fashion is a metaphysician, armed with all the topics; a pretty woman in Paris, who was not also a *blue-stocking*, would make little figure in the circles. It would be in vain for her to know how to dispose a knot of ribands or a bunch of flowers in her hair, unless she could arrange a critical and analytical argument in all the forms. It is nothing against her, if she excels in personal and mental accomplishments at the same time. This turn for literary or scientific topics in the women may indeed be accounted for in part from the modes of social intercourse in France; but what does this very circumstance prove, but that an interchange of ideas is considered as one great charm in the society between men and women, and that the thirst of knowledge is not banished by a grosser passion? Knowledge and reason, however, descend; and where the women are philosophers, the men are not quite blockheads or *petit-maitres*. They are far from being the ignorant smatterers that we pretend; they are not backward at asking for reasons, nor slow in giving them.

The Story of Isabel; by the Author of the Favourite of Nature. 1826.—We suppose this must be called an evangelical novel: for under a plentiful acquaintance with worldly principles, an easy delineation of general manners, and no mean knowledge of all the avenues by which fascination finds its way to man, a spirit of straitest intolerance, combined with all the usually associated doctrines of that party, erects its unyielding neck perpetually—catching our eye, and meeting our steps, and disappointing our hopes in the midst of scenes and conversations, which but for this ingredient would irresistibly chain the interest, and compel the admiration of the reader.

Reasoning,—by which we understand a debate upon some unascertained question by opponents, who rest on mutually acknowledged axioms, is entirely set at nought, and made foolishness of, by a sect, who will allow of no test of worth and ability, but the profession of a certain set of notions.

"I have but one standard," says Miss Delmond—the author's main organ, in reply to a young lady, who was endeavouring to vindicate another from the charge of utter worthlessness—"I have but one standard against all that can be urged, touching the fascinations of Miss Stanley—is she a Christian?" We consider the tone of despotic contempt, with which occasionally a churchman thinks to hurl a man's character down to all that is sordid, vulgar, loathsome, when he says, "He is a rank Methodist," is rather the least revolting of the two specimens of exclusiveness.

Miss Melville, an orphan, resides in the country with an indulgent uncle and aunt, on whom, at the same time, she is entirely dependent. She is a person of somewhat unusual talents and attainments: but of ungovernable temper, and constantly falling, from the impetuosity of her feelings, into very reprehensible deviations from the proprieties of life. She felt, as we suppose all such characters do feel, the daily inconvenience, the occasional misery, and inward uproar attendant upon the want of self-discipline—having advanced to the age of eighteen or nineteen, without employing any attempt, or meeting with any aid, toward abating this wild dominion of the passions.

Suddenly she falls in love; and for a considerable time, the accession of stimulus afforded by that state of existence (clogged as it is with its own peculiar vicissitudes) gives an impulse to her faculties which lulls her into a temporary elysium. No wonder that uncle and aunt's deliberate disapproval of the object of her affection—a Mr. Leslie—was utterly contemned, and the connexion persisted in. Alas! this most enchanting of delusions partook of the clay. An uncle and aunt's delicate anxieties for her welfare might be wounded without compunction; but she was tremblingly alive in another quarter, and in that quarter she experiences neglect. He goes away—his absence unexplained. In the meanwhile a rumour reaches her of another attachment, more ancient than her own, and lately renewed! And now, indeed, a cloud of dense misery, far and wide stretching itself, and urging its threatening way over her, calls up terror and dismay from every corner of her heart. Alone, occupied with apprehension, and conjecture, and vague resolves, her moments are expanded into ages, and her bosom-friend and confidante—a Miss Russel—finds her affection sorely tasked by Isabel's importuning anxiety. When agonizing uncertainty had reached its ultimatum, Leslie comes again, and offers explanation. Rolls away now the desolating tempest;—the sun-beams play again, but—for one moment only. The rumour was true; he *had* been engaged before he knew her; his heart is now her's alone; although the precarious state of the lady's health, who was nearly falling a victim to his inconstancy, had greatly embarrassed his plans. He throws himself upon Isabel's mercy—avowing a finally settled determination not to marry the other, and urging his devotion to herself.

We have spoken of Isabel as a being of wayward impulses. Her generosity equalled the less amiable points of her character; and she could not accept Leslie on these terms; she could not sign another's death-warrant by an act—the relinquishment of which act was still too much for her own strength. In this mental conflict, glimpses of religious resources dart over her soul. Maddened by each contending persuasion of mere impulse; alarmed and shocked at the conviction, that this internal chaos had no seeds of order, which might hereafter mature into a wise resolve; and goaded by the necessity for action, she flies to a religious lady—a maiden, not a young, lady of the neighbourhood,—expressly to open her soul, and seek a remedy

for its distresses. A great deal of edifying discourse is exchanged between these ladies; and Isabel is so influenced by her adviser, (Miss Delmond's) representations, who assures her that to accept Mr. Leslie under present circumstances would be an absolute breach of the commandment, that, sore against her heart's persuasions, she renounces him,—hopelessly, decidedly—and never after, for one moment, ceases to repent of the renunciation.

Miss Delmond has a nephew—an evangelical clergyman of the establishment—beautiful, eloquent, and—a saint. Him at this conjuncture, when Isabel's thwarted emotions were, as Miss Delmond fondly imagined, most susceptible of a new impression, she introduces to her young friend: and a rapid intimacy follows. The youth, head and ears in love—with her soul—labours incessantly after its conversion;—she, cool as a melon all the time, but rather pleased by his assiduities. She tires, however, at last, and escapes from both Miss Delmond and her nephew, contrary to their joint warnings, by a London visit; plunges into society—meets with Leslie again—but finds him evidently no longer her's; and in addition to this withering truth, sees him pursued by a scheming mother and daughter, who at the same time pursue herself with relentless malice.

Desperate beneath her unreduced passion, jealousy, and disappointment, she is suddenly recalled home by her uncle's death; and naturally falls anew into the ever-extended arms of the evangelicals. The nephew makes a successful move for himself at this period of Isabel's renewed conflicts, and is accepted. They are on the point of marriage; when he discovers, through Isabel's own precipitancy, that she is actually the writer of a successful tragedy, now in the full flow of nightly representation. To his remonstrances she pours back contempt: to his arguments she retorts arguments, whetted by exultation at her own success, and pique, and suspicion, and indignation at his disapproval. They separate;—he flies to Africa, to preach and die—she to London, to fame, wealth, and adulation. She marries; and is thrown again into Leslie's society: but not before her thorough conviction of his want of principle had quenched the last spark of love in her breast. The world, however, had not forgotten old times and follies—had not forgotten the persevering manner, in which she once had exhibited her predilection for him; nor had he forgotten her former and more early renunciation of himself—revenge, in its own good time, he had no objection to take, and become the instrument of her abasement hereafter. They were one morning accidentally alone—he had been renewing advances, occasionally made before—he had taken her hand—and while she was preparing a sentence calculated to stifle his expectation for ever, a Lady Barrymore, a very dear friend of Isabel's, enters—confusion and awkwardness ensue, and Isabel's character is *done up* for life! Her husband, although he says he gives entire credence to her declarations of innocence, thinks they had better separate for the present—her best friends write word how grieved they are, but they lie under their husbands' commands not to visit her until some explanation has taken place, and kindly remind her of her own former intolerance towards others.

Back, for the last time, she posts to the country. Bereft of all interest in life from the annihilation of her worldly hopes, she gives herself up to religion—much to Miss Delmond's joy: who thinks that now alone, by the extinction of every other prospect, is she in a safe way to the throne of Omnipotence.

Truth, a Novel, 3 *vols.* 8*vo.* 1826.—We have been deluged of late with evangelical and orthodox novels. We like neither one nor the other. Here we have, as might be expected, an infidel one, inculcating the doctrines of deism, which we dislike as much as the other, and on the same principle. It is not giving our judgment fair play; it is treacherously entrapping our assents. These are subjects for the understanding merely; but in tales of this kind, the individual whose opinions are to be recommended and enforced, must be invested with every attribute that can charm the imagination and win our approbation; our affections are thus at once enlisted blindly on the side of the seductive champion. We do not say, that the most agreeable and valuable qualities are incompatible with eccentric, or even dangerous sentiments; but the aim and object should not be to beguile us into assent, but to permit us to examine the soundness of opinions, and those opinions therefore should not be sedulously associated with what inevitably seizes upon the heart, and biasses and for ever binds us to its convictions. Now here is a lady—we know her from childhood—young and beautiful, modest and ingenuous, firm and faithful, with an affectionate heart and a powerful intellect—cultivated and accomplished—qualities, on which we all fondly dwell, and which naturally prepossess; and reading novels, as most of us habitually do, with little activity of vigilance, we readily chime in with opinions, which, when more on our guard, would be sure to startle us; and find ourselves insensibly assenting to conclusions, without discussing very narrowly the premises. Unhappily, her mother's Cameronian severities early disgust her; psalms and whippings, prayings and fastings and restrictions, are indissolubly associated in her infant mind; indignation excites her reasoning powers prematurely; the bible describes cruelties, and cruelties imposed

by the Creator of all; this is revolting to her sense of humanity; he is represented as the God of the Jews—as if he were not the God of the Gentiles—this is offensive to her feelings of justice. The want of universality in the communication, and in the results, of Christianity, confounds her understanding; and she precipitately, but irrecoverably, concludes against revelation altogether. She loses, by means of which we never hear any thing but in novels, a magnificent estate: recoverable, however, on subscribing to her mother's creed. She scorns the truckling condition, and betakes herself to *governessing*. Though scrupulous of giving expression to her opinions, from place to place is she driven, as hints of those opinions spread among her employers—till finally, she perishes in a shipwreck before she is twenty; the author, apparently, not knowing very well what to do with her—she is above his hand. He has not made the most of his subject as matter of interest. His heroine is persecuted, and persecuted for the sincere entertainment of opinions injurious to herself. He had it in his power to make persecution odious, and he has done little more than make it contemptible. That any man or woman should suffer for opinions merely, is itself an outrageous insult to common-sense; and that opinions should ever be made the test of conduct by the professors of Christianity, is a mockery of their profession—of this mockery there is too much among us. We are amenable to our fellows for acts, and not for sentments. God, who alone can see the heart, is alone the judge of its sincerity.

The English in Italy; 1826.—Is it possible that 'the English in Italy' goes off but slowly from the publisher's hands? That scarcely any periodical has been enough on the alert to throw in a mite of praise? We will endeavour to do a brief and tardy justice to it. A very large class of habitual readers are too lazy—not to use a less flattering term—to choose books for themselves; they trust to the Reviewers, or to their acquaintance, to point out the few *élite* publications among the many deservedly left for another fate every season; hence the duty of a conscientious judgment, which Reviewers owe to merit on the one hand, and to confiding expectation on the other.

The English in Italy consists of an irregular collection of sketches—many of them relative to living English individuals, to whom Italy has been the theatre of some remarkable event, striking enough to furnish the basis of a story or anecdote, which the author lengthens or abbreviates, apparently, just as his materials or his mood invite him—possessing resources of fact and observation, too ample to force him to dwell and dilate upon circumstances, which naturally find their own compact arrangement in the reader's mind. The narratives are told with pith and earnestness—a sort of serious sarcasm, in the turn of reflection always predominating. When he pauses in the story, it is not the dreaded pause of languor, but to relieve himself of an impatient surplus of strong moral or political truths, which his pen must fling away, before he can proceed leisurely again. In describing scenery, the same nervous overflowing power is apparent—his vision bounding from point to point of beauty on the landscape, and then encompassing the whole in one coup-d'œil of magnificent winding-up. We follow, out of breath, from alp to plain—sea, sky, city, till he has extracted the whole honey of the prospect; and then away to something else—ancient remembrances perhaps—perhaps to—what he likes most of all, and what novel-readers like least of all—or less than private scandal—politics.

For these tales, common gossip appears to be the source of information. We cannot judge of the accuracy of his likenesses, or of his facts; and, admiring as we do, his luminous, rapid, exhaustless, fearless style, and the, at least, verisimilitude of the portraits—of their acts, thoughts, conversations, situations—we must confess, the nearer they do approach to realities, the further must he be wandering, with respect to several individuals, and indeed, the mass collectively, from the precept of 'do as you would be done by.'

His countrymen—*our* countrymen and countrywomen—make too ludicrous a figure upon the stage on which he represents them. They seem, even those of superior rank, to carry abroad, and especially into Italy, all the boastful assumption which, at home, is the very synonym of vulgar descent, as if the blood of true gentility could not harbour it. A foreign land seems to elicit, in those we should deem least susceptible of the corruption, this most offensive blot in the character of John Bull. Perhaps the real superior cannot preserve the true gradation of superiority by the side of assuming compatriots without some strong degree of ostentation; and so the magnifying process extends from highest to lowest in the scale—preserving, with a keen sense of private rights, the mutual and original proportions. Thus the British raise their importance in the mass with respect to surrounding nations, tacitly conspiring for the purpose, and religiously forbearing, on their return home, to expose a weakness of which every one is conscious that he has exhibited an ample share—until this obliging gentleman, who doubtless has trodden his path too cautiously to leave vengeance an opening, lets out the secret, both in a general shape, and with most amusing illustrations.

'Il Amoroso' is the best of the long pieces, piquant and interesting. The volume entitled 'Zingari' is the next in flavour. 'Il Sbarbuto,' and lastly 'Il Politico' sum up the work;—and all are good.

Solitary Hours, by the Authoress of Ellen Fitzarthur, and The Widow's Tale.

The present volume will amply sustain the reputation which the writer acquired by her two previous performances. Indeed, consisting chiefly of shorter pieces, it may on that account be considered as more suitable to her genius; for her lyric effusions, and particularly the more meditative ones, greatly excel her attempts at narrative. Moral musings, where they are called forth by something familiar, and more especially by something domestic, flow from her pen with all the ease of an impromptu; and her poems of this cast evince by their originality, their vivid picturing, their expressive plaintiveness, and occasional energy, that a naturally poetic mind has unforcedly given vent in them to bosom feelings. Circumstances have evidently cast a melancholy shade over a spirit light by nature, and joyous and alive to fancy and humour; and yet this spirit has not been quite depressed by great vicissitudes of fortune, or even by severe inroads of personal sickness: for to those visitations the book bears witness that its writer has been exposed.

Of her cheerful views of nature, take the following specimen:

A fair place and pleasant, this same world of ours!
Who says there are serpents 'mongst all the sweet flowers?
Who says, every blossom we pluck has its thorn?
Pho! pho! laugh those musty old sayings to scorn.

If you roam to the tropics for flowr's rich and rare,
No doubt there are serpents, and deadly ones, there—
If none but the rose will content ye, 'tis true,
You may get sundry scratches, and ugly ones too.

But prithee look there—could a serpent find room,
In that close-woven moss, where those violets bloom?
And reach me that woodbine (you'll get it with ease)
Now, wiseacre! where are the thorns, if you please?

I say there are angels in every spot,
Though our dim earthly vision discerneth them not;
That they're guardians assigned to the least of us all,
By Him who takes note if a sparrow but fall;

That they're aye flitting near us, around us, above,
On missions of kindness, compassion, and love—
That they're glad when we're happy, disturbed at our tears,
Distressed at our weaknesses, failings, and fears;

That they care for the least of our innocent joys,
Though we're cozened like children with trifles and toys;
And can lead us to bloom-beds, and lovely ones too,
Where snake never harbour'd, and thorn never grew.

Without losing sight of poetic interest, she can ascend to religious themes—a difficulty which few comparatively overcome.

"It is not death—it is not death
From which I shrink with coward fear;
It is, that I must leave behind
All I love here.

It is not wealth—it is not wealth
That I am loth to leave behind;
Small store to me (yet all I crave)
Hath fate assigned.

It is not fame—it is not fame
From which it will be pain to part;
Observe my lot,—but mine was still
An humble heart.

It is not health—it is not health
That makes me fain to linger here;
For I have languish'd on in pain
This many a year.

It is not hope—it is not hope
From which I cannot turn away;
Oh, earthly hope has cheated me
This many a day.

But there are friends—but there are friends
To whom I could not say, farewell
Without a pang more hard to bear
Than tongue can tell.

But there's a thought—but there's a thought
Will arm me with that pang to cope;
Thank God! we shall not part like those
Who have no hope.

And some are gone—and some are gone
Methinks they chide my long delay,—
With whom, it seemed my very life
Went half away.

But we shall meet—but we shall meet
Where parting tears shall never flow;
And, when I think thereon, almost
I long to go.

The Saviour wept—the Saviour wept
O'er him he loved—corrupting clay!
But then he spake the word, and death
Gave up his prey!

A little while—a little while
And the dark grave shall yield its trust;
Yea, render every atom up
Of human dust.

What matters then—what matters then
Who earliest lays him down to rest;
Nay, "to depart and be with Christ,"
Is surely best.

If this reminds any one of Montgomery, it is that their instruments are pitched to the same note; there is no imitation of any individual production of his. It bears resemblance to some pathetic breathings of the late Mrs. Tighe, but no farther than from the similarity of topics in the two. We can only find further space for these three stanzas, which will wake an echo in every heart which has felt affection and attachment.

I never cast a flower away,
The gift of one who cared for me,—
A little flower, a faded flower,—
But it was done reluctantly.

I never looked a last adieu
To things familiar, but my heart
Shrank with a feeling, almost pain,
E'er from their lifelessness to part.

I never spoke the word, "farewell,"
But with an utterance faint and broken;
An earth-sick longing for the time
When it shall never more be spoken.

There are a few prose compositions in the book, which do not discredit the poetic part; they are lively and spirited, and show great command of language.

History of the Crusades against the Albigenses in the 13th Century, from the French of J. C. L. Simonde de Sismondi, with an

introductory Essay by the Translator. 1826. —Than the indefatigable Sismondi, whom all the world knows, and indeed respects, no man was ever more solicitous not to suffer himself to be lost sight of, or to be forgotten. We have him on every side of us—the most hic-at-ubique person we ever encountered, physically and *literally* —we were thinking of literaturely. Go to Geneva, you find him of course; return to Paris, it is his domicile; or come to London, and visit the hustings of Covent Garden, to re-elect the 'glories of Westminster,' and lo! there he is again; and as to the faculty of scribbling, scarcely emerging from laboriously disentangling the chaos of the Italian Republics, and analyzing the masses of Southern literature, he plunges into the depths of French history, and, while actually throwing up countless volumes of it, ever and anon, like a flying-fish, springing upwards in short flights to breathe a fresh air, we see him flinging before him and around him his lighter artillery —now rattling tirades against our blessed India Company for their oppressions, and at the Government for its connivance; and now discharging congreves at every nation of Europe, for deserting the virtuous Greek, and shrinking from a crusade; which, successful or unsuccessful, must furnish materials for a new history, and compel the exciting Quixote, in his softer character of historian, by-and-bye, in common consistency, to brand the follies and principles which prompted the fool's errand. What magazine, again, is not fattening on the produce of his brain? What review, French, English, or Italian, shares not the redundancy of his fertilizing ink?

> Qui gurges, aut quæ flumina lugubris
> Ignara *styli?*

The translator presents us with a preface of some length, in which he is manifestly alarmed about the re-establishment of the Catholic hierarchy, and all its obsolete authority, not only in Ireland, but in England: he may be assured that no such danger is to be apprehended; if the Protestant church in England fall, it will fall, not by the efforts of the Catholic, nor will the Catholic replace it. The tendencies of the times are rather to the abolition of ecclesiastical establishments altogether; and the right point of alarm is not against Catholics, but against Deists.

Of Sismondi's History of the Crusades little need be said. The story is well known; the subject is one of little interest now, nor is it susceptible of becoming so—we cannot apprehend a recurrence of like enormities. Sismondi's narrative-power is most felicitous, generally, but the flow of the history of the Crusades is comparatively languid.

Aphorisms, Opinions and Reflections of the late Dr. Parr, with a Sketch of his Life. 1826.—A collaborateur of ours has very significantly suggested that there must be some mistake about these aphorisms, and that, unexceptionable though they be, they must rather have been *old* Parr's than Dr. Parr's; and the truth is, that, with the exception of three or four characters, dissected with all the Doctor's well-known skill and dexterity in this species of anatomy, never did there appear a more pitiful collection of 'good things,' where such collection was made for the very purpose of exhibiting proofs of extraordinary power, both of thought and expression. These aphorisms consist of extracts from the Spital Sermon, a Discourse on Education, and the Warburtonian Tracts, and very faithfully condense whatever could be found stale, flat, and even unprofitable, in those learned and laboured performances.

By the way, what are the Doctor's biographers about? Afraid of each other? The Magazines are anticipating them all, and fairly exhausting the interest of the subject. They will be, or rather already are, forestalled, and their tardy publications will drop, as Hume said of his history, dead-born—which means, we suppose, unheeded—from the press. Is the Warwick preacher, all this while, elaborating proofs of Unitarianism? Is the Queen's chaplain cutting down the sacerdotal robes into the philosopher's kirtle? Is the smotherer of Henry Stephens shewing him up a miracle of discretion and gossiping? If so, it is reserved, we trust, for Dr. J. Johnson, with his ample materials, and the zealous aid of some of the Doctor's warmest and ablest friends, to give us a fair and unprejudiced representation of a man whose heart—we speak with some knowledge of the excellent individual—was better than his head; whose benevolence surpassed his sagacity; whose power and facility of acquiring, extraordinary as they were, were outstripped by his force and felicity of communicating; but whose judgment was the sport of his passions, whose wit was at least a match for his prudence, and whose powers of benefiting mankind were frittered away by an amiable but weak compliance with the importunities of puny correspondents.

Twentieth Report of the Directors of the African Institution, read 19th May 1826. —It has been asked, of what use is this society? What does it do, or what does it hope to do? Much; it collects and embodies intelligence respecting the trade; it keeps the subject alive; it stimulates the Government, who, unstimulated, would do nothing to urge other governments, and thus every way spreads materially and widely the sense of the intolerable iniquity of this intolerable traffic.

The present report has no strong and striking facts to produce, as irresistible evidence of the success of its labours: but the spirit and agency of the society are silently working; and they have the satisfaction of feeling, that all which has been

done, and is doing, is the effect, directly or indirectly, of their exertions.

The report embraces the existing state of the slave-trade *laws*, in the different countries which are, or have been, interested in the trade; the actual condition of the trade itself; and some few particulars relative to Sierra-Leone.

With respect to the existing state of the slave-trade law, *South America* has annihilated slavery itself—the only mode of annihilating the trade; *North America* has long ago declared the trade piracy, but still refuses to accede to the offer of mutual search; *England* has also declared the trade piracy, and till of late the law of England seemed complete and competent; but a doubt has arisen about the permanent emancipation of slaves, and that doubt has been acted upon to the prejudice of negroes. On their return to our colonies, after being in England, where of course they became free, and, as every body believed, free for ever, many of them have actually been re-enslaved; numbers have suffered through this piece of legal chicanery, and at this moment there are twenty-five at Antigua, waiting the decision of the Colonial court, which will, almost of course, decide in favour of the colonists. A specific enactment is thus demanded, which surely will not be delayed one instant on the meeting of Parliament. But, to return to our enumeration —the *Netherlands* have not pronounced the trade piratical, but they have prohibited it under severe penalties, and on the 23d December 1824 augmented materially, and more effectively, the severity of the penalties; *France* and *Spain* have, in like manner, prohibited the trade, but under inferior and inadequate penalties; and *Portugal* and *Brazil* have alone refused hitherto to brand the trade with illegality, and have done nothing, but restrict the trade to the supply of their own settlements, and to the south of the line. Brazil proposes, *by and bye*, to make the trade piracy at the end of a certain number of years; and Portugal has talked of doing the same forthwith, should she separate from Brazil. *Nous verrons.*

Such is the state of the law. What is the execution of it? Alas, with respect to several of these countries, any thing but consolatory, or rather any thing but sincere. Of England and America, and now of the Netherlands, there is little, nay, perhaps nothing, to complain; as to France and Spain, the trade might as well, or doubtless better, be protected as prohibited; and Portugal and Brazil appear to make no attempt whatever to enforce their own very insignificant restrictions.

The expense of watching the trade on the African seas falls mainly on England. America does something; the Netherlands do something; but the French squadron is frequently absent, and always inadequate; and Spain does not affect to send a single vessel for the purpose.

The trade on the western shores of Africa is almost wholly in the hands of French and Spaniards. Nantes is the great source of the trade. There are at least eighty vessels at that port notoriously engaged in the traffic. In January last the government laid an embargo on no less than forty, on suspicion of their being destined for the trade. How long they were detained we know not; but there is reason to believe that no single ship was finally turned from its purpose. The last report of the minister of marine stated that 364 vessels had been detained on the African seas, against 160 of which there had been no ground for any charge at all (a very likely story), sixty-eight were acquitted, and sixty-one condemned. These facts will give some notion of the magnitude of the French trade. To give the French ministry credit for sincerity is, in their own native phrase, impossible; why not accede to the proposal made by our Government of mutual search? *C'est impossible*; and not only 'impossible,' but the officers, it seems, are indisposed to carry the orders of the Government into effect.—Precious excuses!

Of the slave-trade in the Indian seas the report gives but little information; it waits the result of the parliamentary inquiry commenced last session. The numbers taken into the Isle de Bourbon are very considerable; 16,500 in 1823 were torn away from Mozambique for Brazil, and that enormous exportation, Capt. Owen assures us, in August 1825 was not diminished.

Of Sierra Leone also we have little, but confiding auguries of future good—may they be realized. The public may shortly expect the report of the commissioners, the substance of which we shall take care to lay before our readers as soon as it appears.

The report concludes with lamenting the deficiency of the funds. That deficiency amounts, it seems, to eight or nine hundred pounds; for the supply of which the directors make an earnest, and even a dolorous, appeal to the public, which will not, we trust, be made in vain. But so long, and so splendid is the list of vice-presidents and directors, that without meaning to insinuate any backwardness in them to open their own purse-strings, we could not but observe that ten or twelve pounds a-head would have covered the deficiency, and spared the somewhat unworthy appeal. Between two and three hundred pounds have been expended in protecting and supporting the five slaves who were taken out of the wreck at St. Ives some time ago, and in finally shipping off the three survivors for Sierra Leone. Surely this burden ought not to have fallen on a private society.

Παραδειγματα Ρωμαικης Ποιητικης. *Specimens of Romaic Lyric Poetry, with a Translation into English. By Paul Maria Leopold Joss.* 1826.—These translations are no doubt faithfully rendered, as far as

regards the very slender portion of strength they contain; but if aught of energy, or smoothness, or melody, exists in the Roman—of which we will not pretend to judge—that has not been transfused. We never looked at more miserable namby-pamby, and can scarcely imagine the book either saleable or readable. The name of Greek poetry did just stir our curiosity to ascertain whether the boiling spirit of awakened heroism would impart genuine intensity to the conceptions—not the intensity of a pot-valiant bully, who breathes of freedom only by his threats, but of bold and vigorous thoughts evoked by stern resolves. We have no right, however, to expect good poetry during so mortal a struggle; the sound heads of the land have, or ought to have, a higher calling, a more imperious duty. The crescent must fade; freedom, safety, leisure—the first bright leisure that comes in delicious contrast with ages of dark destinies—the leisure that falls upon hearts, still full-nerved from recent exertions to taste the delights of the new condition, must dwell awhile beneath the 'long, long summer day;' and the children of Greece must have a land to sing for, before they will give utterance to their sweetest notes, or any notes fit for civilized Europe to listen to—not these sorts of tap-room strains—'strike, strike'—'down with the foe'—'Greeks, rise and assert yourselves'—'conquer or die'—'down with the Moslem'—'death or freedom'—with heartless school-boy allusions to Miltiades, Aristides, &c. &c.

Plain Advice to the Public, to Facilitate the Making of their own Wills, &c. By the Author of Plain Instructions to Executors and Administrators. 1826.—Any thing is welcome, in this lawyer-ridden country, which cuts off the necessity for employing the tribe. We have here a good manual, with the aid of which, unless in extraordinary and complicated cases, any one may himself safely and intelligibly bequeath, to whom and where he likes, whatever he may be able to scrape together. Here we learn first what a will is—somewhat superfluous; then who may and who may not make a will—nearly as much so; then comes, what is of real importance, the laws relative to the disposal of personal property, and of lands; to the *publication* of wills, of republication, of codicils, alterations, and witnesses; and finally follows a list of expedients for bequeathing property to the best advantage, which are neither more nor less than so many suggestions for evading stamp and legacy duties; and disapproving as we do of all such paltry and vexatious expedients for raising the public revenue, we are not sorry to give publicity to expedients which in any way tend to render them abortive. The suggestions are mainly these—leave no debts for executors to pay, because such debts must be included in the probate, and though a return of probate-duty may be demanded, yet such are the difficulties thrown in the way, by the proofs required, that it is frequently better worth while to sit down content with the loss. Make a will by all means, for you save fifty per cent. on the probate-duty. If you want to leave a friend twenty pounds, leave him nineteen pounds nineteen shillings, and no ring, remember, or you will raise the value of the whole above twenty pounds, and the legacy-duty snaps you up; provide for natural children by land, freehold or copyhold, for that pays no duty, (oh the legislators!) and bequests of personalty to natural children—not to legitimate children, pay ten per cent. Thus the law punishes the child for for the offence of the parent; for the penalty, we see, is such as the parent can readily evade; but if he neglect his advantage, that penalty falls irresistibly upon the child. How is this benefitting public morals?

Some sound formulæ are appended, to cut off all pretence from the testator for employing a lawyer. Let him remember the lawyer must be paid, and that payment deducts from the property.

Duke of York's Speech.—Mr. Walter Paton has published a copper-plate engraving of the Duke of York's speech in the House of Lords on the Catholic question, embellished with an admirable portrait in miniature (by Jackson) of his Royal Highness. As a specimen of ornamental penmanship, it is a work of very great merit; and, by rather an unusual combination of talent, with the exception only of the portrait, the whole piece is engraved, as well as written by Mr. Paton himself.

FOREIGN.

Bug-Jargal, par l'auteur de Han d'Islande. 1826.—This is an animated description of an incident in the first revolt of the slaves at St. Domingo in 1791. In a less perfect state, a few copies were printed and distributed among the writer's friends, five or six years ago, at a time when the affairs of Hayti excited but little interest. The recent discussions of those affairs in Paris, have induced the writer to work it up into its present finished state—with what particular view is not very obvious. The butcheries, callidities and cruelties of the negroes are described almost invidiously, but on the other hand he has put into the mouths of the leading negroes the most forcible representations of their wrongs and provocations; and the principal character of the tale is a very paladin, and qualified, in form and fashion, to figure among the heroes of any of the Miss Porter's romances. The story is vigorously told; it has all the air of a real event. The writer is a man of no common power.

Capt. D'Auverney is the favourite nephew of an opulent planter, and betrothed to his cousin, the daughter of the said opulent planter. The marriage is appointed

to take place on the 22d August—the day on which he comes of age. A few weeks before the consummation appear symptoms of a rival; the flowers with which he decks the favourite bower of Maria are removed, and replaced with others, by whom nobody knows; by-and-bye soft music is occasionally heard in the environs of the bower, and soon follow songs of a plaintive and amatory cast. D'Auverney resolves to watch the intruder; he places himself in ambuscade, and on the first sounds of the guitar, he rushes forward, and is himself suddenly flung to the earth by a powerful arm, a poignard glances at his breast, a double row of white teeth grins and gleams in the darkness, and a voice exclaims—'now I have you.' The purpose of the tall athletic form, that is just plunging the dagger in his breast, is suddenly suspended by the appearance of Maria at the window—'no, she would weep too much,' and forthwith he quits his victim. Again, in a day or two, the same music, and a new song, in which the singer speaks of himself as a negro, a king, a slave—still no discovery. A few days, and Maria is surprised in her bower by the approach of an enormous crocodile, and is rescued from his opening jaws by the interposition of a fine, powerful black, who is himself luckily preserved from destruction by the timely arrival of D'Auverney, who shoots the crocodile on the spot. Why did you kill him, exclaims the black, and instantly disappears, and nobody knows any thing about him. Search is made for him, to reward him with freedom, but all in vain. In a day or two, the old proprietor goes round his grounds, and finding one of his negroes sleeping, and pressing upon a rosebush, prepares to lay his whip about him, when his arm is arrested with some violence by the very black, who had recently rescued his daughter. In vain is the old man informed of that eminent service; in vain are all entreaties; the crime of lifting up an arm against an European is not to be forgiven; he is plunged into a dungeon. D'Auverney, with his bride, makes every effort to save the negro; he visits him privately in the prison. The negro proves to be his rival, and of royal blood; he carries himself resolutely, haughtily, mysteriously; he speaks like one having authority; he hints at his power of protection; bids him not defer the marriage till the 22d, and finally he and D'Auverney become sworn brothers. D'Auverney and his bride at last soften the old man, and the negro is released. The 22d of August comes, the marriage-ceremony passes; and as midnight approaches, sounds of alarm are heard, and the plantations are on fire, and the negroes on every side are in open revolt — Bug-Jargal at the head of it. D'Auverney, as an officer of militia, flies to his post, and on his return with assistance to protect his family, finds his uncle butchered, the house in flames, and through the gleaming fires he sees his friend and brother, the colossal negro, bearing away Maria in his arms. Paralyzed at the sight, and exhausted with fatigue, he is unable to overtake him; Maria seems lost to him for ever. In a few days, he is taken prisoner in a skirmish, and carried before Biasson, a negro-chief, but subordinate to Bug-Jargal; he remains in the tent for some hours, and witnesses the conduct of that callous and crafty chieftain. An Obi, who has an overpowering influence with Biasson, demands the death of D'Auverney; and at the very moment when death seems inevitable, the mysterious negro, D'Auverney's treacherous friend, who proves to be Bug-Jargal himself, presents himself; all bend before him, and Biasson himself affects the extremest deference. A stormy scene of violence on the part of D'Auverney, and of forbearance on that of Bug-Jargal, follows. No explanation can be extorted from him of the fate of Maria; it is not the place for such explanation, and he declines giving it for the present. He demands of Biasson the release of D'Auverney, who is prevailed upon to go with Bug-Jargal to a distance for the sake of explanation. Within an hour they arrive at a cave, where D'Auverney finds Maria, with her nurse and an infant brother, placed there, and protected there, amidst the surrounding devastation, by Bug-Jargal, and treated by him with the utmost respect—D'Auverney is satisfied. But, unluckily, he had privately given Biasson his word of honour to return two hours before sun-set, and in spite of all the remonstrances of Bug-Jargal, and the implorings of Maria, he resolves to redeem his pledge. He resigns Maria to the noble negro, and returns to Biasson's camp, where the Obi is still as inflexible as ever in demanding his death; a discovery ensues—his persevering malevolence is explained—the Obi proves to have been a favorite dwarf of his uncle, who had played the part of buffoon for years, and had been treated with extraordinary indulgence, but who had cherished and fed a deadly hatred against him and his family for the degradation; he murdered with his own hand the uncle, and now thirsted for the blood of the nephew. Again, at the very moment when escape seems impossible, Bug-Jargal presents himself, and commands him to be released. A trial of power—of the regal and spiritual—follows between the chief and the Obi. The chief prevails and the Obi withdraws; but quickly returns, and watching the absence of Bug-Jargal, he rushes upon D'Auverney with a dagger, and missing his blow, falls down a precipice, but luckily catches and clings to a tree in his descent. From this perilous position he shrieks to D'Auverney for assistance, and by his entreaties and urgencies, and assurance of eternal gratitude, he prevails on him to

stretch out his hand to raise him. Suddenly the malignant demon seizes that hand in his grasp, and instead of attempting to save himself, he endeavours, with all his might, to pull down D'Auverney with him, who is critically rescued by the return of Bug-Jargal and his dog (who, by the way, plays a conspicuous part through the whole piece) at the very moment when the Obi, by his desperate struggles, had loosened the tree by which he clung, and fell headlong down the precipice. All this while Bug-Jargal is a prisoner on parole, or on hostage. He had outstayed his time, and hastens to return to the French camp, where he finds his ten hostages on the point of being shot; and in the confusion that follows on his arrival, designedly or undesignedly, the noble negro himself is shot, and the scene closes.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The winter theatres have at length opened, and both are full of, at least, showy promises for the time to come. Both exhibited their claims by a previous list of performers, and in this tactique it must be allowed that Drury-Lane obtained the mastery. We find, in the Covent-Garden list, no new performers of note but Young and Sapio, while we perceive the loss of some valuable ones. Braham is gone, and Mrs. Glover and Miss Love have disappeared with him; the former lady certainly a most excellent actress in her particular lines of vulgar fashion and citizen shrewishness; and the latter a very pleasant specimen of *espièglerie*, and becoming every season a more dexterous performer; however, the muster-roll contains some very valuable names—Young and Charles Kemble, Jones and Farren, all public favourites, will fight the battles of the house with spirit, and we hope with success.

Since the recess, a change has taken place in the immediate management; the non-theatrical managers have retired, and the kingdom of Covent-Garden is now governed by a triumvirate; Charles Kemble, Fawcett, and Sir George Smart. But a divided government is not often the best contrivance for securing unity of action, and any one of the three would have probably been better than the three together. It has been announced that some of Shakspeare's tragedies are to be brought forward with peculiar splendour. So let it be; let Shakspeare be honoured in the highest place; but it should be remembered, that this is the very system by which the embarrassments of this stately theatre have been created in a principal degree. The late John Kemble's passion for magnificence, and his real homage for Shakspeare, of whose finest characters he was the finest representative that we shall probably ever see, exhausted the resources of the house on decorating the stage. He produced splendid shows, but left an exhausted treasury. In the same soaring spirit, he built a Grecian temple when he should have built an English theatre, and the burthen of this showy expenditure has left the proprietorship crushed under its inextricable oppression. We fully think, that the idea of expecting anything from regilding the banners, and rearming the lamp-lighters of the theatre, to astonish us by the worn-out majesty of Roman processions, is but a waste of time, money, and even of lamp-lighters. What can Covent-Garden do with the tragedies of Shakspeare without a tragic actress—and what can the tragedies of Shakspeare do with a town surfeited with even their excellence? Novelty is the very food, the life, the essence of theatrical success. The stupid Latin motto over the stage should be blotted out, and "NOVELTY" written in its place. It would be well for managers if they burned every book in their library older than the last half-dozen years, and determined to have something new, at whatever cost, risk, or trouble. Nay this system of having something new, let it be what it might, had been tried within memory, and found prodigiously successful. The very men are alive by whom it was supported: and though they are now worked out, still they are evidences of what could be done, and done without a miracle. Morton, Reynolds, and Colman are in the land of the living still; and though the one is nursing his gout, the other legalizing and licensing, and the third rearing turkies and Swedish turnips—though they may never write anything endurable again—and though they were, in their general efforts, as far from true comedy as any five-act-farce writers on the face of creation, yet they kept up the ball; they enlivened the town, and, as the grand result of all, filled the treasury!

Morton is announced as writing a comedy for Covent-Garden; his generation are past, and we may not have many tears to weep over their extinction. His comedy will of course be an overstrained exhibition of overstrained character; nature upon the rack, and pelted with dry jokes, antiquated puns, and duplicate *double-entendres*. But it will have some peculiarities worth a laugh; unless (and the caveat is a necessary one, in his case), Morton should plunder from the French in his usual style. Literary robbery is, of course, not amenable to the Old Bailey, but if it were a crime punishable, even by fine and imprisonment, what would have become of Morton's personal liberty or purse during these last forty years. Impunity encourages crime, and we believe that there has been no

more unhesitating squeezers of a dozen French comedies into one English, or from three to six French *drames* into one farce, than this clever compressor, in the memory of Parnassian petty-larceny. And as practice has made him more adroit, so has time made him more remorseless. It has been computed by experienced calculators, that his melo-drame of *Henri Quatre* cost the lives of from a dozen to twenty French pieces on the same eternal subject: and as to the butchery of harmless fictions, the actual "Massacre of the Innocents," that preceded the "Slave," independently of his plunder of all the speeches about "liberty and my country," that ever were spouted at the Crown and Anchor, the number was beyond all arithmetic. Kenny has a great name too in this line, and may be looked on as a very vigorous specimen of what can be done by "spoiling the Egyptians." Poole has no blushes on the subject, manfully scorns the pretence of smuggling, and carries his goods through the Dover Custom-House with the dignity of a licensed dealer. Still those are all clever fellows; they all have pleasantry, more or less; they all know the stage, even to the depth of the lowest trap, and the remoteness of the farthest back-scene; and they all have produced very amusing performances. Why is not every soul of them put in requisition, and compelled to exert the utmost of their plunders, to put their most ancient common-place books in desperate requisition, to fish up the wrecks of foundered plots from the bottom of their brains, and give the public something that will compensate them for facing the winter nights, and shivering within the walls of the Covent-garden "Coliseum."

Drury-lane has been active, though its new manager is playing the part of a second Columbus, and making discoveries along the east coast of America. He is the general exporter of theatrical live stock; and we shall probably see, in the course or a few years, the perfection of Mr. Gurney's steam-boat that goes without fire, water, or steam; and by the mere force of *instinct*, the Drury-Lane company transported *en masse* back and forwards every "spring and fall," between Bridges Street and the banks of the Hudson. Little Miss Povey, who used to play occasional Cupids, but whose forte was "cinder-wenches," and all the other sentimental parts of culinary life, has just been spirited away to the "land of liberty." Macready, the very lord of lungs, and monarch of mouthing, had gone just before; having made the whole commercial tenderness of Liverpool dissolve in tears, by a speech, in which he told them that he "read Greek" to make him understand Shakspeare! an achievement which all his Greek has not yet achieved for this learned Theban. What other theatrical calamities may be in store to shake our souls, we can only conjecture; but we fear for the loss of Mr. Claremont by the next packet, and are already taught to shudder at the probable departure of Mr. West, alive as he is to "the infinite value of his reputation." But whoever has *managed* for the American manager, Drury-lane begins vigorously. It has engaged Braham, unrivalled as he still is; it has got Paul Pry, who once went by the name of Liston; and Miss Stephens; and an interesting acquisition in a Miss Tree, an actress of the higher comedy, and likely to be a fine performer. She has a striking stage face, a showy figure, and an animated expression. A multitude of new performances are promised, and the manager's portfolio is understood to be in a more plethoric state than has been known since the days of Thespis. Tragedy upon tragedy struggling to burst their paper bonds; comedies absolutely suffocating from mutual pressure, and several most excellent farces already stifled and slain; yet it is a bird of ill omen with us to see the first display a translation of a French melodrame translated from an English novel, itself translated from a black-letter romance. This child of many fathers, the "Dame Blanche," or "White Maid of Avenel," is unfortunately the first stake that Drury-lane flings down on the great dramatic hazard-table. We can wish it no success on this principle of the game: until a Frenchman has more brains than an Englishman, and French nature is more natural than English; or grimace, rant, and gunpowder are better than grace, force, and genius, we shall desire to see English plays on an English stage. It would be unfair to Stanfield to forget his fine work the "drop scene," a classic portico with a distant landscape: it is perfectly beautiful; we have seen nothing like it since Loutherbourg's day.

NEW MUSIC.

The Banquet, a collection of Songs, published for the purpose of contributing to the relief of the suffering Manufacturers of Glasgow. Music by H. C.—With such a praise-worthy motive for publication, we consider it as our duty to lend a helping hand, by introducing this little work to the notice of the London muse. This little book consists of two songs, a waltz and a German duett. The first song, in F minor, is plaintive and pleasing; the waltz mediocre, the second little ballad, in 6-8 time, is common-place; the duett is the best composition in the volume; but what could induce H. C. to write to German words? a certain bar to the sale of the work.

"*When the Birds are sleeping,*" *Cavatina, sung by Mr. T. Cooke, composed by Aug. Meves.* 2s. *Willis and Co.*—The opening of this song is as light and elegant a morsel of melody as any we recollect; and the return to it, at each point of the rondo, is extremely sweet: it is altogether a more beautiful ballad than we generally meet with; and we think will soon be very popular.

"*Of all the Flocks the Fairest,*" *composed by C. H. Wood, Small, and Co., Edinburgh.*—"*Stay, my Charmer,*" *Do. Do.*—"*While the Breeze of the Morning,*" *sung by Miss Noel. Do.*—We should presume from the style of these songs, from the initials, and the manner in which we received them, that the composer is an amateur; if so they are highly creditable to him. The first is particularly light and pleasing, and worthy of better poetry—"Stay my charmer" is not equal to the former, either in melody or accompaniment. We should presume that the bundle of notes in the bass of the second bar is a misprint; the C, at the least, must be obliterated. The third song is undoubtedly the best concocted composition, and, in our opinion, the most elegant melody; but the first two bars and a half are, note for note, Horn's ballad of Burlington Bay, and a strong similarity runs through other parts of the air.

"*Put round the bright Wine,*" *sung by Mr. Pyne at the City Festivals, composed by Esther Elizabeth Fleet.* 1s. 6d. *Monro and May.*—We regret that it is not in our power to pay Miss Fleet the compliments we would wish on the merits of this song; we do not doubt that it might meet the supreme approbation of the worshipful the cheesemongers, or any other company, but it does not shew to advantage in black and white, Imprimis the style is completely *passé;* and secondly, which is a more serious charge, there are scarce any two bars which we cannot trace as old acquaintances; we do not mean to impute to the lady any intentional plagiarism, they were most probably reminiscences floating in her brain of which she was herself unaware; a couple of instances will be more convincing than any other observation we can make. "And love," &c. bottom of page 2, *vide* T. Cooke's Old Adam. "Then a-far in dim shades," *vide* "Boy bring me wine," *et passim vide* Dibdin.

Piano Forte.

Fantasia on Airs in Winter's Sacrafice Interrompu, with Flute ad lib. J. B. Cramer. 4s. *Cramer and Co.*—The airs on which Mr. Cramer has founded this *Fantasie,* are so well known and so justly admired, from the the introduction of the Opferfest in an English garb, that any observations on their beauty would be completely *de trop.* The selection it is almost unnecessary to say is made with judgment, and the arrangement simple and natural; indeed it is scarcely possible, without a perfect acquaintance with the opera, to distinguish the original music from Mr. C.'s additions, so perfect is the similarity of style. The lesson is easy of execution, and the flute accompaniment such as any amateur would with facility accomplish.

Brilliant Variations for the Piano Forte, on the favourite cavatina "Aurora che sorgerai." H. Hertz Opera 17. 5s. *Willis and Co.*—These very splendid variations exhibit almost as much originality as variations are capable of, with great brilliancy, and no small share of difficulty. Some of the passages are highly energetic and novel in effect, but they require a previous apprenticeship to the studii of this composer to give any moderate performer a chance of executing them. The introduction is in a more simple style than we should have expected from the general tenor of the composition. The variations are seven in number with a long coda; but it would be impossible to give any thing like an analysis within our compass. We think we have seen a foreign copy of this work, but if our publishers always make an equally good selection from the stores of our continental neighbours, they are entitled to as much credit as if they confined themselves to copyright productions.

Thirty-three Studies, or short Introductions for the Piano-forte, by E. Sims. jun. 5s. *Goulding and Co.*—It is unfortunate that Mr. Sims should have designated this work as studies, a term which certainly does not apply to them in the least, and may lead to disappointment in the purchaser; as preludes they are many of them excellent, and as a whole the work may compete with any that are published. The composer has given us abundant variety; one or two are quite in the organ style, and the modulations are sufficiently various to suit even a German ear.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Morley's Explosive Engine.—Very great interest having been excited in this country regarding a new explosive engine, generating a power that may be substituted for that of the steam engine, invented by Samuel Morley, of Oxford, New-Hampshire, the following letter, addressed by that gentleman to Professor Silliman, will, we trust, be found acceptable to our readers.

"Dear Sir:—Having accidentally discovered that the vapour of water and that of spirit of turpentine, when mixed with a very great proportion of atmospheric air, were highly explosive, I have been endeavouring to produce therefrom a useful mechanical power, and embrace the earliest convenient opportunity to send you an account, and the result of some experi-

ments. I should hope they may, at least in part, find a place in your journal.

"Alcohol may be substituted for water, or added to it in any proportion. The vapour and atmospheric air, if placed in contact, will in time unite, as hydrogen gas and common air do, and become apparently as highly explosive. But the process by natural evaporation would be too slow, when the use or demand was very considerable, unless the reservoir was very large, when it would then be inconvenient, expensive, and unsafe. It was desirable to prepare or manufacture the article as wanted: in time it was effected. It was also very desirable (and there was not, to me, any apparent reason why it might not be effected,) to command or control the explosions, as we do those of gunpowder, although they are much more violent. Another most desirable object was, to unite in the same engine, if it possibly could be done, the effect or force of the explosion with that of the vacuum which always accompanies it, and that without rendering it too complicated, expensive, and unsafe. By pursuing a course very analagous to that adopted for the use of gunpowder, it was in a measure, or entirely, effected.

"The preparing part of the machine consists of a metallic vessel, or tube, so constructed that a stream or current of atmospheric air may pass freely through it, together with the vapour or gas to be made use of, both being impelled through a space interrupted by short turns, or other impediments, the object of which is to blend, mix, or unite them intimately with each other, by which process they are rendered highly explosive. This apparatus admits of an endless variety of forms. A description of one follows, which is found to be perfectly safe, and probably as convenient as any. Make a box of tin plates, four or five inches wide, and about fourteen long, and seven deep. Divide it horizontally into four or five compartments, by partitions, which extend from one end of the box to within a short distance of the other end, so that the air, entering the lower part, will be compelled, by the partitions, to travel the whole length of the box, through each compartment, in its ascent to the top; divide these compartments, by vertical partitions, running the whole length of the box, except at the beginning, or where the air enters and passes out, into spaces about half an inch apart, which have the double advantage of effecting, by their friction, a rapid mixture of the air and vapour with each other, and also of preventing violence in the explosion in the box, should one take place. A short tube for the admission of air, and other materials, into the lower apartment, and another for letting out the explosive or prepared air from the upper one, each covered with fine wire gauze to prevent explosion, will complete the preparing vessel. The opening to this box should be about two inches in diameter.

"The exploding part of the machine also admits of a great variety of construction; the following may serve as a convenient one. Have a cylinder fitted with a piston or plunger, and connected with a crank shaft, as in the steam engine; let the lower end of the cylinder have a valve of at least half its diameter, opening outwards. This valve may be made of thin soft leather, of the same diameter as the cylinder; this leather is to be tied or fastened to the lower end of the working cylinder, so as to form a continuation of the same. The lower end of the leather cylinder or valve is to be flattened, so as to bring its inner sides together, for about four or five inches of its length, and kept in that position by light springs attached to the two edges of the flat part, placing it in a position much like that of a bow and bow-string. This valve is supported, or prevented from being driven into the cylinder, by a plate of metal, of sufficient thickness to bear the pressure of the atmosphere, arched or raised outwards, and perforated with as many holes as can be well made in it; the holes should be from about $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of an inch in diameter; the end of the cylinder forms the abutment to this arched plate. An air valve, also opening outward, is fixed in the side of the cylinder, just below the piston when down: a pipe from the preparing vessel is inserted or attached to the side of the cylinder, at from $\frac{1}{8}$ to $\frac{1}{4}$ of the length of the stroke from the top. This pipe should be as short as it can conveniently be, and it should be furnished with a valve next the preparing box, to cut off the communication with it, and a small valve about half an inch in diameter, next the cylinder, to let the inflammable air communicate with the flame of a lamp, so as to take fire, and communicate by the trail to the charge in the cylinder. These valves also open upwards, but as the explosion meets with so little resistance below, they are never thrown upwards; they are worked by beams on the crank shaft, as is also the air valve, or by any other convenient mode. To give a double stroke, it will require two cylinders fitted up in this way, communicating with the same preparing vessel and crank shaft. When vapour is intended to be used, put a little alcohol, or high proof spirit, either alone, or with the addition of a small portion of spirit of turpentine, or put in spirit of turpentine and water, or other materials conveniently capable of evaporation, and the vapour of which is inflammable when mixed with atmospheric air, into the lower apartment of the preparing vessel; the proportion of each is not very material. Apply a small lamp, or other heating substance, to raise the temperature to about blood heat, and place the flame of a lamp at the inflaming valve. The piston being down, in its

ascent would form a vacuum under it; this is prevented by opening the air valve which supplies the cylinder with common air, until the piston reaches the pipe from the preparing vessel; it then closes, and the vapour valve supplies the remainder of the cylinder, through the preparing vessel, with explosive air, and just before the piston is up, say about $\frac{1}{8}$ of an inch, the vapour valve closes at the same time that the inflaming valve opens and shuts, the piston being then still rising, draws or turns the flame of the lamp at the firing valve, though the opening into the pipe, inflames the trail, and it is instantly communicated to the charge in the cylinder; the explosion that ensues drives out the air from within the cylinder, through the perforated arched plate and leather valve at bottom, which valve instantly collapses and prevents the return of the air. The steam, formed by the explosion and formation of the vacuum, is condensed, by keeping the lower part of the cylinder cool by surrounding it with water, and suffering the vacuum to inject a small stream of cold water near the bottom, which also keeps the arched plate and leather valve cool. A vacuum under the piston instantly follows the explosion, which descends by the pressure of the atmosphere, and carries the crank with it, while the same process is repeated in the second cylinder, and the power is taken from the crank-shaft, or piston-rod, as in the steam-engine. When the temperature is low, smaller charges will produce the same effect, if a thin metallic plate of the same diameter of the piston be introduced into the cylinder, called the charging piston. It is fitted with a small rod, which moves through a stuffing-box in the main piston, so tight that the friction will support its weight. This charging piston is prevented from rising higher than the vapour-pipe, by its end striking against a stationary point in its ascent, and forming a partition between the compound air in the cylinder and the common atmospheric air, thereby preventing so great a mixture of atmospheric air in the cylinder as to lessen the effect of the explosion.

"When the temperature of the box is so high as to give off too great a proportion of vapour, the engine works better by stopping entirely the working of the charging piston, but not with so good economy. This charging piston should be fully perforated with small holes, lest by accident it should not rise with the working piston, as well as to let the explosion pass freely through it to clear the cylinder. Wire gauze should also be placed between the vapour and inflaming valve, to prevent explosion in the box, should the vapour valve not close in time. When hydrogen gas is intended to be used, an apparatus, similar to Professor Hare's compound blow-pipe, may be attached to the engine, to throw the air and gas into the preparing box.

"A box of the form and size before mentioned appears to be sufficient to prepare air fast enough, with a small lamp, to furnish from fifty to one hundred charges per minute, for a cylinder of seven or eight inches in diameter, having a two foot stroke, the box being in use only one-quarter part of the time; it of course would supply four such cylinders if the air was constantly blown or drawn through it. To keep up the temperature of the box would, in that case, probably require more heat; but it does appear that the more rapidly the air is made to pass over the liquors, the more rapidly it takes up vapour at the same temperature.

"The following are some of the methods I have successfully adopted, in producing a power from this same source.

"I have caused the air, by the effect of the explosion, to be compressed over a column of water, to such a degree as to throw it to a great height and distance.

"I have, in a measure, reversed it, and by forming a vacuum in a vessel above, the water would be driven up by the pressure of the atmosphere.

"I have caused the explosion to compress, in a reservoir, a quantity of atmospheric air, and made use of that compressed air for working an engine, similar to a double-stroke high-pressure steam engine.

"This mode will make it perfectly safe on account of fire, as the compressed air may be led, in tubes, any distance, before it works the engine.

"Sometimes I have made a valve in the piston to open upwards, and fill the cylinder below the piston with the prepared air, and when the piston is about half-way up the cylinder it is at the height of its working stroke; the explosion then takes place; the effect is, that the quantity of air above the piston is nearly doubled; its elasticity or force is also greatly increased, by a great increase of its temperature; it now re-acts on the piston, while a vacuum below adds greatly to the effect. This mode acts with great energy in a small space.

"I have attached to the working piston thin tubes, about $\frac{3}{8}$ of an inch in diameter, open at top, each one of which is directly over, and enters one of the tubes of a condenser attached to the bottom of the cylinder, which tubes are $\frac{3}{4}$ of an inch in diameter. The prepared air, as usual, is let into the cylinder near the upper end; as the piston rises it fills with the prepared air the upper part of the tubes and the spaces around them, and when the piston is nearly up the explosion takes effect, but the tubes prevent all violence.

"At or near all of those springs which are constantly giving off hydrogen gas, engines may be erected (substituting the gas for that of the vapour of the liquors) to work constantly, for every desired mechanical purpose. The engines can be placed in any chosen situation, by only conducting

the gas through tubes; and if desired, the air and gas may pass in due proportion through the tubes together, which, with a few short turns, will insure its suitable preparation, although the distance should be short.

"The explosive vapour engines will work without any fire, when the temperature of the weather, in the sun or in the shade, is about 80 or 90°, provided the charge be inflamed by the electric spark. With a due proportion of ether, according to the temperature of the weather, it is probable that the engine will work at any time, with only a lamp to inflame the charge.

"The less is the proportion of alcohol the higher temperature will be required. So again, the more turns, back and forth, the air makes in contact with the liquor in the box, the lower temperature will be required to prepare it. If the temperature of the box gets down to about 70°, the spirit of turpentine refuses to come over at all, or at least in sufficient quantity to give energy to the explosion. I have lately substituted a plunger in lieu of the piston, and attach the stuffing to the top of the cylinder; it works well and is more convenient. A small bellows is convenient in putting the engine in motion, or the explosive air may be blown into the cylinder, and inflamed, to warm it and commence the operation.

"A very easy mode to try an experiment, for the purpose of preparing this explosive air mechanically, is to have made a few feet of inch tubes, of common tin plates. These tubes should be turned, once in about a foot, at right angles, and the long part should be filled with small tubes, about a quarter of an inch in diameter. If air is made to pass through this crooked tube, while it contains a single spoonful of high proof whisky and spirit of turpentine, with a proper temperature, it comes out highly explosive, if the current is forced through by a hand-bellows, with ever so much velocity. As we now construct the engine and preparing vessel, it is impossible that an explosion can take place that will injure any one. A few drops of these liquors, on a board in the sun, with a tumbler inverted over them, will explode in a short time, if a flame is applied.

"It will not, I trust, appear surprising, that these improvements are patented.

"I am, dear Sir, yours most respectfully,

"Samuel Morey.

"P. S. I am sensible that a drawing ought to accompany this paper, but at present it is out of my power to furnish one."

Aërostatics.—A gentleman of the name of Genet, a contemporary of Montgolfier, but much younger, has obtained a patent in America for the application of the "aërostatic power," by which he undertakes to raise or lower canal boats, on an inclined plane, between a water level and a higher level, with or without water. He will propel boats on a high level destitute of water, and lower them to a water level. He will raise or lower carriages on railways from one level to another, relieve steamboats stranded or grounded, &c. Combining, also, both aërostatic and hydrostatic powers, he will raise or lower canal boats to or from a high vertical altitude, raise vessels stranded and other heavy bodies from under water; also on land by means of hydrostatic cranes. He will direct how to prevent ships from sinking, &c.; and finally he will protect or guard steam-boats against shoals and rocks, &c. We really mean nothing disrespectful by the allusion, but we believe Munchausen raised the College of Physicians by a similar proceeding.

Oriental Literature.—It is reported that Mr. Fraehn, of Halle, is composing a catalogue of Oriental manuscripts which are known to exist, but which have not yet been found. This catalogue is to be distributed among ambassadors, consuls, and travellers whose destination is Africa or Asia, and will be of considerable utility in directing their researches.

Zoology.—A new species of dory, to which the name of *Zeus Crinitus* has been attached, drifted in March last to the shores of Block Island, United States. The length is five inches and a half, the depth more than three inches and three quarters, the thickness, as in most of the dories, very inconsiderable; but without entering into the detail of the genus, the specific character of this species consists in having seven rays to the first dorsal fin, six of which are long, and five long rays to the forepart of the anal fin.

Cochineal and Silk-worms.—In many towns in the southern provinces of Spain great pains are being taken to naturalize the cochineal insect. The Economical Society of Cadiz have succeeded in this useful enterprize beyond their hopes. In Murcia and in Carthagena attempts, accompanied with the most fortunate results, have been made. This precious insect feeds upon the leaves of a particular sort of cactus, which for some centuries has thriven in Andalusia, and seems to form impenetrable hedges round the vineyards and olive plantations. In Murcia, likewise, the Chinese or white-silk-worms have been introduced, the produce from which is superior both in quantity and quality to that from the common worms. This important improvement is due to the zeal of Don Thomas Serrano, who, after a life devoted to the happiness of his country, has been forced to seek at Gibraltar an asylum against the persecutions of the servile faction. This enlightened patriot is also the inventor of an ingenious preparation by which the love-apple (Tomato) retains for an indefinite time its perfume and its qualities, and in a small compass can be transported to considerable distances. The

process consists in pulverizing the fruit after it has been dried in the sun, or in an oven. To preserve the powder thus produced, it is sufficient to prevent its being exposed to the air.

Solar Spots.—The late amiable and highly-gifted astronomer Sir William Herschel, with the diffidence which is invariably the characteristic of superior merit, hinted at the probability that there existed some connexion between the solar spots and the temperature of our atmosphere. Some observations of M. Arago have confirmed this supposition; and from a journal of the solar spots which has been kept for these last six months at Chislehurst, it appears that no maculæ were visible in the month of April before the 30th. During May the spots were numerous (amounting in one instance to 11), but very small. In June they were fewer in number, but of considerable size. In July they diminished both in magnitude and number, but in August they increased in both to an incredible extent, on two occasions 30 being visible at once. On the first of September 20 were to be seen at the same time, but from that period the face of the sun remained free from any until the 23d, when three were observed, which have not as yet disappeared. How closely the temperature of the respective months has corresponded to these phœnomena is too much a matter of general experience, to need our inserting the register of the thermometer.

Compression of Gases.—The law which was first deduced from the experiments of the famous Boyle, by his friend Richard Townley, but which Mariotte discovered at the same time by an experiment of his own, and which is known by his name, *viz.* that the spaces occupied by elastic fluids are in the inverse ratio of the degrees of pressure which they suffer, has hitherto been demonstrated by strict experiment for very small degrees of pressure only. Professor Oersted, of Copenhagen, has recently determined that this law is applicable to all kinds of gases, and to all degrees of pressure under which the gases retain their aeriform state; and moreover that the compression of liquid bodies reducible to drops is, as far as his experience yet goes, subject to the same law—the compression and the compressing power seeming to bear a direct relative proportion. And we may therefore assume, that the gases converted into liquids reducible to drops begin again to follow the same law to which they answered as gases; and if this should be confirmed by further experiments, it may be said that the compression of a body ceases to conform to these rules only in its moment of transition from one state of aggregation to another.—*Philosophical Magazine.*

Meteors.—On the 31st of March a brilliant meteor was seen at Newhaven, in the United States, and this was followed the next evening by another which passed more to the south. The former appeared at some point far east of south. In Azimuth S. 12. E. its altitude was 43°, and it vanished between S. 50° W. and S. 68° W. at an altitude of 23°. At the end of its course it exploded, and threw off parts which were seen to fall. There can be but little doubt that these were meteoric stones, which have fallen somewhere in the southern parts of New York, in New Jersey, or possibly in Long Island Sound. The sound of the explosion reached the ear 4 minutes 25 seconds after the vanishing of the meteor. From the interval between the explosion and the report, and from the suddenness of the passage, which occupied about 5 seconds, it is obvious that 60 miles from the observer would lie but little beyond its distance at the moment of explosion, that 24 miles a second would not exceed its velocity. Its nearest distance to the earth's surface may have been within 30 miles, or even less.

Polish Coin.—The Emperor Nicholas has decided that the coin in Poland shall always bear the effigies of the Emperor Alexander, to whom this kingdom is indebted for its restoration: a grand and important work, which he intended to complete whenever the general circumstances of Europe became more favourable. The execution of this noble design remains entrusted to his successor, who has testified an almost religious anxiety to comply with his most secret wishes. The gold and silver coin will present on one side the likeness of the late emperor and king, with a laurel crown upon his head, and with this inscription in the Polish language—"Alexander I. Emperor of Russia, restorer of the kingdom of Poland (1815);" on the other side, in the midst of a crown of oak, is inscribed the value of the piece; beneath the crown these words: "Nicholas I. Emperor of all the Russias, reigning king of Poland." The copper money will not be changed.

Adhesion of Glue.—From some experiments on the adhesion of glue, instituted by Mr. Bevan, and an account of which he has inserted in the last number of the Philosophical Magazine, it appears that a force of 1,260 pounds applied at eight angles to the surfaces in contact, was required to separate two cylinders of dry ash-wood of 1.5 inches diameter, and about 8 inches long, after they had been glued together 24 hours. The pressure was applied gradually, and was sustained 2 or 3 minutes before the separation took place. The force of 715 pounds would therefore be required to separate one square inch. The force required to separate dry Scotch fir wood was 562 pounds to the square inch, so that if two pieces of this wood had been well glued together, the wood would have yielded in its substance before the glue. The cohesion of solid glue was 4,000

pounds to the square inch, from which it may be inferred that the application of this substance as a cement is susceptible of improvement.

Botany.—Description of the Grevilleanum Serratum, a new genus belonging to the order musci. Generic characters: *seta* terminal; *peristome* double; outer teeth 16, broadish, acute; inner 64, subhorizontal, somewhat bent, free at the apex. *Calyptra* glabrous, opening laterally; base tubular sheathing the neck of the capsule; apex closed acute. This singular and distinct genus is named in honour of Dr. Robert K. Greville, of Edinburgh, author of the Flora Edinensis, and one of the most distinguished muscologists of the present day. It can be easily recognized by the characters above given. The numerous teeth of the inner peristome are always distinct at the base, but in the young state they cohere slightly at the apex, where they appear to be held together by transverse bars, which separate as the capsule becomes mature. The calyptra is closed at the top, and has a short mucronate point. Its longitudinal opening is scarcely more than one-third of its whole length, through which the capsule escapes while in a very young state. Its base forms a sheath, which closely embraces the neck of the capsule and summit of the seta. When, however, the capsule become sold, the calyptra, still sheathing the seta, falls down to the base of the latter, and there remains among the leaves.

G. Serratum.—Stem erect, simple. Leaves linea-lanceolate, acute, crisped when dry. Lid hemispheric, yellow, without a beak. Capsule cylindric, curved, sub-horizontal. Teeth of the peristome yellow. *Hab:* rocks in shady places, a mile west of Troy. Stems about an inch and a half in height, simple, bearing a considerable resemblance in habit to a Bartramia. Leaves numerous, nearly half an inch in length, crisped and rigid. *Seta* dark chestnut brown and shining. *Silliman's Journal.*

American Coal.—Much attention having been recently bestowed in America upon the anthracite coal of Rhode Island, the following particulars regarding it have been published by Professor Silliman:—This anthracite is ignited without difficulty. The best method of burning it is in the iron furnace or stove, lined with fire-bricks; and unless previously dried, it burns with an abundant and bright red flame. The heat it produces is intense and of long continuance. The gas emitted by it is light carbonated hydrogen, mixed of course with carbonic acid gas. And in general the Rhode Island anthracite, although dissimilar in appearance, is very similar in its effects to the anthracites of Pennsylvania. The colour of it is steel grey. Its composition is as follows:—100 grains contain from 90 to 94 grains of carbon, the rest according to Dr. Meade being iron and earth.

100 grains contain, Carbon	90
Water	4.90
Oxides of iron and manganese	2.50
Loss	43
	100

In another specimen Professor Vanuxem found 100 grains afforded—

Carbon	77.70
Water	6.70
Sibex	8.50
Oxides of iron and manganese	7.10
alumine a trace	
	100

Professor Vanuxem found the composition of the Lehigh anthracite was

Carbon	90.1
Water	6.6
Sibex	1.2
Alumina	1.1
Oxides of iron and manganese	0.2
Loss	0 8
	100

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

DOMESTIC.

Astronomical Society of London.—Meeting in June.—The reading of the paper communicated by the Rev. Fearon Fallows, astronomer at the Cape of Good Hope, on the small transit instrument, was concluded. There was read an appendix to a former paper on the latitude of the Royal Observatory, by the Astronomer Royal. From 720 observations of the pole star made during the last 18 months, the co-latitude of the observatory is deduced 38° 31′ 21″·045. Also a summary of the observations made for the determination of the latitude of the observatory at Wilna, by M. Slawinski. From 260 observations made in the months of October and November, 1825, the latitude referred to the centre of the transit instrument is 54° 40′ 59″·09 deduced by comparison with Bessel, and 54° 41′ 0″·05 by comparison with the Nautical Almanac. The greatest of these determinations is less by about 2″ than the latitude of the same observatory as given by M. Slawinski's predecessors, Poczobut and Sniadecki. Also micrometrical observations of the planet Saturn, made with Frauenhofer's largerefractor at Dorpat, by Professor Struve. The same paper also details the results of micrometrical measurements of Jupiter and its satellites, made with the same instruments. On the same evening an account of some observations made with a twenty feet reflecting telescope, by J. F. W. Herschel, Esq., foreign secretary to

the society, was terminated. This valuable communication is divided into four sections. The first contains descriptions and approximate places of 300 new double and triple stars, and briefly describes the method of differences employed in sweeps of the heaven. The three remaining sections comprize observations of the second comet of 1825; an account of the actual state of the great nebula in Orion compared with those of former astronomers; and observations of the nebula in the girdle of Andromeda.

FOREIGN.

Paris. Institute. Academy of Sciences.—June 5.—The Academy of Sciences decided that none of the compositions for the prizes of experimental physiology, and that for improving the medical art, both founded by M. de Montyon, were entitled to receive them; but adjudged various sums to encourage their authors to further exertion. The astronomical prize, founded by Delalande, was assigned to Captain Sabine, for his work on the pendulum. The prizes were then proposed for the ensuing year, and afterwards M. Cuvier read an historical eulogium upon M. Lacepède. M. Beudant a memoir on the importance of the mineral kingdom with regard to its applications. M. Fournier an historical eulogium upon M. Breguet. M. Dupin a memoir on the sense of hearing, considered as an instrument for measuring, as applied to the arts and to letters.

June 12.—M. Billerey, of Grenoble, sent a work, entitled "An historical, scientific, and polemical memoir on a new water-warmer by means of steam, by the intervention of a condensing receiver placed in the middle of a reservoir filled with this liquid:" referred for a verbal report to M. Dulong. M. Bremmer forwarded a paper upon magnetism: referred to Messrs. Ampere and Fresnel. The sections of Mechanics, Geography, and Geometry, were required to assemble to nominate candidates for the places of correspondents vacant by the death of MM. Reichenbach, Lævenhorn, and Kramp. M. Solier presented an outline of some experiments which he began, to determine the action of the sun upon the colour of flowers. M. Michelot apprized the Academy that M. Billaudel, a government engineer at Bourdeaux, had discovered, in a quarry on the banks of the Garonne, a cavern, wherein he collected a considerable heap of bones of different animals; among which he distinguished the jaw-bones of the hyena, the lion, a tiger, and the badger, bones of the ox, &c. &c.

June 19.—M. Despretz explained some experiments he had instituted upon heat, and inquired if the Academy thought it of use for him to continue them—(referred to Messrs. Guy Lussac and Arago). Some specimens of ink to prevent forgery and resist decay, were presented.

June 26.—A letter was read, stating that M. Mascagni, professor of anatomy at Florence, had long since published many discoveries which were now announced as new: *viz.* 1. The use of the alcaline bicarbonates to saturate the acids formed in the stomach. 2. The alcalescence imparted to the urine by these salts when taken in liquids. 3. The dissolution of the stone in the bladder, by means of these salts. Many other communications were read, but of inferior interest.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The agricultural and commercial interests appear throughout the last month to have been engaged in desperate conflict with each other. The opening of the ports for the admission of foreign grain has set the landowners in motion: the cry now is that the farmers and great landed proprietors are suffering, while in commerce a slight reaction is perceptible. In the northern manufacturing districts especially, this reaction is daily becoming more and more apparent: at Sheffield commerce is springing up, like a phœnix, from its ashes: at Macclesfield, the great nursery of the silk-trade, the demand for goods is brisker than has been known for months; while Manchester daily decreases in the number and sufferings of its paupers. Such accounts are satisfactory; indeed were it not for them, we know not, as the year is now rapidly declining towards winter (and that winter threatens to be an early and a severe one), what the poor half-starved manufacturers would do. The consequences would most probably be fatal to thousands. While, however, commerce in England appears (to use a Stock Exchange phrase) to be looking up; Ireland—unfortunate Ireland, still remains sunk in the lowest possible abyss of degradation and decay. In addition to the usual miseries consequent on a failure of the potato crop, together with the extinction—we may almost use that word—of trade, pestilence has added its horrors; so that, between both, this "doubly blessed" island stands a fair chance of being utterly and irrecoverably ruined. "Mayo," says a Carlow paper, "is rising from one end to the other;" a Westmeath journal assures us that there is "every symptom of an approaching general rebellion;" while the majority of the provincial papers are replete with dreadful accounts of a regularly organized band of Rockites. It is clear that things cannot long go on in this fashion; whatever may be the opinion and indifference of the British Government towards Ireland. On the Continent all is

quiet, except at Constantinople, where the flag of rebellion is yet unfurled: the Sultan, who appears to be a monarch of infinite vigour and strength of mind, daily strangles —or causes to be strangled—a few refractory hundreds, so that the city presents the appearance of a vast unsanguined slaughter-house. A curious anecdote is told of this Turkish despot. During the late insurrection of the Janissaries, it happened that the sacredness of the seraglio was invaded, and some of the ladies exposed to public gaze; this by the laws of the country was considered so heinous a degradation, that the females thus exposed were instantly sewed up in sacks and thrown headlong into the Propontis, after which the court went into general mourning for them, the Sultan himself setting the example of affliction. In Greece, affairs seem to have taken of late a rather more favourable turn than heretofore. Ibrahim Pacha, notwithstanding the gloomy anticipations excited in the breasts of all lovers of liberty by the siege and capture of Missolonghi, has suffered the season to pass by without any further attack on his part; which interval has, we hear, been spent by the Greeks in active preparations for the ensuing campaign. May they be finally successful. With respect to Russia, all is at present tranquil: the coronation of the Emperor Nicholas (at which his elder brother Constantine attended) has taken place at the Kremlin in Moscow, and entirely banished all thoughts of the recent state executions. On this occasion the Duke of Devonshire distinguished himself by the pomp and magnificence of his embassy, fully worthy of the great nation whom he represented. Throughout France, and more especially in the diplomatic circles of Paris, the visit of Mr Canning, to Paris has created great sensation. Some say that he has merely gone on a private visit to his friend Lord Granville, others that he is engaged in some important transactions with M. de Villele, relative to the Portuguese affairs: while the majority of the journals—English as well as French, honestly confess that they know nothing at all about the matter. Portugal, indeed, requires little or no assistance; for she has satisfactorily established a regency, under whose auspices the kingdom exhibits every proof of prosperity. But with respect to Spain, the case is totally different: that unhappy country is still tossed to and fro, like a foundering vessel, on the waves of anarchy, without either the hope or the prospect of escape. A few weeks since, a man was taken up at midday in the street of Saragosa, for *smiling*; as if laughter were as seditious as it is novel in Spain. The sole remedy for this afflicted country must be in the decapitation of the fiend Ferdinand; till that event takes place, "a consummation devoutly to be wished for," nothing can be done.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

G. A. LEE, ESQ.

This gentleman, distinguished by the superior qualities of his mind, by the force and excellence of his character, and by the high place which may be justly assigned to him amongst those who have contributed to the prosperity of our national manufactures, was the brother of Mrs. Sophia and Mrs. Harriet Lee, two ladies well known to the public by many literary productions of a high class of merit.

Mr. Lee was born in the year 1761. With a mind trained to, and highly susceptible of the delights and elegancies of literature, he became early imbued with a love of the sciences, and was afterwards remarkable for the extent and precision of his acquirements. Initiated, while a youth, in the art of cotton-spinning, which was then beginning to feel the impulse of Sir Richard Arkwright's grand inventions, he gave to those inventions, in machinery constructed under his inspection, all the advantages of correct and excellent workmanship. Notwithstanding his partiality to the use of water as a moving power, he became fully sensible of the superiority of the steam engine soon after it had received the improvements of Mr. Watt; and, assisted by that gentleman and his partner Mr. Boulton, he caused to be constructed, under the firm of Philips and Lee, at Manchester, engines which exhibited the finest specimens of mechanism, conducted upon a well arranged system, and combining the essential requisites of regularity and constancy of motion, with a studied and wisely directed economy.

Mr. Lee was the first to improve upon the fire-proof mills of his friend Mr. Wm. Strutt, by the employment of cast-iron beams; and he was also amongst the first to render the security still more complete by employing steam for warming the mills in winter. By his recommendation, the workmen raised amongst themselves a fund for mutual relief during sickness; and, as appeared in evidence before the House of Commons, such was the benefit derived from the plan, that, amongst a thousand work-people whom the establishment comprized, not more than five pounds had been distributed throughout one year in the form of poor-rates.

When the experiments of his friend Mr. Murdock on the illuminating power of gas from coal, were made known to Mr. Lee, he was instantly struck with their importance; and, at the expense of several thousand pounds, he lighted upon the new principle the large building which he had

erected in conjunction with his partners. The result was completely successful, and led to the almost immediate adoption of gas in large manufactories.*

Mr. Lee was eminent for the clearness, sagacity, and systematic regularity of the arrangements by which he conducted the great manufacturing establishments over which he presided. In his mercantile dealings he was distinguished by coolness and solidity of judgment, a high sense of probity and honour, and the most comprehensive views of commercial policy. In private he was a man of deep feeling, sincere and steady in his friendships, disinterested and unostentatious, generous and benevolent. He retired from active life at a period when he had a reasonable prospect of enjoying for many years the resources of a well-stored and still vigorous mind; but he was ere long attacked by a painful and lingering disease, which at length brought to a close his useful and honourable career. He died on the 5th of August, at his house at Singleton Brook, near Manchester.

Mr. Lee married, in the year 1803, Mary, the youngest daughter of the late Rev. John Ewart, of Iroquise. That lady died in 1812, leaving five children, three of whom survive.

THE HON. C. H. HUTCHINSON.

The Honourable Christopher Hely Hutchinson, M.P. for the city of Cork, who died at Benlomond House, Devonshire Hill, Hampstead, on the 26th of August, after a lingering illness, was a younger brother of the late Earl of Donoughmore, and also of the present Lord Hutchinson.

The Helys and the Hutchinsons are families of ancient standing in Ireland. Francis Hely, Esq., grandfather of the subject of this sketch, was an attorney of some eminence. His son, John Hely, was a man of transcendant abilities and insatiable ambition. He commenced his public career as an advocate, and realized a fortune of at least £80,000 by his professional efforts. He was called to the bar in 1748, and returned to parliament for Lanesborough in 1759, and for the city of Cork in 1761, which he continued to represent until his death in 1795. He was appointed prime-serjeant at law in 1762; provost of Trinity college, Dublin, in 1774; and secretary of state for Ireland in 1777. It was this gentleman of whom it was said, that if the King would give him Great Britain and Ireland he would beg the Isle of Man for a kitchen-garden. He married, in 1751, Christiana, daughter of Lorenzo Nixon, of Murny, in the county of Wicklow, Esq., and niece and heir of Richard Hutchinson, of Knocklofty, in the county of Tipperary, Esq. Mr. Hutchinson was the descendant of an ancient family of English origin, of whom Christopher Hutchinson, Esq., the first of the family in Ireland, had a grant from Queen Elizabeth of the priory of Cahir and its possessions. Mr. Hely, soon after his marriage with Miss Nixon, assumed the name of Hutchinson; and at a subsequent period, in return for the splendid fortune brought him by his wife, he had the satisfaction of procuring her elevation to the peerage. On the 16th of October, 1783, she was created Baroness Donoughmore, of Knocklofty, in the county of Tipperary, with remainder to her heirs male by her then husband. Of a family of six sons and four daughters by this marriage, the late Earl of Donoughmore was the first son; Lord Hutchinson the second; and Christopher Hely Hutchinson, the late member for Cork, the fifth.

Mr. Hutchinson was born 5th of April, 1767. He was not bred to any profession; but, devotedly attached to his brother the general, now Lord Hutchinson, he, without possessing any military command, or the remotest prospect of any appointment whatsoever, accompanied him during Sir Ralph Abercrombie's—or rather the Duke of York's—short but memorable campaign in Holland, in the early part of the late war of the revolution; and, with an unabated zeal highly honourable to the affection of both brothers, he afterwards, in the year 1801, attended General Hutchinson to Egypt, unappalled by distance and fatigue, and unterrified by the idea of disease and death. It has been remarked, indeed, that the Hutchinsons have always resembled the bundle of sticks in the fable, and attained an increased degree of strength by their cohesion.—In consequence of a dispute originating in a contested election, no fewer than three sons of that family were engaged in affairs of honour in the course of one single day. It was observed, also, on the approach of the inquiry into the conduct of her late majesty, Queen Caroline, that Lord Donoughmore, Lord Hutchinson, and Mr. C. H. Hutchinson, appeared on one day at Carlton House: this was the more remarkable, as previously the family-interest had generally gone with the opposition.

From his serving merely as a volunteer in Holland, where he was made a supernumerary aid-de-camp to Sir R. Abercrombie, and from his campaign in Egypt, Mr. Hutchinson had seen, before he was actually in the army, more real service than many of our generals. At the conclusion of hostilities, he was sent with despatches to Constantinople, where he was received with every mark of distinction. At length he entered into the army regularly, and passed through the various gradations to the rank of lieutenant-colonel of the 112th regiment of foot; of which regiment, we believe, he was on the half-pay till the time of his death.

It was in the year 1802 that Mr. Hutch-

* Vide "Transactions of the Royal Society of London for 1808."

inson was first chosen M.P. for the city of Cork, where, as it has been seen, his father possessed considerable interest, and for which place his brother, Lord Hutchinson, had sat before his advancement to the peerage, in 1801. From that period, until the time of his decease, he held his seat for Cork, in each successive parliament. Only two days before his death he wrote, or dictated, an address to the electors of that city in favour of his son.

Mr. Hutchinson married, first, on the 24th of December 1792, Miss Bond, daughter of Sir James Bond, Bart; and by her, who died on the 30th of March 1796, he had issue a son, John, born in March 1795. He married, secondly, Anne, relict of Sir John Brydges Woodcock, Bart. daughter of the late Hon. and Rev. Maurice Crosbie, Dean of Limerick, sister to the present Lord Brandon, and great granddaughter of Thomas Fitzmaurice, first earl of Kerry. By that lady he also had issue.

LORD GIFFORD.

Robert Lord Gifford, who died on the 4th of September, at the early age of forty-seven, Master of the Rolls, Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords, &c. &c. affords, in his professional career, one of those extraordinary instances of rapid advancement from an humble origin, which in this country alone can be successfully sought for. His attainment of high rank and honours within a few brief years, is the more remarkable when it is considered that his powers, though respectable, were not splendid—though solid, not profound.

Mr. Gifford was born at Exeter, on the 24th of February 1779. His father was a respectable tradesman there, in the hop, grocery, and drapery lines; his mother was of very humble connexions. His father left a large family, and for their benefit one of his elder brothers, Mr. Wearman and Mr. Charles Gifford (who are still living) carried on the business till within these ten years. His education was commenced at a small school kept by a dissenting minister, in Exeter, who was accustomed to affirm, that Gifford was the cleverest boy he had ever had under him. He was next at the grammar school of Alpheston, near Exeter, under the very clever and very notoous Dr. Halloran, (at least we know Dr. Halloran always assumed the credit of having educated Lord Gifford) a person whose auto-biography, *faithfully* written, would be one of the most curious and interesting of our time.* It was one of the habits of his boyhood to go to Exeter, when permitted, at the time of the assizes, and to take his seat in the court, and remain there till the close of each day's business. Whether these visits originated in a love of the law, or whether it were the proceedings at the assizes which inspired him with a preference for the legal profession, it might now be difficult to ascertain. However, when he had completed his education, he was articled, at the age of 17, to Mr. Jones, an attorney of Exeter, with whom he remained for the usual period. It is said that Mr. Jones violated his promise, that he would take him into partnership on his admission to practise as an attorney. At that period the attorneys at Exeter were embodied in a society, to which it was usual to refer matters in dispute amongst themselves. To this society young Gifford appealed; before a special meeting he and his master argued their respective cases: the decision of the society was, that the young man's claim was valid and ought to be allowed; but his master, who had not demurred to the jurisdiction of his brethren in the first instance, then refused to abide by their award; alleging, as it has been stated, that his promise had been given on the contingency of his nephew's not returning from London to Exeter to practise. From the forensic talent which Mr. Gifford displayed on that occasion, the attorneys received a most favourable impression of his abilities for the bar; and on their suggestion, aided by intimations of professional support on the circuit at a future period, he entered his name as a student of the Middle Temple. For some years previously to his death, he had been one of the benchers of that honourable society.

On his first coming to London, Mr. Gifford was two years with Mr. Robert Bayly, at present one of the barristers belonging to the Western circuit; and afterwards, according to some of the statements which we have seen, he was twelve months in the office of Mr. Godfrey Sykes, who was then practising as a special pleader, and who is now the solicitor of the stamp office.

On the 12th of February, 1808, Mr. Gifford was called to the bar. His earliest professional efforts were made at the Exeter sessions, where his talents for business, and the assiduity with which he evidently devoted himself to the acquisition of legal knowledge, attracted much notice. Almost from the commencement of his practice he was distinguished by the quickness with which he could seize upon certain points; and also by that unerring test of ability, the facility of reply.

In 1814, Mr. Abbott, the present Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and Mr. Dauncey (one of the most brilliant orators of his day) were engaged at Exeter on special retainers, to conduct a great lunacy question, which occupied nine days; and Mr. Gifford was selected alone to conduct the case on the other

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* Dr. Halloran, it will be recollected, was, in the year 1813, tried and convicted at the Old Bailey of forging a frank in the name of Judge Garrow, an offence for which he was sent to Botany Bay, where he is said to have established a school, and also a literary magazine.

side. The high powers which he then displayed are yet fresh in the recollection of every barrister on the Western Circuit.

The late Lord Ellenborough, at that time Lord Chief Justice of the Court of King's Bench, and Lord Chief Justice Gibbs, who presided in the Court of Common Pleas, both remarked and patronised his rising talents. Lord Ellenborough, in particular, was much struck with the knowledge he displayed of the law of property, a knowledge which, in common law barristers, is generally slight. From that period his Lordship took a lively interest in his fortunes: he applied for a silk-gown for him without success; but it was to his recommendation that he was ultimately indebted for his appointment as Solicitor-general. That appointment was made on the 9th of May, 1817; and in that capacity he was, on the 16th of the same month, elected Master of the Bench of the Honourable Society of the Middle Temple. While holding the office of Solicitor-general, he distinguished himself on the trial of Dr. Watson and his associates, for high treason; and also at the trials under the special commission at Derby.

In July 1819, he succeeded Sir Samuel Shepherd as Attorney-general. This appointment led to the most remarkable event in his professional life, the prosecution, in 1820, of the late Queen Caroline. That, indeed, was nominally a parliamentary proceeding; but it was the duty of the Attorney-general to conduct the business, and to furnish evidence to the legislature on behalf of the crown. Sir Robert Gifford's opening speech was simple, unadorned, and, as some thought, rather ineffective; but his reply, which constituted the more difficult and important part of his duty, far surpassed the expectations of all who heard him: it was replete with sound and convincing argument, distinguished eloquence, and felicitous expression.

The year 1824 was a year rich in honours to Sir Robert Gifford. On the 30th of January he was raised to the peerage by the title of Baron Gifford, of St. Leonard's, in the county of Devon; he was appointed to the office of Lord Chief Justice of the Court of Common Pleas; in consequence of that appointment, he was, on the 16th of June, made a Sergeant; and soon afterwards, on the death of Sir Thomas Plumer, he was made Master of the Rolls.

Previously to his elevation to the peerage, his Lordship sat in the late parliament as M.P. for the borough of Eye, in Suffolk. At the commencement of the session of parliament in 1824, his Lordship was appointed Lord Deputy Speaker of the House of Lords; an office in which, during that and the two succeeding sessions, he devoted himself most assiduously to the hearing of appeals and writs of error, on those days in which the Lord Chancellor was engaged in the duties of the Court of Chancery, This was the result of an arrangement made by the House, in the session of 1823, for accelerating the disposal of a great arrear of causes, especially Scotch appeal causes, then pending. His Lordship was not less strenuous in his exertions to dispose of the numerous causes which were then before the Privy Council; it being one of the duties of the Master of the Rolls to preside at the hearing of such appeals.

In person, Lord Gifford, though well proportioned, was rather below the middle stature: his carriage was easy, his aspect mild without any admixture of weakness. His eye was quick and intelligent; his general manner and address calm, frank, and engaging. His understanding was clear and sound—his assiduity great, his temper immoveable, his integrity spotless.

Lord Gifford married, April 6, 1816, Harriet Maria, daughter of the Rev. Edward Drewe, of Broadhenbury, in the county of Devon, by whom he had issue—1. Robert Francis, his successor, born March 19, 1817;—2. John, born November 27, 1821;—3. Charlotte Dorothy;—4. Harriet Jane;—5. Caroline.

His Lordship left London on the 23d of August, for his residence on the marine parade, Dover. He was at that time labouring under a bilious attack, to which he was constitutionally liable; in other respects his health was good. On Saturday the 2d of September, however, symptoms of *cholera morbus* appeared; on Sunday, he became much worse; and, notwithstanding the unremitting exertions of his medical attendant, Mr. Sankey, he died at a little after six on Monday morning. On the morning of Sunday the 10th, his Lordship's remains, in a hearse drawn by four horses, followed by one mourning coach, arrived at the Rolls' house, in Chancery Lane, from Dover. The body was placed on tressels in the library, where, by his Lordship's particular desire, it remained without any state or pomp till Tuesday, the morning of its interment. The management of the funeral was entrusted to Mr. Lamb, of Dover. The police, under the command of Mr. Townsend, prevented the assembled crowd outside the gates from forcing their way into the yard. The number of persons admitted within the Rolls' chapel was small. At a little after one o'clock the plume bearer entered the chapel, and was immediately followed by the coffin, covered with black cloth, and bearing on its lid a brass plate with the following inscription:—

Depositum
ROBERTI BARONIS GIFFORD,
Sancti Leonardi
In comitatu Devoniæ,
Rotulorum Magistri,
Qui obiit 4to die Septembris,
Anno Domini MDCCCXXVI.
Annum Agens
Quadragesimum Octavum.

The pall was supported by the Lord Chancellor, Lord Chief Baron Shepherd (the Chief Baron of Scotland), Mr. Justice Bayly, and Mr. Justice Gaselee, on one side, and on the other, Lord Chief Justice Abbot, Lord Chief Justice Best, Sir Wm. Grant, and Mr. Justice Park. After the first part of the funeral service had been read, the body was removed to the vault, whither it was followed by Mr. W. Gifford and Mr. C. Gifford (the brothers of the deceased); Mr. Alderson, and Mr. E. Drewe; Sir James Mackintosh, and Mr. Drewe; Mr. Burford, and Mr. Rowe; Mr. Hine, and Mr. Sykes. In the body of the chapel, were the Attorney and Solicitor-General; Sir Charles Forbes, and Mr. Spencer; Mr. Serjeant Adams, Mr. Serjeant Cross, Mr. Dover, Mr. Harris, the Rev. Mr. Alderson, Mr. Mauld, Mr. Murray, Mr. Nane, Mr. Serjeant Rough, &c.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To J. C. Schwieso, Regent-street, musical instrument maker, for improvements on certain stringed musical instruments—Sealed 22d August; 6 months.

To T. Burstall, Leith, and J. Hill, Bath, Engineers, for improvemets in machinery for propelling loco-motive carriages—22d August; 6 months.

To F. Halliday, Esq., Ham, Surrey, for improvements in raising or forcing water—25th August; 6 months.

To W. Downe, Sen., Exeter, plumber and brass-founder, for improvements on water closets—25th August; 6 months.

To R. Busk, and W. K. Westly, Leeds, flax-spinners, for improvements in machinery for flecking or dressing, and for breaking scutching or cleaning hemp-flax or other fibrous substances—29th August; 6 months.

To W. Day, Strand, trunk and camp equipage maker, for improvements on bedsteads, which improvements are also applicable to other purposes—31st August; 6 months.

To T. R. Williams, Gent. Norfolk-street, Strand, for a machine for separating burs or other substances, from wool, hair, or fur—18th September; 2 months.

To T. R. Williams, Gent., Norfolk-street, Strand, for an improved method of manufacturing hats and caps, with the assistance of machinery—18th September; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in October 1812, *expire in the present month of October* 1826.

23. Francis Deakin, of Deritend Mills, Warwick, for *his new method of making knife, scissors, and various other cases or sheaths.*

23. Thomas Pardoe, London, for *a new method of working the patterns in Kidderminster or Scotch carpeting.*

31. John Lewis, London, for *improvement on horse-shoes and in shoeing horses.*

— William Congreve, London, for *an improved system of securing buildings, &c. from fire, and for raising water to the tops of buildings.*

— Edward Charles Howard, of Westbourn Green, for *a process of preparing and refining sugars.*

— Peter Nouaille, Greatness, near Sevenoaks, for *a method of saving water in mechanical and hydraulic purposes.*

— Benjamin Cook, Birmingham, for *an improved method of making window-blinds, fire-screens, doors, picture-frames, and various other useful and ornamental articles.*

— William Caslon, London, for *his improved printing-type.*

— Joseph Bramah, London, for *an improved system of constructing and arranging main and other pipes; for supplying towns, &c. with water, and applying the water so conveyed to a variety of other useful purposes.*

— Robert Salmon, Woburn, for *improved guards and shades for windows.*

— William Evetts Sheffield, London, for *improved apparatus and furnaces for separating metallic and other substances from their ores, or whatever may be combined with them.*

— Thomas Lea, Kidderminster, for *certain improvements in the making of carpets.*

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Rain has fallen in great abundance during the last month, and the nights have been often extremely cold. This state of the weather has, as usual, exerted an influence over the disorders of the human frame. The prevailing diseases of the month have been fever, rheumatism, sore throat, and cholera; and perhaps of all the catalogue of complaints, none could be mentioned which are more unequivocally connected with atmospheric influence.

The fever of the last month has been of a remarkably mild character. In the practice of a large public institution to which the reporter is attached (the St. George's and St. James's Dispensary), and which admits upon an average two hundred patients in a month, not a single instance has terminated unfavourably. Many cases indeed have

proved tedious, not having their crisis (or *turn*) till the twenty-first day; and a few have been even prolonged beyond this, by accompanying cough, but no alarming or *malignant* symptoms have in any one instance been witnessed. Languor and weakness were almost the only symptoms complained of; and with the single exception of cough, the reporter has not met with any *local* complications. No evidence more convincing could have been adduced of the *constitutional* origin of fever. There were not the smallest grounds for suspecting inflammations either of the brain or bowels, even in the most remote or *latent* degree. The disease affected every organ and function of the body *equally*, and therefore if any *seat* was to be assigned to it, a more appropriate one could not have been selected than that which the ancients devised,—the blood, which is so equally diffused over every part of the body. In the treatment of this fever, mild aperients during the whole course of the disease were found very useful, especially rhubarb. In its early stages, saline draughts with antimony, and in the latter the same in combination with ether, were freely given, and the uniformity of success afforded a sufficient proof of the sufficiency of this treatment. Where the cough was troublesome a blister was applied to the chest, but in general a mucilaginous mixture, with the syrup of poppies, removed the symptom.

The second form of epidemic ailment which the last month has produced is rheumatism, and the reporter has met with it in the several forms of acute rheumatic fever (confining the patient to his bed), of common rheumatism with *flying* pains, of lumbago, and sciatica. In every instance the disease could be manifestly traced to imprudent exposure to cold, although it must be confessed that, with very few exceptions, a *predisposition* to rheumatism existed from prior attacks of the disorder. This tendency of rheumatism to rivet itself in the habit, is perhaps the most unfavourable circumstance in the history of the disease, which, though always painful, and often tedious, never exhibits in its progress any thing of a dangerous or malignant character. The usual treatment has been successfully pursued by the reporter in those cases which have lately fallen under his care. The meadow-saffron has supported its reputation in those severer forms of the disorder which attack the *secreting* surfaces about joints; while in the lighter grades of the disease, where the muscles, ligaments, and other non-secreting structures are attacked, local stimuli in the form of spirituous embrocations, with Dover's powder, have afforded the requisite degree of relief. Bark was found serviceable in some of those cases where predisposition from previous attacks was most decisively manifest.

Sore throat has been so general during the past month as to merit especial notice, and in many of the cases which fell under the reporter's observation proved both troublesome and obstinate. The application of leeches to the throat, and under the angles of the lower jaw, afforded in several of these cases very prompt and effectual relief, and to all appearance prevented suppuration. The reporter is induced to mention this apparently trifling circumstance, because he finds it recorded as the opinion of a most eminent physician, the late Dr. Baillie, that such means very rarely prevent suppuration, but only tend to *protract* that issue, increasing thereby the length, without sensibly diminishing the *intensity* of the patient's sufferings; in one case, where matter had decidedly formed, the bursting of the abscess was promoted by the operation of an emetic.

Cholera has been fully as common during this as the preceding month, and it has maintained very much of the same mild character. In its treatment, medicines of very opposite qualities have been found serviceable. One gentleman has subdued some very severe cases by ten grains of calomel; another trusts, with equal confidence, to small dozes of laudanum; while in the reporter's practice, nothing has proved so effectual as ether and aromatic confection given in peppermint water. The true reason of these apparent differences will probably be found in the natural mildness of the epidemic. The evacuations, which constitute the disease, are sufficient to rid the system of the noxious cause, without entailing any formidable consequences. Hence it happens, that after the lapse of a certain number of hours, the medicine first given has the credit of removing the disorder.

While the reporter has the satisfaction of recording, in this manner, the comparative mildness of the principal *epidemics* of the season, it becomes his duty, at the same time, to notice the prevalence of some other disorders in which a similar result has unhappily not been observable. Affections of the head have been rather more general than usual, and two of those, under the reporter's care, have proved fatal. Consumption too, in spite of the season, has continued to hurry off its victims. The reporter has lost three during the past month, The extraordinary prevalence of this deplorable malady had previously attracted his attention, and been noticed in the pages of this Journal. The utmost efforts of art appear to be unavailing, in stemming the advances of this insidious disease, which almost appears to increase, in proportion as the improving skill of the physician arrests the progress of other disorders.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, September 23, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

Harvest has now become matter of history; and as its details have already been ample, little now remains by way of an appendix. The wheat crop, on rich or moist and well-tilled soils, is not only one of the largest usual acreable produce, but plump in kernel and fine in quality: on soils of inferior description, cold or arid, and poor, though the quantity be yet considerable, the grain is small aud flinty, or long, and likely to make plenty of bran. All being dry, will weigh well in proportion, the superior capitally. In some of the northern counties, there is more than the usual quantity of smut in the wheat. We doubt not that such a crop of wheat as this, aided by one equally good of potatoes, would feed Britain and Ireland during two years. Potatoes, barley, oats, and even peas, it may be hoped, will prove beyond expectation. On the fine barley soils, there is nearly, if not fully, an average crop, the quality superior. Of oats nearly the same, but to a less extent. There are even, but they do not abound, satisfactory crops of peas; but the beans, with few exceptions, are of low and bad report, to wit, many were planted, none gathered. Straw fodder abounds, or is deficient, on the different soils above described. There was a crop of grass on rich graminous soils, and on boggy lands a large growth of unusual good quality. Much grass was left for late mowing, and on the whole, the weather has been favourable. As to the crop of Hops, whether with respect to quantity or quality, that of the year 26, it seems, is to stand red-lettered in the calendar.

This harvest, perhaps the quickest, safest, and least expensive within memory, has, in course, afforded the longest interval between that and wheat sowing; which, from the arid state of those lands where the process usually takes place the earliest, will on those be considerably later than usual. The interval has been one of great business, since the rains have been sufficient and effective; ploughing, and the lands work most kindly, sowing turnips and grasses on the stubbles, also rape, rye, and all the usual crops for winter and spring food. Stock farmers, aware of the probable or certain exigencies of the ensuing seasons, are exerting themselves with the utmost diligence in this provident course. For a spring supply there is little fear, but should the autumn prove unfavourable, the late sown turnips will scarcely repay the expence. Stock feeders should provide a larger supply of mangel-wurtzel in all seasons, more certain than any species of turnip; but they improvidently shy at the trouble of drawing,, and the comparatively inconsiderable expense of that and stacking. There is necessarily a good deal of selfsown corn, in a fine and dry harvest, and we have known such, both oats and barley, kept for a crop and succeed. It will now produce a refreshing bite for cattle in the stubbles. There will also be a considerable quantity of autumnal grass, but its nature is weak and washy, and little hay can be spared wherewith to qualify it. Should any cattle cabbage, an article of culture indeed not so much in use as in former days, have survived the drought, it will be invaluable. The leyre of clover and grasses, ploughed once, to be broad-cast with wheat, will be choaked with weeds and rubbish. Such lands should ever be drilled at *twelve* inch intervals.

The exceeding distress in various districts for want of water during the summer, suffered by cattle and sheep feeders, and their great losses by consequent premature sales, need not be repeated, unless to some useful purpose. There are certainly some such localities where wells might be sunk; and we recollect, many years since, an experiment of that kind which proved eminently successful. Water even for culinary purposes was deficient, and the water mills became useless. Wind and water are both uncertain, but we suppose steam would be too expensive for corn mills, unless on a very large scale.

Fat meat must bear a high price during a considerable season, from its scarcity, and the price it has and will cost the feeder; but stores, hitherto so depressed, will mend in price as keep increases. Pork and bacon must be dear. Game is in vast plenty, and how is the public need to be supplied but through the medium of poachers and their town connections, whilst that odious rag of feudality, the game laws, is suffered to exist by the disgraceful and unpatriotic acquiescence of the English people, a single puff of whose breath would blow it into air? The horse trade has suffered no variation, good ones for saddle and quick draught obtain a high price. The rage for buying Belgic locusts, as Marshall formerly styled the heavy cart horses of that country, has completely subsided, and the commodity depreciated nearly cent. per cent., after the traffic had made the fortune of many an active dealer. It is to be regretted that the prejudice against draught oxen is so general in this country; and hoped that Mr. Huskisson, who farms in a county where ox-labour is practised, either does or will set the patriotic example. The price of long wool is rather moving. We have supposed, right or wrong, that hitherto the supply of poultry in the metropolis has not, this year, been so large, nor the quantity so good as in former years. The public papers have lately given the following sickening piece of information. Geese, it is well known, are unmercifully plucked alive, several times a year. After the last plucking, near Langport, Devon, the geese were turned out naked upon the common, though the weather was chilly and the wind in

the E.N.E. The rain descended in torrents at night, and of the flocks of one neighbourhood only, nearly two thousand geese were found dead in the morning, leaving a further considerable number with small hope of recovery—a just reward for such a thick-sculled and inhuman procedure. The drought-murrain among the cattle appeared in some parts of the country, but fortunately to no great extent. As a fruit season, the present has seldom been exceeded, though the worm has been busy. Perhaps a greater quantity of grapes has never been produced in this country. Of apples the crop is abundant, abounding, however, unthriftly, in tasteless and useless rubbish; whilst our fine flavoured and useful ancient species have been strangely, and on flimsy reasons, neglected. We have seen no foreign apples yet. The useful article mushrooms is in great plenty, and cheap.

The stock of old wheat in the country is said to be yet considerable, and the growers have thus far held up their wool universally, with much energy and perseverance, resisting the low prices offered. There is great apprehension in the country from the approach of winter, on account of the vast number of both agricultural and manufacturing labourers unemployed; and the farmers will do well to engage as great a number as possible in cleaning and improving their land, most necessary and profitable labour, which has, even in the best times, been greatly neglected. There seems a general assurance that the new corn-bill will shortly become a law. The plan of the ministers has been some time before the public, and seems to meet no objection. Indeed, administration are not more spurred on by their own political economical enthusiasm, than by the loud cheers of the great majority of the people, who naturally enough feel indignant that, in this boasted land of liberty, they should be interdicted the important privilege of laying out their own money for the staff of life at the cheapest market. May the abolition of this be a prelude to the timely abolition of both East and West India, and of all other monopolies—Amen!

Smithfield.—Beef, 4*s.* 4*d.* to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 8*d.*—Lamb, 4*s.* 9*d.* to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Veal, 4*s.* 4d. to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 8*d.* to 6*s.* and 6*s.* 6*d.*—Raw Fat, per stone, 2*s.* 4*d.*

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 42*s.* to 67*s.*—Barley, 30*s.* to 42*s.*—Oats, 24*s.* to 38*s.*—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9½*d.*—Hay, 60*s.* to 115*s.*—Clover, ditto 80*s.* to 135*s.*—Straw, 28*s.* 6*d.* to 42*s.*

Coals in the Pool, 25*s.* 6*d.* to 36*s.* 9*d.*

Middlesex, September 22*d*, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—Since our last report there is little or no alteration in the prices of cotton, but the market for manufactured goods at Manchester has rather improved of late in consequence of the fairs of Frankfort, Leipsic, &c. now going on; a fall of 10 per cent. under last year's prices have taken place all over Germany.

Coffee—Continues dull and heavy, Jamaica 45s. to 67s.: Dutch 50s. to 70s.; Mocha 77s. to 86s. per cwt.

Sugar—Remains steady and in good demand, and refined loaves for exportation are inquired for, and such quality it is expected will, between this time and Christmas, advance considerably, as the large stock on hand will be partly exhausted.

Rum.—Of fine quality and full strength are in demand, but Leeward Island may be bought at 1s. 8d. to 1s. 10d. per gallon in bond.

Indigos.—Of good quality are in demand for exportation at an advance on the sale price of 2d. to 3d. per lb.

Tea.—The September sale has gone off brisker than was expected by the trade, and better prices for tea of superior quality; low teas, as Bohea, Congou, &c. sold at reduced prices.

Spices—Are rather dull, black pepper in bond 3½d. to 3¾d. per lb.; nutmegs 1s. 10d. to 2s.; mace 3s. 6d. to 4s.; cloves 1s. 10d. to 2s. per lb.; and few orders for exportation, leaving a large and heavy stock on hand.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow—Remain without any alteration since our last report.

Oil.—The prices of this article is unsettled, and it is expected that a considerable advance is likely to take place before Christmas.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 8.—Rotterdam, 12. 9.—Antwerp 12. 9.—Hamburg, 37. 7.—Altona, 37. 8.—Paris, 25. 95. — Bourdeaux, 25. 95. — Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 156.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 26.—Trieste, 0 — Madrid, 34½.— Cadiz, 34¾.—Bilboa, 34½.—Barcelona, 34¾. — Seville, 34¾.—Gibraltar, 45.—Leghorn, 47—Genoa, 43.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38.—Palermo, 114.—Lisbon, 50.—Oporto, 50.—Rio Janeiro, 41½.—Bahia, 45.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 14*s.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9*d.*—Silver in bars, standard 4*s.* 11*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Barnsley CANAL, 275*l.*—Birmingham, 255*l.*—Derby, 200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 105*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—Grand Junction, 265*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 375*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 800*l.*—Neath, 335*l.*—Oxford, 640*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 800*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.*—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 3*l.* dis.—Guardian, 15½*l.*—Hope, 4½*l.*—Sun Fire, 0*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 157*l.*—British, 14*l.* dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Our literary report is more voluminous this month than last, and we trust it may be taken as an auspicious omen of the revival of the Book trade. The list of Historical Works in preparation are numerous.

Messrs. Longman announce Memoirs of the Court of Queen Ann, by a Lady. Mr. Roscoe is also engaged on the same subject for Mr. Colbourn.

Mr. Sharon Turner is nearly ready with his New History of the Reign of Henry VIII., which will form the first part of the Modern History of England.

Mr. Hawkesworth has been for some time employed in collecting materials for a History of France from the earliest period.

Mrs. Markham is also preparing a History of France, on the same plan as her History of England.

Mr. Hallam has a work of English History in the press, in two vols. 4to.

Dr. Lingard is preparing a Vindication of certain passages in his History of England, in answer to certain strictures which have appeared in some late publications.

Mr. Murray is about to publish the Letters, Memoirs, &c. &c. of General Wolfe.

The Second Volume of Cradock's Memoirs is in a state of forwardness; and will consist of the Author's Tour in France, during the years 1783-4-5.

A Narrative of an Excursion from Corfu to Smyrna; comprising a Tour through part of Albania, and the North of Greece. With some account of the ancient and present state of Athens. By T. R. Jolliffe, in one Volume 8vo. Will shortly appear.

Sir Walter Scott's Life of Napoleon will consist of six volumes. The first two are preliminary, and the last four are devoted to the Life. Nearly three volumes are completed, and it is said Mr. Constable will be the publisher.

Mr. John Taylor, author of "Monsieur Tonson," and late proprietor of the Sun newspaper, intends publishing a volume of Poems by subscription.

Proposals are issued for publishing by subscription a new edition of a Treatise on Music. By the late Wm. Jones, of Nayland, in imperial 8vo. The music will be engraved with peculiar neatness and elegance, and each subscriber is to be furnished with an additional set of the plates gratis.

A new edition of Vesey's Chancery Reports is now at press, and is expected to be ready for publication in Trinity Term next.

The tenth and concluding number of the Provincial Antiquities and Picturesque Scenery of Scotland, with descriptive illustrations by Sir Walter Scott, Bart. will shortly be published.

The second edition of Dr. Pritchard's Researches into the Physical History of Mankind, much enlarged, in 2 vols. 8vo. with plates, is nearly ready for publication.

Alexander Morrison, M.D. has in the press, Outlines of Lectures on Mental Diseases.

A translation from the German of St. Clauren's Swiss tale "Liesli," will shortly appear.

The second volume of Tinkowski's Mission to China, is in the press.

Protestant Union, or a Treatise of True Religion, Heresy, Schism, Toleration, and what best means may be used against the growth of Popery; by John Milton; is nearly ready.

Early in November will be published the English Gentleman's Literary Manual, or a view of a Library of Standard English Literature, with Notices Biographical and Critical, including many curious original Anecdotes of Eminent Literary Men of the Eighteenth Century, with estimates for furnishing Libraries, and a list of books adapted for persons going abroad, regimental libraries, &c.

The author of the Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages unlocked, is preparing for publication, The Gate to the Hebrew, Arabic, Samaritan, and Syriac unlocked, by a new and easy method, with Biographical notices of celebrated Oriental scholars, and interesting collections relative to Oriental Literature, for the use of Biblical Students.

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany. By the author of "Recollections of the Peninsula," "Sketches of India," "Scenes and Impressions in Egypt and Italy," and "Story of a Life."

It is proposed to publish in quarterly parts, in royal 4to. Illustrations of Ornithology; in which is to be given Coloured Plates of Birds, accompanied by Descriptions, including their generic and specific characters, references to the best figures of those already published, and occasional remarks on the nature, habits, and comparative anomaly of the species.

The Forget me not—the Literary Souvenir—the Friendship'sOffering—and the Amulet, for 1827—are announced, by their respective editors, as in a state of forwardness; and from their lists of contributions from writers of first-rate celebrity, and of embellishments by artists of acknowledged merit, we doubt not but that they will obtain that approbation from the public which it appears they have so diligently endeavoured to gain.

Nearly ready, in a neat Pocket Volume, 18mo., The Cabinet Lawyer, or Popular Digest of the Laws of England; with a Dictionary of Law-Terms, Maxims, Acts of Parliament, and Judicial Antiquities.

A portrait of the Right Hon. the Countess of Warwick, from a miniature by Hayter.

Self Examinations, in Algebra; the second part by Muir Hirsch; translated by the Rev. J. A. Ross, A.M., will be published this Month.

Sketches of Ireland, descriptive of interesting and hitherto unnoticed districts in the North, West and South, containing "Ten Days in Munster," "Three Weeks in Donegal," "A Day at Cape Clear," "A Ten Days' Tour from Cape Clear to Killarney," &c., &c., will appear in November. 1 vol. post 8vo

"The Irish Pulpit," a collection of original Sermons contributed by Clergymen of the Established Church of Ireland; in 1 vol. 8vo. is nearly ready.

A small volume entitled "Sacred Specimens from the Early E glish Poets," by the Rev. John Mitford, will shortly appear, and will contain a variety of devotional pieces selected from the poetical literature of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries.

A complete Index to Howell's State Trials, arranged by a professional gentleman, on a very comprehensive plan, is in the press.

The General Index to Dodsley's Annual Register, from the commencement of the work, is very nearly ready for publication.

Mr. Gamble has in the press a new edition, in a considerably improved form, of his Sketches in Dublin and the North of Ireland.

A translation, from the German, of a work by the celebrated Sturm, hitherto unknown in this country, and entitled "Contemplations on the Sufferings of Jesus Christ," has been undertaken by Mr. Johnson, whose translation of the "Morning Communings," of the same author, has experienced so favourable a reception. It may be expected to appear in the course of a few weeks, and will contain a biographical memoir of Sturm, drawn up by the translator,

Synonyms of the Spanish Language explained and elucidated, by copious Extracts from the most approved Spanish Poets, intended as an Appendix to English-Spanish Dictionaries. By L. J. A. McHenry, a native of Spain, author of an improved Spanish Grammar, &c.

In the press, a second edition of Ellis's Tour through Hawaii, or Owhyhee, with additions.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Bishop Hall, his Life and Times; or Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Sufferings of the Right Rev. Joseph Hall, D.D., Bishop of Norwich; with a view of the Times in which he lived, and an Appendix, containing some of his unpublished Writings. By the Rev. John Jones, of Cradley, Worcestershire. 8vo. 14s.

Vol. I. of a General Biographical Dictionary; to be completed in Two Volumes. 8vo. 15s. boards.

BOTANY.

Part I. of Sweet's Hortus Britannicus; or a Catalogue of all Plants cultivated or known in Great Britain. Arranged according to their natural orders, with Reference to the Linnean Classes and Orders, their Scientific and English Names, where native, when introduced, time of Flowering, Duration, &c. &c. By Robert Sweet, F.L.S. 10s. 6d.

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The Gate to the French, Italian, and Spanish Languages unlocked, by a new method of acquiring the Accidence. 2s. 6d.

A Greek and English Dictionary, comprising all the words in the writings of the most popular Greek Authors, and in the Septuagint, arranged alphabetically. 8vo. 15s. boards.

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The Hecuba of Euripides, with English Notes. By the Rev. J. R. Major. 5s.

Le Traducteur Parisien; or, the Art of Rendering French into English; consisting of a collection of Anecdotes, &c., &c., &c. By M. Louis Fenwick, de Porquet. 12mo. 6s. 6d.

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The History of Scotland, from the earliest period to the middle of the Ninth Century. By the Rev. Alexander Low, A.M. 8vo. 12s. 6d.

Topographical Sketches of North Wiltshire; comprising Historical and Descriptive Accounts of its Antiquities, Towns, Villages, Seats, &c. By J. Britton, F.S.A. &c. 8vo. £1. 11s. 6d.

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On Galvanism, with Observations on its Chymical Properties and Medical Efficacy in Chronic Diseases, with Practical Illustrations. Also Remarks on some Auxiliary Remedies, with Plates. By M. La Beaume. Price 7s.

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POLITICAL APPOINTMENTS.

Sir John S. Copley, Knt. to be Master or Keeper of the Rolls and Records of the Court of Chancery, in the room of Lord Gifford deceased.

H. S. Fox, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Naples.

C. M. St. George, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Turin.

Hon. J. A. D. Bloomfield, to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Stockholm.

G. H. Seymour, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Stutgardt.

J. R. Milbanke, Esq. to be Secretary to His Majesty's Legation at Frankfort.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

2 *Life Gu.*—Capt. W. Milligan, from h. p., Capt. v. J. R. Broadhead, who exch., rec. dif., 22 July; Corn. and Sub-Lt. G. T. Bulkeley, Lt. by purch., v. Milligan prom., 22 July; T. Hare, Corn. and Sub-Lt., v. Davidson prom., 3 July; M. Ricardo, Corn. and Sub-Lt., v. Bulkeley, 22 July.

R. Horse Gu.—Corn. and Riding-mast. T. Brunt, rank of Lt., 31 July; T. O. Gascoigne, Corn. by purch., v. Lord C. J. F. Russell prom., 31 Aug.

1 *Dr. Gu.*—Capt. W. C. Smith, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Randall, who exch., rec. dif., 31 Aug.

2 *Dr. Gu.*—Lt. T. E. Campbell, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Collins, who exch. rec. dif., 17 Aug.; Paymast. C. J. Furlong, from 96 F., Paymast., v. T. Hay, who reverts to his former h. p., 10 Aug.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—Capt. G. Todd, from h. p., Capt., v. C. Frost, who exch. rec. dif., 10 Aug.; Lt. G. Mecham, Capt. by purch., v. Mercer prom.; Corn. T. Arthur, Lt. by purch., v. Mecham; F. J. W. Collingwood, Corn. by purch., v. Arthur, all 19 Sept.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—H. W. Atkinson, Corn. by purch., v. King prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. C. Hickman, Adj., v. Daniel, who res. Adjtcy. only, 17 Aug.

1 *Dr.*—H. Trafford, Corn. by purch., v. Stracey prom., 17 Aug.; Corn. J. S. Pitman, Lt. by purch., v. Markham prom., 31 Aug.; W. R. Sands, Corn. by purch., v. Petre prom., 17 Aug.

2 *Dr.*—G. Watts, Veterinary Surg., v. Trigg dec., 11 May.

6 *Dr.*—Corn. J. Waddington, Lt. by purch., v. Gilliess prom., 29 Aug.; Corn. W. J. Hooper, from 13 L. Dr., Corn. by purch., v. Waddington prom., 29 Aug.

3 *L. Dr.*—Lt. C. Phillipps, Capt. by purch., v. Jackson, who rets.; Corn. G. H. Lockwood, Lt. by purch., v. Phillipps, W. J. Downes, Corn., by purch., v. Phillipps, all 10 Aug.; Serj. Maj. F. Jackson, Adj., with rank of Corn., v. Baker, prom., 2 Aug.

4 *L. Dr.*—Corn. R. Gumbleton, Lt. by purch., v. Agnew prom.; E. Ellis, Corn. by purch., v. Upton prom., both 24 Aug.

9 *L. Dr.*—Lt. Hon. G. Vaughan, Capt. by purch., v. Browne prom.; Corn. A. C. Williams, Lt. by purch., v. Vaughan, both 29 Aug.; Lt J. A. Fullerton, Capt. by purch., v. Mallory prom.; Corn. N. Weekes, Lt. by purch., v. Fullerton, both 19 Sept.; J. H. Grant, Corn. by purch., v. Williams prom., 29 Aug.; J. Menzies, Corn. by purch., v. Weekes, 19 Sept.

10 *L. Dr.*—Lt. G. L. L. Kaye, Capt. by purch., v. Harvey who rets., 24 Aug.; Corn. S. C. Oliver, Lt. by purch., v. Kaye, 31 Aug.; As. Surg. J. Riach, from 63 F., As. Surg., v. Rogers prom. 24 Aug.

12 *L. Dr.*—Lt. W. Parlby, Capt. by purch., v. Lane prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. J. A. M'Douall, from h. p., Lt., v. W. Hyde, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Sept.; Corn. E. Pole, Lt. by purch., v, Parlby, 19 Sept.

13 *L. Dr.*—T. J. Parker, Corn. by purch., v. Brown prom., 10 Aug.; Corn. T. Benson, Lt. by purch., v. Maitland prom., 24 Aug.; Lt. and Qu. Mast. R. Taggart, from 53 F., Qu. Mast.; v. Minchin, who exch., 7 Sept.

14 *L. Dr.*—Corn. C. Delmé, Lt. by purch., v. Rooke prom.; Corn. E. Tenison. Corn. by purch., v. Delmé, both 29 Aug.

15 *L. Dr.*—Lt. G. P. Rose, Capt. by purch., v. M'Alpine prom.; Corn. A. F. Blyth, Lt. by purch., v. Rose, both 29 Aug.; C. H. T. Hecker, Corn. by purch., v. Blyth prom., 29 Aug.

16 *L. Dr.*—Corn. E. B. Bere, Lt. by purch., v. Collins prom., 29 Aug.

17 *L. Dr.*—Lt. G. T. Greenland, Capt. by purch., v. Adams prom., 15 Aug.; Corn. C. Forbes, Lt. by purch., v. Greenland, 15 Aug.; Corn. H. Witham, Lt. by purch., v. Pole prom., 17 Aug.; W. H Percy, Corn. by purch., v. Forbes, 15 Aug.; W. R. Sands, Corn. by purch., v. Witham, 17 Aug.; W. H. Tonge, Corn. by purch., v. Sands, whose app. has not taken place, 17 Aug.

1 or *F. Gu.*—Ens. and Lt. J. R. Craufurd, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Clive, prom., 19 Sept.; Sub-Lt. Hon. G. H. Ongley, from 2 Life Gu., Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Craufurd, 19 Sept.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—I. Hobhouse, Ens. and Lt. by purch. v. Dent prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. Col. T. Chaplin, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. H. Dawkins, who exch., 31 Aug.

1 *F.*—H. A. Kerr, Ens. by purch., v. Ford prom., 17 Aug.

2 *F.*—Lt. W. Cockell, from 14 F., Capt. by purch., v. Mitchell prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. N. H. J. Westley, Lt. by purch., v. King prom.; J. Walton, Ens. by purch., v. Westley, both 24 Aug.

3 *F.*—Capt. W. T. R. Smith, from 12 F., Capt., v. Patton, who exch., 16 Aug.

5 *F.*—Lt. F. G. Dewry, Capt., v. Mackenzie, dec.; Ens. E. H. Dodd, Lt., v. Dewry, both 10 Aug.; J. Atkinson, Ens., by purch., v. Mayne prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. W. C. Mayne, from h. p., Lt., paying dif., v. Dodd, app. to 29 F., 7 Sept.; R. Foot, Ens. by purch., v. D'Anvers, prom., 11 July.

6 *F.*—Lt. C. L. Martin, Capt. by purch., v. Eden prom.; Ens. C. Crofton, Lt. by purch., v. Martin; W. Johnson, Ens. by purch., v. Crofton, both 29 Aug.

7 *F.*—Capt. Lord F. Lennox, from h. p., Capt. v. Brine prom., 19 Sept.

9 *F.*—Lt. P. R. Browne, Capt. by purch., v. Fraser prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. H. R. Duff, Lt. by purch., v. Cox, app. to 35 F., 15 Aug.; Ens. B. H. Heathcote, Lt. by purch., v. Browne, 29 Aug.; J. A. Woolls, Ens. by purch., v. Duff, 17 Aug.; L. Fyler, Ens. by purch., v. Heathcote prom., 7 Sept.

10 *F.*—Lt. J. Goode, from h. p. 3 W. I. Regt., Lt., v. W. N. Thomas, who exch., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. Wilmot, Lt. by purch., v. Hemmings, prom. in 25 F., 7. Sept.; E. Cates, Ens. by purch., v. Wilmot, 7 Sept.

11 *F.*—Ens. H. O'Neill, Lt. by purch., v. England prom., G. H. Eddy, Ens. by purch., v. O'Neill, both 29 Aug.

12 *F.*—Capt. J. Patton, from 3 F., Capt., v. Smith, who exch., 16 Aug.

13 *F.*—Ensign W. Chambre, Lt. by purch., v. Wingfield, prom.; W. Rawlins, Ens. by purch., v. Chambre, both 17 Aug.

14 *F.*—Gen. T. Lord Lynedoch, from 58 F., Col. v. Gen. Sir H. Calvert, dec. 6 Sept.

15 *F.*—Lt. H. Gage, Capt. by purch., v. Bannister, who retires; Ens. J. Lawson, Lt. by purch., v. Gage, both 17 Aug.; Ens. C. Cooke, Lt. by purch, v. Thorold, prom., 19 Sept.; G. Pinder, Ens. by purch., v. Lawson prom., 24 Aug.; As. Surg. J. M. Bartley, from 71 F., Surg., v, Punshon, who rets on h. p., 31 Aug.

16 *F.*—Ens. J. Lane, from h. p. 3 R. Vet. Bat., Ens., v. Croker, prom. in 91 F., 24 Aug.

17 *F.*—Lt. C. Forbes, Capt. by purch., v. Campbell prom. in 19 F.; Ens. J. Henry, Lt. by purch., v. Forbes; J. H. Allez, Ens. by purch. v. Henry, all 29 Aug.; Capt. W. Eccles, from h. p., Capt. v. J. Hawkins, who exch.; rec. dif., 7 Sept.

18 *F.*—Brev. Lt. Col. W. Riddall, from 99 F., Maj., v. Goorequer prom., 10 Aug.

19 *F.*—Capt. D. Campbell, from 17 F., Maj. by purch., v. Pipon, app. to 26 F., 29 Aug.; Capt. J. H. Slade, from 2 Ceyl. Regt., Capt., v. May app. to 41 F., 10 Aug.; Capt. W. Black, from h. p., Capt. v. Raper prom., 17 Aug.; Lieut. C. Yeoman, from h. p. Royal Artil., Lt., v. A. G. Morehead, who rets. on h. p., 10 Aug.; Lt. C. C. Hay, Capt by purch., v. Gordon prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. J. Edwards, from 76 F., Lt. v. Michell, who exch., 24 Aug.; Lt. J. F. Wilson, from 4 Ceyl. Regt., Lt., v. Tydd, who exch., 7 Sept.; Ens. T. Atkins, Lt., v. Hay, 19 Sept.; R. Stansfield, Ens. by purch., v. Atkins, 19 Sept.; Lt. R. Chambers, adj., v. Tydd, who resigns adjtcy. only, 7. Sept.

22 *F.*—Capt. J. Stewart, Maj. by purch., v. Fleming prom.; Capt. T. Harrison, from h. p., Capt., v. Stewart, both 19 Sept.

23 *F.*—Capt. W. Ross, Maj. by purch., v. Anderson prom.; Lt. T. Matheson, Capt. by purch., v. Ross; 2d Lt. R. K. Elliott, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Matheson, all 29 Aug.; J. Lindsay, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Elliott prom., 29 Aug.

24 *F.*—Ens. N. Leslie, Lt. by purch., v. Campbell prom., 19 Sept.

25 *F.*—Maj. D. Denham, from h. p., Maj., v. Macdonell prom.; Capt. B. Morris, from h. p., Capt., v. Massey, app. to Cape Corps of Cav.; Lt. W. Hemmings, from 10 F., Capt. by purch., v. Holford, prom., all 19 Sept.; As. Surg. C. Whyte, from 61 F., Surg., v. Melville prom., 24 Aug.

26 *F.*—Maj. G. Pipon, from 19 F., Maj., v. Pringle prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. W. H. Sitwell, Capt. by purch., v. Brookes app. to 62 F.; Ens. J. Maule, Lt. by purch., v. Sitwell; C. W. Coombe, Ens. by purch., v. Maule, all 30 Aug.; Capt. T. Park, from 71 F., Capt., v. Stewart, who exch., 31 Aug.; Lt. J. Guthrie, from h. p., Lt., v. C. W. Thomas, who exch., rec. dif., 30 Aug.; J. W. Battie, Ens. by purch., v. Guthrie prom., 29 Aug.; Maj. E. Witty, from h. p., Paym., v. H. Pollock, 7 Sept.

27 *F.*—Lt. M. C. Johnston, Capt. by purch., v. Bogue prom.; Ens. W. Butler, Lt. by purch., v. Johnston; E. Nash, Ens. by purch., v. Butler, all 19 Sept.

28 *F.*—Lt. J. A. Messiter, Capt. by purch, v. Gilbert, prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. J. E. Acklom, Lt. by purch., v. Gammell prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. B. Broadhead, Lt. by purch., v. Messiter, 20 Sept.; G. Symons, Ens. by purch., v. Broadhead, 20 Sept.

29 *F.*—Paym. N. Farwell, from 19 F., Paymaster, v. Wild, who rets. on h. p., 25 May; Lt. E. H. Dodd, from 5 F., Lt., v. J. C. Sullivan, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif., 7 Sept.

31 *F.*—R. Norman, Ens. by purch., v. Wetenhall prom., 7 Sept.

32 *F.*—Lt. E. Shewell, Capt. by purch., v. Molyneaux prom.; Ens. T. C. Crawford, Lt. by purch., v. Shewell; R. M. Warwick, Ens, by purch., v. Crawford, all 29 Aug.

33 *F.*—Lt. W. Payne, from 75 F., Lt., v. Elliott prom., 10 Aug.

35 *F.*—Lt. D. L. Cox, from 9 F., Lt., v. Smith prom. in 37 F., 15 Aug.; Lt. N. R. Tomkins, Capt. by purch., v. Hodgson prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. T. Christmas, Lt. by purch.; v. Tomkins, 19 Sept.

36 *F.*—Ens. P. Murray, Lt. by purch., v. Cross prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. G. Wynne, from h. p., Lt., v. F. Liardet, who exch., rec. dif., 20 Sept.; A. Nugent, Ens. by purch., v. Murray prom., 7 Sept.

37 *F.*—Capt. T. Eastwood, from h. p., Capt., v. Browne, 29 Aug.; J. Burke, Ens. by purch., v. Burke, who rets., 24 Sept.; J. Worth, Ens. by purch., v. Romilly app. to 90 F., 24 Sept.

38 *F.*—Capt. C. Grant, from h. p. 6 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Blackett, whose app. has not taken place, 10 Aug.

39 *F.*—Ens. R. Douglas, Lt., v. Smith dec.; Ens. J. L. Ormsby, from 1 W. I. Regt., Ens., v. Douglas, both 10 Aug.; L. Maule, Ens. by purch., v. Foot, whose app. has not taken place, 24 Sept.

40 *F.*—Lt. J. B. Oliver, from h. p., Lt., v. R. Olpherts, who exch., rec. dif., 20 Sept.; H. R. Connor, Ens. by purch., v. Oliver prom., 19 Sept.

41 *F.*—Capt. J. F. May, from 19 F., Capt., v. J. Corfield, who rets. on h. p. 2 Ceyl. Regt., 10 Aug.; Lt. A. Glen, from h. p. 1 F., Lt., v. A. Tucker, who exch.; Ens A. W. Horne, from 98 F., Lt. by purch., v. Childers prom., both 17 Aug.

42 *F.*—Capt. W. Middleton, Maj. by purch., v. Brander prom., 15 Aug.; Lt. R. D. Macdonald, Capt. by purch., v. Middleton, 15 Aug.; Capt. W. Murray, from h. p. Capt., v. Doherty prom., 29 Aug; Ens. D. A. Cameron, Lt., v. Macdonald, 15 Aug; A. Inglis, Ens., v. Cameron, 15 Aug.

43 *F.*—J. Ford, Ens. by purch., v. Burslem prom. in 44 F., 7 Sept.

44 *F.*—G. G. B. Lowther, Ens. by purch., v. Dallway, prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. W. T. P. Shortt, from h. p., Lt., v. H. J. Shaw, who exch., 31 Aug.; Ens. G. J. Burslem, from 43 F., Lt. by purch., v. M'Crea, whose prom. by purch. has not taken place, 31 Aug.

45 *F.*—Ens. F. Pigott, Lt. by purch., v. Trevelyan prom., 19 Sept.; W. Elliott, Ens. by purch., v. Pigott, 19 Sept.

46 *F.*—Capt. M. Willock, from Vet. Comps., in Newfoundland, Capt., v. Chalmers, whose app. has not taken place, 7 Sept.

49 *F.*—Lt. C. M. Burrows, from R. Afr. Col. Corps, Lt., v. Eastwood dec., 17 Aug; Capt. W. H. Ball, from h. p., Capt., v. Dunne prom., 19 Sept.

50 *F.*—Lt. H. Gill, Capt. by purch., v. Shaw, who rets., 7 Sept.

51 *F.*—U. Williamson, Ens. by purch., v. Auldjo prom. 29 Aug.

52 *F.*—G. M. Yorke, Ens., v. Forbes prom. in 7 F. 10 Aug.

53 *F.*—Ens. E. Delmé, Lt. by purch., v. Hill prom.; R. S. Orlebear, Ens. by purch., v. Delmé, both 29 Aug.; Qu. Mast. W. Minchin, from 13 L. Dr., Qu. Mast., v. Taggart, who exch. 7 Sept

54 *F.*—Lt. J. Clarke, Capt. by purch., v. Arnaud, prom. 29 Aug.

55 *F.*—Maj. C. Mills, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Skerrett, who rets.; Capt. P. E. Craigie, Maj. by purch., v. Mills; Lt. R. Ficklin, Capt. by purch., v. Craigie; Ens. C. C. Ebrington, Lt. by purch., v. Ficklin, all 10 Aug.; M. Wilson, Ens., v. Bowles prom. in 7 F. 9 Aug.; W. Thorpe, Ens., v. Ebrington 10 Aug.

56 *F.*—Ens. T. Egar, from h. p., Ens., v. J. Smith, who exch., rec. dif. 7 Sept.

57 *F.*—Ens. A. Robertson, Lt. by purch., v. May prom. in 19 F.; R. Alexander, Ens. by purch., v. Robertson, both 31 Aug.

58 *F.*—Ens. D. Robertson, Lt., v. Bell dec. 17 Aug.; W. F. Campbell, Ens., v. Robertson 17 Aug.; Maj. Gen. Lord F. Bentinck, Col., v. Lord Lynedoch, app. to Com. of 14 F. 6 Sept.

59 *F.*—Ens. G. N. Harwood, Lt. by purch., v. Arnold, who rets.; C. Hare, Ens. by purch., v. Harwood, both 24 Aug.

60 *F.*—Capt. C. Chichester, Maj. by purch., v. Pearse prom. 29 Aug.; Lt. G. Fothergill, Capt. by purch., v. Chichester, 29 Aug.; Lt. H. Croby, from h. p., Lt., paying dif., v. J. T. Evans, app. to 69 F. 7 Sept.; R. Atkins, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Hay prom. in 41 F. 24 Aug.

61 *F.*—Capt. J. Wolfe, Maj. by purch., v. Greene who rets., 10 Aug.; Lt. G. T. Parke, Capt. by purch., v. Wolfe, 10 Aug.; Ens. R. H. O'R. Hoey, Lt. by purch., v. Parke 17 Aug.; R. Gloster, Ens. by purch., v. Hoey 17 Aug.; Lt. E. H. Chawner, from h. p., Lt., v. W. Sayers, who exch. rec. dif., 7 Sept.; J. G. Philipps, Ens. by purch., v. Wynne prom 19 Sept.

63 *F.*—Capt. T. H. Grubbe, from h. p., Capt., v. W. Penefather, who exch., rec. diff., 31 Aug.; E. Willis, Ens. by purch., v. Kington prom., 19 Sept.

65 *F.*—Capt. J. B. Thornhill, from h. p. 4 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Dawson prom., 19 Sept.

69 *F.*—Capt. C. Lowrie, Maj. by purch., v. Leslie prom., 29 Aug.; Lt. B. Pigot, Capt. by purch., v. Lowrie, 29 Aug.; Capt. R. Brookes, from 26 F., Capt., v. Towers prom., 30 Aug.; Ens. H. W. Blachford, Lt. by purch., v. Pigot, 29 Aug.; H. C. Hallifax, Ens. by purch., v. Blachford, 29 Aug.; Lt. J. T. Evans, from 60 F., Lt., v. L. Dickson, who rets. on h. p., rec. diff., 7 Sept.

71 *F.*—Capt. W. Stewart, from 26 F., Capt., v. Park, who exch., 31 Aug.; Lt. H. A. Connor, Capt. by purch., v. Dashwood prom., 19 Sept.

72 *F.*—Lt. G. Murray, Capt. by purch., v. Mason prom.; Ens. W. H. Robinson, Lt. by purch., v. Mason; G. Kirkaldy, Ens. by purch., v. Robinson, *all* 29 Aug.; Lt. H. Jervis, Capt. by purch., v. Lord E. Hay, prom.; Ens. H. Godfrey, Lt. by purch., v. Jervis; J. M. Oliver, Ens. by purch., v. Godfrey; Lt. M. Adair, adj., v. Jervis, *all* 19 Sept.

74 *F.*—Lt. B. Burnet, Capt. by purch., v. Wilson prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. and Adj. A. F. Ansell, Lt. by purch., v. Burnet, 19 Sept.; Ens. A. Eyre, Lt., 20 Sept.; G. W. Phillips, Ens. by purch., v. Ansell, 20 Sept.

75 *F.*—Ens. R. B. Brown, Lt. by purch., v. Payne app. to 53 F., 10 Aug.; H. G. Jarvis, Ens. by purch., v. Brown prom., 24 Aug.; Ens. W. Macpherson, from h. p. 90 F., Qu. Mast., v. J. Dandy, who rets. on h. p., 7 Sept.

76 *F.*—Capt. W. Bampton, Maj. by purch., v. Coles prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. J. H. Grubbe, from h. p., Capt., v. Bampton, 19 Sept.; Lt. P. H. Michell, from 19 F., Lt., v. Edwards, who exch., 24 Aug.

77 *F.*—Lt. T. O. Partridge, from h. p., Lt., v. T. Porter, who exch., 7 Sept.

78 *F.*—Lt. R. T. Hawley, from h. p. 14 F., Lt. (repaying diff. to h. p. fund), v. A. Sword, who exch., 17 Aug.

80 *F.*—Ens. F. N. Toole, Lt. by purch., v. Leche, who rets., 17 Aug.; Capt. G. Falconar, from h. p., Capt., v. Kenny prom., 31 Aug.

81 *F.*—Capt. J. J. Hamilton, from h. p., Capt., v. Cole prom. 17 Aug.; Capt. C. B. Brisbane, from h. p., Capt., v. Pratt prom., 29 Aug.; H. S. Peter, Ens. by purch., v. Jones prom., 29 Aug.

82 *F.*—Lt. J. J. Slater, Capt. by purch., v. Starkie, who rets. 17 Aug.; Ens. C. F. Maxwell, Lt. by purch., v. Slater, 17 Aug.

84 *F.*—Ens. H. B. Clarke, Lt., v. Wyse, dec. 17 Aug.; T. G. Veitch, Ens. by purch., v. Clarke, prom., 17 Aug.; Capt. H. Vaughan, Maj. by purch., v. Cruise prom.; Lt. S. S. Sealy, Capt. by purch., v. Vaughan; Ens. Hon. M. St. Clair, Lt. by purch., v. Sealy; P. Craufurd, Ens. by purch., v. St. Clair, all 19 Sept.; Capt. J. Nicholson, from h. p., Paym., v. Prendergast, who rets. on h. p. of Capt., 7 Sept.

86 *F.*—Lt. R. B. Usher, Capt. by purch., v. Gammell prom., 29 Aug.; Ens. W. C. Caldwell, Lt. by purch., v. Usher 29 Aug.; Lt.Col. J. W. Mallet, from 89 F., Lt.Col., v. M'Caskill, who exch.; 31 Aug.

89 *F.*—Lt.Col. J. M'Caskill, from 86 F., Lt.Col., v. Mallet, who exch., 31 Aug.; W. Glover, Ens. by purch., v. Gordon prom., 23 Aug.

90 *F.*—Ens. F. Romilly, from 37 F., Ens., v. Owen prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. S. W. Popham, Capt. by purch., v. Bleane prom., 19 Sept.; Ens. A. Mackenzie, Lt. by purch., v. Parker prom., 20 Sept.; J. James, Ens. by purch., v. Mackenzie, 19 Sept.

91 *F.*—Ens. E. Croker, from 16 F., Lt., v. Hughes dec., 24 Aug.

93 *F.*—Lt. J. Burgh, Capt. by purch., v. R. Cannon prom.; Ens. J. R. Johnston, Lt. by purch., v. Burgh; J. Neilson, Ens. by purch., v. Johnston, all 19 Sept.

96 *F.*—Capt. W. Ferns, from h. p. 66 F., Capt., v. P. Mitchell, who exch., 10 Aug.

97 *F.*—Capt. J.G.M. Moseley, from h. p., Capt., v. J. P. Maher, who exch., 10 Aug.—Capt. A. H. Pattison, Maj. by purch., v. Wodehouse prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. J. B. Berkeley, from h. p., Capt., v. Moseley, whose app. has not taken place, 7 Sept.; Capt. J. Twigg, from h. p., Capt., v. Pattison, 19 Sept.

98 *F.*—J. M'Cabe, Ens. by purch., v. Horne prom. in 41 F., 17 Aug.

99 *F.*—Maj. W. Bush, from h. p., Maj., v. Riddall app. to 18 F., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. Murray, Lt. by purch., v. Phibbs prom.; A. Warren, Ens. by purch., v. Murray, 19 Sept.

Rifle Brigade.—Lt. R. Irton, Capt. by purch., v. Ricketts prom.; 2d-Lt. W. Crosbie, 1st-Lt., v. Irton; 2d-Lt. T. W. Nesham, 1st Lt., v. Beckwith prom.; W. B. Sparrow, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Nesham, all 29 Aug.; J. H. Esten, 2d-Lt. by purch., v. Crosbie, 30 Aug.; Lt. G. B. Mathew, from h. p., Lt., v. A. Milligan, who exch., rec. diff., 20 Sept.

R. Staff Corps.—Capt. F. W. Mann, Maj., v. Sir J. R. Colleton, prom., 17 Aug.; Lt. E. Boyd, Capt., v. Mann, 17 Aug.; Lt. D. O'Brien, from 48 F., Lt., v. Boyd prom., 31 Aug.

1 *W. I. Regt.*— — Urquhart, Ens., v. Ormsby app. to 39 F., 10 Aug.; Ens. J. A. Thoreau, from h. p., Ens., v. F. Boyd, who exch., 17 Aug.; Capt. J. J. Pounden, from h. p., Capt., v. Macdonald app. to 5 F., 31 Aug.; Lt. O. H. Wemyss, Capt. by purch., v. Molyneaux prom., 19 Sept.; Lt. W. Webster, from h. p. Paym., v. S. Kent, whose app. has been cancelled, 7 Sept.

Ceylon Regt.—Lt. T. L. Fenwick, from Qu.Mast., Lt. (rep. diff. he rec. from h. p. fund), 10 Aug.; Serj. Maj. J. Black, from 1 F., Qu.Mast., v. Fenwick, 10 Aug.

Cape Corps (Cav.)—Capt. Hon. N. H. C. Massey, from 25 F., Capt. by purch., v. Massey prom., 19 Sept.

Afr. Col. Corps.—Lt. G. Maclean, from h. p., Lt., v. Burrows, app. to 49 F., 17 Aug.

Regt. of Artil.—2d-Capt. B. Willis, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Webber prom., 28 Aug.; 2d-Capt. and Brev.Maj. D. M. Bourchier, Capt., v. Miller prom., 29 Aug.; 2d-Capt. B. H. Vaughan, from h. p., 2d-Capt., v. Bourchier, 29 Aug.

Staff.—Paym. T. Small, from late 1 R. Vet. Bat., paym. of a recruiting district, 25 June.

Commissariat.—Dep.Coms.Gen. I. Routh and T. P. Luscombe, Commissaries-General to forces, both 15 Aug.

Brevet.—Col. H. H. Dillon, late of Irish brigade, rank of Maj.Gen. on Continent of Europe only; A. Peebles, late Lt.Col. on h. p., Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; J. M. A. Skerrett, late Lt. Col. of 55 F., Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; S. Sankey, late Maj. on h. p. 9 F., Maj. on Continent of Europe only, all 10 Aug.; J. H. Fitzsimon, Esq., late upon h. p. of York Chasseurs, rank of Lt.Col. on Continent of Europe only, 7 Sept.

Garrisons.—Lt. Gen. Hon. Sir A. Hope, Lieut.-Governor of Chelsea Hospital, v. Sir H. Calvert, dec.; Lt. Gen. J. Hay, Lieut.Governor of Edinburgh Castle, v. Sir A. Hope; Lt. Gen. W. Thomas, Lieut.Governor of Tynemouth, v. Lt. Gen. Hay; all 6 Sept.

Hospital Staff.—To be Hosp. Assists. to forces: C. R. Boyes, v. Browne prom. in 23 F., 17 Aug.; W. Wallace, v. Daykin prom. in 71 F., 17 Aug.; P. Anglin, v. Davey prom. in 7 F.; G. Ledingham, v. Hyde prom. in 19 F.; R. Tuthill, v. Crichton prom. in 35 F.; R. Uligott, v. Ryan prom. in R. Afr. Col. Corps; J. Poole, v. D. Brown prom. in 1 W. I. Regt.; H. Carline, v. Ass.Surg. Walsh, who rets. on h. p., all 31 Aug.

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch. Maj. J. Brander, from 42 F., 15 Aug.; Brev. Col. J. Pringle, from 26 F.; Maj. W. Pearce, from 60 F.; Maj. J. Leslie, from 69 F.; Brev. Lt. Col. A. Anderson, from 23 F., all 29 Aug.; Maj. R. Cruise, from 84 F.; Maj. J. Fleming, from 22 F.; Maj. R. B. Coles, from 76 F.; Capt. E. Clive, from 1 or Gr. F. Gu.; Br. Lt. Col. P. Wodehouse from 97 F., all 19 Sept.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.* Capts. B. C. Browne, from 9 L. Dr., P. Pratt, from 81 F.; W. H. Eden, from 6 F.; T. L. Mitchell, from 2 F.; G. Brown, from 37 F.; W. Gammell, from 86 F.; G. Mason, from 72 F.; G. Doherty, from 42 F.; Hon. H. R. Molyneux, from 32 F.; F. Towers, from 69 F.; A Fraser, from 9 F.; C. Rickets, from Rifle Brig.; J. Arnaud, from 54 F., all 29 Aug.; J. Wilson, from 74 F.; R. Connop, from 92 F.; W. D. Mercer, from 3 Dr. Gu.; C. C. Blane, from 90 F.; H. Mallory, from 9 L. Dr., T. Molyneux, from 1 W. I. Regt.; A. W. Dashwood, from 71 F.; W. Hodgson, from 35 F.; J. Bogue, from 27 F.; R. Garrett, from 20 F.; A. Lane, from 12 L. Dr.; Hon. J. Masney, from Cape Corps (Cav.); R. P. Gilbert, from 25 F.; Br. Lt. Col. Hon. G. L. Dawson, from 65 F.; Capt. Lord E. Hay, from 72 F.; Capt. J. P. Holford, from 25 F.; Capt. R. W. Gordon, from 19 F., all 19 Sept.—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.* Lts. G. Rooke, from 14 L. Dr.; J. H. England, from 11 F.; C. Markham, from 1 Dr.; P. Hill, from 53 F.; T. S. Beckwith, from Rifle Brig.; C. G. R. Collins, from 16 L. Dr.; P. B. F. C. Gilliess, from 6 Dr.; W. J. Cross, from 36 F., all 29 Aug.; M. Dalzell, from 60 F.; J. A. Campbell, from 24 F.; W. Trevelyan, from 45 F.; O. Phibbs, from 99 F.; A. Gammell, from 23 F.; H. C. Tathwell, from 41 F.; G. E. Thorold, from 15 F.; W. Dungan, from 17 L. Dr.; J. R. Hay, from 6 Dr. Gu.; J. Parker, from 90 F., all 19 Sept.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Ens. J. Guthrie, from 26 F.; Ens. H. S. Jones, from 81 F.; Ens. J. Auldjo, from 51 F., all 29 Aug.; 2d. Lt. A. Webber, from 21 F.; Ens. G. Wynne, from 61 F.; Ens. G. B. Mathew, from 52 F.; Ens. J. B. Oliver, from 40 F.; Ens. J. Lawford, from 63 F., all 19 Sept.—*To be Ens. by purch.* E. L. Bulwer, v. Madden, whose app. has not taken place; T. W. Thompson; both 29 Aug.; G. K. Corfield, 19 Sept.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Gen. O'Loghlan, as Lt. Col. 27 F., 15 Aug.; Lt. Col. W. Barry, marines; Lt. Col. F. Jones, unattached; Lt. Col. W. M. Coombe, marines; Maj. W. Parko (Lt. Col.), 66 F.; Maj. J. Jameson, unattached; Maj. S. Sankey, 9 F.; Maj. G. J. Walseloy, unattached; Maj. P. Baird, ditto; Maj. R. Clarke, marines; Maj. M. Tompson, ditto; Maj. A Hull, ditto; Maj. J. H. Graham, ditto; Maj. E. N. Lowder, ditto; Capt. W. Gilham, 36 F.; Capt. W. B. Proctor, 104 F.; Capt. R. Macdonald, 44 F.; Lt. W. A. Cuningham, 95 F.; Ens. H. W. Bennet, 16 F.; Lt. Col. T. Mitchell, marines; Maj. T. H. Morrice, ditto; Maj. I. J'Anson, ditto; Maj. H. Ross, ditto; Capt. R. J. Colley, 1 F.; Lt. J. Imlach, 87 F.; Lt. J. D. Mowlds, 11 F., *all* 29 Aug.; Lt. Col F. Williams, marines; Lt. Col. B. Dickenson, ditto; Lt. Col. M. Arnott, ditto; Lt. Col. J. Vallack, ditto; Lt. Col. A. Stransham, ditto; Maj. M. R. Glaze, ditto; Maj. J. B. Fletcher, ditto; Maj. W. Thomson, ditto; Maj. J. Campbell, ditto; Maj. E. H. Garthwaite, ditto; Maj. P. L. Perry, ditto; Maj. E. Jones, ditto; Maj. C. Epworth, ditto; Maj. M. M'Pherson, unattached; Maj. A. Creighton, ditto; Maj. W. Haley (Lt. Col.) Nova Scotia Fenc.; Maj. A. Campbell, unattached; Maj. W. Rowe, marines; Maj. A. Shairpe, ditto; Maj. B. O. Loane, 4 Ceyl. Regt.; Maj. R. Foy (Lt. Col.), marines; Maj. H. W. Cresswell, ditto; Capt. W. Clifford, 3 F.; Capt. G. de Chassepot, York Hussars; Capt. C. Reynell, 4 W. I. Regt.; Lt. A. Johnston, Dublin Regt.; Lt. T. Barry, 84 F.; Lt. G. Wallace, ret. list 3 R. Vet. Bat.; Lt. Sir G. R. Farmer, 23 F.; Lt. W. F. Ebhart, ret. list 2 R. Vet. Bat.; Ens. W. Browne, 4 W. I. Regt., *all* 19 Sept.

Unattached.—The undermentioned officers, having brevet rank superior to their regimental Commissions, have accepted promotion on h. p., according to G. O. of 25 April 1826.—*To be Lt. Cols. of Inf.* Brev. Lt. Cols. A. W. Macdonell, from 25 F.; J. M. Sutherland, from 35 F.; both 19 Sept.—*To be Majs. of Inf.* Brev. Majs. R. Cole, from 81 F., 17 Aug.; W. Green, from 35 F.; J. Brine, from 7 F.; T. Champ, from 43 F.; G. A. Elliot, from 63 F., all 19 Sept.

The undermentioned Officers of the Regt. of Artillery having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have been granted prom. on h. p., *viz.* Brev. Maj. W. Webber, 29 Aug.; Brev. Maj. W. Miller, 29 Aug.

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 21st of August and the 19th of September** 1826; *extracted from the London Gazettes.*

* In our last (p. 344) instead of "between 21*st June and the* 24*th July*" read "between 24*th July and* 21*st August.*"

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

Allisstone, J. Waltham Abbey
Bower, T., and R. Guest, Manchester
Crumb, W. jun. Shoreham
Dixon J. Walsall, Staffordshire
Everall, S. Manchester
Gething, J. Worcester
Harrison. J. Woodchester, Gloucestershire
Harrison, J. Manchester
Hunt, J., Winch, R., and Hunt, W. jun. Stewart's-buildings, Battersea-fields
Holmes, J. and F. E. Edwards, Derby
Hallett, Mary, Devonport
Jackson, S. Congleton, Cheshire
Moore, W. Cirencester
Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire
Sims, W. Portsea
Stokoe, W. Hexham, Northumberland

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 123.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDREWS, T. and T. R. Tavistock-place, St. Pancras, coal-merchants. [Smith and Weir, Basinghall-street
Allsop, G. Holywell, Flintshire, malster. [Dicas, Pope's-head-alley, Cornhill
Aldersley, W. Gravesend, coach-master. [Yatman, Gt. Russel-street, Bloomsbury
Brodrible, H. and Webb, G. Bristol, grocers. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside; Bevan and Brittan, Bristol
Bond, T. Hendon, Middlesex, dealer. [Whitaker, Warwick-court, Holborn
Boond, Altringham, Cheshire, calico-manufacturer. [Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Bire, L. Pinner's-court, Broad-street, merchant. [Tottie and Co., Leeds, and Poultry
Bridge, G. Marple, Cheshire, cotton-manufacturer. [Ellis, Marple; Milne and Parry, Temple
Brown, G. Kidderminster, stonemason. [Winnall, Stourport; Jennings and Boulton, Temple
Bishop, C. Frome Selwood, Somersetshire, victualler. [Davies, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Buck, P. Knaresborough, Yorkshire, cabinet-maker. [Powell and Son, Knightsbridge; Stocker and Dawson, New Boswell-court
Blood, M. Bath, surgeon. [Dignam, Newman-street, Oxford-street
Barlow, T. jun. and H. T. Liverpool, drapers. [Davies, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Brown, J. Birmingham, linen-draper. [Parker and Timmins, Birmingham; Holme and Co., New-inn
Brown, J. D. Walthamstow, Essex, surgeon. [Twynam, Regent-street
Bardsley, J. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, hat-manufacturer. [Newton and Winterbottom, Heaton Norris
Bailey, R. Vauxhall, tavern-keeper. [Boyon, Pinners'-hall, Old Broad-street
Cohen, J. Great Prescott-street, upholsterer. [Baddeleys, Leman-street
Clarkson, A. Thatcham, Berks, innkeeper. [Henrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand
Cox, T. Ensham, Oxfordshire, innkeeper. [Looker, Oxford; Miller, Ely-place, Holborn
Curtis, R. Bleasdale, Lancashire, paper-manufacturer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Hall, Lancashire

Dady, H. Dowgate-hill, carpenter. [Jones, King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Denny, W. Lancaster, saddler. [Moore, Lancaster; Yallop, Suffolk-street-east
Dimsdale, C. E. Middleham, Yorkshire, scrivener. [Bradley. Catterick; Strangeways and Walker, Barnard's-inn
Dobson, T. jun. Furnival's inn, money-scrivener. [Lane, Frith-street, Soho-square
Downer, H. Strand, ironmonger. [Baxendale and Co., King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Emley, J. and R. Nicholas-lane, brokers. [Druce and Co., Billiter-square
Featherstone, F. Liverpool, grocer. [Lace and Co., Liverpool; Taylor and Roscoe, Temple
Fowler, J. and Linthorpe, G. M. Little Tower-street, tea-dealers. [Bennett, Suffolk-lane, Cannon-street
Fidler, Mary, Norbury, Cheshire, innkeeper. [Wood, Stockport; Milne and Parry, Temple
Farmer, W. Bath, ironmonger. [Gill, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Harvey, Bath
Fowler, T. St. Albans, Herts, brickmaker. [Alexander and Son, Carey-street, Lincoln's-inn
Farrand, J. H. Clare, Suffolk, tanner and fell-monger. [Drews. Bermondsey-street
Francis, E. and D. Whatmouth, Whitchurch, Shropshire, schoolmaster. [Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple
Gill, T. Stourport, Worcestershire, corn-dealer [Winnall, Stourport; Jennings and Bolton, Temple
Garnett, J. Liverpool, merchant [Radcliff and Duncan, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Gleed, I. Hawkesbury Upton, Gloucestershire, draper [Bevan and Brittan, Bristol; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street, Cheapside
Gatley, J. Henton Norris, Lancashire, turner [Lowe and Son, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Richardson, Stockport
Graham, C. Cleathorpes, Lincolnshire, victualler [Battye and Co., Chancery-lane; Harle, York
Holmes, N. R. Fenchurch-street, hop merchant [Shepherd and Co., Cloak-lane
Harrison, A. Wigan, Lancashire, shop-keeper [Gaskell, Wigan; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hankey, W., Roll's-buildings, Fetter-lane, carpenter [Parker, Dyer's-buildings, Holborn
Hopkinson, T. Ashton-under-line, oil-merchant [Taylor, Wakefield; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Halket, J. and Hughes, T. Liverpool, timber-merchants [Leather, Liverpool; Leigh, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Hirst, J. Manchester, spindle-maker [Parker and Co. Sheffield; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
Hipwood, B. Anthony-street, Ratcliffe-highway, cabinet-maker [Robinson and Hine, Charter-House-square
Hockley, S. Union-street, Bishopsgate, tea-dealer [Baddeley's, Leman-street
Hunter, J. Clifton, Gloucestershire, wine-merchant [Anderson and Williams, Quality-court, Chancery-lane
Hood, J. J. otherwise W. Lingard, Southampton-street, colourman [Tate and Johnston, Copthall-buildings
Holgate, R. Habergham Eaves, Lancashire, common brewer [Buck and Eastwood, Burnley; Milne and Parry, Temple
Hilton, J. Rushdin, Hertfordshire, farmer [Cole, Great Charlotte street, Blackfriar's-road
Howes, J. Cranworth, and of Cotton, Norfolk, blacksmith [Daveney, Norwich; Browne, Welbeck-street, Cavendish-square
Harrison, S. Manchester, grocer [Chester, Staples-inn; Davenport, Liverpool
Holmes, J. and F. E. Edwards, Derby, booksellers [Adlington and Co. Bedford row; Moss, Derby
Keating, G. Waterloo road, linen-draper [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Knights, J. Bradfield, Yarmouth, Norfolk, builder [Beart, Yarmouth; Francis, New Boswell-court
Kerrison, R. Cambridge-heath, Hackney, coach-master [Freeman and Co. Coleman-street
Kettle, W. W. Birmingham, button-maker [Norton and Co. Gray's-Inn; Hawkins, Birmingham
Levin, M. and Josephs, M. Goodman's-fields, merchants [Pearce and Co. St. Swithin's-lane
Lee, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, warehouseman [James, Charlotte-row, Mansion-house
Lowe, I. Walsall, Staffordshire, plater [Turner, Bloomsbury-square; Heely, Walsall
Lowe, J. Manchester, oil-merchant [Appleby and Co. Gray's-Inn; Whitehead and Co. Manchester
May, J. W. Great St. Helens, wine-merchant [Thomson and Co. King's-arms-yard, Coleman-street
Myers, P. Nottingham, optician [Nuttall, Nottingham, and Foster, Lawrence Pountney-lane
Meski, H. St. James's-square, taylor [Freame and Best, Temple
Martin, W. Runcorn, Cheshire, ship-carpenter [Tindall and Vary, Runcorn; and Chester, Staple-inn
Marriott, G. Manchester, cotton-spinner [Brackenbury, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Monk, W. Bispham, Lancashire, maltster [Stock, Chorley; Yallop, Suffolk-street, Pall-Mall East
Moore, T. Sunderland, grocer, [Hindmarsh and Son, Crescent, Jewin-street, Cripplegate
Marklove, C. and H. Berkeley, Gloucestershire, clothiers [Bishop, Gough-square
Melville, N. Phœnix-street, Somer's Town, baker; Hodson, King's-road, Bedford-row
Murrow, J. Liverpool, money-scrivener [Adlington and Co. Bedford-row; Avison, Liverpool
Naylor, T. and Ellis, G. Kexbrough, Yorkshire, fancy-cloth manufacturers [Battye and Heap, Huddersfield, and Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street
Needle, M. G. Wood-street, tea-dealer [Ellis and Co. Chancery-lane
Nicholson, J. C. Liverpool, merchant [Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool; Adlington and Co. Bedford-row
Nealor, J. Southwark, coal-merchant [Faithful, Birchin-lane
Norman, J. Tokenhouse Yard, broker [Tottie and Co. Poultry, and at Leeds
Nation, J. Bath, butcher [Fisher and Co. Queen-street, Cheapside; Hellings, Bath
Phelps, W. Belbroughton, Worcestershire, medicine preparer [Husband, Bromsgrove; and Teyes, Chancery-lane
Palfreyman, G. Crag, Macclesfield, calico printer [Walker, Manchester; and Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Palmer, J. Shrewsbury, mercer [Williams, Shrewsbury; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Phelps, A. Bath, milliner [Mackey, Bath; Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Penny, J. Lymington, ironmonger [Smith, Blandford, Dorset; Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn
Palmer, H. Liverpool, and J. Richardson, Dublin, merchants [Bean, Friar-street, Blackfriars-road
Powel, J. Wellington-terrace, Waterloo-road, tailor [Gregson, Inner Temple-lane
Pippet, J. Shepton-Mallet, Somersetshire, clothier [Reeves, Glastonbury; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Purdie, J. sen., and J. Burdie, jun., Norwich, bombazeen manufacturers [Austin, Gray's-inn-square; and Packinson and Staff, Norwich
Rimer, C. T. Southampton, cheesemonger [Callaway, Portsmouth; and Wimburn and Collett, Chancery-lane
Roser, T. Brighton, builder [Verral, Lewes; Palmer and Co., Bedford-row
Rehden, C. F. Redcross-street, Cripplegate, ironmonger [Holme and Co., New-inn
Richards, D. Aberdare, Glamorganshire, grocer [Holme and Co. New-inn; Williams and Dalton, Cardiff
Rothwell, J. Salford, Lancashire, publican [Claye and Thompson, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Sharp, W. and Askam, T. Leeds, iron founders [Payne, Leeds; and Wilson, Greville-street
Spencer, J. Burnley, Lancashire, cotton-spinner [Hammerton, Burnley; and Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Shakeshaft, J. jun., Widegate-street, dealer in earthenware. [White and Borrett, Great St. Helens
Sleddon, F. and T. Preston, cotton-spinners [Buck and Hartifant, Preston; Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Sleddon, F. Preston, machine-maker [Buck and Hartifant, Preston; Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Stelton, T. H. Southampton, stationer [Sharp, Southampton; Hopkinson, Red Lion-square
Smith, W. Leicester, wheel-wright [Dunn, Birmingham; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street
Score, G. Tokenhouse-yard, money-scrivener [Parrey, Aldermanbury
Stephens, J. Coombe, Carmarthenshire, clay-merchant [Bevan and Brittan, Bristol; Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street

Scott, J. Great East Cheap, merchant [Bennet, Suffolk-lane
Stroud, H. Chichester, spirit-merchant [Sole, Aldermanbury
Staniforth, C. and J. and J. W. Gosling, Old Broad-street, merchants [Druce and Sons, Billiter-square
Smith, C. Sible-Hedingham, Essex, straw-plait dealer [Fawcett, Jewin-street, and South-sea Chambers, Threadneedle-street
Smallwood, W. Covent-garden-chambers, auctioneer [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Snow, T. Shipston-upon-Stower, Worcestershire, tanner [Eyre and Co. Gray's-Inn; Findon and Co., Shipston
Stokes, J. Worcester, hop-merchant [Platt, New Boswell-court
Thies, F. W. Liverpool, merchant [Bardswell and Son, Liverpool; and Blackstock and Bunce, Temple
Thornley, R. Vale House, Mottram in Longdendale, Cheshire, cotton-spinner [Kay, Manchester
Vigevena, J. J. City Mills, Stratford, Essex, calenderer [Hindman, Basinghall-street
Warner, R. Cockspur-street, dressing-case manufacturer [Watson, Gerard-street, Soho
Wild, B. and H., Hustead's Mills, Yorkshire woollen cloth manufacturers [Bury, Manchester; and Milne and Parry, Temple
Watson, W. Bishopsgate-street, innkeeper [Parton, Bow-church-yard
Watson, A. Blackburn, and Watson, J. Lancaster, haberdashers [Law and Coates, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Watson, A. Blackburn, draper [Hitchcock, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Willey, J. Manchester, innkeeper [Hampson, Manchester; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Wheeldom, S. Derby, wheelwright [Clarke and Flewker, Derby; Capes, Gray's-inn
Wright, G. C. Hedge-row, Islington, grocer [Bennet, Tokenhouse-yard
Wood, T. Basford, Notts, tallow-chandler [Hurst, Nottingham; and Knowles, New-inn
Watkins, J. Castle-street, Holborn, coal-merchant [Butler and Co. Cannon-street
Welch, S. Whitchurch, Shropshire, saddler [Blackstock and Bunce, King's-bench-walk, Temple
Young, J. Coleford, Gloucestershire, butcher [Smallridge, Gloucester; Watson and Broughton, Falcon-square

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DIVIDENDS.

ALEXANDER, W. Bath, Oct. 21.
Adkins, W. Coventry, Sept. 26.
Abbott, S. Old Kent-road, Oct. 6.
Argyle, S. Ilkeston, Derbyshire, Oct. 12
Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, Oct. 6
Burgess, G. and E. Maidstone, Kent, Sept. 15
Butterworth, J. and Co. Shelf, Yorkshire, Sept. 22
Burrows, H. Pickering, Coventry, Sept. 26
Best, G. Spring-gardens, Sept. 26
Burdwood, J. and Coltman, W. H. Sept. 26
Bridgman, J. Spicer-street, Bethnall-green, Sept. 29
Burn, J. Manchester, Sept. 30
Bentley, D. and Fogg, J. Eccles, Lancashire, Oct. 5
Brooksbank, W. North Bierley, Yorkshire, Sept. 28
Bond, J. Lloyd's Coffee-House, Sept. 29
Brown, J. Liverpool, Oct. 10
Burwash, T. Bishopsgate without, Oct. 3
Bodenham, T. Commercial Road, Oct. 3
Blake, J. Zeales Green, Wilts, Oct. 3
Blyth, M. Usk, Monmouthshire, Oct. 5
Baldwin, W. K. Liverpool, Oct. 9
Bousfield, J. Manchester, Oct. 13
Bloor, J. Wheelock, Chester, Oct. 7
Cox, R. Lambeth, Sept. 12
Carrington, J. Ludgate-st. Sept. 19
Cooper, J. and Reader, J. Strood, Kent, Sept. 19
Calvert, G. and Beeston, W. H. Manchester, Sept. 18
Charman, P. Piccadilly, Sept. 19
Cussons, G. Manchester, Oct. 5
Cox, J. and Willis, B. Nottingham, Sept. 28
Cook, J. Sheffield, Sept. 25
Cooper, E. Kingsland-road, Sept. 29
Clarke, W. Y. Whistones, Worcestershire, Oct. 18
Curtis, J. Birmingham, Oct. 11
Cook, J. Sheffield, Oct. 6
Dring, B. Hammersmith, Sept. 12
Dodson, N. Nottingham, Sept. 18
Dandy, C. and M. A. Hackney, Sept. 21
Dyer, J. and Swaine, J. Gravel-lane, Houndsditch, Sept. 22
Dodson, J. and R. Beeston, Yorkshire, Sept. 22
Davis, A. and Howell, G. Cheltenham, Sept. 30
Dinham, J. Exeter, Oct. 5
Evil, L. Walcot, Somersetshire, Oct. 24
Elford, Sir W. bart., J. Tingcombe, and J. W. Clarke, Oct. 3
Fairbairn, J. Hindon, Wilts, Sept. 21
Fuller, R. Reigate, Sept. 15
Frost, T. and Elizabeth, Sheffield, Sept. 25, Oct. 6
Featherstone, F. W. and Nevill, H. Adam's-court, Broad-street, Sept. 22
Fruer, S. Upper Fountain-place, City-road, Sept. 29
Fairbairn, J. F. Bedford-street, Covent-Garden, Sept. 26
Fogg, R. Portwood, Cheshire, and T. S. Fogg, Manchester, Oct. 3
Foster, J. Sheffield, Oct. 11
Gilbert, C. S. Devonport, Oct. 7
Gunnell, J. Platt-terrace, Battlebridge, Sept. 29
Gray, T. March, Cambridgeshire, Sept. 27
Garbutt, G. Bishop Wearmouth, Sept. 27
Gorton, J. Tottington, Lancashire, Oct. 6.
Green, B. H. Bristol, Oct. 11
Holt, F. Liverpool, Sept. 20
Hodgson, S. Hebden-bridge, and S. Hodgson, Halifax, Sept. 20
Holah, G. Size-lane, Sept. 29
Hirst, J. Greave, Yorkshire, Oct. 2
Husband, R. Plymouth, Oct. 7.
Higginbotham, N. Macclesfield, Sept. 27
Haldy, J. F. and W. Norcott, Castle-street, Leicester-square, Sept. 26
Habgood, J. Jun., Macclesfield, Sept. 26
Hambidge, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucester, Oct. 12
Hulse, S. Nottingham, Oct. 10
Heaton, M. Haworth, Oct. 12
Judd, W. sen. and W. jun., Banbury, and Judd, R. Birmingham, Oct. 2
Kenworthy, E. and Bunnell, J. Liverpool, Sept. 25
Kerr, J. and Spear, J. Tooley-street, Sept. 19
Kingsford, Jane and George, Portsea, Sept. 29
Langworthy, Carver, Bristol, Sept. 30
Leach, J. H. Leeds, Sept. 26
Lunn, E. and G. Halifax, Yorkshire, Sept. 26
Lawson, J. B. and G. Nottingham, Oct. 12
Leech, J. Salford, Lancashire, Oct. 10
M'Cormick, J. Broad-street, Sept. 26
Moore, W. Houghton, Cumberland, Sept. 29
Mearman, J. B. Newport, Isle of Wight, Oct. 5
Mears, W. Birkenhead, Cheshire, Oct. 9
Marmion, A. and R. Carr, Preston, Nov. 10
Marshall, T. College-hill, Upper Thames-street, Jan. 5
Murray, J. Whithaven, Oct. 10
Maskell, R. S. Basinghall-street. Jan. 5
Miles, T. Stockton, Durham, Oct. 23
Newmarch, J. Manchester, Oct. 1
Oliver, W. Hamilton-row, Battlebridge, Sept. 30
Pollitt, J. Manchester, Sept. 16
Pring, J. Bristol, Sept. 15
Peake, G. Milton, Kent. Sept. 23
Pearson, R. Rotherham, Yorkshire, Sept. 25
Pittis, F. Newport, Isle of Wight, Oct. 5
Phillips, T. and I. Fenchurch-street, Sept. 22
Penn, T. Brighton, Sept. 29
Prentice, A. and T. Shelly, Manchester, Oct. 27
Pearson, R. Rotherham, Yorkshire, Oct. 6
Phillips, N. Haverfordwest, Oct. 25
Robarts, W. Shoe-lane, Sept. 21
Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, Sept. 26
Rogers, D. Upper North-place, Gray's-inn-road, Sept. 26
Ridgway, J. Macclesfield, Sept. 27
Reddall, W. and T. Liverpool, Sept. 26
Ryland, S. H. and J. Knight, Horsleydown, Sept. 28
Roscoe, W., T. Clarke, and W. S. Roscoe, Liverpool, Oct. 6
Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincolnshire, Oct. 3
Rodgers, T. and T. Parker, Oldham-lane, Oct. 14
Smith, T. and J. Yates, Heaton-Norris, Lancaster, Oct. 4
Square, J. and Prideaux, W. jun. and W. W. King'sbridge, Devonshire, Sept. 13
Sunkin, C. and T. Leek, Staffordshire, Sept. 19
Sampson, J. H. Sculcoates, Yorkshire, Oct. 4
Stickney, W. Welton, Yorkshire, Oct. 14
Simkin, T. A. Ross, Hereford shire, Sept. 27
Squire, M. and H. Edwards, Norwich Sept 28

Smith, T. B. and A. and D. Old Trinity House, Sept. 29
Sanderson, J. Bristol, Oct. 2
Stevenson, R. T. Fetter-lane, Sept. 26
Stocking, C. Paternoster-row, Oct. 3
Seagrove, W. Portsea, Oct. 6
Shaw, A. Delph, Yorkshire, Oct. 21
Tyrrell, W. East Ilsley, Berks, Sept. 20
Tronson, R. Liverpool, Sept. 12
Thomas, J. and Gilbert, S. T., Exeter, Sept. 19
Tate, G. New Shoreham, Sept. 29
Tetley, J. Street, in Tong, Yorkshire. Oct. 6
Thurtell, J. Norwich, Oct. 4
Thornton, H. Upper Russel-street, Bermondsey, Sept. 22
Trollop, H. Whitechapel, Sept. 22
Wesson, J. Birmingham, Sept. 19
Wright, G. Birmingham, Sept. 19
Wallington, J. New Boad, Sept. 15
Walker, W. Rochdale, Oct. 6
Waugh, T. C. Turnwheel-lane, Sept. 29
Wilkinson, J. Sculcoats, Oct. 16
Whittingham, T. Cheltenham, Sept. 29
Wilkinson, W. and W. C. Gill, Holborn-bridge, Sept. 28
Woodward, I. Nottingham, Sept. shire, Oct. 3
Winstanley, R. jun., King-street, Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Manchester, Nov. 7
Woodfall, J. jun., Liverpool, Oct. 10
Warland, H. Lad-lane, Oct. 7
Whitehead, M. Preston, Oct. 2
Walton, W. Charles-street, Middlesex Hospital, Oct. 10
Wentworth, G. W. Chaloner, R. Rishworth, T. Bishop, jun., T. Hartley, J. York, Oct. 13
Young, J. Newport, Oct. 10

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. T. Jones, to the Rectory of Hempstead, Gloucestershire—The Rev. C. Benson, to the Vicarage of Cropthorne, Worcester—The Rev. C. Day, to the Vicarage of Rushmere, Suffolk—The Rev. B. Parke, to be Prebendary of Ely—The Rev. R. Bickerstaffe, to the Vicarage of St. Martin's, Salop—The Rev. C. H. Grove, to the Rectory of Berwick St. Leonard, with the Chapel of Sedgehill, Wilts—The Rev. J. Compson, to the Vicarage of St. Chad's, Shrewsbury—Rev. H. J. Gunning, to the perpetual Curacy of Horton-cum-Pedington, Northampton—Rev. R. Ridsdale, to the Vicarage of Knockin, Salop—Rev. A. Loftus, to the Rectory of Fincham, Norfolk—Rev. S. Robins, to the Rectory of Edmonsham, Dorset—Hon. and Rev. F. P. Bouverie, to a Canonry of Salisbury Cathedral—Rev. H. Crisp, to the Vicarage of Stonehouse, Gloucester—Rev. J. D. Coleridge, to the Rectory of Lawhitton, Cornwall—Rev. C. H. Martin, to the Vicarage of Winkleigh, Devon—Rev. S. Littlewood, to the perpetual Curacy of Edington, Wilts—Rev. W. Bradley, to the Living of Nether Whitacre, and to the Chapel donative of Merevale—The Hon. and Rev. J. S. Cocks, to the endowed Vicarage of Neen Savage, Salop.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Aug. 22.—A Chancery suit ended with the consent of both parties, in the Vice-Chancellor's court, which had lasted *only* fifty years!!!

24.—In pursuance of his Majesty's writ, the further adjournment of the meeting of the new Parliament took place, until November 2.

— Dispatches received at the Colonial-Office, dated June 18, from the British Consul at Tripoli, announcing the arrival of Major Laing at Timbuctoo.

28.—News arrived from the East-Indies announcing peace with the Burmese. The ratification of the treaty took place at the end of February last.

September 1.—Proclamation issued by the king for the prorogation of the Parliament from November 2 to November 14, when it is to be held, and to sit for the dispatch of divers urgent and important affairs—Same day an Order of Council was issued for permitting the importation of foreign oats, oatmeal, rye, pease, and beans, until the expiration of forty days after the meeting of Parliament.

Sept. 14.—Sessions of General Goal Delivery, commenced at the Old Bailey, before the Lord Mayor and Aldermen, and Justices Littledale and Gazelec.

MARRIAGES.

Augustus, son of the Right Hon. J. Sullivan, to Jane, daughter of Admiral Sir C. Tyler; Rev. Dr. Maltby, Preacher to the Hon. Society of Lincoln's-Inn, to Miss M. Green; Henry, eldest son of Sir R. Bedingfield, bart., of Oxburgh Hall, Norfolk, and nephew to the Right Hon. Lord Stafford, to Margaret, only daughter of E. Paston, esq., of Appleton, Norfolk; Right Hon. Lord Suffield, of Gunton Park, Norfolk, to Emily Harriet, youngest daughter of E. Shirley, esq., Eatington Park, Warwickshire; J. Pearse, jun. esq., of Brixton, to Elizabeth Margaret, second daughter of Admiral Pearse, Bradminch House, Devon; Capt. C. Hope, R. N., son of the Lord President of the Court of Session, to Ann, daughter of Capt. W. Parry, R. N. C. B., Noyad Trefawr, Cardiganshire; At the French Ambassador's Chapel, and afterwards at Mary-le-bone Church, the Comte Alfred de Chabannes, to Antoinette, daughter of John Ellis, esq.

DEATHS.

At Shooter's Hill, 81, Elizabeth, relict of the late General Sir T. Blomefield, bart.—At Hampstead, C. H. Hutchinson, esq., late M.P. for Cork—At East Moulsey, Lieut.-Col. Archibald Ross—At St. George's Place, Canterbury, 62, Richard Mount, esq.—At Brompton, Mrs. West, sister of the late T. Cole, esq., Bristol—Right Hon. Lord Gifford, Master of the Rolls—At Lee, 83, Mrs. Mary Ann Morland, relict of the late W. Morland, esq., Pall-Mall, and M.P. for Taunton—At Belvidere House, the Right Hon. Lady Elizabeth Catherine Caroline Beresford, youngest daughter of the late Marquis of Waterford.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Prilly, near Lausanne, Switzerland, according to the rites of the Swiss church, and afterwards by the Dean of Raphoe, Jules Theodore Baron de Klopman, to Mary Elizabeth, daughter of T. Bourke, esq., of Mayo—At Barbadoes, the Rev. E. Eliot, Archdeacon of Barbadoes, to Miss E. K. Sheete, daughter of the Hon. M. Sheete, President of Barbadoes.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, Mrs. H. Wolseley, sister of Admiral Tollemache—At Calcutta, the Right Reverend Father in God, Reginald Heber, Bishop of Calcutta—At Naples, the celebrated astronomer, Piazzi, discoverer of the planet Ceres—At her villa, near Florence, the Dowager Countess Cooper.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Northumberland institution for the Promotion of the Fine Arts has closed its exhibition for the present year, and, it may be said with regret, that however rich it has been in talent, very few of the pictures have been sold. The reason is doubtless the badness of the times, which must affect artists as well as other classes.

A new school for the improvement and instruction of infants between two and six years of age, was opened at Newcastle, Sept. 4, under the patronage of the Infant School Society.

Another of those fatal accidents which are so frequently occurring in coal-pits, took place at High Heworth pit, near Gateshead, on the 5th of September: by an explosion of hydrogen gas, part of the works blew up, and two men and a boy were killed, and several severely burnt. About sixty men and boys were working in the pit at the time.

Married.] At Bishopwearmouth, J. J. Wright, esq., to Jane, only daughter of the late W. Kirsopp, esq.—The Rev. J. R. Longhurst, to Miss Ann Harrison.

Died.] At Warkworth, Rev. W. Reed—At Newcastle, 77, Mrs. Dixon—At West Hinton, Thomas Smith, esq.—At the Priory, near Acton, R. J. Bell, esq., second brother to M. Bell, esq., M.P. for Northumberland—At Alston, the Rev. T. Jackson.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

At Carlisle there has been a trifling improvement in trade; but the price of labour has not the least advanced.

YORKSHIRE.

During several of the dark evenings, in the last week in August, the margin or ridges of the waves, at Bridlington Quay, emitted a beautiful phosphoric light, similar to that produced by stale fish, and supposed by some to proceed from innumerable animalcula, and by others from the dead spawn of fish in a state of decomposition.

A buck's horn, in a fine state of preservation, together with other bones, and several skulls of cattle and horses, and one human skull, have lately been dug up in a field just without Mickellgate Bar, York.

Several vessels were lost off the coast, in severe gales on the 6th and 7th of Sept. The ship Eske, of Whitby, was one; she was from Greenland, and all hands perished. Only two ships were sent from Whitby to Greenland this year, and both are lost.

Married.] At York, the Rev. Jonathan Trebeck, to Charlotte, second daughter of John Cooke, esq.—At Pontefract, Joseph Boothby, esq., of Wingby, to Ann, youngest daughter of G. Parker, esq.—At Welton, Charles Lever, esq., of Gray's Inn, to Rebecca, third daughter of the late J. Lowthrop, esq.—The Rev. Eardley Childers, to Maria Charlotte, daughter of Sir Collier Smith, bart.—At York, H. H. Spinkes, esq., to Miss Burnell—At Scarborough, Rev. J. Skelton, to Miss Terry.

Died.] At Pontefract, Robert Smith, esq.—At Ellerhiers, Felix D'Auy, son of Richard Champney, esq.—At York, Mrs. Hotham, relict of the late Col. Hotham—At Hunslet, Amos Wood, having left fifty-eight descendants—At Thorp Auh, Mary, the wife of W. Gattiffe, esq.—At Denby Grange, Amelia Mary, daughter of Sir John and Lady Amelia Kaye—At Low Dunsforth, 102, Charles Stephenson. At the age of thirty he was married, and has left a daughter seventy-two years of age. He possessed the use of his faculties until the last.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Litchfield, the Marquis de Gibon, Baron de Ker, of Brittany—At Shareshill, 88, T. Price, esq.—At the Palace, Lichfield, 75, Sir Charles Oakley, bart., formerly governor of Madras.

LANCASHIRE.

At the assizes for this county, forty-two criminals received sentence of death for riotously meeting and destroying the property, mills, and machinery of several of the manufacturers of Blackburn and other places. But the judge (in consequence of the recommendation of the respective juries, who mentioned "the severe pressure of the times,") promised to intercede with his Majesty's ministers on their behalf.

Considerable progress has been made at Manchester in preparing to carry into immediate effect a plan for the employment of such of the poor as are able and willing to work upon the public roads, and business has exhibited some slight symptoms of improvement, and the number of unemployed workmen is diminishing; but we have to contend against the rising manufactories of the Continent, who are not depressed by excessive taxation.

Sept. 7.—The Bishop of Chester laid the first stone of the new gothic church at Hulme. A grand procession took place on the occasion. Mr. Wilbraham Egerton has made a free donation to the township of Hulme of the ground required for the church and church-yard.

Died.] At Oldham, 78, Mr. G. Wright, who for the last fifty-six years has been in the capacity of Oldham huntsman. He was borne to the grave by nine brother huntsmen, all in scarlet.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE.

A Mechanics' Institute is forming at Newark.

Died.] At Sutton, Mrs. M. Kitchen, 85. She left 14 children, 72 grand-children, and 96 great-grand-children.—At Southwell, the Rev. W. Law, 97: he held the vicarage of Dunham for 70 years, and Keesal 66 years.—Anna Maria, daughter of the Rev. Archdeacon Eyre.—At Kelham Hall, the Rev. F. Manners Sutton, a descendant of Lord Lexington.—At Mansfield, Mr. J. Murray, 66, inventor of the circular saw.

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The first anniversary of the Leicester Clergy Orphan Society was held Aug. 18, when it appeared from the Report that this valuable institution had been cherished with fresh subscriptions and donations, so that its originators and supporters may now anticipate its proceeding with prosperity.

Aug. 28. The grand cricket-match was played at Leicester between "All England" and the "Sheffield and Leicester" clubs; and the Gymnasium was attended by vast numbers of people of both sexes. The first innings of "All England" were 94—those of "Sheffield and Leicester" 194. The same was resumed Sept. 4, 5, 6, and 11, when it was finally concluded in favour of the United Club by a majority of 3, with 5 wickets to go down.

Married.] At Leicester, Mr. E. Orange, 85, to Miss Dorothy Bent, 72; the bridesmaid was aged 60, the father more, making their united ages on this happy occasion almost 300!

Died.] At Leicester, Mrs. Chamberlain.

WARWICKSHIRE.

At a committee lately held at Birmingham of the subscribers to the Birmingham and Liverpool Railway undertaking, it was resolved to confine their views at present (in consequence of the existing embarrassments of the country) to the establishment of a Railway between Birmingham and Wolverhampton. The length of the line will be about 14 miles, and the expence £130,000. Trade at Birmingham is rather improving.

The rail-road from Stratford to Moreton has lately been opened.

Died.] At Rugby, Mrs. Butlin, 83.—Mrs. Lloyd,

Birmingham.—A. Blick, esq., Longbridge, 71. He was an Alderman of Warwick.—At Coventry, Mrs. Cherry, 77.

WORCESTERSHIRE.

Died.] At Boughton Field, 79, P. Ballard, esq.

HEREFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Walton, C. Bond, esq. 80.—At Hereford, J. Bullock, esq.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Married.] At Westbury on Severn, J. Bennett, esq. to Miss T. F. Legge, niece and co-heiress of the late Sir C. Asgill, Bart.

Died.] At Cheltenham, Lady Sarah Napier, 82, and the Rev. J. Slingsby, Fellow King's College, Cambridge.

DERBYSHIRE.

Sept. 14. The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church of St. John, at Derby, took place; on which occasion the Bishop of Litchfield and Coventry presided, and having laid the stone, delivered an appropriate address.

Died.] At Derby, Mr. Allsop, 79.—At Brinnington, Mrs. Moss, 88. She was mother, grandmother, and great grandmother to 126 children.—At Chesterfield, Mrs. Knowles, 86.—At the Cliff House, Mr. Redfern, 72.—At Alston, Elizabeth Martin, aged 103. She lived at Dilston, in Northumberland, and was servant to the Earl of Derwentwater when he expiated the crime of high treason on the scaffold.

CAMBRIDGE.

The cottagers of Over have had, by public benevolence, their losses made good which they sustained by the late fire, and the subscription is continued for the relief of such other sufferers as the committee appointed for that purpose may deem proper objects.

Aug. 21. Welney Suspension bridge, affording a communication between Wisbeach and Ely, was opened to the public.

OXFORDSHIRE.

At a meeting held at Oxford, Aug 21. of the medical practitioners of that city and vicinity, it was unanimously agreed that a society should be established to be called "The Medical Society of Oxford and its Vicinity." At the same time it was resolved to form a medical library and museum.—The committee of the Oxford Lunatic Asylum have given notice that a liberal grant from Dr. Radcliffe's trustees, and the munificent gift of one of the governors of the charity, have enabled them to open the Asylum; but their funds are as yet insufficient for the completion of the unfinished wing, and the execution of important improvements. They therefore appeal to public benevolence.

Died.] Mr. G. Kirtland, Yeoman Bedel in Divinity at Oxford.—At Salford, Rev. T. Nash, D.D. 84.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

Married.] At Hampden, Rev. A. Hobart, to Miss M. I. Egremont.

Died.] At Drayton, General Sir H. Calvert, Bart. He was Lieut. Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Colonel of the 14th regiment of foot.

NORTHAMPTON.

The anniversary meeting for the General Infirmary of Northampton (for the sick and lame poor of all counties) was held Sept. 13, at that town, the Marquis of Northampton in the chair; when it appeared by the Report, that since its establishment 76,229 persons had been cured, and 8,128 relieved.

Sept. 15. The annual meeting of the Farming and Grazing Society, was held at Lord Althorp's farm, Chapel Brampton, when nearly forty prizes were distributed for ploughing, breeding, and various agricultural pursuits; several of them were awarded to the Marquis of Exeter and Lord Althorp.

Married.] At Kingsthorpe, C. C. Elwes, esq., to Miss E. Ryc.—At Milton, the Rev. W. C. Colton, to Miss L. Miller.

Died.] At Northampton, 78. Mrs. Jeyes.

NORFOLK.

Aug. 29. The North Walsham and Dilham canal, was opened for trade with great form and ceremony.

Married.] At Cromer, W. Drake, esq. to Miss M. Lockley.

Died.] At Rising, James Bellamy, esq. 73, Clerk of the Peace for the Isle of Ely.—At Acle, Mrs. Lyall, 80.

HAMPSHIRE.

A meeting of the great land-owners and farmers of Andover and its vicinity took place, Sept. 22, at Andover, for the purpose of considering the present state of the Corn Laws, when resolutions were proposed and seconded "against any alteration in them." But they were negatived, and a petition to the House of Commons substituted in their stead, and voted almost unanimously, showing that "under the existing state of taxation, rents, tithes, poor-rates, and other outgoings from the lands, that it is utterly impossible for the petitioners to bring to market the products of the soil at the same prices that many nations on the continents of Europe and America are enabled to do, and praying the House to adopt such measures as may contribute to relieve them.

Died.] At Holdenhurst, 83, Mrs. Dean—At Westmeon, 76, Rev. J. Dampier, prebendary of Ely.

SUSSEX.

An assembly of the Corporation holden in the Town-hall at Hastings, August 29, for the purpose of taking into consideration the appeal made by the Rev. Webster Whistler, the rector, from the altar in St. Clement's church, during divine service, on Sunday last, and addressed to the congregation then and there assembled, in which he distinctly charged the Mayor and Corporation, and principal Inhabitants, with the imputation of discouraging the opening of both the churches in this town and port, for the better accommodation of the parishioners and visitants at this season of the year; it was (after fully confuting the charge, and proving that they wished to pay for a curate) resolved, "That the minutes of this assembly be printed and circulated throughout the town, and that a copy be sent to the bishop of the diocese, requesting his Lordship to disunite the livings of St. Clement and All Saints in this town, or to adopt any other means which his Lordship may deem most expedient, for opening both the churches for morning and afternoon service on Sundays; and also for preventing the recurrence of such a profane interruption of divine worship."

WILTSHIRE.

The rector of Atton Barnes has lately certified to the bishop of the diocese, that not a single inhabitant of his parish has been accused in any court of justice, for any misdemeanor or other breach of the laws during his residence (more than fifteen years) within it.

The provincial papers state, that Melksham is, perhaps, worse off than any other place in this county; out of a population of 4,000, there are 2,000 persons dependant on the poor rates—and if things go on as they have lately done, five-sixths of the people must become paupers. Trowbridge is nearly in a similar state; and indeed the ruin of the towns in this neighbourhood is certain if trade does not improve, or if some rigorous measures are not immediately taken to stop pauperism and beggary. The poor people are seen standing in the market-place by hundreds bewailing their sad fate.

Died.] At Salthorp Lodge, Mrs. Elizabeth Pye Bennett.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

There are upwards of 5000 persons out of employ at Frome, and the poor-rates exceed £1000 per month. The population is about 13,000, and if the present stagnation in trade should continue through the winter, what will become of the poor, if the government of the country does not interfere!!!

Married.] At Churchill, Rev. W. G. Dymock, to Miss M. A. Perry.

Died.] At Bath, 83, Mrs. A. Richardson—At Bristol, Mr. Weldy.

DORSETSHIRE.

Aug. 17, the new church at Hamworthy was consecrated. The old church is supposed to have been destroyed during the time of the civil wars, and from that time to the present the inhabitants have had no church.—Aug. 23. The new rail-road in the island of Portland was opened.

The annual buck hunt took place, Sept. 11, at Tollard Royal, on Cranbourne Chase, and was very numerously attended. The right of chase belongs solely to Lord Rivers, and extends over 500,000 acres of land, who has lately proposed to the land owners to disfranchise it, on their binding themselves to a payment of £1,000 per annum to him and his heirs; but the gentlemen of the hunt express themselves as more desirous that the stock of deer (at present near 12,000), should be reduced to 5,000, than that his lordship should give up this splendid and ancient right.

Married.] At Blandford, G. Wyatt, esq., to Miss S. Carpenter—At Nether-Waltop, C. Knight, esq., to Miss A. Hibberds.

Died.] At Weymouth, 85, Mr. J. Hawkins—Mrs. Oakley, 92—Mrs. Garland, 81, and the Rev. Abel Edwards, 78, forty years pastor of the Unitarians, Dorchester—At Salisbury, Miss Easton.

DEVONSHIRE.

The Exeter grand wrestling matches continued for three days, and gave so much satisfaction to the lovers of the sport, that arrangements are already made for similar amusements next summer, under the denomination of "the Devon and Exeter Grand Match."

A meeting has been held at Axminster for the purpose of entering into a subscription for extending the harbour of that place, and for the formation of a rail-road to the town of Axminster.

Died.] At Dawlish, Fanny, daughter of Lieut. Col. G. Rochford, M.P. for Westmeath—At Wembury, from pricking his finger, Mr. J. Hill—At Plymouth, Capt. H. Waring.

CORNWALL.

Aug. 24. A meeting was held at Bodmin, and a subscription entered into of nearly £2,000, for diverting the line of road between Falmouth and Launceston, so as to avoid the dangerous hills on the present route. The expense will be about £6,500.—A district society has been formed for the four Eastern Deaneries of Cornwall in aid of the society for the enlargement and building of churches and chapels.

A considerable advance has recently taken place in the standard for copper, which is a most cheering and most opportune alteration for the mining population of this county.

Married.] At Gwinear, G. Lush, esq., to Miss Rowena Vawdry, fifth daughter of the Rev. W. Vawdry. The bride was accompanied to the altar by her mother, and ten brothers and sisters; one of her brothers gave her away, and her father performed the ceremony.

Died.] At Southpetherwin, Miss C. Ward—At Penzance, Mrs. Davy, mother of Sir Humphrey Davy.

WALES.

At the Carnarvon assizes only one criminal was tried; it was for burglary, and he was transported for life. For Radnorshire also only one was found for trial, who was sentenced to twelve months' imprisonment.—At Anglesey not one.—Aug. 28, the eleventh anniversary of the Cardiff schools was held, when it appeared from the report that, since their formation, no less than 1056 children have been partakers of their benefits; there are at present 115 boys and 70 girls: upon their examination it seemed that no exhibition of this kind could be more respectable. There was a very liberal subscription.—The state of the iron trade in Monmouthshire and South Wales is worse than it has been for many years—the prices are lower in proportion to the rate of wages than, perhaps, they ever have been.—The stupendous national works of Menai and Conway bridges have, during the last six months, attracted a vast influx of company to view them.

Married.] As Ystradyfodog, J. Edwards, esq., to Miss M. Morgans—H. Price, esq., R.N. of Amlwch, Anglesea, to Miss A. Waite—Mr. W. Williams, of Tyn-y-llan, to Miss E. Evans, of Efail-goch, both in the parish of Llanfairpwllgwyngyll, Anglesea.

Died.] J. Stanislos Townsend, of Trevallyn, esq.—Miss Charlotte Herring, youngest daughter of the Dean of St. Asaph—At Gwernarin, 70, S. Williams, esq—At Lantarnam, Rev. E. Davies—At Hafod E. Morgan, esq.—Rev. T. Williams, vicar of Llansadwrn, Carmarthenshire.

SCOTLAND.

The crown has issued a commission of inquiry into the system of education in our universities, embracing all the colleges of Scotland. The Commissioners consist of noblemen and gentlemen of *official* characters; their first meeting was held Aug. 31, in the college of Edinburgh. A similar commission composed of *independant* members, would perhaps be of service in some other universities.—The grand ceremony took place Aug. 15, of driving the first pile of the extension piers at Leith.—The expense the police establishment for the present year is to be increased to the sum of £26,000.—A report highly deserving the attention of the public has been published by the committee of the general assembly, "for increasing the means of Education and Religious Instruction in Scotland."—Apples have this season been sold at Leith as cheap as potatoes, and water as dear as milk.—By a report published of the proceedings of the university of Aberdeen, it appears that a spirit of scrutiny and improvement seems to be exciting in our universities.

Married.] At Slain's Castle, J. Wemyss, esq., M.P., to Lady Emma Hay, sister to the Earl of Errol—At Dunans, Argyleshire, C. Gordon, esq., to Helen, eldest daughter of J. Fletcher, esq.

Died.] At Edinburgh, Archibald, the third son, and Adrien, the fourth son, of Lieut Gen. Sir John Hope—At Edinburgh, 81, Mrs. Montgomery, and Mrs. E. Honyman, relict of the late G. Taylor, esq. of Thuro—At the Manse of Anstruther Easter, 82, A Johnson, esq.—At Edinburgh, Dr. John Barclay, a distinguished ornament of the medical school—At Inner Leven, 87, D. Anderson, esq., examiner of H. M's customs—At Ayr, Lieut.-Col. R. Cameron.

IRELAND.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Cork has been recently held for taking into consideration the present alarming state of the public distress, when several resolutions were passed expressive of their application for the establishment of the poor-rates in that unfortunate country. In the mean time it is shocking to anticipate what is to become of the Irish peasantry, who are absolutely destitute of their usual resource (from the failure of the potatoes!), and unprotected by poor laws!!!

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th August to 19th Sept. inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

August.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			70	85	61	29 89	29 77	72	50	E	SW	Fine	Fine	Fine
21			66	73	60	29 79	29 77	66	75	N	E	Clo.	—	Clo.
22			69	74	62	29 74	29 73	65	73	WSW	SW	Fair	—	Fair
23			70	73	63	29 65	29 51	71	80	SSW	S	Clo.	Clo.	S.Rain
24	16		68	75	64	29 57	29 62	67	78	SW	SW	Fair	Fair	Fair
25			71	80	62	29 60	29 47	71	70	SSW	SSW	—	—	T.&L.
26			69	73	56	29 73	29 72	67	65	SW	SW	—	—	Fine
27			66	71	57	29 78	29 86	69	63	WNW	SW	—	—	—
28			69	76	65	29 84	29 79	67	79	SSE	SSW	—	—	—
29			70	76	63	29 71	29 65	75	75	SW	E	Clo.	—	—
30			75	79	63	29 57	29 58	62	75	S (var.)	W	Fair	—	Clo.
31	10		66	73	59	29 65	29 65	67	74	W	SW	Fine	—	Rain
Sept. 1			66	70	58	29 63	29 62	72	78	E	NE	Fair	—	—
2	30		59	65	61	29 55	29 57	88	92	NE (v.)	N	Rain	—	C.&R.
3			64	67	59	29 62	29 75	80	79	ESE	SE	Fair	C.&R.	Clo.
4			68	73	58	29 75	29 76	73	82	SSW	WSW	—	Rain	—
5			65	66	54	29 76	29 67	70	69	NW	WNW	Clo.	Show.	—
6			57	65	52	29 33	29 17	91	73	E	WSW	Rain	Rain	—
7	100		54	56	50	29 12	29 61	87	75	W	WNW	—	—	—
8			55	67	52	29 57	29 65	88	83	SW	W	—	—	Fair
9	49		53	62	50	29 73	29 82	87	75	E	WNW	—	Show.	—
10			59	65	50	29 96	30 07	74	68	W	W	Fair	Fine	Clo.
11			55	64	49	30 12	30 18	76	72	W	W	—	—	Fair
12			60	66	48	30 15	30 09	71	71	W	W	Fine	—	Fine
13			54	65	52	30 02	29 91	76	72	SW	W	—	—	—
14			60	69	47	29 85	30 01	76	76	SW	NE	—	Rain	Clo.
15			55	63	48	30 14	30 24	72	70	NE	E	Fair	Fine	Fine
16			52	64	51	30 21	30 05	76	76	E	ESE	—	—	—
17			63	71	57	29 92	29 87	74	86	ESE	ESE	Fine	—	—
13	50		62	67	61	29 77	29 78	93	97	ENE	ESE	Rain	Rain	Fair
19			63	68	59	29 81	29 84	83	93	ESE	E	Fair	Fine	Fine

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of August was 2 inches 27-100ths.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of August to the 20th of September 1826.

Aug.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols for Acc.
21	203	79¼ ⅜	78¼ ⅜	—	94⅜ ½	19 5-16 ⅜	86¼ ⅜	—	—	17 18p	78½ ⅜
22	202¼202¾	79¼ ⅜	78½ ⅜	87	94⅜ ½	19 5-16 ⅜	86¼ ⅜	—	24 25p	17 19p	78½ ⅜
23	202½203	79¼ ⅜	78½ ⅜	87	94½ ⅜	19 5-16 ⅜	86¼ ½	232½	24 25p	17 19p	78½ ⅜
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	203	79⅜ ⅜	78½ ⅜	87½	94½ ⅜	19 15-16 ⅜	86⅛ ¼	—	24 25p	18 19p	78½ ⅜
26	—	79¼ ⅜	78½ ⅜	—	94½ ⅜	19 5-16 ⅜	86¼ ¾	—	25 26p	18 20p	78½ ⅜
27	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
28	—	79⅜ 80⅛	79⅛ ½	—	94⅝ 5⅛	19⅜ 1-16	86¾ 87	—	24 25p	17 19p	79⅛ ½
29	—	79⅜ 80¼	79¼ ½	87¾	94½ 5⅛	19 7-16 ½	86⅝ ⅞	—	25 26p	16 19p	79⅛ ⅜
30	204½	79¾ 80	79¼ ½	87½	94½ ⅞	19⅜ ½	86⅜ ¾	235½	26 29p	17 19p	79⅛ ⅜
31	203¼	79¼ 80	78¾ 9½	86½	94¼ ¾	19 5-16 ½	86¼ ⅜	—	27p	18 19p	78¾ 9⅜
Sep. 1	204	79⅛ ⅜	78½ ⅜	87	94¼ ½	19 5-16 7-16	86¼	—	27 29p	17 20p	78½ ⅞
2	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
3	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
4	203½203¾	79¼ ½	78⅝ ⅞	86⅛ ⅜	94¼ ½	19⅝ 7-16	86¼ ¾	237	27 28p	18 19p	78¾ 79
5	203½204	79⅜ ½	78¾ ⅞	87¼	94¼ ¼	—	86⅛ ½	—	28 29p	18 19p	78⅞ 79
6	—	—	79½	87½	94½ ¾	—	—	—	28 29p	18 20p	79⅛ ¼
7	—	—	78¾ 79	87½	94½ ¾	—	—	—	28p	17 20p	78⅞ 9¼
8	—	—	78¾ 9⅛	—	94⅝ ¾	—	—	236	27p	17 20p	79⅛
9	—	—	78⅝ 9⅛	—	94¼ ¾	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	29p	17 19p	79⅛
11	—	—	79⅛	—	94⅜ ¾	—	—	—	27 28p	17 19p	79⅛ ⅜
12	—	—	79¼	—	94⅜ ¾	—	—	—	27 28p	17 19p	79¼ ½
13	—	—	79⅛ ⅜	—	94⅜ 5	—	—	237¼	27 28p	17 19p	79¼ ⅜
14	—	—	79⅛ ⅜	—	94⅛ 5	—	—	—	27 28p	16 19p	79⅜ ¼
15	—	—	79⅛ ¼	—	94⅞ 5	—	—	—	—	15 18p	78⅜ ⅜
16	—	—	79¼ ½	—	94⅞ 5⅛	—	—	—	—	—	—
17	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	26 28p	15 16p	79⅜ 80½
18	—	—	79¾ 80⅜	—	95⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	25 28p	14 18p	80¼ ⅞
19	—	—	80⅛ ⅞	—	95⅜ 6¼	—	—	—	—	14 18p	79½ 80¼
20	—	—	79⅜ 80	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	—	—	—

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INQUISITION OF SPAIN.*

The History of the Spanish Inquisition by Llorente has been published some years, and has been acknowledged as distinguished for authenticity. But it is a voluminous work; it contains many details unsuitable to the general eye; a considerable quantity of matter not directly important to the subject; and exhibits throughout a want of that arrangement which is indispensable in a work intended for popular knowledge.

The public are now presented with a volume, containing all the substantial matter of Llorente's history, with some which had escaped his research, arranged in a natural method, and divested of all that rendered the original repulsive.

Of the accuracy of Llorente's history there can be no doubt. The writer had the most complete opportunities of knowledge—opportunities which could have been possessed by scarcely any other writer alive, and which, if they had been possessed by others, could have been made available at no other time. The breaking-up of the Spanish Holy Office by the French, and the confirmation of their act by the Cortes, had removed the fears under which any Spaniard must have previously written; and we are entitled to look upon this development of the proceedings of this most terrible of all tribunals as among the chief advantages to be derived from the struggle of freedom in Spain against the old despotism. Llorente thus explains the grounds of his authority:—"Being myself the secretary of the Inquisition at Madrid during the years 1789, 1790, and 1791, I have the firmest confidence of my being able to give to the world a true code of the secret laws by which the interior of the Inquisition was governed—of those laws which were veiled by mystery from all mankind, excepting those men to whom the know-

* The History of the Inquisition of Spain, from the time of its Establishment to the Reign of Ferdinand the Seventh. Composed from the original Documents of the Archives of the Supreme Council, and from those of subordinate Tribunals of the Holy Office. Abridged and translated from the original Work of D. Jean Antoine Llorente, formerly Secretary of the Inquisition, &c.—London, Whittaker. 1826; 1 vol. 8vo. pp. 582.

ledge of their political import was exclusively reserved. He proceeds to say that his motives were conscientious, and arising from a deep conviction, that the tribunal was "vicious in principle, constitution, and laws;" and that he thenceforth was induced to make use of the advantages of his situation, and to collect every document that he could procure relative to its history. His means were abundant, and the suppression of the Inquisition in 1809, threw *all the archives into his hands*, in addition to the previous "multitude of materials, obtained with labour and expense, and consisting of unpublished manuscripts and papers, mentioned in the inventories of deceased inquisitors and other officers of the Inquisition." The labour of this diligent compiler was not yet complete, for he further "collected every thing that appeared to him of consequence in the registers of the council of the Inquisition, and in the provincial tribunals, for the purpose of the history."

From an early period the people of the southern vallies of the Alps had resisted the discipline and doctrines of the Papacy. The security of those mountain fastnesses had augmented their population during the disturbances of Italy, and from the ninth century till the twefth, they had attracted the anxious and angry notice of the church of Rome. They were found to deny her chief doctrines: the mass, the worship of saints, and purgatory. The neighbouring archbishops were ordered to bring those presumed revolters back, by subjecting them to ecclesiastical censures. On the failure of this preliminary measure, the armed force was let loose against them. They resisted with the patience and steadiness of men convinced on principle; but the invaders were too powerful, and after long and merciless sufferings, the immense majority of these true Christians were either slain or driven out to wander as beggars through Europe.

But in the year 1160, the appearance of Peter, named Valdo, or Vallensis, from the common title of the people of the "Vallies," gave the cause a new body, popularity, and vigour. A number of the fugitive Waldenses had been sheltered in the South of France; their opinions had spread during the general distractions which shook the popedom in the twelfth century. But the alarming feature which distinguished the mission of Valdo, was the propagation of the Scriptures. The four gospels, with other portions of the New Testament, were translated into French. They were read by the people of the South with the eagerness of new discovery, and the conviction due to their matchless wisdom. That light had then broke forth, which, however to be darkened, was never again to be extinguished by human power. The first stone of the great Reformation was then laid.

To clear themselves from the imputation of mystical and unscriptural doctrines, the Waldenses published "Confessions of Faith," to which they pledged their lives. It will be seen how little they differed from the protestantism of the Reformation in 1517, and how directly they were opposed to the fundamental tenets of Rome. *

They declared that,

The Scriptures of the Old and New Testament are the only standards of faith.

There is but one mediator between God and man, even the Lord Christ Jesus.

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* Ranken's Hist. of France, vol. iii, p. 202.—Perrin's Hist. des Vaudois. (12, 13.)

The Saints are not to be worshipped.

Eternal life is the gift of God to the faithful, being justified by the sacrifice of Christ *alone*.

There is *no* purgatory.

There are but *two* sacraments: baptism, and the supper of the Lord.

There is *no* scriptural ground for the mass, nor for the Romish traditions, nor for the fasts, feasts, and hierarchy of the Church of Rome.

These were formidable blows at the doctrinal system of Rome: but the Waldenses smote where their blows were still more felt and more formidable; they openly pronounced that the Church of Rome had utterly degenerated from the church of the apostolic age; they preached against the doctrine of Indulgences, one of the chief Roman sources of reverence, as an abomination before God and man; they denied the necessity and validity of auricular confession, the great source of Popish influence; and, by further denying that the soul was capable of being extricated from any sufferings of an intermediate state by human means, struck at the profits of the infinite number of masses, prayers, and ceremonies for the dead, which made the subsistence of multitudes of the priesthood. To put an end to all doubts of their complete separation, they promulgated that the Church of Rome had apostatized from Christ; was deprived of the Holy Spirit; and was, in fact and doctrine, Paganism under another form—the *Babylonian harlot!* whose power, guilt, and final ruin had been prophesied in the Apocalypse above a thousand years before.*

The converts to those opinions rapidly increased to multitudes, and in a few years they made a large part of the population of the south of France and the north of Italy. They bore various appellations, according to their provinces or teachers, or even to the peculiar contempt which it was the fashion of the Romish hierarchy to cast upon them. From their general paucity and abjuration of the pomps of the Romish Church, they were called "beggars," "Turlupins," and "paupers of Lyons"—from their principal teachers, "Josephists," "Henricians," and "Petrobrussians." The names from their provinces were still more various; but the Piedmontaise were chiefly styled Waldenses, or Vaudois (from the local word *vaux*, vallies). The Italians were named "Lombards," and the French,† "Albigenses," from the city of Albi, the centre of their settlement, between the Garonne and the Rhone.

Men who thus nobly and conscientiously resisted the authority of Rome (which was then received by Europe as the authority of God), must have been looked on by the world as criminals of the blackest die. The general surprise at this defiance of a power which assumed to be "God's vicar on earth!" soon shaped itself into distinct charges, and the Waldenses were aspersed as guilty of impurity, conspiracy, and Manichæism.

The Protestants of our day will feel with what dangerous facility the deepest charges might have been brought, and believed, against those illustrious assertors of the right of private judgment, and how false they must have been against all those who received the Scriptures as they were given, in spirit and in truth. But there is no instance of a

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* Mosheim's Eccl. Hist., p. 127.

† This name was not general, and confirmed, till the council of Albi, A.D. 1254, which condemned them. Ranken, vol. iii, p. 200.

great religious enlightening, in which there have not started forth some forms of evil—some strange and enthusiastic practices—some irregular and irrational offence to the common understanding of mankind. This seems to be the result of that law of Providence, by which all things connected with man bear the touch of human infirmity.

Extravagant sects appeared, to disfigure the rising honours of the true church, as they afterwards appeared at the German reformation and at our own; but they subsequently and rapidly perished, or abandoned their extravagancies, and were in general purified into the adoption of the unblemished doctrine and practice of the Scriptures. The long and terrible imprisonment of the human mind had disqualified the infinite multitude from the native use of their capacities. The dungeon was now broken up, the chains were cast away for ever, and it is the course of nature that the first hours of enlargement should have been given to resistless exultation. Calumny, too, did its work, and every crime of sects, altogether unconnected with the reformed religion, was heaped upon the converts. The severest charge, and one which still idly and groundlessly continues to be made against them, was that of Manichæism.* It is not impossible that Manichæans occasionally mingled with them: for every sect which shrank from the severity of Rome, would naturally fly to the quarter in which resistance seemed most resolute and successful: but the "Confession of Faith" of the reformed is the true answer to this calumny—we see that it is *Christian* in the purest degree. But it is to be remembered that, by the canon of Boniface the Eighth, "whoever resisted the papal power was declared to be a Manichee;"† and the mere use of the scripture phrase of "Satan, the god of this world," was pronounced by the Inquisition sufficient evidence that the accused was a Manichee. But this first tumult of liberty was soon past, and man began to use the powers that God had given him, unloaded by the arbitrary and ponderous restrictions of superstition. A manly, intelligent, and vigorous public mind grew up among the reformers; the arm which had shaken off the chain of Rome would bear no other; and to the early struggles of the Albigenses we owe at once the faith and the freedom of England!

From the commencement of the twelfth century the power of the Roman pontiffs had been deeply shaken. Civil dissensions, excited by the remote claims of the Popes and Barons; disputed elections to the throne; and a long and doubtful war with the German emperor, provoked by the demand of papal investiture to the bishoprics and abbacies in his dominions, had darkened the early splendours of the Vatican. But the spread of the Reformed Church was watched by the sagacity of Rome as its most awful omen.

The popedom was still powerful; but it was suddenly to engross still more extended power. At the close of the twelfth century, Innocent III. ascended the papal throne; a man who, in any age, must have been prominent, but who was now, of all men, the most fitted for the support and triumph of the popedom. Of princely birth, of a strong and subtle intellect, and of a fiery and remorseless ambition, he was placed, at the age of thirty-six, in the highest seat of a church, already arrogating kingly

* Hallam's Hist. Midd. Ages.

† Ranken, vol. iii, p. 206.—Canon Unam Sanctum.—Limbrorch's Hist. Inquis., cap. and fol. 40.

supremacy. Rome had but three steps to take, and be supreme over the world—the subjection of the Greek church, the abolition of the fealty to the German emperors, and the extinction of the reformed. The last was the most essential, and it was commenced without loss of time.

The suppression of presumed heresy had been hitherto committed to the bishops, and many violent and sanguinary measures had been adopted under their authority; but Pope Innocent saw that the sweeping extinction of those Christians was not to be entrusted to their hands. Indolence, old age, the want of military means, the fear of retaliation, the natural reluctance to embrue themselves in the blood of their people, must have disqualified the majority of the stationary episcopal servants of Rome from lending themselves to its full vengeance. It is to be hoped, for the honour of our species, that there were many restrained by holier motives. But the Pope determined on forming an order of official agents who should not fail him; an agency which was to be independent of the bishops; to communicate directly and solely with the court of Rome; to be free from all other authority; to circulate from kingdom to kingdom, through the whole Christian world, in chase of the Reformed; and to be invested with the unquestioned power of trying and sentencing all "heretics," even to the extremities of torture and death.

This system was commenced by sending out two monks as commissioners through Narbonne Gaul, to "inquire into and report the state of the Albigenses." These were the first members of that scourge of the earth, the INQUISITION. The name was not yet given, nor was the system itself yet regularly formed; but the foundation was complete.

But our business is with the Spanish Inquisition—the most permanent of all the forms taken by this horrible tribunal, the most interwoven with the government, the most complete and regular in its machinery, and the most sweeping and insatiable in its slaughter. It emanated directly from Rome. In 1232, Pope Gregory the IXth addressed a brief to the Archbishop of Tarragona, exhorting him to oppose the progress of heresy by *every means* in his power. The Archbishop sent the brief to the provincial of the Dominicans, and the first Spanish Inquisition was founded in the diocese of Lerida. It was augmented with successive privileges by a long line of Popes, and was rapidly erected into the pride of popery and curse of Spain.

The nature of this tribunal was to engross all crimes, and to turn every thing that could impede its tyranny, or be made the material of its ambition, into a crime. The list contained no less than fifteen classes, under which it was scarcely possible for any human act to escape becoming an object of vengeance.

The first was heresy in general, including the suspicion of heresy; as the Inquisitors said, that it was only by falling on the suspected, that they could have a chance of crushing the guilty! The second was sorcery. The third, the invocation of demons. The fourth, to remain longer than a year without seeking absolution after excommunication. The fifth was schism. The sixth, the concealment of heretics. The seventh, opposition to the officers. The eighth, the refusal of the nobles to swear that they would expel heretics from their states. The ninth, the negligence of governors in defending their towns against heretics. The tenth, the refusal to repeal statutes contrary to the will of the tribunal. The eleventh, the assistance of heretics by lawyers. The

twelfth, the giving of burial to heretics. The thirteenth, the refusal to take oaths on the trials of heretics. The fourteenth, the having died a heretic, the body was to be dug up and burnt, the property confiscated, and the name declared infamous. The fifteenth, the conversion of papists by Moors or Jews.

From those laws the Popes and their officers, and bishops, were, except in certain cases, exempt; but kings were liable.

It would be a waste of time to go into the long and now well-known detail of the forms of this tribunal: they may be told in two words—tyranny and secresy. The accused was hurried away from his family secretly, secretly examined, secretly dungeoned, secretly tortured, or put to death, or secretly left to wear out a life of agony in his cell. The only interruption of this frightful secresy was in the instances when the tribunal wished to strike public terror, show that it was not rich and powerful for nothing, or intended to receive the Spanish sovereign with a peculiarly loyal and grateful pomp. Then they brought out their victims, male or female, old and young, erected piles of faggots in the principal square, and burned their human sacrifice in the face of a miserable tyrant, a degraded people, and a triumphant priesthood. The accused were allowed no legal adviser, no presence of friends, no sight of the accuser, no witnesses, often no knowledge of the charge. They were brought before the Inquisitor—they were asked a variety of questions constructed to embarrass them. They were first exhorted to acknowledge themselves guilty, and told that this plea was their only hope. Their acknowledgment thus won—and the tortured and terrified prisoner must have been often eager to make any confession, true or false—was turned against him, and he was the author of his own ruin. After the extinction or flight of the few Waldenses who had been established in Spain, the Inquisition fell upon the Jews. Many of those had, under fear of death, assumed papistry. But the tribunal determined to have them in its grasp, let their disguise be what it might. On the 4th of November 1481, two hundred and ninety-eight proselytes were burned in Seville; in other parts of Andalusia, two thousand were burnt; a still greater number were burnt in effigy, which implied banishment and ruin; and one thousand seven hundred suffered different tortures. The frequency of those murders made a peculiar scaffold necessary. One, called the Guemadero, or place of burning, was erected near Seville, and four figures of the "Prophets" were fixed on it, to which the victims were bound in the flames.

In 1483, the appointment of Torquemada as Grand Inquisitor-general gave an additional stability to this tribunal. A royal council of the Inquisition was formed; subaltern tribunals were appointed; and Torquemada had the guilty distinction of being the new-founder, and the fiercest murderer, in the annals of the Inquisition of this bigotted and degraded country.

His agency was upon a scale commensurate to his ambition. He was the chief instrument of banishing the Jews from Spain.

The Jews, in order to avert the danger which threatened them, offered to supply Ferdinand with thirty thousand pieces of silver to carry on the war against Grenada; they promised to live peaceably, to comply with the regulations formed for them, in retiring to their houses in the quarters assigned to them before night; and in renouncing all professions which were reserved for the Christians. Ferdinand and Isabella were willing to listen to these proposi-

tions; but Torquemada being informed of their inclinations, had the boldness to appear before them with a crucifix in his hand, and to address them in these words:—

"Judas sold his master for thirty pieces of silver; your highnesses are about to do the same for thirty thousand; behold him, take him, and hasten to sell him."

The fanaticism of the Dominican wrought a sudden change in the minds of the sovereigns; and they issued a decree on the 31st of March 1492, by which all the Jews were compelled to quit Spain before the 31st of July ensuing, on pain of death, and the confiscation of their property; the decree also prohibited Christians from receiving them into their houses after that period. They were permitted to sell their stock, to carry away their furniture and other effects, *except gold and silver, for which they were to accept letters of change, or any merchandize not prohibited.*

Torquemada commissioned all preachers to exhort them to receive baptism, and remain in the kingdom. A small number suffered themselves to be persuaded; the rest sold their goods at so low a price, that Andrew Bernaldez (a contemporary historian) declares, in his history of the Catholic Kings, that he saw *the Jews give a house for an ass, and a vineyard for a small quantity of cloth or linen.*

Of those unfortunate beings, eight hundred thousand were thus driven from their country! An act of atrocious tyranny, unexcused by any policy whatever. Yet their expulsion was, in fact, a mercy. To have remained in Spain, must be to have remained in perpetual exposure to torture and death.

In 1609, the final expulsion of the Moors occurred. The Inquisition had persecuted them into violence. A compact was made, and they at length emigrated into Africa, to the number of a million of men. Spain, in little more than a century, owed to this tribunal the loss, the irreparable loss of three millions of people!

The German Reformation in 1517 had, as is well known, compelled the attention of Charles the Vth in a remarkable degree from his accession to the Spanish throne. His long intercourse with Protestants threw a suspicion of heresy even upon their imperial persecutor, and Charles himself, in the plenitude of his power, was forced to explain his orthodoxy to the still mightier tribunal of the Inquisition. It is not less striking, that the nine ecclesiastics, some of them of high rank, who had conducted the affairs of the Spanish church at the Council of Trent, laboured under a similar suspicion, and were all thrown into the dungeons of this mysterious and terrible authority, immediately on the emperor's death. It had been said that Charles died a Protestant; this, of course, the whole energy of the popish priesthood was exerted to deny, and Llorente gives the last document purporting to be issued by Charles. Yet, in reading this, we must remember that Charles, for the latter period of his retirement, had suffered an extraordinary decay of his once powerful understanding; that he was actually lingering into the grave in a cloister, where one of his occupations had been the strange and melancholy one of ordering a procession, which he called his own funeral, and in which his coffin was carried in royal pomp; that he was surrounded by monks, and was thus liable, in the highest degree, either to be urged into weak and superstitious declarations, or even to have them forged in his name. The monks were masters of himself, his time, his mind, and his papers after his death. The paper which is thus insufficiently supposed to decide the question of the king's fidelity to Rome, is here given:—

In his codicil, written twelve days before his death, Charles V. thus expresses himself: "When I had been informed that many persons had been arrested in some provinces, and that others were to be taken as accused of Lutheranism, I wrote to the princess my daughter, to inform her in what manner they should be punished, and the evil remedied. I also wrote afterwards to Louis Quixada, and authorized him to act in my name in the same affair; and although I am persuaded that the king my son, the princess my daughter, and the ministers have already, and will always, make every possible effort to destroy so great an evil, with all the severity and promptitude which it requires; yet, considering what I owe to the service of our Lord, the triumph of his faith, the preservation of his church and the Christian religion (in the defence of which I have performed such painful labours at the risk of my life, as every one knows); and particularly desiring, above all, to inspire my son, whose catholic sentiments I know, with the wish of imitating my conduct, and which I hope he will do, from knowing his virtue and piety, I beg and recommend to him very particularly, as much as I can and am obliged to do, and command him moreover in my quality of father, and by the obedience which he owes me, to labour with diligence, as in a point which particularly interests him, that the heretics shall be prosecuted and chastised with all the severity which their crimes deserve, *without permitting any criminal to be excepted, without any respect for the intreaties, or rank, or quality of the persons;* and that my intentions may have their full and entire effect, I desire him to protect the holy office of the Inquisition, for the great numbers of crimes which it prevents or punishes, *remembering that I have charged him to do so in my will,* that he may fulfil his duty as a prince, and render himself worthy that the Lord should make his reign prosperous, conduct his affairs, and protect him against his enemies, to my consolation."

But a still more curious document, as it relates to our own country, is the letter of Philip the Second to exculpate himself to the Pope. This furious bigot was near being King of England; and between him and Queen Mary we should have had a kingdom flowing with massacre. He boasts in this letter of his persecutions among us; and he evidently wanted nothing but power to have given us the whole benediction of popery.

Since I informed you of the conduct of the Pope, and of the news received from Rome, I have learnt that his holiness proposes to excommunicate the emperor and me, to put my states under an interdict, and to prohibit the divine service. Having consulted learned men on this subject, it appears that it is not only an abuse of the power of the sovereign pontiff, founded only on the hatred and passion, which, certainly, has not been provoked by our conduct, but that we are not obliged to submit to what he has ordained in respect to our persons, on account of the great scandal which would be caused by our confessing ourselves guilty, since we are not so, and the great sin which we should commit in so doing. In consequence, it has been decided, that if I am interdicted from certain things, I am not obliged to deprive myself of them, as those do who are excommunicated, although a censure may be sent to me from Rome, according to the disposition of his holiness. For after having destroyed the sects in England, brought this country under the influence of the church, pursued and punished the heretics without ceasing, and obtained a success which has always been constant, I see that his holiness evidently wishes to ruin my kingdom, without considering what he owes to his dignity; and I have no doubt that he would succeed if we consented to his demands, since he has already revoked all the legations which Cardinal Pole received for this kingdom, and which had produced so much benefit. These reasons, other important considerations, the necessity of preparing for all events, and of protecting our people from being surprised, have induced us to draw up, in the name of his majesty, and in our own, an act of recusation in form, of which I intended to send you a copy; but as this piece is very long, and the courier is setting out

for France, it could not be done, and I will send it by the courier going by sea, who will soon set out. When you receive it, you must write to the prelates, the grandees, to the cities, universities, and the heads of orders, and inform them of all that has passed: you must direct them to look upon the censures and interdict sent from Rome as non-existent, because they are null, unjust, and without foundation, for I have taken counsel on what is permitted in these circumstances. If any act of the Pope should arrive in the interim, it will be sufficient to prevent it from being received, accepted or executed; but to preclude the necessity of coming to this extremity, you must cause the frontiers to be strictly guarded, as we have done in England, that none of these pieces should be notified or delivered, and *punish very severely any person who shall dare to distribute them, because it is not to be permitted that we should continue to dissimulate.* If it is impossible to prevent their introduction, and if any one attempts to put them in force, you must oppose their execution, as we have powerful motives for this command; and this prohibition must extend to the kingdom of Arragon, to which you must write if it is necessary. It has been since known, that in the bull published on Holy Thursday, the Pope has excommunicated all those who have taken or shall take the property of the church, *whether they are kings or emperors*, and that on Good Friday, he commanded the prayer for his majesty to be omitted, although the Jews, Moors, heretics, and schismatics, are prayed for on that day. This proves that the evil is becoming serious, and induces us to recommend more particularly the execution of the measures which we have prescribed, and of which we shall give an account to his majesty.

But Philip the Second was grossly wronged by the Pope. He had not a more faithful servant. The Inquisition flourished, the Guemadero flamed, and the priesthood was triumphant, if burning and blood could give them victory.

It is an evidence of the frightful excess to which the human mind can be blinded and infuriated by bigotry, that those executions, repellent as the death of a human being by the horrid agony of burning might be conceived, were habitually reserved as a sort of public amusement for persons of the highest rank of both sexes.

The first solemn *auto-da-fé* of Valladolid was celebrated on the 21st of May 1559, in the grand square, and in the presence of the Prince Don Carlos and the Princess Juana, of the civil authorities, and of a considerable number of the grandees of Spain, besides an immense multitude of people. The arrangement of the scaffolds and seats have been already described in several works, and represented in prints. Fourteen persons were relaxed; the bones and effigy of a woman burnt, and sixteen individuals were admitted to reconciliation with penances.

Relaxed means, given over to the flames.

To this shew, unfortunately, the presence of the king was wanting; but the Inquisition were more lucky in general.

The second *auto-da-fé* of Valladolid took place on the 8th of October, in the same year, 1559; it was still more splendid than the first, on account of the presence of Philip II. The inquisitors had waited his return from the Low Countries, to do him honour in this grand festival.

Thirteen persons, with a corpse and an effigy, were burnt, and sixteen admitted to reconciliation. The king was accompanied by his son, his sister, the Prince of Parma, three Ambassadors from France, the Archbishop of Seville, the Bishops of Palencia and Zamora, and other bishops elect.

Among the victims were some remarkable men; we give the single instance of the heroic faith of Seso.

Don Carlos de Seso, a noble of Verona, son to the Bishop of Placenza, in Italy, and one of the most noble families in the country; he was forty-three years of age, passed for a learned man, who had rendered great services to the emperor, and had held the office of Corregidor of Toro. He married Donna Isabella de Castilla, daughter of Don Francis de Castilla, who were descended from the king Don Pedro *the Cruel.* After his marriage he settled at Villamediana, near Logrono. He there openly preached heresy, and was the principal author of the progress of Lutheranism at Valladolid, Palencia, Zamora, and the boroughs depending on those cities. He was arrested at Logrono, and taken to the secret prisons of Valladolid. He answered the requisition of the fiscal on the 28th of June 1558. His sentence was communicated to him on the 7th of October 1559, and he was told to prepare to suffer death on the following day. De Seso asked for ink and paper, and wrote his confession, which was entirely Lutheran; he said that this doctrine, and not that taught by the Roman Church, which had been corrupted for several centuries, was the true faith of the gospel; that he would die in that belief, and that he offered himself to God in memory of the passion of Jesus Christ. It would be difficult to express the vigour and energy of his writing, which filled two sheets of paper. De Seso was exhorted during the night, and on the morning of the 8th, but without success; he was gagged that he might not have the power of preaching his doctrine. When he was fastened to the stake the gag was taken from his mouth, and he was again exhorted to confess himself; he replied with a loud voice and great firmness: "If I had sufficient time, I would convince you that you are lost, by not following my example. Hasten to light the wood which is to consume me." The executioners complied, and De Seso died impenitent.

The spirit of the tribunal never lingered. An *auto-da-fé,* the name for one of these exhibitions of torture, was performed 24th of September. It was handsomely attended.

This *auto-da-fé* was celebrated before the royal court of justice, the chapter of the cathedral, some grandees of Spain, and a great number of titled persons and gentlemen: the Duchess of Bejar was present with several ladies, and an immense concourse of people. Twenty-one persons were *relaxed,* with an effigy of a contumacious person, and eighty persons condemned to penances, the greatest number of whom were Lutherans.

The inquisitors of Seville, now jealous of the celebrity of the murders at Valladolid, proposed a burning, to which they expected to attract Philip. "When," as Llorente says, "they had lost all hope of the honour," the fires were lighted; fourteen human beings were burnt alive, three in effigy, because they could not find the originals to burn; and thirty-four were subjected to various agonies and sufferings; among the rest was burned an Englishman.

Nicholas Burton, born in England, was condemned as an impenitent Lutheran heretic. It is impossible to justify the conduct of the inquisitors to this Englishman, and several other foreigners who had not settled in Spain, and were merely returning to their respective countries after having transacted their commercial affairs. This man came to Spain in a vessel laden with merchandize, which, he said, was all his own property, but of which some part belonged to John Fronton, who was reconciled in this *auto-da-fé.* Burton refused to abjure, and was burnt alive; the inquisitors seized his vessel and its freight, thus proving that avarice was the principal motive of the Inquisition. The inquisitors were guilty of a great cruelty in this instance, and the commerce of Spain would perhaps have been destroyed, if the violence committed against Burton, and some others, had not been protested against by the different powers, which induced Philip IV. to prohibit the inquisitors from molesting foreign merchants and travellers, if they did not attempt to promulgate hereti-

cal opinions; but the inquisitors eluded this order, by pretending that they brought prohibited books into the kingdom, or spoke in favour of heresy.

Among the sufferers by the penances was another Englishman.

John Fronton, an Englishman of the city of Bristol, who came to Seville, where he was informed of the arrest of Nicholas Burton. He was the proprietor of a considerable part of the merchandize taken from Burton, and after proving this fact by documents which he brought from England, he claimed restitution. He was subjected to great delays and expenses, but as it was impossible to deny his rights, the inquisitors promised to restore the merchandize; in the mean time they contrived that witnesses should appear and depose that John Fronton had advanced heretical propositions, and he was taken to the secret prisons. The fear of death induced Fronton to say everything that the inquisitors required, and he demanded reconciliation. He was declared to be *violently suspected* of the Lutheran heresy. This was sufficient to authorize the inquisitors to seize his property, and he was reconciled, condemned to forfeit his merchandize, and to wear the *san-benito* for the space of one year. This is a remarkable proof of the mischief produced by the secresy of the inquisitorial proceedings. If the affair of John Fronton had been made public, any lawyer would have shewn the nullity and falsehood of the *instruction.* Yet there are Englishmen who defend the tribunal of the holy office, as a useful institution, and I have heard an *English Catholic priest* speak in its defence. I represented that he did not understand the nature of the tribunal; that I was not less attached to the Catholic religion than he, or any inquisitor might be; but that if the spirit of peace and charity, humility and disinterestedness, inculcated by the Holy Scriptures, is compared with the system of severity, craft, and malice, dictated by the laws of the holy office, and the power possessed by the inquisitors (from the secresy of their proceedings) of abusing their authority, in defiance of natural and divine laws, the orders of the Popes and the royal decrees, it will be impossible not to detest the tribunal as only tending to produce hypocrisy.

To enumerate the unfortunate persons destroyed may be beyond any human calculation: their register is before another judgment-seat, in which no art of man can cancel the numbers or palliate the crime. The papers of the Inquisition had been irregularly kept in the beginning, and many of them have been destroyed in the late commotions of Spain. But Llorente, from the best data in his power, calculates the general list thus:

Persons burnt, 31,912.

Effigies burnt, of which the result was exile, or death if the originals returned, 17,659.

Persons condemned to *severe* penances, 291,450.

Making the enormous multitude of three hundred and forty-one thousand and twenty-one in Spain alone; where, even so late as 1781, there was a burning.

This calculation leaves out the multitude who perished in the dungeons, through misery, confinement, and actual torture. It also leaves out the countless thousands slain by the Inquisition in Italy, Germany, France, Poland, and the Low Countries. And such is the finished work of Rome!

DEATH'S DOINGS.*

THERE has always prevailed in the world a rather strange desire to laugh at Death, whom, in our more serious mood, we have personified under the awful name of the King of Terrors. Certainly, as Miss Farrier has observed, in her excellent novel, "The Inheritance," all our *real* figures of dread are drawn, either directly or remotely, from death. The earthquake might shake continents—tornadoes upturn oceans—the lightning might flash in tenfold vehemence from the clouds—the floods might rise to heights unheard-of in the days of Noah, without exciting in us any ideas beyond those of *inconvenience*, if it were possible that these occurrences could take place without loss of life. If we were so made as to defy them, and live, they would cease to be horrible: but vest them with the powers of DEATH, as they *are* invested, and that gives them the attributes of horror. Disease, no matter how painful, if not decidedly deadly, is little regarded. The gout, for instance, is matter of jest, in spite of all its torture; but no one laughs at fever, and who shudders not at the very name of PLAGUE? And why does that name excite the greater terror, but because his "doings" are more rapid, and less capable of being opposed—because he is, as Professor Wilson calls him, the

> "King of the grave and church-yard cell?"

All objects of physical terror being thus, in fact, resolvable into that one of death—and objects of physical terror outweighing, beyond all power of calculation, all other objects of terror, with the mass of mankind—how are we to account for the propensity toward caricaturing him, which may be traced in all parts of the world? We must suppose that it arises principally from the inevitable certainty of his approach, and our familiarity with him in all his shapes. Were he to be propitiated by reverence, he would not be caricatured. But when laughing at him, or pretending to laugh at him, will not accelerate his approach, any more than flattering him, or bowing down in honour of his powers, retard it. There is a sort of pleasure in making light of terror, and exhibiting in grotesque forms the grim shadow, which in graver hours we regard with feelings of the most opposite nature. Something of the same kind has taken place with respect to the popular idea of the devil. The personified origin of Evil—the avowed adversary of man—he

> "Who brought into this world, a world of woe,
> Sin, and her shadow, Death; and Misery,
> Death's harbinger,"—

would not, *à priori*, be considered as a fit object for jest; and yet he is, in all European nations at least, a matter of mere sport. The sayings of the devil are generally slang of the most jocose description—much fitter for the Fives' Court or Billingsgate than the mouth of him,

> ..... "*che fu nobil creato*
> *Piu d' altra creatura,*"—

the proud-spirited emperor of Pandemonium. Dressed out in the buffoon disguise of hoof, horn, and tail, he figures in caricature and masquerade innumerable. In every country in Europe he has a peculiar nickname of the most jocular kind: and this also must be a reaction of dread.

In the ancient world, the Greek wits were in the habit of jesting much on such subjects. The merriest of Lucian's merry writings are "Dialogues of the Dead," in which death itself is laughed at with a laboured lightness of jesting that proves its insincerity; while the heathen ministers of hell, its king and queen, its judges, furies, messengers,

> "And the grim ferryman that poets write of,"

are treated with a real *gaîté de cœur*. In fact, he believed in ΘΑΝΑΤΟΣ—he could not avoid it; but he had a thorough scorn for the inconsistent and blun-

* Death's Doings; consisting of numerous original Compositions in Prose and Verse; with Twenty-four Illustrations, designed and etched by R. Dagley. 8vo.—London: Andrews, Cole.

dering machinery of the heathen Hades. Aristophanes, before him, had no scruple of bringing them on the stage, in farces, in which the wildest poetry is mixed with the grossest buffoonery; as, for instance, in his "Frogs." This peculiar way of laughing at the hell of the heathens took its rise in the spirit of parody. As Homer had sent Ulysses on a visit to hell, and there, with wonderful power of language—with terrible felicity of imaginative description—ventured to paint the secrets of the invisible world, these ideas were of course familiar to all Greece, and being familiar, were naturally the prey of parody. In Aristophanes and Lucian, we meet no accession to the company which Homer has stationed in the world below. But, in Lucian's hands, it went far beyond mere parody; and having enriched it with all the force of his wit, he has decidedly given the impress to almost all fictitious writing of this nature. Of all the ancients, he, in style and arrangement of his ideas, seems the most to have resembled the modern novelists; and those who have not considered it, would be amazed to find how much of our modern literature is drawn from his pages. Rabelais has taken from him the visit of Epistemon to hell; and the "Visions" of Quevedo, and Swift's "Glubdubdrib," are entirely suggested by him. In many minor authors and productions also, it would not be difficult to trace his hand.

In the middle ages, the custom of representing mysteries—in which, of course, the Passion of our Saviour afforded an occasion, or rather indeed imposed the necessity of representing the spiritual agents of the other world on the stage—made a contemplation of such subjects, in a dramatic point of view, familiar; and from the nature of the drama in general, but more particularly of the rude drama in those days, it was to be expected that they should occasionally be put into a ludicrous position. Accordingly, we find the mysteries full of jests, and jests occasionally of such a nature as to border on the blasphemous. The ludicrous passed from the drama into our incipient literature, and, in due course of time, produced satire. Hence we derive the "Ship of Fools" of Alexander Barclay, and similar compositions. These, in process of time, were tinctured by a Lucianic spirit, and began to belong to the higher literature; but even in the rudest days we had such pictures. In Pearce Plowman there is a procession of death, which appears to have afforded hints even to Milton:

> "Age the hoar he was in the vaward,
> And bore the banner before death, by right he it claimed,"—

seems to be the original of,

> ....."That proud honour claimed
> Azazel as his right," &c.;

and the dreadfully minute description of the lazar-house, in the eleventh book of "Paradise Lost," also finds a prototype in Pearce Plowman.

The monks amused themselves with illuminating their missals with figures, of which the originals were, in many respects, drawn from the mysteries much more than from the Scriptures—just as we should be inclined to paint Macbeth and his wife from the figures that they make on our stage, rather than from the description in Boëthius or Buchanan. Their grotesque wood-work, of which so much abounds every where, was also frequently composed of processional groups, in which death and devils bore a very prominent part. From such sources as these Holbein, it is probable, drew his notions, which he has immortalized in his "Dance of Death." It would be merely waste of time to criticize that strange production, which has so often undergone already the careful attention of so many critics, in so many languages. Numerous have been the imitations which it has since called forth, in almost every country in Europe. In our own country and times, Combe, the author of Doctor Syntax, supplied verses to pictures by Rowlandson; and thus between them they produced a "Dance of Death." Of this work it is impossible to speak in terms of favour, although it had a certain popularity. Combe and Rowlandson had no communication with one another; and the poet laboured away at so much per foot, to illustrate what he imagined might have been the ideas of the artist. Nor was either of the men well qualified for producing a powerful, or even a very amusing work, under such cir-

cumstances, on that subject. Combe, at no period of his life, was possessed of any poetic talent, and his sense of the ludicrous was very tame and second-hand. In Doctor Syntax, where he had something like a chain of adventures to keep up, he got on passably. He versified in some sort the ludicrous tavern adventures, travelling mishaps, &c. &c., of which he found the materials already drawn admirably to his hand in Fielding and Smollett; and even these his sense of the decorum which is due to the clerical character so explained away every moment, as almost to destroy the comic effect. But, in illustrating a "Dance of Death," where he had no continued story to keep up, and where he could not lay his hand upon any ready comic store to supply the barrenness of his own invention, he merely drivelled away, heaping line upon line, in a sort of sleepy maundering. Yet we should be sorry, after all, to pass a very harsh judgment on poor Combe. To do even so much was a great effort, for a man past his seventieth year, and whose principal domicile, during the composition of those works, was a prison. His facility in pouring forth such a flood of octosyllabic verse appears to have astonished himself; and he yielded to it, not for fame, but bread. It is pleasant to reflect that they contributed much to cheer his declining years, and that his poverty and dependence upon booksellers—a race who are not always very scrupulous—never seduced him to lend any aid to the cause of immorality in any shape. No line of his lay heavy on his soul, however leaden they might lie on the patience of his readers.

Rowlandson was a caricaturist—nothing more: he, therefore, could not paint a "Dance of Death." The grotesque figures of every-day life he could represent with sufficient humour; he had not anatomical knowledge sufficient even to draw a skeleton. As for grouping, he knew nothing about it. He had, besides, the fault of most caricaturists—he was continually repeating himself. In all Rowlandson's works there is but one female face or figure. His old men have a terrible family resemblance; so have his horses, trees, dogs, &c. This in separate pictures is pardonable—for we may forget the mannerism when it comes on as in detached pieces; but in a book it is absolutely distressing. Then his attempts at painting serious expression, which the nature of his subject now and then forced upon him, are quite pitiable. His principal figure was here sadly against him—he could make nothing of Death: he could not group him, or give him buffoon expression—nay, he could hardly draw him. In Doctor Syntax, he, as well as his poet, was more at home. The burlesque parson, with his quizzical hat and wig, and his gaunt steed, was just the kind of centre-piece for Rowlandson—this was the very thing which he could draw; and having Syntax in every plate, he was sure of producing *one* laughable figure. In his "Dance of Death," on the contrary, there was almost a decided certainty of his producing *one*, at all events, which would contribute much towards spoiling the effect of the rest. On the whole, the book is a failure, and is now forgotten.

Mr. Dagley has come to the task with, at all events, a more sober mind than Rowlandson, and numbers among his contributors writers of higher rank than poor old Combe, One thing, however, must always be defective in a work "by several hands;"—there is no unity. The gaiety is not uniform gaiety—the gravities are pitched upon different keys. Yet the effect of the whole, every thing considered, is far from displeasing, and the perusal of the book leaves an impression of not disagreeable melancholy on the mind. Calderon de la Barca might supply an apt motto for such a work:

> "*Cada piedra un piramide levante*
> *Ycada flor costringe un monumento,*
> *Cada edificio es un sepulcro altivo*
> *Cada soldado un esquileto vivo.*"

> "Each stone a star-ypointing pyramid
> Becomes; each flower a monument's device;
> Each building is a lofty sepulchre;
> Each soldier but a living skeleton."

And the living skeleton is sometimes very graphically and expressively depicted

here. We cannot, however, always compliment the drawing as much as the conception. Some of the figures—the horse, for instance, under the huntsman, page 213, which has a much stronger resemblance to the White Horse in Fetter-lane than to any other breed with which we happen to be acquainted—are sadly out of drawing. This is a defect which surely could be corrected without much difficulty: it certainly ought to be corrected.

As a fair specimen of the writing, we select the following pretty verses:

THE SCROLL.

The maiden's cheek blush'd ruby bright,
And her heart beat quick with its own delight;
Again she should dwell on those vows so dear,
Almost as if her lover were near.
Little deemed she that letter would tell
How that true lover fought and fell.
The maiden read till her cheek grew pale—
Yon drooping eye tells all the tale:
She sees her own knight's last fond prayer,
And she reads in that scroll her heart's despair.
Oh! grave, how terrible art thou
To young hearts bound in one fond vow.
Oh! human love, how vain is thy trust;
Hope! how soon art thou laid in dust.

Thou fatal pilgrim, who art thou,
As thou flingst the black veil from thy shadowy brow?
I know thee now, dark lord of the tomb,
By the pale maiden's withering bloom:
The light is gone from her glassy eye,
And her cheek is struck by mortality;
From her parted lip there comes no breath,
For that scroll was fate—its bearer—Death.

It is quite superfluous, we imagine, to say that these lines are by Miss Landon: the verses are redolent of love.

Mr. Jerdan has contributed the "Last Bottle."—There is something Rabelaisian in the style; but we beg to remind Mr. Jerdan, that Bakbuk of the Holy Bottle is not a high priest, but a priest*ess*.

"Death in the Ring" is not well done. The author pleads the authority of Blackwood and Mr. Moore for indulging in the disgusting language of the Fancy. Admitting the authorities, they do not, however, *now* defend the practice. Some seven or eight years ago, allusions to the Ring might have been tolerated. *Now* that that *institute* has become entirely the prey of thieves, pickpockets, and low swindlers—when it is nothing but an establishment for robbery—no gentleman should, even in jest, allude to its existence. The present heroes of the Ring are the heroes of the tread-mill, and their dialect is not more respectable than the conventional language of highwaymen. We hope to see it entirely banished from any species of literature that aspires to be read in a society above that which favours with its company the pot-houses in the purlieus of Newgate, or the alleys of St. Giles's; nor can we flatter the gentleman who employs it in Mr. Dagley's "Death's Doings," by saying that he manages it, such as it is, very dexterously.

With one specimen of grave poetry—from the pen, we believe, of the Rev. George Croly—and a gay one from Mr. Forbes, we conclude:

THE POET.

Thou art vanish'd! Like the blast
Bursting from the midnight cloud;
Like the lightning thou art past,—
Earth has seen no nobler shroud!

Now is quench'd the flashing eye,
Now is chill'd the burning brow,
All the poet that can die;
Homer's self is but as thou.

Thou hast drunk life's richest draught,
Glory, tempter of the soul!
Wild and deep thy spirit quaff'd,
There was poison in the bowl.

Then the haunting visions rose,
Spectres round thy bosom's throne!
Poet! what shall paint thy woes,
But a pencil like thine own?

Thou art vanish'd! Earthly Fame,
See of what thy pomps are made!
Genius! stoop thine eye of flame!
Byron's self is but a shade.

DEATH (A DEALER),

TO HIS LONDON CORRESPONDENT.

Sept. 1, 1826.

Per post, sir, received your last invoice and letter,
No consignment of your's ever suited me better:
The burnt bones (for flour) far exceeded my wishes,
And the coculus-indicus beer was delicious.

Well, I'm glad that at last we have hit on a plan
Of destroying that long-living monster, *poor* man:
With a long-neck'd green bottle I'll finish a lord,
And a duke with a *pâté à la perigord;*
But to kill a poor wretch is a different case,
For the creatures *will* live, though I stare in their face.

Thanks to you, though, the times will be speedily altered,
And the poor be got rid of without being haltered:
For ale and beer drinkers there's nothing so proper as
Your extracts of coculus, quassia, and copperas—
Called ale, from the hundreds that ail with them here,
And beer, from the numbers they bring to their bier,

In vain shall they think to find refuge in tea—
That decoction's peculiarly flavoured by me;
Sloe-leaves make the tea—verdigris gives the bloom—
And the slow poison's sure to conduct to the tomb,
As for coffee, Fred. Accum well knows the word means
Naught but sand, powder, gravel, and burnt peas and beans.

But let us suppose that they drink only water—
I think there may still be found methods to slaughter
A few of the blockheads who think they can bam me
By swallowing that tasteless *liqueur.*—Well, then, d— me
(You'll pardon my wrath), they shall drink till they're dead
From *lead* cisterns—to me 'twill be sugar of lead!

But why do I mention such matters to *you,*
Who without my poor hints know so well what to do?
You provide for the grocer, the brewer, the baker,
As they in their turn *do* for the undertaker.

P. S.—By the bye, let me beg you, in future, my neighbour,
To send me no sugar that's raised by *free labour,*
Unless you can mingle a *little* less salt
In the pound—for the public presume to find fault
With the new China *sweet'ning*—and though they allow
That they'll take the *saints' sugar* (attend to me now),
Even *cum grano salis*—they *do* say that such
An allowance as 30 *per cent.* is too much.

We congratulate Mr. Dagley on the coadjutors who have aided him in his work.

A SKETCH FROM THE IRISH BENCH.

His jest will savour but of shallow wit,
When thousands weep more than did laugh at it.—*Henry the Fifth.*

To the complaints of reformers against the multifarious departures from the theoretic purity of our constitution,—to the reiterated demonstration of that practical corruption, which seems rapidly effecting a virtual revolution in the national institutes and fortunes, by a transference of the substantial control over the resources of the country into the hands of new and unrecognised authorities, there is one fashionable and accredited reply,—"that the system, such as it is, works well." How far this assertion is true in fact, or available in consequence, it is not our present purpose to decide; though it may be observed, *par parenthèse*, that we never hear it, without being reminded of the grave-digger's remark on the gallows. "The gallows does well. But how does it well? it does well to those who do ill." The frequency of the averment, coupled as it has been by certain awkward phenomena in the statistics of the country, has operated as a provocative to inquiry, turning the minds of men by an additional motive to the canvassing of "things as they are," and fixing attention upon that "working," which has been made matter of such unsparing and unceasing eulogy. It is not therefore very surprising, that any details illustrative of the subject should be graciously received by the public; and that the periodical literature of the day should have acquired, not only a deep die of politics, but also a disposition to personality, wherever individuals have been mixed up with things, and persons amalgamated with opinions. There is no point of view in which a government can be considered more instructive and convincing, than the history of its public functionaries. The memoirs of the Du Barris and the Dubois, all private, personal, and scandalous as they are, have thrown a stronger light on the genius of the French monarchy than a whole library of archives and diplomatic documents; and an history of the house of Jenkinson, of Grenville, of Beresford, or of Hutchinson, would give a clearer insight into the real mechanism of the English and Irish constitutions, than all the Humes and the Delomes that ever wrote. In tracing the footsteps of public characters in their several paths to wealth and distinction, we arrive, by the shortest cut, at a knowledge of the talents required, and of the virtues rewarded under the system to which they give efficacy; we observe the levers and springs of the state machine in their immediate operation; we discover the ends to which it is directed, and the means by which its purposes are attained; and we come at once to an intimate acquaintance with its influence upon public morals and national happiness. A scrutinizing and critical biography is to politics what morbid anatomy is to medicine; and the vices of the individual epitomize the qualities of the reigning epidemic.

This is the secret of the very prevalent curiosity which pervades the English public respecting Irish men and Irish affairs. The condition of Ireland is to strangers a perfect mystery; and each separate transaction, as it arises, an unanswerable riddle: for it is the misfortune of that country, in uniting itself with the great political body, of which it has become a constituent portion, still to continue a separate system; to be governed upon a distinct principle, and moved towards distinct ends; and to remain in all that respects public manners and internal

government, as different from the rest of the empire as if it were a portion of the Chinese instead of the British monarchy. Without a resident government (for the main spring of its politics lies in Downing-street), without a national legislature, its nobles absentees, its press a nonentity, Ireland possesses in the bar alone a public body endowed with activity, character, and influence, and possessing a sphere of action sufficient to fix the attention of the philosopher or the politician. The bar of Ireland, with its three hundred crown appointments, predominates over all other classes and predicaments of the nation. It furnishes the largest contingent to metropolitan society, and it opens almost the only arena upon which talent and industry can struggle with any hope of success for honours or emoluments. The administration of the laws indeed forms, in all countries, a very important item of their civil history; but in a country divided by factions, as Ireland is, it is almost the alpha and the omega. The appointment or the destitution of an attorney-general suffices to change the colour of events; and a knowledge of the going judge of assize goes a long way in predetermining the success not only of a state prosecution, but of a civil action. Of the bar, the bench is an important appendix; and the honours and emoluments of the ermine being the great objects of legal ambition, and the rewards of professional eminence (however acquired), the history of those who are clothed in its comfortable drapery should by no means be overlooked. Upon the purity, the decorum, and the dignity of the bench depend, by the closest connexion, the due administration of public justice, the popular respect for the laws, the tranquillity of the country, and the prosperity of the entire population: nor can a better proof be afforded of the amended spirit of the times, and of a commencing return to sounder principles of government, than in the respectability of the more recently appointed judges, and in the departure from practices which made the benches of the Irish House of Commons the ladder to the highest judicial appointments.

Among the distinguished personages who at present preside in the tribunals of Ireland, there is no one more deserving of especial notice than the chief justice of the court of Common Pleas. Whether we consider the steps by which he arrived at the eminent station he holds, his age, his personal qualifications for office, or the mode in which he has discharged his duties, Lord Norbury deservedly takes precedence of his yoke-fellows in dignity, in the rolls of illustrative biography. Satisfied, however, as we are, of the propriety of selecting his lordship as a "theme of honour and renown," we are by no means so sure of the tone to be observed in the progress of narration. Tragedy, comedy, and farce (as H. Tooke has it, in his reply to Junius) are so evenly mixed in the materials of his story, that it is eminently difficult to decide which shall prevail; and, manage the matter as we may, we must still set the unities at defiance, and remain contented with producing such a serio-comical, melo-dramatical performance, as accords equally ill with the canons of theatric and of political criticism. We would willingly preserve that elevated style which belongs to the dignity of our calling,—and there are circumstances to be glanced at, to which no seriousness and severity could do justice; but, by some means or other it occurs, that in revolving the epochs of his lordship's career, Punch is eternally peeping over the shoulders of Melpomene; and with every predisposition to lash ourselves to the true "Cambyses vein," we find it difficult to attain to

a deeper tone of sententious pathos, than that of Falstaff's personification of old King Henry.

Fortune, it seems, may bestow upon her favourites talents to which no obstacle is a difficulty, health which no exertion can destroy, and an aptitude for labour which no exercise can exhaust; and yet she will have done little towards the building of a great man, unless she shall at the same time have tuned him in harmony with the sphere in which he is destined to move. It is by the want of this agreement between the inward man and the outward circumstance, by the absence of this happy adaptation of the back to its burden, that so

> "Many a flower is born to blush unseen,
> And waste its sweetness in the desert air."

For the "village Hampden," who is opposed only to some "little tyrant of his fields," will never be pushed into eminence by a state prosecution, nor become conspicuous by the exorbitance of his price in the rat market: while the "mute inglorious Milton," unawakened by the fostering protection of his—bookseller, may pass his life behind a counter, for the mere want of that cerebral protuberance which is supposed by the initiated to be the peculiar seat and organ of the faculty of "get-on-i-tiveness." Thus, the man whom nature designed to sing like the Wizard of the North at a guinea per line, may, by untoward circumstance, be reduced to the dreadful necessity of whistling for a dinner!

On this point, however, Lord Norbury has had little cause for complaint; for, between him and the administration under which he sprang into political being, it may truely be said,

> "Ah, sure a pair were never seen,
> So justly formed to meet by nature."

At first sight, indeed, it might have been thought that his lordship was not exactly formed for the sphere in which he was destined to move. Not Joe Munden himself, nor Liston, the mirth-exciting child of Thalia, are by temperament gifted with animal spirits more buoyantly hostile to the dry, dusty pursuits of jurisprudence than his; and never perhaps was there a lawyer whose intellectual peculiarities were less likely to make the study of Coke upon Littleton a facile and a prosperous task, in those rare moments, in which a sense of stern necessity might overcome the irksomeness of application. The perspicacity which detects a difficulty, and the perseverance which resolves the complex riddle of conflicting aphorisms and contradictory authorities, incidental to "a point of law," do not fall to the lot of every one, whom "fate and the metaphysical aid" of a due course of Temple legs of mutton equip with a wig and gown; and there are no few members of the Irish bar, who "are inclined to be of opinion" that his lordship was not of that number. But then on the other hand, if ill-adapted to the *profession* of the law, no man in the whole four courts was more fitted for *its trade;* and it was his singular lot to be thrown upon that arena at the only moment of time in which the qualifications which he *did* possess, could have been rendered available, to the same extent, to the purposes of gain and of ambition.

Mr. Toler, for that is this nobleman's family name, came into life the younger brother of a respectable family of country gentlemen. He was born in that county (Tipperary) whose name cannot be pronounced *secundem artem,* but by organs reared and developed beyond its limits.

Entitled to two or three thousand pounds, a charge on the elder brother's estate, he was enabled to enter at the Temple, and in due time he was admitted to that bar to which so many are called, but at which so few are chosen. By what course of preliminary study he had prepared himself for this step in life, we are unable to state; and we are too much his lordship's admirers to cite against him the great law maxim—*de non apparentibus, &c.* On the contrary, if he gives out but few tokens of those solid acquirements for which juvenile application lays the foundation, we are disposed to give him the more credit for what he thus avariciously keeps to himself. If he is more profuse of clinches than of cases, more prodigal of puns than of points of law, we presume merely that he knows the value of things, and acts accordingly. Thus much is certain, that his studies, whatever they were, were not of that austere nature which blanches the cheek and dims the lustre of youth, by forcing the blade to prey upon the scabbard: nor did they altogether estrange him from the rural haunts of his childhood, the hills and fields of Tipperary; where he laid in that stock of rude health which has never deserted him; and where he braced and steeled his nerves for those keen encounters of law and legislation, in which temperament is far more serviceable than intellectual endowment. That stentorian voice, which has since shaken the halls of the four courts, and reverberated from the walls of the House of Commons,

"Wafting a pun from Indus to the pole,"

while it struck terror into the hearts of prisoners at the dock, and astounded, if it did not convince the opposition members, was early perfected in its pitch and compass by the practice of the hunt: and if there be any so ungracious as to sneer at this branch of judicial education, let them be silenced by the reflection that the "shrill tally-ho!" of the morning, and the protracted shake of the jovial chorus in the evening, are as well calculated to form an orator, as spouting to the sea with a mouthful of pebbles. The practice also is more congenial to the Irish character; while the running down of a fox, it must be admitted, is no bad type of the prosecution of a law suit, and is a still more appropriate image of that warfare, in which the enemies of an administration are driven from society as the foes of their country, and the followers of an oppressed and insulted religion harrassed into unwilling rebellion, to suit the purposes of their political opponents. Nimrod, the mighty hunter before the Lord, was also a hunter of men; and it was probably in the same school that Mr. Toler acquired the judicial predilection, of which his enemies accused him for being in at the death. The lawyers of Dublin have at all times been an influential and respected body; and, in Ireland "Counsellor" is as much a title of honour, as "My Lord," or "Sir John." Even Grattan, the patriot, the orator, and the statesman, was chiefly known in his own neighbourhood among the peasantry by this distinguishing appellative. But at the particular moment when Mr. Toler was called to the bar, as a candidate for distinction, events were ripening to their crisis, which, though they ultimately gave a death blow to the legislative ambition and political influence of the legal corps,* conferred upon it a temporary lustre and

* If the Irish bar still continues pre-eminent in society it is by the depression of all other classes. The loss of legislative influence has materially diminished the consequence of the profession since the Union.

consequence, which like the flickering light of an expiring taper, served only to form a stronger contrast with the coming darkness. He, indeed, had "fallen upon evil days,"—evil to his country, fatal to the prosperity of the people, fatal to their morals, and fatal to their independence as a nation; but to those master spirits who could "ride the whirlwind and direct the storm," they were days of honour and of profit. To them it was an easy matter, not only from the nettle danger, which choked the soil of their native land, to pluck the "flower safety," but to gather to themselves lands and beeves and aristocratic distinctions, in direct proportion, as the lives and properties of others were more imminently in jeopardy; and there were many belonging to that great body of which Mr. Toler was about to become a member, whose success shone forth as a beacon, to guide him on his way, and to teach him that, to the adepts in their school of philosophy, "sweet are the uses of adversity." At the period to which we allude, almost every barrister of note became a member of the House of Commons; and with a few, very few exceptions, they rendered their vote the corrupt purchase of professional advancement. Jobbing was then at its acmé. Ministers had many services to require; parties ran high, opinion was awakened, not a voice was to be neglected; and what the government wanted urgently, it paid for with liberality. Such was the field in which a young barrister had to fight his way; and into this field Mr. Toler descended, armed with strong volitions and rude health, a heart to which fear was a stranger, and a face which neither ridicule or reprehension could put out of countenance. With more readiness than preparation, with at least as much assurance as knowledge, if his acquaintance with Bacon and Bracton, were "less than might become" a lawyer, his intimacy with the weak side of human nature, and with Joe Miller, was profound. If he was weak in doctrine, he was strong in jest; and conscious of the value of gaining the laughers to his side, he left it to others to convince a jury. He knew himself, and he knew his countrymen; and he felt secure in addressing a mercurial people that a bon-mot would do more execution than a syllogism.

The first trophies, however, which the future chief-justice was destined to win, were not obtained in the law courts, but in the brilliant circles of fashion; where a tolerable person, popular manners, much constitutional good-humour, and above all the absence of that deep thought and fine feeling which mislead their possessor into thwarting the prejudices and denouncing the vices of society, rendered him welcome to the côteries of both sexes. His incessant flow of animal spirits, his convivial pun, his humorous song, found a ready way to the hearts of those, who live only to be amused; and, if we are not misinformed, the ability with which he performed and sung the part of *Hecate*, in *Macbeth*, for some fashionable patron of private theatricals, placed him at once at the head of the agreeable rattles of the day, and secured his supremacy among the good fellows of a society at all times proverbial for its taste for pleasure and for the vivacity of its intercourse.

But in thus indulging a youthful taste for conviviality, Mr. Toler by no means lost sight of the main chance; and so cleverly did he play his cards, that he not only got himself into parliament, but he strengthened his interest there by procuring the return of his brother for one of the most unmanageable counties of Ireland, though that gentleman's for-

tune and pretensions were but little adequate to the demands of a contested election. With an intuitive knowledge of mankind, and a ready wit, Mr. Toler was indefatigable in the pursuits of his object, and when these qualities failed him, his courage, as prompt as his repartee, came to his support; enabling him frequently to force those measures, which he could not carry by insinuation. At the back of these various "good gifts" came the fortune and influence of a wife. For not only was this much favoured gentleman "*tam Marti quam Mercurio*," but, like Lothario, he was no less successful in love than arms. "Equal to both and armed for either field," he had probably but little difficulty in winning the lady of his choice; and in return for her handsome fortune he, in the fullness of time, procured for her a peerage in her own right, which descends to one of her children; while a second peerage afterwards granted separately to himself, will at his death go to another.

With these advantages and with these professional pretensions, if the young barrister did not acquire business, he rapidly advanced in office. If his bag did not burst with briefs, his pocket was well lined with salaries; and at the epoch of Lord Fitzwilliam's arrival to take upon himself the government of Ireland, he found Mr. Toler Solicitor-General. By principle no less than by interest, by inclination no less than by necessity an high protestant Tory, it was expected that Mr. Solicitor would vacate his office; but by blustering and threats, he is said to have over-awed the castle; and it is certain that he kept possession of his place till Mr. Pitt, by suddenly recalling Lord Fitzwilliam, blasted the hopes of an entire nation, and with them destroyed for ever his own reputation for fidelity to his engagements, for sincerity, and truth.

The recall of Lord Fitzwilliam was the first of that untoward series of events which led the country through a long career of blood and violence to the rebellion and the Union. Incapacity and treachery on the one part, and precipitancy and disunion on the other, involved the people in contests with the government, in which the tribunals and the field afforded an alternate arena, alike irregular, and alike bloody. Through this fatal period Mr. Toler figured the most thorough going of ministerial partizans; and when he occasionally went the circuit as a vicarious judge of assize, his presence was reputed to be fatal to all who appeared before him in opposition to government; while a tender leniency to the backslidings of the loyal, rendered this severity (so opposite to his constitutional good humour) the more conspicuously praiseworthy and admirable. How far such an opinion was well or ill-founded it is not for us to state; but that it existed at the time, and has in some degree followed his Lordship during his subsequent career, is a well known fact. Of Mr. Toler's mode of doing business on such occasions (though we are far from insinuating that they were peculiar to the individual) the following instance was given to us by an ear witness of the transaction, of whose veracity and honour we have the highest opinion. About two years before the rebellion, an officer in the army, actuated by a zeal in which wine had a greater part than discretion, unfortunately killed an unoffending peasant, whom he chose to arrest in the performance of his lawful avocation. On the trial of this individual, the judge, in his charge is reported to have remarked: "that it was an unlucky affair, but it rested entirely on this dilemma, either the murdered man was, or was not, as loyal and peaceable a

person as he was represented. If he was so, then he was happily removed from a troublesome and turbulent world, to one better suited to his disposition; but if he were disloyal and seditious, such a man was better out of the way than in it." The prisoner, we believe, was acquitted. These "periodical *blood lettings*," (for so such legal crusades against popery and disloyalty were facetiously called) recommended the Solicitor-General still more to the notice of his employers; while his peculiar talents in the House of Commons were of the last utility to the cause he advocated. The opposition benches were at this time graced by the presence of Grattan, Ponsonby, Curran, and a long list of public characters, alike distinguished by talents and integrity; but the ministry, unusually destitute of eminent supporters, and relying entirely upon its majorities, might have blazoned beneath its shield as an appropriate motto "*numerisque fertur lege solutus.*" At such a time, a man of courage to check the current of invective was of great value; a man of no very refined feelings to stand the brunt of indignant vituperation, and to repay it with unqualified abuse, was esteemed a serviceable assistant; but the broad good-humoured jester who could disarm the house with a bull, or turn aside the shafts of rhetoric with a pun, was above all price. In the angry politics of that day, Napper Tandy, an (unworthy) member of the Dublin corporation, was conspicuous for the boldness with which he opposed the government, for his steadiness to his cause, and for his personal respectability. The Solicitor-General singled him out as the object of severe parliamentary animadversion. Mr. Tandy replied by an article in the newspapers, with corresponding acrimony; and a "very pretty quarrel" thus arose. Mr. Toler, with infinite promptitude applied through his friend Mr. Cuffe (afterwards Lord Tyrawley) to obtain a meeting. It so happened that his adversary, anxious perhaps to arrange his family affairs before going into the field, suffered a sufficient time to elapse before he accepted the challenge to justify the challenger in removing the cause into another court, and bringing the matter before the House, as a breach of privilege. The affair became a ministerial question. Tandy was ordered into the custody of the Sergeant at Arms, and Mr. Toler,—the μεγα κυδος Ἀχαιων the hero of loyalty and the Guy Earl of Warwick of the papistical dun cow,—was promoted to the office of Attorney-General. *Post hoc* is not always *propter hoc*, nor will we take upon ourselves to swear that it was so in this instance: but as there can be no effect without a cause, we may safely conclude that there was some reason for the promotion, and if the reader can discover a better he is welcome to its application.

Honores, says the proverb, *mutant mores;* but on the occasion of this promotion Mr. Toler was more himself than ever. The rebellion soon followed; and it would be hard to say whether the Attorney-General's mildness as a prosecutor, or his impartiality as a judge, were the more conspicuous. To the government of that day an effort has been attributed to goad the people into rebellion, in order to obtain a legislative union. Certain it is that but for the rebellion, the Union never could have been brought even to a discussion; and it is equally certain that the military executions and judicial severities of the times were in fact the means of hurrying the nation into an open resistance of government. Neither can it be denied, that the shameless profligacy with which the Union question was afterwards carried through the Irish Parliament, was ill calculated to wipe away the stain thus cast

upon those who were then at the head of affairs, of a Machiavelian pursuit of their ends through the most atrocious means. Great names likewise might be cited in confirmation of such an imputation; but it is enough for our purpose to know that, whether intentional or no, the means employed to suppress and to intimidate, were calculated to exasperate and drive to despair. In public functionaries, incapacity is as bad as criminal intention; and the "rigour beyond the law" to which we allude requires not any insinuation to aggravate its inherent malignity.

Of the part which Mr. Toler took on this occasion we shall only observe, that he was a loyal man, and loved not a papist. An attorney-general is bound *ex virtute officii* to go hard for a conviction; and if when on the bench he has sometimes, under the notion of doing "a great right, done a little wrong," we must remember that when a man is born to be hanged there is no escaping a hempen destiny, and conclude that "the stars were more in fault than" the judge. Besides, if such things ever did take place, there was so much facetiousness in the act of severity, as shewed that Mr. Toler was quite insensible to the excess; for he passed sentence with a fun and good-humour which not even the convict himself could resist, if he possessed a soul not absolutely closed against all sense of drollery.

The rebellion being at length extinguished, the Union (its corollary) ensued; and vacancies having been made on the bench, that the ministry might reward its friends, Mr. Toler was promoted to the chief-justiceship of the Common Pleas. Elevated at the same time to the peerage, he took his seat under the appellation of Lord Norbury,—a name which will long survive in the memory of attornies, and live in the traditions of the bar; a name which, if merit hath aught to do with reward, will figure for centuries to come beside those of the Selwyns, the Jekils, the Quins, and the other "certain arch wags" which illustrate the pages of the Encyclopedia of Wit and the Jester's Pocket Companion.

Since the memorable epoch which raised his Lordship to the highest judicial honours, a gradual amendment of the times has given him less frequent occasion for putting his zeal for ascendancy, or his gratitude for past favours, to the test. With a few rare exceptions, he has abandoned the tragic walk, and has chiefly exhibited himself in that broad line of comedy which affords so piquant a contrast with the dignity of the stage on which he acts. In his conduct and manner on the judgment seat, Lord Norbury is not only influenced by his habitual cheerfulness and courteous disposition, but also perhaps by something like an indifference to public opinion. His court is remarkable for any thing but the decorum with which its business is carried on. His propensity to joke, in season and out of season, operates as a general license to all; and whether it be a civil question or a point of life and death in discussion, repeated shouts of laughter re-echo through the halls, as puns, quibbles, and quotations are bandied about from the bench to the bar, from the bar to the bench and from both to the jury and the witnesses; till mirth arises to uproar, and fun degenerates into downright insubordination. Of this his Lordship himself bore testimony. On pressing a reluctant witness one day to get at his profession, and being at length told that he kept a racket court: "And a very good trade, too," replied the judge; —"so do I, so do I."

One qualification Lord Norbury possesses in an extraordinary degree, and that is indomitable good temper. There are a few members of the bar who, opposed to him in principle, and suspicious of his political leanings, let no opportunity escape them of exposing his legal slips, of denying his minors, refuting his consequences, over-ruling his objections, and taking them to task as if, instead of judge he were a junior counsel. Mr. O'Connell especially is relentless in this sort of persecution; and if Lord Norbury had one atom of waspishness in his disposition, he would frequently be betrayed into unmeasured violence; yet nothing can be more marked by undeviating suavity than his intercourse with his provoking opponents. From his brethren on the bench, also, he has had much to endure: the late Judge Fletcher especially, who held his politics in horror, who looked down with contempt on his acquirements, and never pardoned his judicial *spropositi*, was ever severe upon his "learned brother," and bore him hand in hand: yet we are not aware of the parties having ever come to a scandalous rupture on the bench.

But whatever may be Lord Norbury's eccentricities or his legal deficiencies, it has on all hands been allowed that, where both parties are alike loyal men and good Protestants, *omni exceptione majores*, he is an acute and quick-sighted judge, bearing an even hand and a wary eye. In a country where litigation is a favourite vice—where the lower classes, bred to chicane and habitually in dread of violence, are remarkable for hardihood of assertion and dexterity of evasion—extensive powers of abstruse reasoning, and profound legal attainments, are by no means sufficient for discovering truth. In such cases Lord Norbury's natural shrewdness, knowledge of the world, and a peculiar facility of entering into individual peculiarities, and adopting all tones, are eminently useful. With the nobleman and the courtier, no man is more polite and courteous; with the peasant or the farmer, no man is more jocularly familiar. In whatever depends upon intuition he is quite at home. He perceives a lie while it yet lurks beneath the embarrassed look of a witness, and before it has found utterance; and he discovers an impure motive before it is demonstrated by the character of the evidence; and he thus is enabled to come to a sound conclusion, where men of brighter parts or deeper acquirements would be unable to sift the truth, from conflicting testimony and contradictory circumstances.

By a peculiar turn in his Lordship's mind, acquired probably through a long habit of conducting state prosecutions, he has been thought to lean generally and abstractedly in favour of the plaintiff. Attornies, at least, have imagined that they could discover advantage for their clients in bringing their actions before the Common Pleas, rather than before any other tribunal. Some there are who have not scrupled to refer this leaning to a system for bringing grist to the mill, and multiplying fees: for our own parts, we are more disposed to refer it to a not unnatural presumption in favour of the eldest hand, and an opinion that no one would be at the trouble and expense of an action who had not cause to complain of a wrong.

Such is, or rather such was, Lord Norbury; for latterly, although his corporeal faculties retain a vigour more than extraordinary at his advanced age, his intellects have been thought to have suffered under the hard hand of Time. It is a part of the oddity that has marked his Lordship's progress through life, that after having borne the nick-name of the hanging judge, he should have narrowly escaped impeachment for

an improper acquittal. A petition has recently been forwarded for presentation to parliament, praying for his removal from the bench, and charging him with a lethargic indulgence of sleep while in the performance of his official duties. A story is current that Ministers, desiring his resignation, had ordered a certain high official personage to wait upon the old gentleman, and intimate their wishes. Lord Norbury, it is said, aware of the circumstance, contrived to be first in the field; and, alluding to the current report, pointed to his pistols, as the reply he should make to any one daring enough to charge himself with such a requisition.* This of course had its effect, and the intimation remained within the breast of the diplomatist. How far this story is founded we know not: but this much is clear, that one part of the then Solicitor-general Bushe's observation on the late Lord Downes, applies equally to Lord Norbury, namely, that he has every virtue on earth except resignation.

With Lord Norbury's private life the public have nothing to do; as we do not admit the most irreproachable private conduct to be a valid plea against a charge of ministerial wrong, so we think personal failings can add nothing to the reproach.

With less ambition to be eternally witty, and with less carelessness in uttering whatever occurs to a fantastic imagination, Lord Norbury might have earned the reputation of a first-rate wit. Many of his *bon mots* are of the highest raciness, and include not only point, but causticity and philosophical truth.† Had Fortune made this nobleman the eldest son of his family, he might have passed through life with credit, as a highflying Tory squire and a jolly country gentleman; but in making him a judge, she has done a great deal more than we have space or inclination to dwell upon at the end of this long article. The times are gone by, we believe for ever, when such men can again attain to such distinctions: we shall not readily "look upon his like again;" and we hope his Lordship will not take it ill, if, for the sake of "Ould Ireland," we are not very sorry for it; or if, when he retires from his public career, we do not say, as of his facetious prototype Falstaff,—"That we could have better spared a better man." Θ.

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* And a manly reply, if not quite a regular one.—Ed.

† In conversation with one of the Lords-Lieutenant, the Viceroy expressed his surprise that none of his predecessors had drained a certain pond, which made the Lodge damp and uncomfortable. Lord Norbury replied, that he could only account for the fact by the supposition that they had been too much occupied in draining the rest of the country.

PIERRE OF STAUFFEN.

'Twas noon, and ne'er meridian ray
Was pitiless as on that day;
It shot in its resistless light
Upon the armour of a knight;
A gallant steed that warrior rode,
A steed who ne'er had brook'd a goad;
But now the noble charger's crest
Was not so arched, though not deprest;
And his gay housings, bright no more,
With foam and dust were covered o'er:
The rider's was no better plight—
But, like a true and gentle knight,
It irked him more to see the force
Diminish of his gen'rous horse;
And oft he looked, and looked in vain,
To see the limits of the plain.
But little hope his glances glean—
When all at once a dell is seen.
There may be those who will perchance
Demand, how it escaped his glance?
Then will I answer,—too much light
E'en more than darkness dims our sight;
And *that* day was so passing bright!
Again I'd say—oft, far and wide
We look for objects by our side.
Or, what methinks explains it well,
It was the work of charm or spell.

Whate'er it be, a brighter green,
Or sweeter spot was never seen.
How welcome to the warrior's ear
The rippling sound of waters near!
How welcome to his scorched brow,
The breeze the wave had freshened now!
But thick entangled shrubs and flowers
Forbid his entrance to those bowers;
At least, his charger could not pass
Through all the wild, luxuriant mass:
Fain must he leave him deeper still,
To seek that sweetly murm'ring rill.
And where so well? "There graze and rest,
Oh! thou, of all thy race the best!"
He said; and loosely then he tied
The courser to the thicket's side.

The fount was in the loveliest spot!
The warrior marked its beauty not,
For on its margin sate a maid
In more than earthly charms array'd.
Her tunic's tissue seemed of spray,
Reflecting every sunny ray:
A branch of coral in her hand
She held, as 'twere a magic wand;
That coral was of paler hue
Than her bright lips, her eyes more blue
Than heav'n's own azure, and their light
Was soft as eve, as morning bright!

A meteor in the balmy air
Appeared her floating amber hair,
Though many a luxuriant curl,
Confined by chains of orient pearl,
Remained to shade her lovely face,
And half conceal, half add a grace.
" Hail! Pierre of Stauffen!"—" Lady bright!
Then know'st thou me?" exclaim'd the knight.
" Turn, Pierre of Stauffen, or thy steed
Thou'lt seek in vain when most thy need."
With her red wand she marked the course
Pursued by the unruly horse.
A moment Stauffen turned his head;
A moment, and the maid had fled.
The verdant precincts round and round
The warrior sought, but yet he found
The maiden not: of hope bereft,
He went where he his war-horse left:
That too was gone:—" A weary plight,"
Thus murmured to himself the knight,
" A weary plight is mine, to part
In one short day with horse and heart!"

The shadows lengthened, eve came on;
But eve and twilight both were gone
Ere Stauffen hailed as polar star
A light that twinkled from afar;
He followed it—its lustre led
His footsteps to a lowly shed:
He knocked and called—but yet, before
Unclosed the humble cottage door,
His charger's neigh, in loud rejoice,
Responded to the well-known voice.

" Welcome, Sir Knight," an old man said,
" To humble fare, and lowly bed;
The gallant steed is surely thine,
That stopped before this hut of mine.
Welcome, Sir Knight," the old man said,
" To humble fare and lowly bed."

* * * * *

It was the morn; the knight arose,
Not from the pillow of repose,
For he had seen in vision bright
The fount before him all the night;
And that fair form—no, surely earth
To none so fair had given birth!
Back to the grove and magic spring
He flew on Love's own rapid wing;
And tarried there from morn to night,
Yet saw he not the lady bright.
The morrow was he also there—
The evening found him in despair;
But with the sun new hopes arise,
Again unto the fount he flies.
She comes, she comes! in golden light,
Float on the waves those ringlets bright!
That snowy brow, those azure eyes,
Above the limpid waters rise;

And all that more than angel face,
And all her form's bewitching grace!

"Resistless spell's a lover's tear;
And, Stauffen, thine hath called me here:
The Daughter of the Waves am I,
And if thou lov'st, thy love must vie
E'en with the wave in purity!
Bright must it be, as is thy sword;
Inviolable, as thy word.
My heart is thine; and can'st thou this?—
But yet delay the fatal yes
That binds thy fate to mine; for know
That all *my* tenderness and woe,
That *my* forgiveness could not save
My perjured lover from the grave!
Such are our laws; e'en I must be
The herald of their stern decree;
And weeping o'er thee, thou wouldst feel
My tears, although a spell conceal
The eye that shed them!"

Could he prove
A recreant to such tender love?
"Ah! no—that fount would cease to flow,
Ere his fond heart a change could know."
The nymph believed him—how could she
Not credit love's eternity?
For her's was of the fire that dies
No more beneath the waves than skies.

* * * * *

Bright were the feasts, when at his side
The Knight of Stauffen brought his bride;
But brighter were they on the morn
When to the knight an heir was born.
The vassal maidens robbed the bow'rs
Of all the sweetest, blooming flow'rs:
But yet a train of maidens fair,
A lovelier train, was surely there;
None knew from whence they came; they bore
Rich caskets of that yellow ore
Found on the Tagus' side; and some
With coral, pearls, and amber come.
With syren song the band advance,
With syren song and waving dance;
The off'rings placed, they then retreat,
Still breathing music soft and sweet:
They sink, but where they sink appear
High gushing fountains, bright and clear,
Which still remain; and with their spray
Spread coolness in meridian day.

* * * * *

A twelvemonth passed, and Stauffen's knight
Was called by glory to the fight:
He fought and conquered. "Knight, to thee
I owe my throne and victory!"
The monarch said; "and, for my land,
Thy guerdon be my daughter's hand!"

Ah! sad perplexed was Stauffen now,
And darkly clouded was his brow;
For his frail heart had proved untrue
When first the Princess met his view.
In honour bound, his tale he'll tell,
Perchance the church may counsel well.
Thus spoke the prelate:—"Masses three
The church must say, ere thou art free;
A monastery, too, must thou
With rights and tenements endow:
This done, the spells of darkness cease,
And thou, my son, may'st wed in peace."

The Naïad and her child had fled,
The morn that Stauffen was to wed.

* * * * *

It was the nuptial feast—he tried
To lay each painful thought aside;
Yet could he not, for whilst he knelt
Before the altar, he had felt
Tear-drops fall on him, and their chill
Through all his veins was creeping still.
He raised his goblet—ere his lip
The renovating draught could sip,
The ruby juice, so bright and clear,
Was troubled by—a single tear.

The ev'ning dew began to fall,
His bride must reach his feudal hall.
A noble escort had the fair
Committed to their zealous care;
And Stauffen, near his blooming bride,
Rode, half in sorrow half in pride.

And now fair Stauffen's height is seen,
Its towers so gray, its woods so green;
And then first spoke its gallant lord,
"Good sirs! the stream we here must ford:
Fear not, my love! 'tis smooth and still,
And scarce less shallow than a rill:
Nay, tremble not! I know its course,
And first will pass it."—

Knight and horse
Plunged in the waters—hark! they rise
With deafening clamours to the skies!
A moment's space—the waves subside—
But Stauffen left a widowed bride.

C. W.

FULL-LENGTHS, No. II.—THE DRILL-SERJEANT.

SHALL we view our subject through the glasses of philosophy? Precious microscopic glasses, by which we look into the exquisite order of a bee's weapon, which shames the ruggedness of that vaunted wonder of man's hands—a Whitechapel needle. By which the superfine coat of the unworthy appears but as a vile complication of coarse hemp-strings; by which we look into the heart that to the naked eye displays a tenanted cherub, with voice of music and wing of light, but find a weak-eyed little monster, with squeak of mouse and pinions of leather. O, glorious spectacles! which shew palaces not entirely as resting-places for divinities—many laurels as nettles, stinging what they are fancied to adorn—Fame's trumpet a penny-whistle, blown by Asthma—the awful person of Ceremony, a Merry-Andrew stricken grave—a grand review-day, a game at nine-pins on an extensive scale—a levee, a triumph of the laceman and jeweller—a court ode, a verbose receipt for wages—"honourable gentleman," convicted scoundrel—"learned friend," stupid opponent—a prison, a temporary retirement from noise—a glass of spring water, a "cup of sack"—an ugly face, God's own handiwork—a handsome one, nothing more—noble blood, of the same hue as a carter's—a black parish-coffin, a couch of crystal—a grave, a place of rest—consecrated earth, the whole globe—a tombstone, work for the mason—a pompous epitaph, the toil of a liar! This transformation—or rather, this shewing of reality—is the result of using the glasses of philosophy. Without the common microscope we could not know how certain insects respired, whether at the mouth or shoulders; wanting philosophy's optic, we should be in like ignorance of the source of being in some men—for all exist not by the same laws. To the naked eye, indeed, there appears no difference; but to the spectacled orb of philosophy it is shewn that many men respire not by inward organization, but by external and adventitious instruments. Let those who are sceptical on this position, consider for a moment the bearing of a thorough-paced coxcomb: does he breathe from his lungs? No; but from his habiliments. His coat, cravat, boots, yea, his spurs, are the sources of his being, his dignity, his action. Nay, some men take all their life from a riband at their button-hole, or a garter at their leg—Our Drill-Serjeant takes it from his rattan.

I know that much of this may be deemed foreign to the purpose. To those who so conclude, I say—A common wire-dancer gives not his grand feat without many little nic-nack preparations. When we visit the Egyptian Hall, that grand emporium of monsters, we do not step from the pavement into the show-room, but are wisely made to thread two or three passages, for the better excitation of our feelings. And shall my Drill-Serjeant have not the common observance paid to a mermaid? I trust I have more respect for my subject, and the army in general. If any one of my readers, when he glanced at the title, thought to meet with the Serjeant standing bolt upright at the beginning of the line, like the sentinel at Buckingham-gate, I luxuriate in his disappointment.

To be candid: I had laid down no form for my beginning; so I thought a caper or two upon philosophy would not be amiss, trusting eventually to drop upon my subject. This is a trick frequently played by ——. However, to business.

We must contemplate the Drill-Serjeant at a distance: there is no closing with him. A painter would decline a chair in the tiger's den, asserting that he could take the animal's stripes equally well through the bars. Even so will I take the stripes of our Serjeant. First, to consider his appearance, or rather the discipline by which his "thews and muscles" deport themselves. He has a vile, cat-like leer of the eye, that makes us retreat back a few paces, and rub our palms, to be assured the knave has not secretly placed in one of them a shilling. We tremble, and for once are afraid to meet the King's countenance—(I am adding, to the awful attributes of the Drill-Serjeant the fearful privilege of recruiting). We shrink, lest he has mentally approved of us as being worthy of ball-cartridge. He glances towards our leg, and we cannot but feel that he is thinking how it would look in a black gaiter. At this moment we take courage, and, valiantly lifting off our hat, pass our luxuriant curls through our four fingers—we are petrified; for we see by his chuckle that he has already doomed our tresses to the scissors of the barrack-barber. We are at once about to take to our legs, when turning round, we see something under a middle-sized man looking over our head. On this we feel our safety, and triumph in the glory of five-feet-one. Something must always be allowed for weakness—something for vanity; which, indeed, philosophers denominate the greatest weakness. Hence all these cogitations, foolishly attributed by the little individual to the Serjeant, arise from the civil man's self-conceit; the Serjeant always treating with ineffable contempt persons of a certain size. And here may be remarked the astonishing capacity of our Serjeant in judging of human altitude. Ere George Bidder can enumerate the virtues of King Ferdinand, our Serjeant will sum up the exact height of a man, duly allowing for his pumps and silk stockings. Strive to mystify the question, and the ability of the Serjeant mocks the endeavour; for he will, on a minute's notice, resolve how many feet of martial flesh are in a complete square, after including the triangle, fife, and drummer lads, and deducting some of the boy-officers. Thus, five-feet-eight reader, if thou wouldst enjoy the pranks of the Serjeant, unmolested by his eye, teach thy leg to mimic lameness; or, if easier, cough consumptively.

I would wish to convey a striking resemblance of our Drill-Serjeant on duty, when you would swear by his gait that this glorious earth was wholly composed of spring wires, so elastic are his soles. It is a motion unparalleled either in the natural or artificial world; it is a movement by itself—like the swoop of the eagle, the waddle of the duck, the fleetness of the greyhound, or the hop of the frog. And yet, on intense consideration, I think I have seen something approximating to the bearing of our Drill-Serjeant. What think you of the manner of a pug-dog in a dropsy, exposed for air on a nipping December morning, his black nose turning almost white with indignation at the coldness of the flags?—There certainly is a resemblance; there is dignity in both animals, albeit to the daring eye of a grotesque character. It must, however, be owned, that on great occasions our Serjeant can alter his deportment. It is not in the nature of things to be always strained to the highest: the distended skin of the serpent at times falls into amiable and social wrinkles; an arrant shrew may sometimes be caught singing "*Sweet Home;*" the bow-string of a William Tell may be doubtless as relaxed and tuneless as the instrument of a Haymarket fiddler;—and shall not our Serjeant unbend? He does break himself up from the stiffness of parade; for see

him, when the draughts of mine hostess hath diluted some portion of military starch, and he no longer holds his head like a game cock, taking his morning's potation; see him then, and own that even a Serjeant may be amiable. Is he not the very model of elegant ease? He is, indeed, unbent; for his limbs swing loosely as hung ramrods. Our Serjeant can now talk; his tongue hath overleapt the two barriers, "Attention!" and "Stand at ease!" and rambles wildly from Egypt to Waterloo. And if it should happen that the pretty bar-maid be niece to the landlady, mark how the Serjeant probes for her feelings with charged bayonets—how he will try to smite her gentle ear with a discharge of artillery—swear that he hath had twenty wounds under his coat, although very politically adding, that they have left him not a bit the worse man. Then, if the damsel still continue untouched, taking orders with a calm air, our Serjeant hints in a whisper, audible to the dosing watchman at the door, something about a Spanish widow at Saragossa; adding very loudly, "But no—I was always for true love!" adorning the beautiful edifice of principle with a flowery oath. He then begins a sentiment, and, at a loss, dives for the conclusion to it in a pot of ale. If there happen to be four or five privates in the room, our Serjeant increases in importance from the circumstance—just as a cat becomes great from the introduction of a litter of puppies. Our Serjeant is more than ever the leading gander of the flock—the king-herring of the shoal—the blue-bottle of the swarm—the pebble of the sand—the G of the gamut. He has now additional hearers of the tale of his prowess, and, if he but give the wink, companions who saw him face the breach and spike the cannon. His rank next becomes the subject of discussion; and looking very complacently at his arm, he tells of some dreadful exploit in which he earned his stripes. "And doubtless, Serjeant, not before you deserved them," ventures a small, quiet wight in the corner, who will have his fling, though at the expense of his liquor; for ere he concludes his remark he gives the Serjeant his glass—just as a school-boy, who twitches the trunk of an elephant, throws to the animal a peace-offering of apples—whilst the privates inwardly laugh at the joke, and get rebuked for again enjoying it on parade to-morrow morning. Just as the Serjeant's opponents are nearly all slaughtered, a little Italian boy bearing a tortoise adroitly glides into the room to display the testaceous wonder; or he has with him a bust of Napoleon, at which our Serjeant bristles up, looking, indeed, seriously fierce at plaister of Paris. Here he utters some half-audible wish that he had not received a bullet in the last charge, and then——. Now, however, our Serjeant takes an opportunity to pour forth his learning—he mangles five words of French; the Italian shakes his head, and holds forth his hand; the Serjeant swears at him for an impostor, ignorant of his own language. It drawing late, our Serjeant calls for his reckoning, and learning the amount, with an affected air of destitution avows he has no money; he has not a piece of silver about him, unless it be that at his breast—and here he carelessly lifts up with one finger a Waterloo medal;—then he draws out a watch, once the property of a French general slain by our Serjeant, and asks if that will serve for the amount? At length, however, the money being shaken from a yellow silk purse, our Serjeant, after a salutary admonition to the privates, goes off, as he says, to visit a friend in the Ordnance.

Now this is the utmost stretch of our Serjeant's amiability; and he departs with a consciousness of having made himself remarkably agree-

able, at the same time that he has maintained the proper dignity of the army. To-morrow he is stiff and stately again, performing his old duty of setting up in due order men for the sport of War, that fearful skittle-player. And, indeed, how great must be the satisfaction of the Drill-Serjeant when he thinks that, by his kindly solicitude, his Majesty's subjects will "die with decency" and "in close order." Soothing reflection!

We may liken a Recruiting-Serjeant to a sturdy woodman—a Drill-Serjeant to a carpenter. Let us take a dozen vigorous young elms, with the same number of bluff-cheeked, straddling rustics. How picturesque and inviting do the green waving elms appear! Whilst we look at them, our love and admiration of the natural so wholly possess us, that we cannot for a moment bring ourselves to imagine the most beautiful offspring of teeming earth cut up into boot-jacks or broom-handles: in the very idea there is sacrilege to the sylvan deities. The woodman, however, lays the axe to the elms (the forest groans at the slaughter); the carpenter comes up with his basket of tools across his shoulder; and at a Christmas dinner we may by chance admire the extraordinary polish of our eating-knife, little thinking it owes its lustre to the elm which shadowed us at Midsummer. Now for our rustics. We meet them in green lanes, striding like young ogres—carelessness in their very hat-buckle—a scorn of ceremony in the significant tuck-up of their smock-frock. The Recruiting-Serjeant spirits them away from fields to which they were the chief adornment, and the Drill-Serjeant begins his labour.

And now, reader, behold some martial carpentry and joinery. Our Drill-Serjeant hath but few implements: as eye, voice, hand, leg, rattan. These few tools serve him for every purpose, and with them he brings down a human carcass, though at first as unwieldy as a bull, to the slimness and elegance of the roe. There are the dozen mishapen logs before him; the foliage of their heads gone with the elm leaves, as also their bark—their "rough pash,"—the frocks and wide breeches.

Mercy on us! there was a stroke of handiwork! the Serjeant with but one word has driven a wedge into the very breast of that pale-looking youngster, whose eyelid shakes as though it would dam up a tear! Perhaps the poor wretch is now thinking of yellow corn and harvest-home. Another skilful touch, and the Serjeant hath fairly chiselled away some inches of the shoulder of that flaxen-headed tyro: and see how he is rounding off that mottled set of knuckles, whilst the owner redly, but dumbly, sympathizes with their sufferings. There is no part left untouched by our Serjeant; he by turns saws, planes, pierces, and thumps every limb and every joint; applies scouring paper to any little knot or ruggedness, until man, glorious man, the "paragon of animals," fears no competition in stateliness of march, or glibness of movement, from either peacock or Punch.

The Drill-Serjeant hath but little complacency in him; he is a thing to be reverenced, not doated upon; we fear him and his mysteries; even his good-humour startles, for it is at once as blustering and as insignificant as a report of blank-cartridge. Again, I say, the Drill-Serjeant is to be approached with awe; smirking flies the majesty of his rattan. He is the despot of joints: and we rub our hands with glee, and our very toes glow again, when we reflect they are not of his dominions.

J.

THE MOTH WITH THE GOLDEN WINGS.

Honest Beber was a poor, merry-hearted denizen of the ancient city of Bassora; and if goodness of heart were querulous as to its habitation of flesh, it would have had just grounds to complain of being lodged in so dilapidated a tenement as the body of Beber. To hear him speak—to see him laugh—was to hear the voice of the nightingale from the throat of an alligator; and his smiles, as they lit up the lines of his shrivelled, bark-like countenance, were as the flashings of inestimable jewels through the ruins of a leathern casket. It had moreover pleased Allah to place the seal of darkness upon one of Beber's eyes; and probably fearing his temper under such a calamity, he had most wisely deprived his servant of his teeth: he had, furthermore, looped up a few inconsiderable lines in one of Beber's legs; and that pride on this should not seek refuge in his servant's hands, Allah had graciously paralyzed one of his believer's arms. Was pride expelled the body of Beber? in such a ruined hovel of human clay did pride still find a peg whereon to hang her looking-glass? Alas, yes; Beber was proud. He would say, "There is happiness sufficient unto all men, praised be Allah! If all have not a bale of cloth, there is also none but hath a thread. It is true, if I am stricken upon the right cheek, I must turn me round to look for the hand; and if he that buffets me can run with the gazelle, my legs keep me from the crime of slaying; if two hands be needful for a thief, glory to Allah, who hath ordained his servant honest; if honey-cakes make war upon the teeth, I may indulge with safety. I am half blind, lame, toothless, and have but five serviceable fingers: but there is but one God, and he is great—I have not an ugly nose." Hereupon would Beber send forth a laugh—and such a laugh! His joy would issue from his throat, as though it had to troll over so many pebbles, placed by some evil genius in his larynx. His laugh was composed of several sounds of a distinct, chinking sharpness—every note proceeding, as it were, from the movement of the before-named impediments. Pride in most cases arises from the possession, or the fancied possession, of some valuable quality: Beber was ingenious—he could only pamper his spirit upon the absence of ill. "We are never wholly destitute," he would say; "where Allah denies the waters of the fountain, he gives the sands of the desert."*

Beber was in the employ of an old Persian in the city, who had for forty years been prying into the profound secrets of nature. Sefy, it was said, would for nights search for the heart of a fire-fly, and would for a week thumb over a mineral or a stone. He was old, ugly, and choleric. His face was the colour of sun-burnt marble; his greedy, deep-sunk eyes, overshadowed by their long wiry brows, were likened, in the language of his slaves, to two ravenous and crouching jackals watching from sepulchres. His beard was stained a dead black, which shaken by the palsy in his head, gave him the appearance of a merciless and devouring goule. "The neighbours say," thus Beber would sometimes soliloquize, "that my master Sefy looks into matters deeper than those of insects and of stones; that he has visits from the genii—upon

* Le douzième azoare du Koran prescrit de se laver le visage, la tête, les bras, et les jambes avant de prier. A défaut d'eau, de la poussière peut souffire.—Beauvoisins.

which occasions his house shoots up and spreads out like a sunflower, and branches forth into kiosks and pavilions; all of which, however, melt away with the mist of the morning, leaving nothing but his old studying-place." One morning Beber was so strongly possessed with the belief of his master's dispositions towards magic, that, instead of pursuing his task with his fellow-labourers, of searching among the surrounding fields of Bassora for flies and pebbles, he entered a burial-place, and seating himself beneath a cypress-tree, spent the whole of the day in intense but unprofitable cogitations. At length evening arrived, and Beber then became awakened to the folly of his conduct; and rallying the little philosophy he possessed, he determined to betake him, although empty-handed, and fearful of the bastinado, to his master. "Let me," said Beber, "but pass through the night with an uncracked skin, and master Sefy may give coffee to and wash the feet of Zatania himself, ere I again set going the machinery of my wit to the danger of my soles." With this resolution Beber arrived at the mansion of his master, who cast an evil eye upon the tardy servant, whilst anger seemed to aid the effect of palsy. "Slave! shew me an excuse for this delay: come, produce your stores." Now it so happened that all Beber's fellows had been more than usually fortunate, and had presented their master with some of the rarest specimens of the insect and mineral kind: therefore the fault of Beber, when he informed his master of his want of success, appeared most iniquitous. "Slave!" exclaimed Sefy, and the foam of passion streaked his black beard, "go to my museum, and there await me:"—"There is but one God, and he is great," softly murmured the unfortunate Beber; and he stepped with as much caution to the appointed place, as though he was treading the hair-breadth bridge of Al Sirat.

When Beber entered the museum, whether his precarious situation more awakened him to the peculiarity of the place, is not recorded; but it is certain, on this occasion, he was more impressed with its appearance than heretofore. "There is but one God, and he is great," exclaimed Beber; "then why should men thus triumph over the lesser creatures?" This benevolent question was evidently excited by the peculiarity of the apartment, of which every atom was studded with living insects, impaled on wire. There were some thousands of wings beating convulsively: the whole room seemed instinct with life; Beber felt as if he were enclosed by four breathing walls. "He who for pastime runs pins through the bowels of beautiful and harmless flies, will feel but little for the flesh of man," thought Beber; and the sweat trickled to his knees, and his very bones were cold. "Wretch that I am!" continued he: "I have been the guilty partner of these crimes: I have torn these lovely creatures from the sun, the dews, and the flowers, to have their soft velvet bodies pierced with iron! Surely he who wantonly crushes a fly, would, had he the power, blacken the rainbow, or strike out the stars." Beber's heart was newly opened by the scene of suffering which surrounded him; and not knowing how long he might remain without being himself impaled in the middle of the room, as the grand central ornament of the museum, he resolved to do all the good that as yet was in his power. The eye of Beber was suddenly attracted by a large and beautiful Moth, fixed at the east side of the museum: it was beating its wings, and the acuteness of its agony tarnished at intervals their golden beauty; the perspiration, like fine diamond-dust, started from it in every

part; its horns were as polished steel, bearing two little beads like pearls; its body, as crystal streaked with veins of ruby; its legs were as amber; and upon each wing there was a bright emerald-coloured spot, which reflected the eye of the beholder. Beber had never in his long practice beheld any insect half so beautiful; and as it was so pre-eminently lovely, the slave, true to the weakness of human nature, thought that insect, before any other, should have its liberty—whereupon he carefully drew the tormenting pin from its body. The Moth fell motionless to the ground, and Beber feared his mercy was come too late; when being about to stoop towards it, the Moth suddenly sprang into the air, and flew gently and steadily around the head of the slave. As the insect moved, a soft entrancing melody was created by the undulations of its wings, which fixed Beber with upraised head, open mouth, and outstretched fingers, the scarcely-breathing figure of astonishment. By degrees the insect comes more closely to him; now it just brushes his turban; it strikes with its golden wings the closed lid of the one-eyed Beber, springs through the casement, and vanishes. The slave utters a shout of astonishment—covers by turns each eye with his hand—the lately-withered ball is again awakened to light—Beber is no longer a one-eyed man! For some moments he chuckles with an inward delight; he then sinks into a state of dreaminess, from which the appearance of Sefy, his vindictive master, alone arouses him. The old Persian starts on beholding in his museum a man in every respect like his servant Beber, save in the possession of two eyes. Without waiting for any explanation from the supposed intruder, Sefy orders his servants to take the slave to a distance, there to chastise him for his presumption, and then to search for the offending Beber. The menials, sharing in the surprise of their master, are puzzled with the person of their prisoner: he is like Beber—lame, toothless, has but one good arm—but then his two eyes! It is not for them to ponder on the question; they bear their charge into the fields, and dutifully chastise him.

And now behold the unfortunate Beber, left bleeding and exhausted at the outskirts of the city. The bastinado had done its work. "There is but one God, and Mahomet is his prophet," sighed forth the unhappy man, as he gradually revived to a sense of his miserable condition. "Softly, friend Beber! you have unaccountably gained an eye; although, I am afraid, against such profit you may put the loss of your other leg." Here the wounds in his feet again began so to throb and smart, that the poor fellow swooned under the agony. When he recovered, he saw hovering over him the very Moth with the Golden Wings to whom he had that day given liberty. The Moth gave every possible sign that it recognized its former deliverer; and, having fluttered round Beber for some time, it gradually sank to the soles of his feet, where Beber felt the insect fanning with its little wings his smarting wounds: a grateful coolness pervades the lacerated parts—the flesh closes—no scars remain—and Beber, rising from the earth, discovers that he is not only cured of his hurts, but of his lameness. "There is but one God!" he shouts, and throws himself round like a dervise. The Moth, although it carefully avoids the outstretched and eager hand of Beber, still flies around him, and seems by its movements as if it wished to guide the footsteps of its preserver. "Moth of Mahomet!—for you can be no other—I will follow you," exclaimed Beber, and he marched forward. The Moth flew to the city of Bassora; and after guiding the astonished and delighted

Beber through many turnings and bye-ways, at length brought him into a most beautiful garden. Here the Moth began to revel among the flowers, which seemed sensible of its caresses, and in a manner returned them. Now the Moth would alight upon a rose-bud, which would instantly burst into a full-blown flower; and then again slightly collapse its leaves, as though wishing to confine the insect in its fragrant prison. After the Moth had thus dallied with many of the beauties of the place, it boldly flew into the hand of Beber, which it quickly left to visit a flower, and then as speedily returned. After the Moth had continued these movements for some time, Beber thought he would pluck a flower: scarcely does he pull a damask rose from its stalk, when the leaves curl together as though scorched by fire, their colour flashes with an added brilliancy, and that which but a moment before was a flower on the tree, becomes, in the hand of Beber, an inestimable ruby. Delight succeeds astonishment; Beber now plucks flowers of every hue, touched by the wings of the Moth; and in a few minutes he has jewels of every colour and description, from pearls transformed from lilies, to amber from sunflowers. Whilst Beber was thinking where he should hide away his riches, he accidentally touched a spider's web depending from one of the trees, and it instantly burst forth into innumerable colours, and became, as it were, a rainbow of silk, which Beber instantly took, and deposited therein his newly-found riches.

Day was now fast approaching to a close; and Beber, on looking round for his good genius, the Moth with the Golden Wings, found it had fled he knew not whither. Hereupon was Beber puzzled; for he knew not how to depart from a place into which he had been introduced, he knew not how. Whilst Beber was engaged arranging the little wit sudden good fortune had left him, in order to deliver himself from his present perplexity, he perceived a long procession of attendants coming down the garden; and in an instant Beber, surrendering his soul and body into the keeping of Allah, disposed himself into a very ball, and rolled under the friendly boughs of a neighbouring tree. Now, although Beber had degraded himself as much as possible from the upright bodily dignity of man, he had nevertheless, like a wise politician, so disposed his eyes as not to be confounded by darkness in the general lump. He beheld a numerous body of attendants halt just opposite his hiding-place, where they commenced preparations for a splendid feast. They brought with them vessels of gold and silver, with the most delicate cates; they spread the carpets, arranged the cushions; the grand carver was at his post, and nothing was wanting but the master of the feast to commence the banquet. In a few minutes the great man himself appeared; and Beber shuddered as he beheld his savage aspect. Giaffar (for that was his name) was indeed a cruel and relentless man: the bones of many of his once-beautiful Circassian slaves, if rumour might be trusted, had long whitened beneath the surge; and even the bowels of the earth enclosed his victims. The feast began and ended in silence; the coffee went its round, and the dancing-girls had performed their voluptuous measure. Giaffar questioned the slave respecting some trifling formality which had been unobserved in the economy of his chiboque, when the menial ventured a reply: Giaffar, starting from his cushion, threw his ataghan at the offender—who, however, by an adroit movement, escaped the blow, and the weapon went whizzing onward, and, falling at a distance, sheathed itself in the calf of the unhappy Beber's leg, who

instantly sent forth a shriek, which instantly drew the attendants about the sufferer. Beber is directly produced before the vengeful Giaffar, who in two words gives out the culprit's fate. The sound of the syllables, "bow-string," still tingled in Beber's ears, as he threw himself before Giaffar, imploring his most gracious consideration. The appeal was in vain; and Beber was being hurried away from the presence of Giaffar to the first convenient corner for execution, when in the struggle —for Beber, albeit supple and obliging, dared to struggle for his neck— the huge silken bag of jewels fell from the captive, and was speedily exposed to the rejoicing eyes of Giaffar. "How is this, slave?" said he, evidently pleased, as though his inward man had been tickled by a libation of the pearls dissolved; "how is this, and wherefore these inestimable riches?" Beber, feeling that his windpipe was as yet unobstructed by a cord, thought it behoved him, if possible, to work its everlasting liberty; and therefore, rallying the little valour which had retreated he scarcely knew where, he determined upon acting the great man, and endeavouring to put death aside with a big word. "Glory to the Prophet!" commenced Beber; "his ways are wonderful; and no man knoweth but a narrow and a winding lane, with foul serpents in the path and thorns at the side, may lead to a field of melons. Surely, good sir, if merchants trading to Bassora are to have their necks fitted with bow-strings, the winds and waters will soon bring you nothing but grass-seed and sponge. When I quitted my good father, who, Allah rest him, is now beholding his beard in the black eyes of immortal houris; when he gave into my keeping these jewels wherewith I was to trade, and to make me lift up my head with any merchant in the bazaar, little did I think that I should have to plead for the holding of my patrimony, like a felon against the bastinado. But there is but one God," added Beber, and he placed his hands across his breast. "Indeed! is this so?" replied Giaffar, who began to think he had gone too far; whereupon, motioning to his slaves, they respectfully seated Beber upon a cushion, and served him with coffee. After a short pause, Giaffar recommenced his interrogatories. "How is it, my friend, that a man possessing the immense wealth contained in these jewels should make so bad an appearance? By my beard, I took you for some runaway slave! How is this, I say?"—"Most wise brother," replied Beber, gaining courage as he proceeded, "you must know the vanity of embroidered garments: gravity of dress delights the wise. He who hath not sense sufficient to prefer the sweet sobriety of the cinnamon-bark to the nauseating odour of its flowers, deserves not the fragrance of the wood, but the effluvia of the blossom."—"Brother," replied Giaffar—for he had now an artful game to play—"it is a wise defence of a worthy custom. You will pardon the choleric reception I gave you; and so, now for business. You, it seems, are a jewel-merchant. I can tell you, good fortune has directed your footsteps hither. There is not one, in the whole city of Bassora, who can do you so good a turn as myself. I am, at the present time, commissioned to buy some valuable gems: these appear of extraordinary beauty; although, perhaps, I am wrong to say as much—for a good trader will not praise the foot of a camel he is bargaining for. However, this night we will give to harmless pleasure, and to-morrow we will talk of trade." By these fair words did Giaffar wholly gain over to his confidence the unsuspecting Beber. "Bacroc!" said Giaffar—and an ugly, foul-visaged slave approached him—"bring hither that peculiar

drink with which I treat the fortunate few whom I condescend to receive in love and friendship." The slave quickly brings the desired liquor, which Giaffar presents in a golden vessel to his easy guest. "Honour to the Prophet! this is surely not wine."—"Wine!" replied Giaffar in seeming anger; "but you are a stranger, and know not that I have thrice travelled to Mecca's holy shrine. Wine in the dwelling-place of the faithful!" Beber, not wishing again to excite a violence, the character of which he so well remembered (for his leg, although it had been carefully attended by the slaves, still at intervals pained him grievously), drank off the potion, to the evident satisfaction of Giaffar. Beber, in his agitation, had not discovered the Moth with the Golden Wings, which fluttered around him whilst he held the vessel in his hand, but vanished on the instant he emptied it. "There is but one God!" stammered Beber, as he took the cup from his lips, and, trembling in every part, he fell senseless to the earth. Giaffar, on this, exclaimed to Bacroc and his fellows, "Dispose of the fool!" and, carrying with him Beber's bag of jewels, he re-entered the house. The slaves, with whom we shall for a time leave Beber, bear him insensible from the gardens.

Now it so happened that Giaffar was a great favourite of the Sultan, who had entrusted him with a vast sum of money to purchase jewels, which his highness intended to present his daughter on her approaching marriage. Early in the morning, the chief of the Sultan's eunuchs, with a suitable train, waited upon Giaffar, to demand of him the success of his mission. Giaffar received the messenger with all possible dignity, and ceremoniously placed in his hand, enveloped in a rich cloth of gold, the silken bag and jewels of the luckless Beber. "Thrice fortunate am I, the slave of the Sultan, in having been so quickly and so admirably suited with that desired by my master. You hold, my good Mesrour, jewels of the most astonishing beauty; they shine even as lumps of the sun." Upon hearing this, the eunuch was about to indulge his eyesight with a peep at his splendid charge, when he was prevented by Giaffar: "Pardon me, good Mesrour; but Mahomet forbid that I should permit any one to look upon the jewels before his Greatness the Sultan himself." Mesrour, being a subtle courtier, felt the full force of such an objection, and saluting Giaffar, quitted him for the presence of the Sultan. Arrived at the palace, Mesrour found the Sultan and his court assembled in full state. The eunuch, prostrating himself before the throne, delivered into the hands of the Sultan the purchase of Giaffar. "He is a good and a faithful servant," said the Sultan, as he directed the golden napkin to be taken from the jewels. "Know," he continued, "it pleaseth us to inform the faithful, that we intend to bestow one of our daughters in marriage, and therefore have entrusted our good servant Giaffar to purchase the bridal present." On this a murmur of applause ran through the court, which was, however, speedily turned into astonishment, when, on the Sultan's snatching from his officer the contents of the golden cloth, he displayed to the court a heap of withered buds of flowers, entangled in a large cobweb! "Mesrour," exclaimed the Sultan, "how is this? I send you for jewels, and you dare to bring me shrivelled flowers in the web of a spider!" All the court stood aghast as Mesrour, prostrating himself before the throne, briefly yet tremblingly uttered, "Commander of the Faithful, such as I received such have I given to you!" "Ah! Giaffar mocks our

tenderness and clemency! By the beard of my father, he dies! bring me his head!" It takes but a short time for Mesrour to depart from the court, to seize the person of Giaffar, and to bring the astonished culprit before the vengeful front of his master. "How is this, slave? questioned the Sultan; "are these your jewels?" and he showed to the perturbed favourite the worthless fragments he had sent. It was in vain for Giaffar to protest that he must have dealt with a magician; that they were, on the last night, the most beautiful jewels: the Sultan orders the execution of Giaffar, and the court-crier proclaims through the principal streets of Bassora that, in two hours, Giaffar, the late favourite of the Sultan, is to be beheaded in the presence of the court.

Let us now return to Beber, whom the slaves of Giaffar left in an unfrequented part of Bassora, insensible and almost naked. Twice did Bacroc think of despatching him, when his fellows, touched with some little compassion, dissuaded him from the deed, by assuring him that Beber being a stranger in Bassora, and unacquainted with either the mansion or the name of Giaffar, could not, even if he survived the effects of the soporific potion, be in any way dangerous. Beber, however, triumphed over the terrors of the night; and, waking in the morning, found himself hungry, pennyless, and almost naked. The recollection of the events of the preceding evening came over him, and he was about to inveigh bitterly against his destiny, when his good spirits came to his aid, and he took from a neighbouring reservoir a handful of water, saying before he drank, "I put the sweetmeat of resignation into the stream, and lo! I am nourished:" he no sooner had swallowed the water than he found his mouth filled with an admirable set of teeth! Beber was overcome with wonders; he was lately become intimate with miracles, therefore he neither shouted nor danced, but meekly said: "There is but one God, and he is great." Now Beber, as he strolled through the streets of Bassora, heard by chance the proclamation of the intended execution of Giaffar, and, suffering himself to be mingled in the crowd, he entered the large court, where the Sultan and his officers were assembled. When the order was given for the appearance of the culprit, what was the surprise of Beber, to see in the person of the malefactor the knavish jewel merchant! "Shall I also accuse him?" said Beber to himself; "no: let not the hand strike him already down!" As this rejoinder passed through the brain of Beber, his blasted arm became whole and sinewy; the last of his infirmities were cured, and now was Beber a healthful and a complete man. Preparations are now made for instant execution; the Sultan remains obdurate to the prayers of the condemned, who now walks to the fatal spot, round the circle made by the spectators: as he is just finishing his circuit, he stops short at Beber, and pointing him out, shouts aloud, "Commander of the Faithful, here is the culprit—here is he who sold me the jewels!" The ceremony of death is for a time suspended; and Beber, arraigned at the throne, briefly describes to the Sultan his meeting with Giaffar; how he had been despoiled by him of his jewels, and otherwise ill-used by him."—"Jewels, dog!" exclaimed Giaffar; "were they not withered flowers?"—"Answer, slave!" thunders forth the Sultan. "Commander of the Faithful," replies Beber with good heart, for he sees at this moment the Moth with the Golden Wings hovering over him, "they were jewels when I gave them into the keeping of Giaffar, albeit his wickedness may have transformed them."

"This is invention, slave; think you we are to be fooled with tales of the genii; take you the buds and the cobweb, and then own your treachery." These articles are given to Beber, who no sooner touches them than they become, one by one, a jewel, enclosed as before in a bag of silk! All the court are astounded at the feat. "This, however," said the Sultan, "may be the art of some damnable magician." "Indeed, your highness," replies Beber, "I am none; I know of no powers, save those of moral good and evil."—"And is it your power of good that transforms flowers into gems?"—"Let it be tried," replies Beber, "by making Giaffar touch a jewel; we shall then see what arts he made use of with your poor servant's wealth."—"It is well: come hither slave," says the Sultan to Giaffar; "touch with your finger the diamond in my turban." No sooner is it done than the stone turns into a blighted lily; and the Sultan, frantic at the change, is rushing with his drawn scimitar on Giaffar, when Beber, throwing himself before him, exclaims, "Defender of the Faithful, let me stand between your greatness and your wrath:" and Beber touching the withered flower, it again becomes a diamond.

All the court are paralyzed with astonishment; and the Sultan is about to question Beber, when suddenly a beautiful palm-tree rises at the foot of the throne. The Moth with the Golden Wings settles on a large palm-leaf, which is instantly plucked, and found to bear the following words, which were read aloud by the order of the Sultan to the assembled people:

"I speak for my mistress, the fairy Gezert. Ask not, oh Sultan! the reason of this mystery; for know, that in the hand of the good and faithful the bud of the rose becometh a ruby; whilst the finger of the wicked maketh a diamond as nought. I was in pain, and a captive, and the poor man gave me freedom; his tenderness hath been his reward. To try the feeling of man, I put off my form, and took that of an insect. I have found evil and cruelty in the great; I have found love and mercy in the lowly. Oh Sultan! he who for sport tortureth a fly, would, but for the law, tear away an arm. Oh Sultan! let the merciful be rewarded, the guilty punished; and let this precept be ever in thy mind, and in the souls of thy people:—*That in the hand of the good and faithful, the bud of the rose becometh a ruby; whilst the finger of the wicked maketh a diamond as nought.*"

Scarcely has the officer finished reading, when the leaf escapes from his hand in sunlight; the trunk of the palm-tree becomes a pillar of water, spouting off and falling in the shape of branches and leaves. It has ever been approached with veneration by the people of Bassora, and is called by them—the Fountain of the Fairy Moth.

A few words will now close the tale: Giaffar was delivered into the hands of the executioner, and Beber was dignified with riches and honours by the gratitude of the Sultan. J.

A DREAM IN WESTMINSTER ABBEY.

"There are more things in heaven and earth, Horatio,
"Than are dreamt of in your philosophy."

Every one who has made the living world the subject of deep and careful study, must have remarked that its apparent size and felt importance diminish in proportion to the length of time for which it is contemplated. We come abroad in the morning of life, and all those elements of nature which seem fraught with enjoyment shew themselves of giant lineaments; but, as life wears on, they recede from us, and diminish with a wonderful rapidity of perspective, till, ere the days of our sorrow be half numbered, they fade upon the dim horizon, and we cease to regard them as being of any consequence in themselves, or likely to produce any comfort to us.

He is therefore a wise man who occasionally steals away from them; because, after every period of absence and abstraction, some portion at least of their size and their importance returns. And this absence and this abstraction—this renovation of the powers of man, and recreating, as it were, of the physical object of those powers,—is no where more successfully found than in the mansions of the dead. Even in this vast metropolis, the crowd of busy beings that throng around us have their threescore-and-ten years circumscribed within the same century as we; and while we turn to them, they give us no glance back at the past of human history, and very little hope for satisfaction with regard to the future. But when we go into one of those localities where the bones of a thousand generations have collected together, we hold converse with ages, and the volume of history is condensed into a single thought.

Under a momentary sickness at mankind, and with feelings somewhat analogous to those here mentioned, I entered Westminster Abbey; and my heart sunk as I surveyed the natural Golgotha—the mingled mass of monuments and mockery. I could not pause to estimate the merits of sculpture, or to notice the accordance to those they are intended to commemorate. As little did I care for the truth or taste, or the want of truth or taste, of the monumental inscriptions. A cemetery of the great, whether it is meant as the burying-place of their bones or their fame, has in it, especially when combined with the national pile of antique and gloomy architecture, something far more sublime than statues, and more eloquent than epitaphs; and he who cannot be affected by the voice of immortality, which in such a place triumphs over the grave, has little chance of being affected by the external and empty garniture.

The sun was near the horizon. His rays, dimmed by the thick atmosphere of the city, streamed softened through the stained glass of the great west window in colours so gloomy and so glorious, that they went into my very soul; and as the glosses that collect in the western cloud are the harbingers of the silence and darkness of night, so these glories, at such at a time, in such a place, and under such a temper of mind, seemed to be harbingers of the more still silence and more gloomy darkness of death.

I sat down on a part of the tomb of Edward. I gazed around me. The awe was so overpowering, that I could neither meditate nor move. A few lounging visitants flitted past me—each making the trifling commentary of an idler, or the pedantic one of an artist, I was an isolated

thing: the living seemed too insignificant, and the dead too awful for me to associate with! It is the nature of the mind, when overwhelmed by the abundance, or left vacant by the desolation of things without, to retire within its own chamber, and to create for itself the world of its contemplation. A reverie stole over me; I was wafted I knew not whither—called to converse with I knew not whom—about I knew not what; and it was not till I heard the echo of the shutting door, and the grating of the fastening lock, that I started to my feet, and hastened to the place whence those sounds came. My haste was unavailing—the door was closed for the night; and I had abundance both of leisure and of silence to meditate among the memorials of human majesty—of human mortality.

Accustomed to think of cells and cloisters—of graves and monuments, and to nightly meditations among the dwellings of the dead, I was in no danger of being scared by superstition, or disturbed by childish fears; but still there was a cold solemnity of desolation in the place, which withered my strength, held me rivetted to the spot, and made me breathe softly and in fear, as though I would not disturb or offend the spectre things which imagination could not refrain from placing around me. The trophies of the universal Destroyer were crowded there, and fancy had not much to do in conducting me into his real presence, or him into mine. Shades of things which had not only been, but been mighty in their generation, flitted through my mind; and to that mind they seemed to flit through the Abbey, animating every pillar, and peopling every aisle.

Of all the powers of man, there is none more delightful to him than that which crowds with beings those places which loneliness might have left vacant. It may be that this occasionally awakens superstition, and fills the credulous and feeble-minded with terror; but who, for the sake of a few such casualties—and they are but few—who would forego the pleasure of this exquisite faculty?—who, to abate the terror of a few such persons, would make night as oblivious to fancy as it is to the eye—the place of tombs as vacant to the understanding as it is to the senses? Where is the price that would compensate to man for those assemblages of the beings of all regions and all times—aye, and of beings that, in reality, have never been, and never can be—which creative fancy calls around his waking or his dreaming pillow? Who, for kingdoms of those realities, upon which the sun shines only to disclose their smallness and their insignificance, would forego the midnight glance of the soul into the boundless vista of the dark, with its unnumbered and numberless inhabitants? All that the sun visits is limited in space, and brief in duration: a single glance into the dark is infinitude and eternity. Awake, you are circumscribed by four walls, or, at the most, by a mile or two of horizon: you dream—no matter whether sleeping or waking—your footsteps are upon planets—your view ranges from sun to sun. In confined reality, you suffer out your little years, and their sum is but a point: in free imagination, you in one moment exist ere Time was born, and the next you sit upon his grave.

Finding that I had not even a chance of getting out, till the morning should bring the man of fees, I leaned me down upon a tomb, to make the best of my involuntary seclusion. The dull glimmer of the twilight gradually withdrew, taking along with it all the fashion of the Abbey, and all the forms of the monuments; but ever as these things of earth

melted away, their places were supplied by things of heaven. Before, however, the earthly oblivion, and consequent celestial creation, were complete, the moon, pointing a few rays through among the towers and buttresses, as if by stealth, poured them cold and stilly upon the fretted arches, dark columns, and shadowy tombs; and, by making its approach more gradual, rendered the empire of the imagination more perfect. This light of the moon, if light it could be called, waxed more and more faint, and before the solemn tones of the bell had recorded midnight, the darkness and all its wonders were complete.

In the sequestration of that darkness, and aided by the shadowy things it brought forward, I took up a train of reflections accordant with the scene—or rather, I should say, with the situation—for scene, in the ordinary acceptation of the term, there was none. "Why," communed I with myself, "should so much life die, so much beauty fall into corruption, and so much greatness turn into nothing and oblivion?—And why should they not—seeing that they make room for new life, new beauty, and new greatness, every way as warm, as lively, and as desirable as those which are displaced?" The latter question seemed to lean towards the affirmative; and death appeared in a more amiable aspect than I before had thought of. He was no longer the vindictive pursuer of life, as a bloodhound following his prey; but the harbinger who precedes it, prepares the way for it, and smoothes its approach. He was not the destroyer of existence; but the friend who made the path of its coming—that swept away the ruins of the rubbish, to give room for the structure. He was not the sad porter, who opened the gates by which living things are dismissed; but the mareschal who made way for them, and guided them to their places—the friend, without whose kindly interference the number of those who tasted of the sweets of life must have been indeed limited.

While I meditated thus, without any sensible proof of the reality of the world around me, or even of my own existence, save the feeling of contact with the tomb, I began gradually to lose even that last and insignificant link. I cannot be sure that I was awake; neither will I take upon me to say that I slept—for I had the clear perception and the undoubting conviction of the former state, joined to the intellectual abstraction of the latter; I was, as it were, a being both of this world and of the next: I had the palpable conviction of the one, and the unbounded and unclogged imagination of the other. I ceased to know that I was in Westminster Abbey; but I knew and felt that I was in a world which, while it had all the fascination of fancy, had all the force of reality,—and of which memory could take as full and as faithful a record, as if it had been attested by a thousand witnesses. I need not say that the Abbey, with all its garniture, was gone; for I was caught up, as it were, into the very desolation of the chaos—the workhouse of the occult powers of nature—where things have their beginning and their end, and where nought was to be descried but that uncomprehended material of which the world was at first made, and into which the world shall at last be resolved. Beneath, around, and above me, all was alike—a dusky void, which became dim from its gloominess, in which there was no point whereby to find out direction, and no object on which to judge of distance. I tried to move—and though motion was every where dull and heavy, it was not more so in one direction than in another. I urged myself onward with all the speed I could, anxious

to escape from a region, the desolation of which came over me as if it had been the dull oblivion of death itself. I hurried I wist not whither, or in what direction; but, from the heaviness of the journey, I concluded that the space must have been considerable. Still there was nothing that I could call an object, living or dead, organic or inorganic, of this world or of any other—nought but that dull vacuity, which had the gloom but wanted the concealment of darkness—which hid every thing save its own nothingness, and disclosed that with an effect which the language of created man applied to created objects, or even the wildest fancy of man's imagination, is utterly unable to depict.

After some time, or some space—for here time and space were either one and the same, or so confounded that neither of them could be distinguished—a formless thing—or rather, as it at first seemed, a form of nothing—made its appearance. It came not to cross my path—for path there was none—neither was there any thing of which, or upon which, to form a path; but it stood or hung in the gloomy void before me, as filmy and oblivious as that void itself. It had an outline—but that outline I cannot trace; and it had a shape—but that shape was, at its first appearance, so indeterminate, that I can compare it to nothing to which mankind have given a name. Previously, I had felt as if in the kingdom of death—in that dreary region where he had not merely extinguished life, but blotted out existence itself; and now shuddering came across me, as if I were to be ushered into the immediate presence of the direful monarch, and the icy hand of his annihilation were to be laid upon myself. I paused, and would have turned; but my pause was not a stop—neither was my turning a possibility. I was borne onward; not by the motion of that upon which I stood—for I stood upon nought bearing the semblance of matter; and I was not urged on by a current of the air, or a breeze of the wind—for air nor wind, current nor breeze, could be ascribed to such a place. Still, however, I was impelled onward; and the impulse came from that viewless fate, of which every man feels the power, but of which no man can feel the working, or describe the lineaments.

As I was thus urged, the spectre-nothing gradually assumed a more palpable outline; and after a space, I could perceive that, in as far as shadow can resemble substance—as nothing can resemble something—it bore the likeness of a man whose form had been bent by the cares, and whose locks had been bleached by the storms of ten thousand ages. Hoary wings were folded behind him; his beard of snow descended to his girdle; the emblem of eternity was under his feet; the weapons of razure and desolation were around him. Near him lay a heap of crumbling bones, tattered crowns, broken sceptres, and all manner of forms and fancies of the insignia of human greatness. He ever and anon laid his withered hand on these. In his grasp they mouldered into powder; and that powder he cast, with most stoical indifference, upon the shadow of a black river which crept dismally at his feet, and slid, I know not how, into the nothingness of the surrounding space.

My mind, like all that was before and surrounding me, was utterly beyond description. I felt as though in the act of being taken into the hand of the phantom, crumbled into dust, and scattered upon the shadowy and oblivious waters; and as there lives not the man but will make one last effort, how feeble and insignificant soever, to resist the menaces of death, and return to the joys of the green earth and the

glorious sky, I felt an unknown, an unbidden power, nerving me for the unequal and indescribable conflict.

"Whence and what art thou?" said I. "By the name of him who triumphed over those dreary regions, bound their powers to the wheels of his chariot, swallowed up the whole empire in victory, and granted life and proclaimed immortality to the children of men, I conjure thee, I command thee to offer to me no violence, but to direct me how I may quit this dreadful place, and return again to praise him in the land of the living."

"Fear not," said the shadowy form: "I too am his worshipper; the workmanship of his hand, the agent of his will, and the minister of his pleasure. Whatever of weal or of woe, of joy or of sorrow, is the portion of your race, is bestowed through me. I am their best friend, yet they heed me not; their choicest benefactor, yet they abuse my bounty. At my breath the world sprang from nothing; and when this aged frame shall be wrapt up in death, or rather in that by which death shall be conquered, the world shall return to that whence it sprung; and, but for the retribution of the immortal spirits which through me are lent to it, it shall be as though it had never been. I am Time,—the portion of the wise, the punishment of the foolish—the idol that the sages have adored, the victim which the heedless have been slaying ever since the foundation of the world—the measurer of the cup of life, the conductor to the portals of eternity."

My blood ran to my face as hot as lava, and discharging all its heat there, returned to my heart cold, curdling, and congealing like ice, at finding myself alone in the wild—the waste of nature—with one whose bounty I had so often slighted, and whose kind offers I had so often put by. I reflected, however, that though Time is the occasion of folly, he is also the father of repentance; and that, however dissimilar they may be in appearance, his features always put one in mind of those of Hope. It was some satisfaction, too, that things were not quite so bad with me as I had at first apprehended. I had fancied that I had come into the presence of Death; and therefore there was satisfaction in finding that I had found him with whom, as men say, Death never dwells. Those reflections in some measure calmed my spirits; I entered into more familiar converse with the hoary personage, and found him, much to my satisfaction, both more courteous and more willing to instruct than his appearance at the first had indicated. My most anxious inquiry was, how I should best quit a region so dreary and so uncomfortable. He at once offered himself as my guide; and immediately I began to follow his steps.

Old as he was, the rapidity of his pace was astonishing,—so great, that if he had not ever and anon taken me by the hand, I should not have been able to keep up with him. But, though we moved rapidly along, there seemed to be no improvement of the scene, which, on the other hand, became, as I thought, more gloomy and desolate. He perceived this (for he who discloses the secrets of men to one another must be presumed to know them himself), and therefore he bade me be under no apprehension,—as, however flowery the paths were over which he conducted men, he found that they always wearied as the way lengthened; and that, sooner or later, they all quitted his guidance and career for the silent repose of another. But though my fears were in some measure quieted, and though our motion was rapid in the

extreme, the scene did not improve, but on the other hand became more gloomy; and had it not been for the comfort which I had heard from the lips of my ancient conductor, and the aid that I from time to time had at his hand, my situation would have been altogether too sad for the endurance of man.

Finding that he was as willing to communicate as full of information, I asked him what was the strange region into which we had come, and who were its inhabitants. He replied, that it was the precinct of Death; that it had no fixed inhabitant save the grim king himself; but that it was, sooner or later, traversed by every human creature; that whatever memorial they left, he (Time) was commissioned to moulder, in the same way that I had seen him occupied; and that whatever he destroyed fell into the waters of oblivion, and so glided away.

Startled at this information, I asked him whether we were bound toward the place where the gloomy monarch had his seat. At once and frankly he assured me we were not,—that though he was obliged to accompany every body to the presence of that awful power, and there take leave of them, yet that he himself was not the immediate agent or cause of any one's going thither, except in a few extreme cases, where mere human, but more active agents, appeared to be unsuccessful. Thus, though he was continually on the wing, he had abundant leisure for that destruction of monuments—of wisdom or of folly, of power or of weakness, of kindness or of cruelty, of truth or of falsehood,—which was his chosen, his peculiar work. "Strange to say," added he, "that which men pride themselves on the most, I can always change with the smallest exertion; and that which they build up with the greatest labour and the most anxious solicitude, I can crumble down with the least effort of my strength." My fears were again removed; and familiarity with the spectre and the scene inspired me with more confidence than ever. I asked him whether I might not see the monarch of this mysterious region, and also learn a little of the more mysterious world which lies beyond the confines of his empire. "With all that I can see of Death," said Time, "you shall be gratified; but into the world beyond, it is not given to any being keeping my company, or even to myself, to look for a single moment. When the eye of man opens upon that, I lose sight of him for ever; when it is disclosed unto all, I shall be as though I had never been; and as I have destroyed the memorials of man, so this aged form shall be blotted out from the book of existence, and eternal oblivion shall erase all my records, and annihilate every trace of my memory. But let us onward."

When he had said this, he seemed to take me by the hand; and deflecting, as I thought, from our former course, we proceeded at a hurried rate; and though for some time we beheld nothing, heard nothing, and felt nothing, yet my blood ran cold as the ice-brook, or rather like the ice itself, it became cold and stony in my veins. I cannot say that there was gloom in the air, or desolation over the earth, for air or earth there was none—above, beneath, and around being one uniform and dark vacuity—as if the universe had been extinguished in all its attributes save that of ancient and unoccupied space.

Through this we proceeded—the external gloom and the internal horror deepening as we proceeded. No man, conscious that he lives and breathes, even though every rack were exerted upon his body, and

every arrow of remorse quivering in his soul, could feel what I now felt, or dread what I now dreaded. I had before been in what appeared to me about the *maximum* of external insignificance and suffering; I had been abandoned by my race,—had been in the midst of the waves—those waves had been fearful—the wind which agitated them had been unrelenting, and all things had felt so new and so hopeless, that even the protecting hand of heaven might have been accused as letting me slip from its grasp. But still, in the agony of all these, there remained a touch and a consciousness of the reality of life—a something, however small and however unstable, upon which hope could rest the sole of her foot—an opening amid the darkness, through which I might occasionally catch a little glimpse of her smiling. The horrors of the physical world, deepen them as you will, ever partake of its finitude and mortality,—they are what we can see, and hear, and handle; but when the terror is in the mind itself—when it is the immortal part only that is in agony—no lapse of years can count, and no measuring line can fathom what we then experience.

Gladly would I have returned to even the worst of my former condition; I looked for the patient glimmering light—all was dark. I felt for the tombs and the column—all was vacuity. I listened, if so be that my ear could catch the music of the wind, or the deep chorus of the city; but to my ear there was no sound. To my eye there was nothing but my hoary guide; and, as on former occasions, the reality of time would not give me up, and deliver me from the horrors of my real situation; so now the image of Time would not disappear, or allow me to escape back to that which I had often dreaded and wished to avoid, from the more indescribable horrors of the imagination.

I shuddered, I shrunk, and would have escaped from my conductor; but the grasp of his hand was upon me, and it upheld, and would not quit. He passed it over my eyes, and I felt that, though the gloom had if possible deepened, my vision through it was more perfect. "Though I dim the eye of the body," said he, "I can brighten that of the mind; but as that which you have expressed a wish to see is appalling, step behind me, and view it through the plumage of my wing."

I stepped behind him. He paused. The fringe of his pinions was as a veil over my eyes. "Look," said he, "but dread nothing; while I am with him, man cannot feel, and therefore should not fear Death." The form, if form it could be called, was now before me. I required not to be told what it was; I knew, from the stilly coldness which was about it. I had felt strangely when the figure of Time first caught my view; but my feeling now, though stranger still, was entirely different. On that occasion, I had at least essayed to stand on the defensive; but in this, if Time had not been between, I should at once have surrendered myself to the spectacle; and if Time had not renewed his assurance of return, despair and oblivion had been my choice.

Chilly, motionless, and alone, the stern conqueror of all created things appeared in majesty, unlike any thing that ever can be told in language or painted by the fancy of living man. I had thought almost the same of Time; but Time was nothing in obscureness and gloom to Time's conqueror. His throne, or seat, for I know not which it was, was the bones of all living creatures. The eye could not measure their extent, the tongue could not count their number; and, as far as I could judge, they were all mutilated, broken, unsightly, and falling into decay.

The thing itself had none of those engines of terror and weapons of destruction with which painters and poets have invested death. There was no dart or javelin about him; and the bones which we usually see painted were not in the figure, but in the mount upon which he was seated. He appeared, in short, not like a being, but like a shroud,—a pale and dull shroud which covered something: but what that something was I could not discover, and Time would not tell me. He "had never seen it—it had never been seen by one with whom he could hold communion afterwards; and not even the echoed voice of its beholder had been echoed back to hint what it was like." But one might so far imagine; the folds of the shrouds were awful, in their make and their simplicity; and they told that the thing which they concealed was of dimensions and of powers more mighty than ever fable figured of those giants who warred against the gods, or more than that arch fiend who could not be vanquished save by the thunder of the Eternal himself.

The thing, as I have said, sat motionless—sat hidden in the cold and shadowy sublimity of the shroud; and no limb or member of it was visible, save one cold and withered right hand, which was stretched out with most dread expressiveness, and upon which it was fearful to look. I trembled and shuddered afresh. "Fear not," said Time, "it is the choice of Heaven that Death, all-dreadful and all-powerful as he is, cannot come, or even so much as look hither. Strong as he is, he is the minister,—often the minister of comfort, for one more, infinitely more powerful than himself. Placed here, upon the confines of the world to which you and I belong, he is the porter to the Land of Light and of Life. That place he has kept since the first-born of woman laid his murderous hand upon his brother, and that place he must keep while there is one of your race left in the land of the living. When that ceases to be—when the decree of the Almighty is accomplished—when the measure of his pleasure and glory, from the world's creation, termination, and redemption, is full—when all have gone to their place, and the unchanging seal is upon them—when I shall be no more, Death shall be swallowed up in victory, and the Eternal himself shall be all in all."

As I stood listening to this description, and looking at the thing described, a man whom I had often met with in the sports and occupations of life glided past me. He was pale and emaciated, and seemed hurrying onward as if to rid himself of agony which he could no longer support. The instant he made his appearance, Time seemed to forget me. He moved onward, and brought my old friend to where Death was. Time halted, and the weary man made but one tottering step forward; and I rather think he was pushed by some one that I did not see. Just as he was in the act of passing, the cold hand came upon him, and then, moved towards that part of the shroud which concealed what possibly was a face. That instant my friend vanished, I know not whither; and I heard the sound of bones mingling with the heap, the only noise, since that of Time, which had broken the silence of the place. Looking earnestly, in order to discover where he had gone, I thought I saw the hand again touch the shroud, and half disclose something to me. I stretched and stretched; and, awakening, found that the day had arisen, and that the doors of the Abbey were open.

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THE ILLUMINATED CITY.

The hills all glowed with a festive light,
For the royal city rejoiced by night:
There were lamps hung forth upon tower and tree—
Banners were lifted and streaming free;
Every tall pillar was wreathed with fire—
Like a shooting meteor was every spire;
And the outline of many a dome on high
Was traced, as in stars, on the clear dark sky.

I passed through the streets; there were throngs on throngs—
Like sounds of the deep were their mingled songs;
There was music forth from each palace borne—
A peal of the cymbal, the harp, and horn;
The forests heard it, the mountains rang,
The hamlets woke to its haughty clang;
Rich and victorious was every tone,
Telling the land of her foes o'erthrown.

Didst thou meet not a mourner for all the slain?
Thousands lie dead on their battle-plain!
Gallant and true were the hearts that fell—
Grief in the homes they have left must dwell;
Grief o'er the features of childhood spread,
And bowing the beauty of woman's head:
Didst thou hear, 'midst the songs, not one tender moan,
For the many brave to their slumber gone?

I saw not the face of a weeper there—
Too strong, perchance, was the bright lamp's glare!
I heard not a wail 'midst the joyous crowd—
The music of victory was all too loud!
Mighty it rolled on the winds afar,
Shaking the streets like a conqueror's car;
Through torches and streams its floods swept by—
How could I listen for moan or sigh?

Turn then away from life's pageants! turn,
If its deep story thy heart would learn:
Ever too bright is that outward shew,
Dazzling the eyes till they see not woe!
But lift the proud mantle which hides from thy view
The things thou shouldst gaze on, the sad and true;
Nor fear to survey what its folds conceal:
So must thy spirit be taught to feel!

F. H.

RABELAIS: HIS MEMOIRS AND WRITINGS.

The writings of Rabelais, though nominally "familiar in our mouths as household words," are yet sealed books to the majority of modern readers. They know him as an author of established whim and humour, alloyed with no slight portion of licentiousness; but as a man of lofty and versatile invention, penetrating research, information unbounded in its variety, and above all, of unexceptionable moral character, he yet remains to be appreciated. In literature, as in every thing else, there are two kinds of reputation: the one, all sound and shadow; the other, silent, unobtrusive, but substantial, and rooted like an oak, in the cultivated soil of the public mind. Wordsworth among the moderns, is a striking instance of the last species of notoriety. It is the fashion at present to under-rate him; yet there is no one whose stern, but poetic modes of thinking, are so often remembered, even in their own despite, by those who professedly decry him. Rabelais, on the contrary, is a mere name—a mighty one, it is true—but nothing more. All classes are alike familiar with it; for it comes before them consecrated by the recollection of those lofty spirits, who have drawn their chief inspiration at its source: yet if we ask the majority of readers the nature and tendency of this author's writings, we shall be answered with a confession of ignorance. It is to remove this obscurity, that hangs like a veil over the splendour of a great name, that we here endeavour, however humbly, to render it adequate justice; as also to glean from the fields of literary research, the scattered relics that are yet to be picked up respecting it, premising at the same time that these relics, to apply a hackneyed but appropriate metaphor, are "like angels' visits, few and far between."

Francis Rabelais, son of Thomas Rabelais, apothecary of Chinon, was born in that town towards the close of 1483. The rudiments of his education were laid in the Abbey of Sevillé, from which place he was removed while yet in his teens to the university of Angers. Here (according to a letter written by the celebrated scholar Budœus) he continued about two years; and though in no way distinguished for his application, yet contrived to acquire a creditable modicum of knowledge; and, what is still more important, to lay the seeds of a friendship with Du Bellay, afterwards Cardinal, which continued unimpaired till death. Scævola Sarmathanus relates, that he was educated at a convent of Franciscan Friars in the Lower Poicteau, where he distinguished himself so highly by his classical attainments as to incur the odium of a conjuror, which was still further embitterd by his unguarded sallies against the priesthood. A singular anecdote is recorded of him at this convent, that he had personated its tutelary patron Saint Francis; but as the tale, although characteristic enough to be true, rests only on the apochryphal testimony of a monk, we have thought ourselves warranted in omitting it. Two facts, however, are certain: the first, his secession, perhaps his expulsion from the convent; the second, his introduction to the more lucrative order of Saint Bennett, obtained through the influence of his friend the Bishop of Maillezais.

It is from this period, 1513 down to 1529, about which time Rabelais first began to practise physic at the University of Montpellier, that the principal gap occurs in his biography. The Floretum Philosophicum says little of him during this interval; the Bibliothèque Françoise contents itself with one or two characteristic anecdotes; while Mr. Ozell attempts

to get over the difficulty by asserting that he "rambled up and down awhile,"—a sweeping method of accounting for the occurrences of nearly twenty years. From 1529, however, his biography proceeds on more authenticated data. He read public lectures on physic to a numerous assemblage at Montpellier; and devoted his mornings (see his own letters, part of which are preserved in the Floretum Philosophicum) to a translation of some aphorisms of Hippocrates, which in 1532 he dedicated to his unchanging friend and patron the Bishop of Maillezais. Mr. Ozell, on what authority we know not, records that immediately after the publication of this volume, Rabelais quitted Montpellier for Paris, to which place he had been previously invited by his early friend, John Du Bellay. This however is doubtful, for we find him in the same year accompanying Du Bellay in his embassy to the Vatican, where he shortly afterwards contrived to obtain absolution from Pope Pius III. for his exhaustless witticisms against the priesthood. An old work, entitled *Particul. de la Vie de Rabelais*, reprinted in 1781 at Paris, mentions that during his residence at Rome he offended the conclave so effectually, that he was compelled to quit Italy; on his journey from which country to France the following whimsical occurrence took place:—"Being lodged at the Tower and Angel, a famous inn at Lyons, and being as usual much in want of money, he had recourse to a stratagem whereby to obtain good living, which might have been of dangerous consequence to one less known than Rabelais. He took some of the ashes in the chimney of the room where he sate, and having wrapped them up in several little papers, on one of them he writ 'Poison to kill the king;' on another, 'Poison to kill the Queen;' on a third, 'Poison to kill the Duke of Orleans;' and having on the 'Change met a young merchant, told him that, being skilled in physiognomy, he plainly saw that he had a great desire to get an estate easily, therefore if he would come to his inn, he would put him in a way to gain a hundred thousand crowns. The greedy merchant was very ready; so when he had treated our Doctor, he came to the main point, that is, how to get the hundred thousand crowns. Then Rabelais, after t'other bottle or two, pretending a great deal of caution, at last showed him the papers of powder, and proposed to him to make use of them according to their superscriptions; which the other promised, and they appointed to meet the next day to take measures about it; but the too credulous, though honest trader, immediately ran to a judge, who having heard the information, presently sent to secure Rabelais—the Dauphin having been poisoned some time before; so the Doctor with his powder was seized, and being examined by the judge, gave no answer to the accusation, save that he told the young merchant, that he had never thought him fit to keep a secret, and only desired them to secure what was in the papers and send him to the king, for that he had strange things to say to him. Accordingly he is sent to Paris, and handsomely treated by the way on free cost, as are all the king's prisoners; and being come to Paris, was immediately brought before the king: who knowing him, asked him what he had done to be brought in that condition, and where he had left his old friend the Cardinal Du Bellay. Upon this the judge made his report, showed the bills with the powder, and the information which he had drawn. Rabelais, on his side, told his case; took some of all the papers before the king, which being found to be only harmless wood-ashes, pleaded for Rabelais so effectually, that the business ended

in mirth, and the poor judge was only laughed at for his pains."* "When a man," adds Mr. Ozell commenting upon this anecdote, "has once been very famous for jests and merry adventures, he is made to adopt all the jests that want a father, and many times such as are unworthy of him." This is a truth which our own experience can confirm, and may perhaps apply to the above anecdote: the circumstances, however, respecting the death of Rabelais are throughout so characteristic, that although they rest on no sounder authority than the foregoing tale, we do not hesitate one instant in giving credence to them. It seems that in his seventieth year he was seized with a vertigo, at his residence near Paris (some say from an amiable weakness in favour of tippling), and having been carried senseless to bed, was visited shortly afterwards by a page of the Cardinal Du Bellay, to whose inquiries after his health he replied, "Go and tell your master that *je m'en vais chercher un grand Peut-être* (we have given it in the original French), *il est au nid de la pie.* Early next day the same messenger came with fresh inquiries from the Cardinal: but finding Rabelais extended apparently lifeless on the bed, with a lamp burnt out beside him, and Lucian's Dialogues under his pillow, he was softly quitting the room, when the dying wit raised himself up, turned with a smile towards the page, and desired him to draw the curtains, for the farce of life was ended. Previously however to this, we should observe, that he had called for his domino (a sort of clerical hood), remarking to the servant who brought it, that he would not die without it for the world,—"for is it not written," he added, "beati qui in *domino* moriuntur?" A monk, Pierre de St. Ronald, disputing this anecdote, relates instead, that a few hours before his death Rabelais despatched a messenger for a notary, in whose presence he drew up a formally attested will, which, when opened after his decease, was found to contain these satisfactory bequests: "I owe much; I have got nothing; I give the rest to the poor." The same monk adds, that the morning of his death Rabelais ordered himself to be brought to a favourite street, called La Rue des Jardins, in Saint Paul's parish at Paris, where he expired, in 1553, having just completed his seventy-first year. It is not to be supposed that the death of so great a man would pass unnoticed, and accordingly the usual allowance of epitaphs were inflicted on his memory, and among others one by the noted Ronsard, which has the singular merit of superlative stupidity. Doctor Trapp's Virgil is nothing to it!

The writings of Rabelais, like his memoirs, are replete with whim; but unlike them, are full, learned, and characteristic. In his style of humour he seems to have taken Lucian for his model; but while the mind of the Greek satirist is concentrated on one point, the ridicule of polytheism—that of Rabelais, excursive and unlimited in its variety,

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* We have given this anecdote in the words of Mr. Ozell—in the first place, because the old French in which it is related is almost unintelligible; and secondly, because he seems to have compared and sifted two conflicting versions of the same story, with very considerable address. While speaking of this gentleman we may just add, that as a modifier of Sir Thomas Urwhart's translation of the earlier books of Gargantua, and translator of Pantagruel's Voyage to the Holy Bottle, he evinces great diligence, but little humour. In the fourth volume, in that inimitable chapter upon debtors, he throughout one paragraph not only perverts, but literally stultifies his author; thus compelling Rabelais—to use the expressive language of Sir John Falstaff—"to look an exceeding ass."

rambles over every known branch of literature. His imagination—a very rare faculty among those who possess what is called wit—is fruitful and at command, and withal so prodigally expended, that, like the fabled cornucopia, the reader would suppose it exhaustless. One great wit—no matter how quaint or antiquated—will invariably generate a prodigious number of minor ones; and to Rabelais' luxuriant oddities we owe the best and worst parts of Swift *viz.* his Gulliver,* his Tale of a Tub, and his obscenities. Sterne borrowed unblushingly from his pages; as also did Arbuthnot, Pope, Prior; and in his own language Voltaire, the latter of whom has manifestly derived his conception of Micromegas from Gargantua. Unlike most men of imagination, Rabelais was personally courageous; and, at a period when the spiritual thunders of the Vatican yet rolled in all their grandeur over Europe, dared to expose the iniquities of the priesthood under the very nose of his Holiness. Like Fontaine and our own Goldsmith, he was, worldlily speaking, negligent: more however, we conceive, from an indifference to popular opinion than from any innate frivolity of character. His learning, at a time when the most abstruse and severe sciences were cultivated; when no one ever thought of appearing in print until years of disciplined reflection had qualified him for the task, was even then astonishingly profound. The "sermones utriusque linguæ" were engrained into his very soul, forming "part and parcel" of his nature; so much so, that he travestied and turned to account the ethics of Aristotle, Plato, and Xenophon, with as much felicitous tact as the humour of Lucian and the imaginative splendour of Æschylus. Throughout the satirical allegory of Gargantua, Pantagruel, and the Voyage to the Holy Bottle, we may trace the choicest sentiments of the classics, expressed in language that every where rivals the originals. Rabelais, be it here observed, is better adapted to the comprehension of an Englishman than a Frenchman. The reason of this is obvious: the Indigetes of a country seldom pay any minute attention to the niceties of their own tongue, but learn all foreign ones grammatically; and the vicissitudes of time, though here and there they may remodel the diction, can have but little effect on the leading principles of a language. Thus Chaucer, Spenser, Gower, and our earlier writers, are in general more easily mastered by foreigners, who have studied the language in which they wrote grammatically, than by Englishmen, who understand the verbal varieties of their own tongue more from habitual usage, than from the laws either of syntax or etymology.

To resume: in the use to which Rabelais applied his learning he bears no indistinct resemblance to the English authors of the sixteenth and seventeenth centuries. Like Ben Jonson and Butler, his varied

* We pause here to express our astonishment, that Dr. Johnson, in his Life of Swift, should have bestowed on "Gulliver" the praise of a rich invention. The idea, be it hinted, and not unfrequently the very incidents, are so far from being original, that they are derived, with but little variation, from Pantagruel's Voyage to the Holy Bottle. The misanthropy, indeed, that hangs like a foul blight over the pages of Gulliver, is Swift's own: his detestable character furnished an ample source of irritability [see an excellent article on this subject in the Edinburgh Review]; but the humour and invention of his romance, which would lead the uninformed reader to suppose it the Dean's, may be fairly ascribed to his close acquaintance with Rabelais. Doctor Buchan, in a recent medical publication, has attempted to account physically for Swift's anomalous nature. The reasons he assigns for it we would hope, for the pride of human nature, are false.

acquirements display themselves in every, even the most trifling, particulars. If he relate an anecdote, or introduce an episode (and there is no ancient or modern wit who does either with such felicity), he is sure to point it with parallel observations from the classics. Aristotle—the hard-headed metaphysical Stagirite—is made to illustrate Prior's well-known story of Hans Carvel's Ring; Plato endorses—to use a commercial phrase—a chapter upon noses; and Longinus is brought forward as arguing upon the impropriety of paying debts. Besides his intimate acquaintance with the best writers of Greece and Rome, Rabelais was familiar with the lawyers, physicians, and divines (that cloud of ecclesiastical locusts) of the lower empire, with the Pandects of Justinian, the metaphysical commentaries of Julian aud Boethius; the legal transcripts of Tribonian, and the historical frivolities of Anna Commenus. Thus he has something good to urge on every subject. He runs the whole circle of the sciences and belles lettres; throws off at one time a chapter on law, at another a dissertation on architecture—either of which would have set up a modern professor for life—and hurls the thunder of his sarcasm on all parties alike—on the church, the army, the senate, the universities, and alas! even on the blessed state of matrimony. Mixed up, however, with this heterogenous mass is one serious alloy; and that is, the too frequent grossness of his allusions. That such was the custom of the country, argues little in extenuation of this defect: for there is in every age, in every language, a certain fixed moral standard of good taste; not that conventional one which is adapted to the habits of a nation, but an instinctive apprehension of right, that can never, except by determined perversity, be erased from the mind. Rabelais knew and acknowledged this; but in vanity he was a Frenchman; his book in order to sell must be spiced with gross allusions, and the priesthood, to which in early life he belonged, offered irresistible opportunities of ridicule. Another, but slighter defect, is his inveterate rage for punning. As Dr. Johnson said of Shakspeare, "a pun was the Cleopatra for which he lost the empire of the world,"—so we may add of Rabelais, that a pun is his undoubted ruin. Like some foul impediment, it stops the full stream of his imagination, dams up the current, and misdirects it into other channels. The reader of this desultory criticism will scarcely believe that there are frequent chapters in Rabelais where, in the course of relating one of his happiest anecdotes, he gets sight of some miserable verbal pun: away like a hunter he goes, chaces the phantom from sentence to sentence, from page to page, loses sight of his story and himself, and never once returns to it. And all this at a time when the fancy in most men has decayed; and the judgment, if it ever possessed influence, exercises it despotically over the mind! Rabelais was full seventy years of age when he perpetrated the atrocious puns which disfigure the "Holy Bottle." In others this might be safely attributed to a creeping second childhood; but the memory—the wit—the fire—the imagination of Rabelais, were never more conspicuous than in this romance. We have mentioned his rage for punning, in order that the reader of his allegories may come to the perusal of its pages with a disposition prepared to extenuate (on the score of its other merits) such defects.

It is—we were going to say—surprising that a humorist like Rabelais should be so little known and appreciated in his imaginative, if not

learned age. But the fact, we think, may be thus accounted for. Rabelais' wit is the primary characteristic of his writings: his fancy, though splendid, rather serves to encumber than set it off; and it is well known, by those who have ever attended to the philosophy of the human mind, that an age of imagination is never one that can appreciate, encourage, and put forward writers of wit. The two qualities are diametrically opposed to each other. Wit requires a readiness—a tact—a concentration of mind;—imagination, a roving, dreamy, metaphysical sort of intellect. If we scrutinize the writings of those who were distinguished for the splendour of their fancy, we shall scarcely find a particle of wit throughout them. Demosthenes, Cicero, Lucretius, Xenophon, among the ancients; Burke, Milton, Spenser, and a hundred others among the moderns, whose names do not at present occur to us, were any thing but wits, and indeed seldom or never attempted it. To ascend in the scale of argument from men to times: we shall perceive that the wittiest age in England was the age of Pope, Swift, Congreve, Prior, Farquhar, Arbuthnot, Steele, Gay, Addison, and the other writers who formed what is called the Augustan age; but then it was also the most unimaginative one; when poetry itself was mechanical, and nature and genius were trammelled by the shackles of criticism. The spirit of the Aristotelian philosophy lay heavy on the eighteenth century; and beneath its dull, benumbing weight, fancy faded and became extinct. The French revolution, by giving an awakening impulse to the energies of the human mind, shook off this oppressive load; but then again, as imagination resumed her influence, she rose like night on the ruins of day. With the decay of wit decayed also the popularity of those whose works had contributed to keep it alive in the public mind; and hence Rabelais, an idol in the eighteenth, is but an uninspired mortal in the nineteenth century.

We have discussed generally the leading features of Rabelais' writings; it remains to say a few words concerning their more minute peculiarities. His characters in particular demand our attention, as in point of vividness and reality they are drawn with astonishing effect. Panurge, the old lascivious, skinny, witty, ingenious debauchee, is the one most to our mind. The account that this anomaly, this Falstaff fallen away, gives to Pantagruel on their first meeting, of his recent escape from the Turks; how they had spitted and placed him down to roast before a huge fire, how his flesh was delicately browned and made crisp for their repast; when suddenly, as he lay stretched in horizontal ardour in front of the furnace, a thought struck him of seizing a log, of putting out the cook's eyes with it, as he stood over him moistening his flesh with apple-sauce, and then burning the whole house in which he had met with this disaster. How, moreover, the house caught the street—the street the town; and how, by the light of the conflagration he found his way, half-baked, to a distant country, whence he sailed, and finally arrived safe in the dominions of Pantagruel:—all this, we say, (and Rabelais, in addition to many better points, is replete with similar extravagancies,) is to the full as rich as Falstaff's men in buckram, his account of the Thames ablution, or even of Bardolph's nose. Indeed we hazard a bold conjecture when we put forth our firm conviction, that Panurge is the original from which Shakspeare drew Falstaff. The two characters have so much in common—such peculiar ingenuity in lying, such endless jokes on their own deformity, such humour drawn from their

own cowardice, such amusing profligacy—besides a hundred other minuter traits, so equally far-fetched, yet congenial—that the resemblance could scarcely have been the mere result of chance. Added to this, the very contrast of their persons (well known to those acquainted with the two characters) is, in Shakespeare's case, the contrast of imitation. Panurge is a miracle of leanness—Falstaff of fat; the one in every page perpetually jests upon his ghost-like tenuity; the other upon his corpulence. Panurge, in the storm at sea, is the counterpart of Falstaff at Shrewsbury—drawing arguments in favour of his courage from the very fact of his cowardice; and discussing honour catechetically like the "fat knight." To make our assertion less apochryphal, we must remind the reader that a short time previous to the appearance of Shakspeare as an author, and indeed long afterwards, when, in his eagerness to cater for the public, he ransacked almost all extant accessible documents, both at home and abroad, Rabelais was the one great name on the Continent, and Panurge his most popular character, so that his name would naturally have found its way (in some shape or other) to England. Now our "immortal bard," we know, was never very scrupulous in the means by which he gained plots, and persons for his dramas; and nothing therefore is more likely, judging at least from the same sort of evidence that, in criminal cases, is deemed good enough to hang a man—than that he had met with some garbled translation of Rabelais; and finding the dramatic capabilities of Panurge, had dressed him afresh in fat and frolic (as being more likely by contrast to appear original), and re-baptized him Falstaff. *Mais revenons à nos moutons:* the next character of importance is the jolly friar, John of the Funnels: an ecclesiastic who wields the bludgeon as ably as the glass, and knocks down whole bumpers with the same facility that he knocks down whole regiments. He is in fact a French Friar Tuck, with a vivacity and rapidity of observation as unequalled as it is peculiar. Nothing is more easy than to describe a character common-place and generally intelligible; but to give such a character shades that may distinguish it (without destroying the verisimilitude) from others of the same class, thus *individualizing* it, as it were, can be achieved only by genius; and this was Rabelais' inspiration. In the delineation of his Queen Whims—that *beau-idéal* of female coquetry, he has shown his intimate acquaintance with the sex. Her Majesty is the finest representation on record of a blue-stocking and a prude: she lives solely on mathematics, which she takes by way of dinner, washed down with two wine-glasses of distilled muslin. All this of course is allegorical; but the reflective reader will not fail to make his own comments. Indeed, throughout his works, Rabelais must be taken as an allegorical satirist. The times in which he wrote were too bigotted to allow of vice being reproved without a mask to conceal the offender; so he was compelled to assume a strange fanciful disguise, and may be considered, at least among the moderns, as the father of this species of romance. His Limousin University Scholar, who has immortalized himself by a profound discovery that "nothing is so injurious to the sight as bad eyes," would tell well at either University: almost as much so as Master Janotus de Bragmardo, another of his dramatis personæ, whom we take to be a model for modern pedants. The good Bishop Homenas with his handmaid Clerica, who was never heard to say more than "the Decretals, the Decretals; we are all lost without the Decretals;" is an exemplary

episcopal comment. Epistemon, the *veracious* Epistemon, is a sample for travellers to imitate: the physician Rondibilis is as true to life as if he had just done walking the hospitals; while the old lawyer who gives that admirable advice to his son—never to interfere in a dispute until both contending parties were exhausted,—manifestly drew his hints from Rabelais' own personal experience. What again can be truer to human character than Pichrocole and his courtiers: the one all pride and ignorance, the other all suppleness and sycophancy, numbering un-Alnaschar-like the future trophies of the monarch, until put to shame by the unexpected candour of one crafty old statesman, who advises the acquisition of the different kingdoms previous to their being divided, for which he is of course disgraced? For mere richness of humour, nothing can exceed the account of the shepherd tossed out of the ship by Panurge; who stands upon deck, archly enumerating to the drowning wretch the manifold blessings of that heaven to which he is just dispatching him; and congratulating him upon the speed with which he is likely to change this wicked world for an imperishable crown of glory. The Demi-semi-quaver Friar is the most matter-of-fact ecclesiastic we ever yet met with, and pairs well with the mathematician whose highest poetical conceptions were drawn from the stanzas "thirty days hath September." So much (and we have sketched but few of them) for his characters; his chapters are equally felicitous. That on paying debts especially, wherein he proves that debt is the sole chain which binds this earth to heaven, and that nothing is more satisfactory to a philanthropist than to know that when he dies his memory will be *dear* to some; *viz.* to his creditors, who will recal his last moments with a sigh, comes home to the sensibilities of all. A chapter on catchpoles, too, which contains *inter alia* a receipt for destroying these offensive vermin, and in which our humourist accounts for his own disinclination to pay his debts, by stating that a friend of his dropped suddenly dead while discharging an old tick (*tick doloureux*, we presume), and that he is apprehensive of encountering a like accident, deserves universal consideration. Sometimes, however, in his eagerness to commit extravagance, Rabelais goes beyond all bounds: as in the description of Pantagruel's mouth, which(although it has a political tendency) is nevertheless outrageously insipid. A greater praise cannot be given to the account of Epistemon's decapitation, and the subsequent junction of his head with his shoulders; not that we think the absence of a head at all marvellous (many of our most esteemed friends being in this predicament), but that the chapter itself is intrusive and superfluous, whether in point of wit or fancy. Another peculiarity in Rabelais, is the quaint grave humour of his various chapters: these are *bijoux* in themselves, and we therefore subjoin a few for the reader's amusement.

Chapter 3. Book 3.—How Panurge praiseth debtors and borrowers with a word in praise of patient creditors.

Chapter 7.—Panurge's exposition of the monastic mystery of powdered beef.

Chapter 10.—How Pantagruel praiseth dumb women.

Chapter 32.—How the physician Rondibilis declareth cuckoldry to be naturally one of the appendages of marriage.*

* Imitated by Arbuthnot in his *John Bull.*

Chapter 33.—Rondibilis prescribes a cure for cuckoldry.
Chapter 53.—An essay on the propriety of doing what we ought not to do.
Chapter 42.—How law-suits, if tenderly hatched and nursed, come afterwards to a full and perfect growth.
Chapter 52.—How Bridlegoose, albeit a judge, was also honest.
Chapter 54.—A dissertation upon hemp.
Chapter 2. Book 4.—Why monks love to be in kitchens.
Chapter 27.—Of the strange death of Giant Wide-nostrils, the swallower of windmills.
Chapter 28.— How the Bishop Homenas, albeit a devout Bishop, yet had no objection to a good dinner.

The remaining books (we have selected only two) are replete with similar humour, so that the reader who, trusting to our recommendation, acquaints himself with the writings of Rabelais, may, whether he look to amusement or instruction, expect ample satisfaction. With us he is a first-love; and it was in the retirement of South Wales that, in the year 1820, attracted by the quaint novelty of its engravings, we first peeped into the pages of Gargantua. Many casualties have since transpired to disturb our recollection of its humour; but when last week, at a book-stall, we again picked up and cheapened the four brown, dingy well-thumbed duodecimos, with their old fashioned illustrations, we felt that we had renewed acquaintance with a friend. Rabelais, indeed, of all authors we ever met with, is the one most likely to make an impression on an unformed mind. His very quaintnesses, transferred into creditable English by Ozell, tell with strange effect at an age, when what is uncommon claims but too often undisturbed possession of the faculties. Mr. Jeffrey has somewhere said that the poetry of Keats is a good standard whereby to rate the kindred genius of the reader: Rabelais for a similar reason may be put into his hands, and if he possess to any extent either wit or fancy, the impression left by the perusal will never be effaced. One word more: it has long been the fashion among commentators (at least so says Ozell) to decry the private character of Rabelais; and we are sorry to find that a man like Sir William Temple has joined in this senseless abuse. Is it, however, probable that an author thus wedded to immorality would have been chosen as the bosom friend of such notoriously virtuous and celebrated prelates as Cardinal Du Bellay, the Bishop of Maillezais, and a hundred others equally gifted? Was it probable that the Vatican would have selected him as the person best qualified to officiate in the pulpit at Paris, at a time when religion reigned, if not in all its primæval sincerity, at least externally in the most starched and punctilious severity? The proofs of such friendships, and such honourable ecclesiastical employments, speak not volumes only, but whole libraries in Rabelais' behalf, and convince us that his character as a man, was only inferior to his ability as an author.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

PARLIAMENT assembles on the 14th of this month. It is expected to proceed to business (without adjournment), as soon as the formal arrangements are completed; and the session, whenever it commences, will be long, protracted, and stormy. One of the first questions tried, will, no doubt, be the question of the Corn Laws; for that ministers should venture to give up that question, I apprehend, is impossible. With all the abuse which was showered upon Castlereagh, *he* would have disdained such a compromise as this. *He* would no more have waved his opinion in fear or deference of the aristocracy, than he did in fear or deference of the mob. And to talk of "Parliament's being left to exercise its unbiassed judgment" upon the Corn question, is impudence as well as trash. It is too much to find *money jobs* the *only* measures upon which ministers will condescend to use their influence. If parliament is left to exercise its "unbiassed judgment" upon the question of the Corn laws, it will be high time that it should be left to the same free agency upon the questions which come before it altogether.

Whatever measure may be brought forward touching the repeal of the Corn Laws—and perhaps the mere expectation of such a projected measure—will probably bring on some proposal for (practically if not nominally) reducing the interest of the Debt. And as "between two stools," according to the proverb, a certain portion of a man's body "comes to the ground," so the country should look sharp, that—between its expectations of aid from these two interests—it does not end in obtaining relief from neither.

For myself, upon every principle of equity and justice, I think the Debt is the *last* of the public burthens which should be touched. Not because it is guaranteed by "public faith;" for I would not say a great deal for public faith, in decided opposition to public advantage. Nor yet, very especially, upon the score that, having been a common marketable, transferable property, it has been bought, at least in many instances, by its present possessors, at a full price; for the land has, a very great deal of it probably, been also bought at a "full," that is to say, at a high rent price; and hundreds of those who possess it will be seriously injured by any heavy change in its value. But the last interest which I would touch is the DEBT; because, notwithstanding all that we hear of the jews and the stock-jobbers—a sort of people who are offensive enough in all conscience, and whom I wish with all my heart our peers and landed proprietors would find to be such, and abstain from imitating, or mixing themselves up with them—it is still a fact capable of proof—a fact which figures alone will shew beyond the possibility of contest—that it is the landed interest which has been increasing the value of its property during the whole of the last thirty years, not only beyond—but three or four times over beyond—any advantage obtained by the funded.

With all the outcry which is daily made about the original purchase of the funds in a depreciated currency, what *(practically)* is the present increased value of the stockholder's dividend?—how much more, *in commodities*, does he get for his dividend upon £1,000 three per cents now, than he obtained for that same dividend during the full circulation of one and two pound notes? Take the following articles of common consumption, and it would be easy to carry the list still farther—house-rent, bread, meat,

beer, tea, sugar, candles, soap;—and the difference in *nominal* price between these items of expenditure now and fifteen years ago—which is the *real* increase of value in the fundholder's dividend—the aggregate decrease in their nominal price will *not* amount to thirty per cen.—I question if it will amount to twenty-five:—then take the increased rental of land—take the general rental of the kingdom—taking in all the different characters of increase—the increased rent of corn land—the increased rent of orchard and pasture—the enormous increased price of all land applied to agricultural purposes in the neighbourhood of large towns—and the still more enormous increase upon the miles of land let upon building leases—let at £50, £100, and sometimes £200 an acre! and see then whether the increased value of the rent-roll, instead of shewing—as the stock has done—an improvement of thirty or thirty-five per cent., does not shew an advance of considerably more than one hundred?

Cobbett, whose last four or five numbers—his ride through Gloucestershire and Wiltshire—have been admirable, and whose mere faculty of calling hard names amounts to a curiosity—Cobbett surprises me by the regret which he expresses, whenever (in passing from village to village) he finds the "old landed gentry" of the counties "*driven out*," as he terms it, by the cotton and fund people. I confess I do not quite perceive the reasonableness of this regret. I do not see how a system under which mere *farmers* made (and wasted) large sums, and a system under which the value of land has certainly risen most unprecedently, should have "driven" any land-owner to the letting of some fund-holder or cotton-spinner into his property? A trader may be "driven out," because his means, as Shylock terms it, are "in supposition." His business is to risk the property which he has, in order to gain more. But how—except by extravagance, or improvidence—casualties to which all classes of interest are liable, and for which few have a right to claim much pity and consideration—how there has been any thing in the system of the last thirty years—bating earthquakes, inundations, and personal absurdities—to "*drive out*" a gentleman who then possessed an estate of £2,000 a year, and was contented to live upon it!—Taxation might make it advisable for him to keep one carriage, perhaps, instead of two, while half his brother land-holders of the continent were reduced to keep no carriage at all: but how there has arisen any thing to "*drive him out*," I confess I am at a loss to conjecture.

One fact, however, seems pretty clear—that, "Driven out," or not, the public burthens,—and, first of them, the land-owners' MONOPOLY *must* come down. The productive power of the country—that is to say the *labour* of the people,—cannot go on paying the claims of the *property* of the country,—the rent of the land,—the charges of the government,—the dues of the church,—and the interest of the fundholder,—at the rate at which all those annuities are charged upon it—much longer. New markets *must* be opened to our commerce; for the old ones are becoming, and in the nature of things must become, independent of us. What miraculous gift do Englishmen imagine that they have beyond all other people, that they should go on (as their legislators tell them they do, and can do) surpassing the manufactures of every nation in the world; and yet find none of the most enlightened nations about them, possessing the same means with themselves, and excited by their example, capable, after years of exertion,

of equalling them in their own? It is to new markets—to an increase on that which we gain—and to a decrease of that which we have to pay—and to such a course alone, that this country can look for relief. The Debt arose out of the war. The property which composes it was three-fourths created by the war. And it may be fair that it should contribute its proportion,—give up something in common with other classes of possession—to meet the charges of that struggle to which it owes (at least) its security. But to touch one shilling of that debt, without at the same time paring down every other description of charge upon the country; without cutting down the expenses of the government;—deferring the luxuries of palaces built, and picture collections purchased;—reducing the rent charge of the landlords, and sweeping away the *place* charge which they and their dependents hold, as a sort of *tit-bit* out of the common plunder—to touch the Debt, without first, or at the same moment, making all these sacrifices, would be an act of the most nefarious injustice. It is an act which all the presumption of the land-owners—even of the House of Lords itself, I think,—will scarcely give them courage to attempt; and it is one which all their power,—aided even by the prayers of the bench of Bishops,—will *not* enable them to accomplish.

Letters from France inform us that a typographical error in one of their leading journals lately threw all Paris into consternation for twelve hours. The statement intended to be made was a very harmless one—to wit—"*Hier, M. Villele* (the minister), *s'est rendu au Bois de Boulogne*"—*i. e.* yesterday, M. Villele walked or rode to the Bois de Boulogne. Instead of which, by an unlucky misprint, the line given ran thus—"*Hier, M. Villele s'est pendu au Bois de Boulogne*"—yesterday M. Villele *hung himself* in the Bois de Boulogne. This is a very terrible "error of the press." I have often thought the "Errata," though people don't read it, the most amusing page in a whole book, especially where the author happens to have written a most atrocious MS., and the corrections run, for "*horse*" read "*coal-scuttle*," &c. &c. But the oddest excuse that I have seen for a *quid pro quo* of this description, occurs in the police reports of the Grindells' mad case, in the papers of this morning. The reporter sets right an error of the preceding day, in which he has called a person "Mr. Darnsford," whose name was "Mr. Stinton;" and says that his mistake arose from the circumstance of "Mrs. Grindell's speaking *with a very peculiar accent*." It must certainly have been very "peculiar accent" indeed!

The "Last Lottery" was actually, and finally, drawn on the 19th instant. And, contrary to all received principle and speculation—the profound theory that lotteries always thrive best in seasons of calamity, and the ordinary (but not unnatural) supposition, that people (as many as annually speculate in the lottery) would desire to have one chance in a scheme which was sure to be the last—in defiance of all philosophy, the tickets went off ill. Up to the very night before the drawing, all the various devices to attract were, I think, super-usually active. And I was absolutely taken in myself, passing through the Strand, by a large posting-bill, headed "Valuable offices to let, &c.;" which, in reality, only announced, that "all the *lottery offices*" would be to let after the 19th of October; as the "last lottery ever to be drawn in England expired on that day!" until when "tickets and shares, warranted undrawn, were selling at Hazard's, Goodluck's," &c. &c.

I see people go past my house of evenings to "the play" sometimes for amusement! This seems odd. There is a lady, who lives exactly opposite, keeps a monkey—a pretty considerably-sized one:—and it is all nonsense to talk about Mr. Liston or Mr. Macready—a good monkey is worth all the low comedy actors in the world. Mazurier, the French man-monkey, was ill received in London; but that arose from the degree of pretence that he came with. And, moreover, his characters were ill selected;—though there were some comical points about what he did too. The laughableness of a monkey arises out of something more profound than the mere felicity with which he burlesques humanity and human affairs. There is a fund for thought as well as merriment in the odd mixture of cunning with simplicity which his tricks exhibit; the close approach which he makes to reason, and yet the decided insurmountable barrier which divides him from it!—In the same way that madmen, if we could divest ourselves of the knowledge that they are suffering, constantly do things which are diverting in the highest possible degree. The scene in which Mazurier found a child—in one of the pieces that he acted a monkey in—always seemed to me to be extremely well imagined and ingenious. He used to play with a stone on the ground for a long time in the beginning of the scene. Presently, on finding the child (asleep), he becomes highly delighted, and carries it about for several minutes with every antic of pleasure and surprise. And then, just as you become interested with the thought that this excessive admiration of the child will lead to some curious incident or effect—he looks round him—sees the stone again—and returns to it, as the better plaything of the two. Now this is excellent. It is one little trait that yet speaks volumes. If he had represented a woman, instead of a monkey, the actor could not have done any thing more characteristic than this.

But my opposite neighbour (the real *Simius*) is, in the way of facetiousness, far beyond the reach of any histrionic imitation. He regularly gets loose about once a week; when a reward is offered, and half the neighbourhood rises in arms for his apprehension. I watched an affair of this kind the other day from the commencement;—I rather think, on that occasion, that a footboy, who acts (worthily) as the beast's fellow-servant, had let him loose on purpose. The first sight I had of him was in his mistress's chamber—at her dressing-drawer—out of which he fished a great quantity of ornaments—combs, necklaces, bracelets, and the like. The whole of these he tried on, *seriatim*, looking betimes in the glass, and putting every article to the wrong purpose; and concluding, as fast as he had done with each, by throwing it under the grate.

Presently, he disappeared from this place,—hearing a voice, I rather think, which disturbed him; nnd in a few minutes, there was the usual hue-and-cry in the street;—he had got out at the drawing-room window; and was skipping along upon the balcony rails from house to house. Generally a minute or so after he got to every fresh balcony, and was looking down, chattering at the mob, with his back to the building, up went the window on a sudden, and some daring housemaid made sure she had secured him; but as regularly as he jumped round—facing the enemy—down the sash went again, with a roar from the crowd, and a squeak (which might have been heard a great way beyond St. Paul's,) from the house-maid; and away the tormentor skipped off, in triumph, to a fresh tenement.

All this while, there was a long chain, with which he was usually

confined, hanging down from him as low as the rails of the area in the street; and a sort of grocer's boy, seeing this advantage, sneaked cautiously along, under the windows, thinking to lay hold of it. But just as he had drawn quite close, and was stretching out his hand, as he thought, to make the capture, the monkey perceived his design, and drew the chain up rapidly, with a prodigious chattering; at which there was another immense shout,—for the monkey,—from the crowd; and he skipped on, holding up the chain, as well as he could, and looking back at the grocer's boy. Here the brute turned round the corner, and I thought I certainly had lost him; but very soon I heard his followers in high glee again; and, looking out, saw him on a parapet—just going in at a garret window—out of which he presently emerged, with a bunch of "store" candles, (there seemed to be six or eight of them,) tied altogether. These he hooked his finger into the loops of one by one; and then putting them up to one side of his mouth, drew the cotton out—leaving the tallow behind—at the other. And while thus employed—still looking down and chattering at the crowd—his career was concluded by a sudden seizure on the part of the occupant of the garret; whose finger, however—with a constancy worthy of a better fate,—he immediately bit—I should judge by the roar that followed from the sufferer, to the bone. Apropos to this—I perceive that all monkies, and particularly the two "swinging monkies" that dance the tight rope about the streets, look with great curiosity at the mobs of children that run after them. I have no doubt that they think that they (the children) are monkies of an undescribed species—the particular breed of this country.

A writer, I think in the Morning Post, complaining last week, that the stage-coaches, with their accompaniments, the pick-pockets and orange-boys, produce great crowding and inconvenience about the White Horse Cellar, in Piccadilly, is answered by another gentleman who proposes to remedy the nuisance, by sending all the offenders *to the other side of the way*. I don't know precisely how material the evil complained of may be! but this device for curing it is obviously borrowed from the Irish stratagem—the turning a man's shirt after a week's wear, because it would seem advisable to put on a clean one.

The Post, altogether, is prolific this month. A boot-maker of the Strand advertises in it:—"As the season approaches,"—his "shooting shoes," warranted to "stand *water*." A more useful property about such possessions would seem to be that they should "stand" *fire*.

But October the 11th—apropos to the matter of boots—I see that the "Boots" of the Three Tuns Inn at Newcastle has robbed the ostler's box of £125, and made off. There is an unnatural character about this theft which shocks me: it is a sort of cannibalism, a "boots" eating an "ostler"—as bad as "sharks pecking out sharks' een," (which even the Scotch proverb deprecates); or jews trying to cheat one another. But man, merciless man! as the French writer observes, is the only animal entirely without respect of persons! Wild beasts feel a decided hesitation about devouring a brother.

> Voit on les loups brigans, comme nous inhumains,
> Pour detrousser les loups courir le grand chemin?
> Non!

But competition, it is, that makes men even greater rogues than they

used to be. The very path of villany is crowded; the avenues to the gallows are filled to the very kirb-stone, and choked up. Pope it is, I think, who says somewhere, that "Party is the madness of the many for the gain of a few." "Competition" seems to me just to make out the reverse of that description: it is the madness of a few for the gain of the many. And it is amazing how this competition cuts down the pride of the most lofty trades and professions (not to speak of its touching the respectability sometimes) as well as the profit. The Bar, with all its pretence, and even exertion, has those upon the "fifth row" sometimes who will hunger after the flesh-pots of Egypt! There have been instances of gentlemen taking briefs, even without fees! rather than go without them altogether. And literature gets quite shocking. I was annoyed some time back to see at the head of an American newspaper, "published by T. Poulson," &c. No. something or other, in some street in Philadelphia, "where advertisements and subscriptions will be *gratefully* received." But I found to-day, in England, among other commendations of a weekly paper, called the "London Mercury," that it may "be sent all the way to the Colonies, &c.," *for the small sum of Threepence halfpenny!*"

I took notice in my last letter of a comical character in the new farce called "Before Breakfast," "Major Havannah," I think the name is—a military gentleman—who knocks every other word out, through all his sentences, in order to give more room and value to those which remain. I heard a barrister plead a cause something in the same style, upon the Midland Circuit; and it struck me as a pleasant manner of oratory. Much better than the "damnable iteration," as Falstaff calls it, which some gentlemen whom I could name inflict upon us;—about three words in every five were either omitted or unintelligble; and every one that could be understood took the room of about a dozen.

As for example——It was an action for assault; with counts for "words spoken," to wit, calling the plaintiff an "Old Maid." And also for a trespass in entering her dwelling-house. The case of "Smackem *v.* O'Whackem."

Frump (Sergt.)—for Plaintiff, stated the case.—"May't please your Lordship.—Gentlemen of the jury: This is a case of very serious character. It's an assault case—blows given to the plaintiff, Miss Smackem, on her body.—Case o' knocking, my lord. Gentlemen—my client is—maiden lady—great respectability—related—some of best families in the country. Defendant is person—low station o' life—cries fish, my lord—fish, about the streets. Now we—we—my lord—no objection to Defendant's fish;—but—apt to be—excuse my being jocular—a commodity among those dealers—called "stinking fish." Your lordship—feel—we don't wish to have any thing to do with that."

Mr. O'Blarney—(for Defendant) submits in a strong brogue.—"My Lord, the learned Sergeant, if he *is* jocular, will be so good as not to cast reflections upon us or our lawful calling."

Frump (Segt.)—"Lord, I apprehend—I'm in order. My learned friend's 'lawful calling'—nothing to us. But what we say is—he called us 'Jade and Jezabel,' Gentlemen—I think you'll shew him that that's not a 'lawful calling.' *(laughter)* Gentlemen, case is—shortly this. Defendant made an attack on us—no reason in the world. Abused us, struck us several slaps—to wit, [reading] on our arms, breasts, neck, and shoulders—at our own door. Our apparel, gentlemen jury, suffers

—well as our feelings. One silk gown [reads] —one fly cap—one petticoat—one apron—remnants will be shewn in court. Now these things, gentlemen jury—are—things. People—sell fish—not to illtreat people that buy it—abuse, and comfisticate 'em with impunity."

O'Blarney—" Impunity, my Lord—they set us in the stocks for two hours on a market day."

Frump.—"It was before you were put in the stocks you broke the peace."

O'Blarney.—" My lord, I'll prove that it was after."

Mr. Justice B****.—" I'll take it, Mr. O'Blarney, that it was both."

Crier.—" Silence in the Court!"

Mr. Single-Brief (junior for plaintiff.)—" Grizzle Tomkins! Call Grizzle Tomkins!—Your lordship has an abstract? This, my lord, is the plaintiff's housekeeper, who heard all that passed."

Witness put into the box.

O'Blarney (for defendant).—" My lord, I wish to ask Mrs. Tomkins a question on the *voir dire.*"

Witness sworn.

O'Blarney.—" Now, attend to me ma'am. My learned friend has said that you *heard* all that passed: I ask—can you hear one word of any thing that is said to you?"

Frump (Sergt.)—" My lord—if she can't hear, what's the use of the learned counsel's putting the question"

O'Blarney.—" Och! you'll allow me, Mr. Sergeant, if you please—the witness is in my hands.—Now, Mrs. Tomkins, listen (calling) Are you not deaf?"

Witness (bawling)—" Ye-e-s."

Mr. Single-Brief.—" Why, my lord, that answer is a proof she is *not* deaf."

Frump (Sergt.)—" My lord, we'll call another witness. Call Monsieur Chardon!"

Javelin man (without—calls).—" Mr. Jordan!"

O'Blarney (for defendant).—" My lord, I am sorry to take so many objections, but I must ask this witness a question on the *voir dire.*"

Mr. Justice B****.—" Put your question, Mr. O'Blarney."

O'Blarney.—" M. Chardon, you are a Frenchman?

Witness.—" Oh oui, Monsieur, je suis François."

O'Blarney.—" Why then Sir, I ask you—remember you are on your oath—what is the nature of your religious belief?"

Witness.—" Monsieur? Vraiment, Monsieur—religion? I am not particulier, Monsieur—I am un tailleur."

O'Blarney.—" My lord, this person is incompetent. We have no means of swearing a tailor."

Mr. Single-Brief.—" Why not? He may be sworn upon the 'pattern-book,' if you please."

O'Blarney.—" He is but the ninth part of a man." (*Laughter.*)

Frump (Sergt.)—" In that case, the oath is just nine times as binding upon him as upon any body else."

Crier.—" Silence in the Court!"

O'Blarney.—" My lord, I submit that his trade constitutes an objection; persons of his calling have a belief of their own. The poet says,

———Hell! The tailor fears not hell!
He keeps the key; and o'er the mouth,
Cross-legged, in triumph sits!

Frump (Sergt.)—"My lord, I submit this view is obsolete.—"A man may be a tailor, and yet a Christian."

O'Blarney.—"I hope no Court will affirm such law as that."

Mr. Justice B****.—"You shall have the point saved, Mr. O'Blarney, if you like."

O'Blarney.—"Upon my honour, my lord, I would desire that; I have myself all the confidence in the world in it."

Frump (*aside*)—"I believe that; for I am sure nobody else can have any."

Upon which Monsieur Chardon, who said he lived "vis-à-vis Madame Smackem,—so dat she could never put her nightcap on, le nuit, nor take it off, le matin—but he should see hare,"—proved the assault; and after a Ciceronian address of two hours from Mr. O'Blarney, the judge said two words; and the jury found a verdict for the plaintiff, "damages to be settled out of court."

Mr. Wilkes, the parliament attorney, has been addressing a quantity of letters in all directions, threatening prosecutions against newspapers that have libelled his character, &c. Now persons of Mr. Wilkes's calibre should keep out of print. He has let out in these letters what all people did not know before (myself for one)—to wit, that he is a very ignorant and vulgar man.

Country theatricals are very odd things. Mrs. Bartley, the Morning Herald says, has been playing the character of "*Lady Teazle*" at Brighton. *Mr.* Bartley should rather have played it—he is much the most like Lady Teazle of the two.

This is the age, *par excellence*, of improvement and institution. And the science of "Gymnastics," among other of the latest novelties, seems to be making its way to eminence and adoption. Gymnastic "establishments" are already "organized" in five or six different quarters of the metropolis; and some persons—who are great enthusiasts—take the diversions (as Mr. Holme Sumner proposed to do that of the tread-mill) at home. A gentleman, next door to me, has had a private pole set up in his own yard, which he keeps climbing up to the top of all day long. I saw him the other morning, almost before it was light, working away! And spinning round and round when he got to the top—I think he emulates my other neighbour, the monkey. Of course, this is a sort of amusement which can do no mischief, if people choose to indulge themselves in it. But if they were to practice going up the chimney; such an exercise would be more likely to be useful, and, I should think, just as diverting.

Still, what "children of a larger growth" we are! All this climbing and gambolling is going on, while public distress, I am sorry to say, continues to increase in an alarming degree—and particularly among the "higher classes." I understand things are so bad at the west end of the town, that not a single gentleman about Bond-street has paid any of his bills for the last six months.

The papers of to-day advertise that an Act of Parliament is meant forthwith to be applied for, enabling the vestry officers of Mary-le-bone, among other works, to build *four new churches* in that parish. These are very impudent jobs—these church erections—which are got up under our noses every day, under a pretence of the "practice of piety," by architects, surveyors, parsons, bricklayers, and a little knot of other persons, who have acquired sufficient fortune to give them influence, and wish to increase that fortune by periodical dips into the purses of their neigh-

bours. I cannot conceive a more *jolie petite* job, or a more convenient, than the one in question. The erection of four new churches will cost, at least, the sum of £250,000: out of which about £80,000 will fall in the shape of profit to some ten or a dozen traders who are employed in the affair. Here is a pretty little fortune for Monsieur the architect. A round £5,000 for the furnisher of the stone. A pretty picking for an ironmonger. A little slice for a plumber and glazier. Something considerable for the carpenter, bricklayer, and ornamental furnisher. A stipend for *Monsieur le Curé*—and the parish pays for all! This is a mode of *making* trade among the "monied classes" (now the Government has contracts to give away no longer), which ought not to be submitted to. And for the Mary-le-bonne job, I hope the expense of opposing a "private bill" will not deter the inhabitants of that parish from resisting it.

The patent theatres are both open, but they have done nothing very miraculous yet. Drury Lane has brought out "The White Lady" (an opera), which was damned; and Covent Garden, "The Green-room" (a comedy), which deserved to be. Mr. Price, the speculator at Drury Lane, has returned at last from America, and brought a whole cargo of new actors along with him. But the late levies at that house have seemed to me (thus far) more remarkable for paucity of shirt, I am sorry to say, than redundancy of talent.

The minor theatres one seldom goes near; but I should think Sadler's Wells was doing but ill, for they advertise the house "to be let" twice a week for "amateur performances!" In fact, they have never done any thing material at this house since it ceased to be "The Aquatic." They lost their bread when they gave up their water.

A gentleman, who calls himself Mr. Rough, and exercises the calling of a schoolmaster, has been writing a long series of letters in the Morning Post upon the management of debtors' prisons. Mr. Rough, it appears, has suffered incarceration himself; and "*Misere sucurrere*," *&c.*, complains, in close columns, of the barbarities in which the stronger prisoners there indulge themselves towards the weaker; and especially of an operation known familiarly by the name of "*Gooseing*." This ceremony is of two kinds, "diurnal gooseing" and "nocturnal gooseing"—the latter the more severe; and it consists in the vigorous application of a strip of blanket well knotted, something in the style of what the negroes comprehend by the designation of the "cow-skin" to the back of any inmate who may be priggish or refractory. And to do Mr. Rough justice, he is a genuine writer upon the subject. No person who reads will charge him (as Romeo charges the Friar), that he speaks of that which he does not feel. There is not a line (about "Gooseing") imprinted upon his page, which does not seem first to have been marked upon his shoulders. The truth is, prisoners of all kinds are very difficult people to deal with; for the same reason which makes it difficult (without the power of corporal punishment) to discipline soldiers;—the minor inconveniences which other men become subjected to for their sins, they are in the situation of being subjected to already. There is no use in fining a debtor, whose presence in gaol is evidence that he already owes more than he can pay. And you cannot do much by threatening a man with imprisonment, who is locked up already. At the same time, there is no equity in allowing the stronger rascal to maltreat the weaker, in a prison any more than any where else: and *solitary confinement*—which is a weapon that the goaler may constitutionally use—applied vigourously and inflexibly, has its value and effect. The mistake is in not administering

these medicaments inflexibly and in sufficient doses. Slight and uncertain punishments always do mischief instead of good—they anger the offender, without going far enough to alarm him.

The high Tory publications some of them are in great terror, to think what is to become of the *low lands* if the trade in corn should be thrown open;—that is to say, of the lands low in *price;* such as are let (now) for five shillings or ten shillings an acre. The short result will be that these low lands, at five and ten shillings an acre, will be placed just where they were thirty years ago—out of corn cultivation. They will then be laid down as quick as possible for egistment; and we shall have meat at a price at which people may afford to eat it.

These complaints, however, about the failure of the "low lands," on the part of the landed proprietors are really a little too presumptuous; when we consider that perhaps half the very "low lands" which they are in such doubt now how they shall get rent for, have been added to their estates—not by any purchase, but by enclosures,—within the last thirty years. And this fact forms an additional proof of the principle which I have before asserted—that, in political arrangements it is impossible to decide *any* point upon principle; but that ninety-nine questions in a hundred will be questions of circumstance and of degree. No one can doubt that the cultivation of a country, considered in the abstract, becomes an aid to, as well as an evidence of, its comfort and its wealth. And yet nothing is more certain than that this cultivation—this same improvement,—carried beyond a given point, forms a very heavy curse upon large classes of the community. The enclosure of common, or waste lands, was effected upon this principle—to those who already possessed so much land, it allotted so much more. That is to say, it gave new property to those who *had* property;—but it gave nothing to those who had *none,*—and yet although it gave nothing, it did not remain entirely quiescent with respect to these; for it *took away* the little right and comfort, and privilege—whether of law or sufference—which they enjoyed out of the partitioned property already.

I know that the commonable rights of parishes were provided for. That, in all cases, sufficient ground for the purposes of those who had rights of "turning" were left open. That is to say, that the rich only appropriated to themselves a *part* of that which was common to all—they did not take the *whole.* But they took *this*—even from those who had no commonable rights, as regarded "turning," &c.—they took the common right which the very poorest labourer's child enjoyed—the practical, if not the claimable, convenience of open country—absence of spring-gun—free footing—and sweet air. Carry the inclosure system *on;* carry it twice as far as it has gone; and what does it come to? It adds large tracts of land to the estates of those who possess estates already; and leaves to the millions—who have no estates—the blessed strip they call the "King's highway," to walk and take the dust upon. There is not a point through the country at which the rights of ownership—and the system of "improvement"—are not shutting the population now, out of rights, which, practically, twenty years since, they had, and enjoyed. A peasant can put his foot nowhere now, without trespass. If he walks into a wood, he is shot by a spring-gun. If he gathers wild nuts there, he is sent to the tread-mill. He will suffer the same penalty for gathering sloes and blackberries, before ten years more are over. I do not complain of the enforcement of the law in all these cases; because rights are

rights—the produce of a man's hedges is as much his property as the produce of his garden—the produce of his garden, in my opinion, just as much so as the furniture of his house. But the fact incontestably is that, year after year, the few go on gaining largely—and gaining at the expense of the many.

To go no farther than the window at which I am writing,—it looks upon that miraculous modern improvement—the "Regent's Park." The whole site of the old Mary-le-bone fields, which ten years since was a plain of corn meadows and common pasture, has now arisen unto a magnificent park, with roads, rides, shrubberies, lodges, hedges, and streams of water.—That is to say—in other words—that these fields, in which the whole population of Mary-le-bone and Pancras enjoyed the full privilege of walking and diverting themselves,—are now "improved," (and inclosed) for "persons of consideration" to look at: and that, except upon a few dusty gravelled roads, and along a canal—the very catching of gudgeons in which is made a property of,—the same class of persons who originally had their full scope and free advantage in these fields, have now no right of enjoyment in them at all.

The scheme of inclosure was perhaps a necessary and a beneficial one, at the time when it was acted upon. It was a sacrifice on the part of the people, for a sufficient and important end to be obtained. But to hear these landholders complaining that they shall not get rent for that ground which cost them nothing! claiming that the advantage which temporary circumstances gave to them, a law should now be enacted to enable them to preserve? It is such trash as cannot be listened to. For thirty years, the "wealth" of the country has gone on increasing: and all the slavery and vice that panders to it; and all the robbery that daily feeds upon it; these have gone on increasing until they form absolutely a state in society—a spreading ulcer in the commonweal;—while the means and the comforts of the honest and industrious, have, in almost the same measure, gone on decreasing. And a *law* is wanted to perpetuate all this! A law,—will it be carried? The comforts of the lower classes have decreased; but, fortunately, their *intelligence* has not decreased; and that, properly directed, will bring back—is *now* bringing back—all the rest.

The Literary Gazette of the 14th of October contains the following remark at the head of a series of epigrams. "The truest description of wit is often that which excites the least laughter." This notice is of value, because it explains what I could not before understand; that is, the "wit" of the Literary Gazette. I now see that it is incomparably of the most genuine quality extant.

The Quarterly Review just out is a good number. I like the article upon Madame Genlis' Memoirs particularly. But, at what an unmeasurable distance does modern acquirement place one man from another. A note (explanatory) to a subsequent paper on the Transactions of the Geological Society, lightens the darkness of the ignorant as follows.—"However great may be the expedience of a speedy reform in the nomenclature of natural history, [this comes after a horrible repetition of hard names] we must not attempt it in this place. It may be as well, however, in compassion to the *uninitiated*, to inform them, that when Tamarck writes Orthocera, he means Orcotheras; and, that in the language now spoken by Conchologists, Orthocerae stands for Orthocerata. "Oh this writing and reading!" There are some, perhaps, among the "uninitiated," who would be glad to know what "Orthocerata" stands for!

But indeed it is the fate, I think, of explanations generally—*Obscurum per obscurius*—to leave the matter explained considerably more incomprehensible than before. Or they supply you at great length with a solution which is totally wrong; the natural, and probably, the real one, being at hand, but rejected. Thus some writer, in a book before me, called "Tavern Signs and Anecdotes,"—and made up of piracy, under the name of quotation—puzzles himself exceedingly to discover what the sign of the "Cock and Bottle" can be a corruption from:—a "Cock and a Bottle" being, as Johnson would have said, things "not contemporaneous." Now I do not see that any corruption at all is absolutely necessary here, because I find that very sign now in Oxford used by a celebrated Cock-fighter, who has kept a public-house there these twenty years, and *fed* for all the counties round; and who probably chose the "Cock and Bottle" as illustratory of his double calling. A vast number of those signs, indeed, which are apparently eccentric, I have no doubt have originated in the same way—out of some combination of callings by the persons who originally employed them. Thus the "Axe and Bottle"—as publicans in the country now, a great number of them, carry on some handicraft trade as well as that of victuallers—The "Axe and Bottle" is more likely to have been the sign of a carpenter who kept a public-house, than to be a corruption of "the Axe and Battle," as my friend of the "signs and anecdotes" is disposed to have it. Even in the case of "the Bull and Mouth," which has been the very football of dispute to antiquarians and commentators—I doubt the corruption from "Boulogne mouth" very much. I do not find that any body knowsthat there ever was such a sign as the Boulogne mouth in existence. I think it more likely that the simple *bull* and *mouth*—between which (especially in England) the natural disconnection is not quite so absolute as some disputants would have us believe—that the "Bull and Mouth" was the sign of some victuallers, or eating-house; in the same way that the Lamb, the Flitch of Bacon, the Cheshire Cheese, the Haunch of Venison, and various others—emblems of an edible character—are the signs of places of refection at present. For the "Cock and Bottle," it may clearly be justified upon this principle by my Oxford case; for every Oxford man, earlier than 1815, will recollect old Jem Crozier, the *feeder*, who kept that sign in St. Aldate's? Rest his soul, (for he is dead now) he had a dozen of fine spanking daughters! And, moreover, swore the roundest oaths—the whoresonest—of any publican in Christendom! But if we *must* have an original contemporaneousness, and a modern corruption, the corruption is found in a minute—for "Cock and Bottle," read "Cork and Bottle;" and let those go farther that will—you have it.

The want of new matter to write and read about gets absolutely lamentable. So great is the dearth of subject, that some bookseller has actually brought forth "The Memoirs of Lindley Murray." The *Memoirs* of Lindley Murray! Dr. Murray wrote a book (of some authority) upon English grammar; and, in his youth, once took away some hay from the elephant at Exeter 'Change; and was assured by the keeper, that the animal would remember the injury for ever after. This seems to have been the most important adventure of his life.

Owing to this same dearth of matter, I suppose it is, that some of the newspapers, I see, copy little points out of my letters; and pass the joke off (when there is any) for their own; not putting any notice of where they take it from. Now the next that does this, to shew him how superior I am to all such feelings of petty jealousy, as he declines to publish *my* name, I will publish *his*.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

DOMESTIC.

Memoirs of the Life and Writings of Lindley Murray, written by himself; and a Continuation by Elizabeth Frank; 1826.—These memoirs are got up by this Elizabeth Frank. This lady, whether maid, wife, or widow, instigated the good man to write his own unimportant, though not quite uninteresting memoirs, up to, or down to, the year 1809; and though nothing whatever was then left to be told, but that he survived to the year 1826, the same feeble and quiescent valetudinarian, engaged in the same small occupations, pursuing the same imperturbable course, respected or pitied by his neighbours, admired by his acquaintance, and beloved by his friends, the busy and discoursing dame has more than doubled the bulk of the memoirs—to swell the book to a respectable and saleable size, full 280 pretty fairly filled pages.

He was a native of Pennsylvania: his father, a quaker, was the proprietor of a mill in that province, and afterwards a merchant at New York. Lindley was the eldest of a large family, and was destined by the father to follow his own profession. Though very early and decidedly reluctant, he was at last tempted by the offer of a stock of silver watches just imported by his father, to commence a little trafficking—he was only fourteen—and was beginning to taste and relish the sweets of gain, when an act of severity on the part of his father kindled his indignation, and impelled him to abandon the pursuit and his home together. He was, however, after some time, reconciled to his now indulgent parent, and at his own earnest solicitation articled to a lawyer. At twenty, he commenced business as an attorney and counsellor at New York, under the favourable auspices of a large family connexion, and was advancing very successfully in his profession, when the burst of the revolution at once closed the courts, and put a stop to the profits of the lawyers.

In the practice of the law (says he), pecuniary interest was not my only rule of action. When circumstances would properly admit of it, *I generally* endeavoured to persuade the person who was threatened with a prosecution, to pay the debt, or make satisfaction, without the trouble and the expense of a suit. In doubtful cases, I frequently recommended a settlement of differences, by arbitration, as the mode which I conceived would ultimately prove most satisfactory to both parties. *I do not recollect* that I ever encouraged a client to proceed at law, when I thought his cause was unjust or indefensible: but in such cases, *I believe*, it was my invariable practice to discourage litigation, and to recommend a peaceable settlement of differences.

Why—we stop a moment to ask—why should he express himself thus *doubtfully?* He must know the fact. If he was a man of principle, and we have no doubt he was, he must know whether and when he deviated. Really this sort of mock-modesty—this morbid apprehension of peremptory expressions—leads to as many misrepresentations, as the contrary course of contempt of truth and absence of caution.

All professional business being suspended by the revolution, he withdrew to Long Island; and after a residence of three or four years, New York being then under the British dominion, he returned to that town, and entered so zealously and successfully into some mercantile concerns, that by the time the Americans had secured their independence he had realized a sum sufficient for his wants—always moderate—and retired to a beautiful and romantic spot, about three miles from the town, to pass the remainder of his days in the peaceful pursuits of a country life.

But here his health, which had never been vigorous, grew worse and worse; he recruited in winter, but relapsed in summer, and losing more ground each summer than he gained in the ensuing winter, the prospect became hopeless; and after travelling in different directions for some time, in search of what, when once lost, is rarely found again, he was at last, in 1784, prevailed upon to try the bracing air of the north of our own England; where he finally fixed himself, within a mile of York, and resided, in a course of uniformity and absence of locomotion seldom equalled, to the day of his death. For, soon after his arrival in England he lost, not the use of his limbs, but the capability of supporting his frame in a standing or walking position. For a time he crept round his garden, but soon his muscles almost completely failed him, and his movements were confined to stepping from his room, along a plank, into his carriage; and, for the last sixteen years, the bed and the sofa were the only change of scene he experienced.

In this apparently distressing and afflicted condition, books were a natural resource: he had always been fond of reading; and now happily found in it—next to the soothings of religion, of which he had deep and permanent impressions, and the invaluable attentions of an invaluable wife,—his best consolation, his business, his pleasure, the assuager of his pains, and the controler of his desires. This reading, and this confinement, led irresistibly to writing. His first production was one, the fruits of his own feelings and experience, the "Power of Religion on the Mind." Local circumstances gave birth to his Grammar; and the Grammar to the successive series of the rest of his school-books.

Some of his friends (Murray was himself a *quaker*) established at York a school for the guarded education of young females (these are Elizabeth Frank's words); which was continued for several years. Mr. Murray strongly recommended that the study

of the English language should form a prominent part of instruction. The young persons employed as the first teachers not being sufficiently qualified in this respect, he kindly undertook to instruct them at his own house; and, for their use, he made some extracts from Blair, Campbell, and other writers, which afterwards formed the basis of the Appendix to his English Grammar. By these young teachers he was much importuned to write an English Grammar, for the benefit of their pupils, on the same plan of simplicity, clearness, and regular gradation, which he had pursued in his verbal instructions. Their requests were sanctioned and enforced by the superintendents of the school, and by some of his other friends; he was at length induced to comply. Such was the humble origin of his Grammar.

Possessed of a sufficiency for the supply of his very limited wants, the profits of his numerous publications, amounting it seems to nearly £3,000, were all applied to charitable purposes, which is also the destiny of the proceeds of the present memoirs, and of Elizabeth Frank's gratuitous additions.

With respect to his personal character, he appears to have been most amiable; rarely yielding up his temper to vexations—preserving an equanimity, indeed, that scarcely any thing could ruffle—and bearing up, under very acute sufferings and a long confinement, with a cheerfulness truly exemplary, and most consolatory to her on whom the burden of superintendence fell. With feelings thus quieted, contented, and at ease, and a mind awake to a variety of subjects, he enjoyed conversation; he had made large acquisitions of knowledge, and was delighted to communicate. His feeble and helpless condition excited sympathy among his friends and visitors; while his acquirements, his books, his reputation, his charities, his kindness, his goodness, drew upon him consideration and deference from his neighbours—all very sedative things—calculated to make people pleased with themselves, and of course disposed to please others.

With some superiority of acquirement, he was not certainly a man of extraordinary intellect; of his Grammars, Exercises, Readers, &c.—very serviceable no doubt in their way—it is surely enough to say, they are calculated to teach learners to smooth their phrases a little, to detect irregularities, to shun common blunders, and indirectly perhaps to aid the judgment and refine the taste. His publications, however, are well known, and we have no other present design than that of conveying some notion of this kind and good man, and the memoirs before us.

Of Elizabeth Frank's performance the less that is said the better. There is a pertness, and a self-sufficiency—smothering too the little she has to say with piles of devout phrases, as ostentatious as they are presuming—that is exceedingly offensive. The lady is too, it seems, herself a writer of children's books, and by classing them, as she does, with Mr. Murray's, evidently deems them of at least equal value. She quotes a passage from The travels in England, &c. of Benjamin Silliman, professor of chemistry at Yale College, Connecticut, containing a very high, though not undeserved, eulogy on Mr. Murray; at the conclusion of which she startles us with the following poser:—

Who would not rather be Mr. Murray, confined to his sofa, than Napoleon, the guilty possessor of an usurped crown, and the sanguinary oppressor of Europe?

Review of the Progress of Religious Opinions during the Nineteenth Century. By J. C. L. De Sismondi; 1826.—Notwithstanding the air of generality thrown over the title, and indeed much of the discussion itself, the real purpose of Sismondi is, not to mark or record the progress of the religious opinions of the age—a purpose which may at once be pronounced to be impracticable—but simply to give the French Jesuits a gentle hint or two; to prove to them, in short, that though religious feelings have of late, by a kind of revulsion, spread rapidly and widely over France, the Jesuits have mistaken the tone of them,—that, while they are hailing with eager anticipation the revival of these feelings, as a sure indication of a general willingness to return under their sway, the feelings themselves are of a character too deep and spiritual, too solemn and self-originated, to submit to the control or guidance of any mortal priest or pontiff; and that any precipitate measures to enforce their obsolete authority will only recoil upon themselves, and terminate in the ruin of their own order, and that of their unwise protectors.

But these facts, true enough and plain enough, Sismondi must prove in his own way—he must mystify in order to establish. We shall give our readers a glimpse of his method—it is altogether so thoroughly of un-English growth, that merely as an exotic it is worth a moment's contemplation. M. Benj. Constant, who has something of the same vague sublimity about him, and which may indeed be marked as the style of the Chateaubriand school, assures us that the religious feeling is original, independent, interwoven with our very nature; M. De Sismondi, on the contrary, determines it to be nothing but the inevitable complex result of certain other feelings, termed by him very correctly the preserving passions of our nature—love, fear, 'the feeling of need of help,' the consciousness of imbecility, we suppose, and of faith; for the full gratification of which passions the present scene of things is inadequate, and which are thus forced to expand into the sphere of infinity. *Love* we must; our capacity for love is imperative and unbounded; but the more we know of the world of creatures the less we find it capable of satisfying our desires; these desires are in quest of perfection; we recognize indeed goodness, beauty, knowledge, but

the more we recognize, the more ardent are our aspirations for higher degrees, till we finally reach the sphere of infinite perfections; and thus the passion reveals to us the Deity. *Fear* again conducts to the same result. Naturally we are afraid of every thing. Ignorance is the parent of fear. At first we are ignorant of all, and of course fearful of all. As our knowledge of immediate causes increases, fear vanishes; but then a fear of another kind springs up. As we come to understand second causes, our fear of them indeed vanishes; but there comes into the place of them the primary cause of all which is one, and which is shrouded in clouds and darkness; and of that one impenetrable cause our fear augments in proportion as the secondaries vanish, or rather are absorbed in the primary. Thus fear reveals the almighty power, as love demands and reveals its infinite perfections of benevolence. *Pain*, again, coupled with the sense of our own imbecility, drives us to the search of succour among our fellows; we confide in their assurances of aid—in their fallacious pretensions—till we discover their incompetency, and then we fly to superior powers, and thus on, on we go, till we reach the supreme, the one physician and consoler, the preserver of all. *Faith*, in like manner, works the same effect. It is delightful to confide in something. Every one feels the want of it. It is imperative upon our nature. It is as decided a pleasure, as decided an impulse, as love, or hope, or gratitude; and hence it is that mankind are so early and so continuously imposed upon by the designing of all countries, under the form of priests and obis. When increasing experience awakens our intelligence, and enables us to detect and resist imposition, we have still need of confiding, and this need it is that discovers to us, after all other supports forsake us, the omnipotent—the 'rock of ages.'

But in every intermediate step of the progress of our love, fear, sense of want, and confidence—always directed to something superior, advancing from that which is immediately and only just beyond us, to the grand supreme, the resulting feeling—the religious feeling, that is—is still the *same*; the object of that feeling once passing the limits of known and recognized human powers, is God—call the Deity by what name you will; and thus all 'forms of religion' should seem equally acceptable, proceeding as they do from the same passions of our nature, impelling us towards a superior, or rather to the supreme cause.

Now the present age has made a prodigious start and advance in knowledge; that is, we suppose, it has discovered to a greater extent than before, that the existing and visible world—the world with which we have to do—presents us less to love, less to fear, less means of relieving our growing sense of imbecility, less and less proofs of deserving our reliance; and consequently compels us more and more to throw ourselves upon the great cause of causes for the full gratification of our wants and wishes.

This then is, in fact, if we rightly comprehend M. De Sismondi, to be more and more religious; and he therefore insists that though the present age—(with his eye chiefly on the French and the Jesuits)—be less regardful of 'forms of religion,' as the inventions or corruptions of men, they are more deeply impressed by the great sources of religion, which nature almost spontaneously opens to them, with the right and rectitude of going themselves straight to the Deity, as alone incapable of deceiving, and accessible to every human being without the interventions of priests or pretenders. But this is quite independent of all forms or modes of faith; the conviction strengthens and settles that all men address, directly or indirectly, by design or in fact, the same being, though in different ways, and the final result must be general and mutual toleration. These reprogressive impressions of the nation the Jesuits distinctly perceive; but contrasting them with the absence, or rather the renunciation, of religious feeling in the worst periods of the Revolution, they absurdly suppose the nation is ready again to drop into their arms, and are busy accordingly,—full of hopes, and full of manœuvres to realize these hopes.

M. De Sismondi with some reason assures them they grossly mistake the matter, and that no efforts of theirs will ever bring back the nation to the system of superstition which it has risen immeasurably above. M. De Mennais, the organ of the party, on the one hand, exhibits and urges to the government the blessed age of St. Louis as the great exemplar, by which all, ecclesiastical and civil, should be modelled; and M. De Sismondi, on the other, with his unequalled knowledge of the events of the middle ages, presents a list of facts, the very produce of that age, and of the spirit that ruled it, enough to make every hair of our heads bristle with horror, and startle even M. De Mennais himself.

The sum of M. De Sismondi's opinions, then, with respect to the Catholic Church, is, that the people of France have advanced in the spirit of charity and piety beyond the belief and conception of the Jesuits; that the Jesuits have mistaken the tone and strength of these feelings, and fondly flatter themselves an opportunity is presented, not to be lost by them, for inculcating submission, and recovering their ancient dominion. This opposition of priests and people may, he thinks, check, but cannot avert the course of religious opinion. These are not his words precisely, but they convey his meaning correctly.—The effect of the progress of religious feelings, resulting from the improvement in knowledge among Protestants, is, with them also, increase of

toleration. The conviction, he thinks, is growing—is, indeed, inevitable, that all attempts to *unite*, either with the Catholic or with each other, is utterly useless, and that the only practicable aim—inevitable also—is to promote mutual toleration. The broad conclusion with him is, that the clergy of all kinds are of less and less importance,—that, to be borne with at all, they must keep within the limits of their profession,—must keep aloof from the meddlings of politics—no longer be the working instruments of the state, or rather of parties in the state,—but teachers of morals, consolers, advisers, exhorters.

Such are the sentiments enforced in the publication before us—sentiments that will meet, we suspect, with very little sympathy in this country. M. De Sismondi, if he does not exactly regard one religion as good as another, pretty plainly thinks one as authentic as another; but while we reject such fanciful views—not *impious*, for we believe him sincere—we may safely trust his opinions with respect to the French Jesuits; and concur with him, that Christianity is not, and never has been benefited by its connexion with the state, and subserviency to the views of power.

Autobiography. Published in Paris, weekly; 1826.—The proposed collection will recal many amusing and instructive volumes, which are now many of them forgotten, and when remembered, are not readily accessible. The form is small; but the type is distinct; and the whole appearance is neat and respectable. We cannot have smart books at low prices.

There is such an essential distinction, say the Editors, between self-composed and other biography, that the principal literary object of our undertaking is at once apparent. It is, in fact, to collect into one consecutive publication, genuine materials for a diversified study of the human character, by selecting the most curious and interesting autobiographical memoirs now extant. It is evident that, when disposed to be sincere, no man can do so much justice to the springs and motives of his own character and actions as himself; and when even otherwise, by shewing what he wishes to appear, he generally discovers what he really is. (?) Statesmen, from Sully down to Bubb Doddington; men of genius and literature, as Gibbon, Hume, Rousseau, Goëthe, Marmontel, Alfieri, Franklin, and many more; the more curious and distinctively featured religious enthusiasts, not forgetting the extraordinary journals of John Wesley and George Whitfield; artists, from Benvenuto Cellini downwards; dramatists, players, and similar autobiographers of a lighter order, as Colley Cibber, Goldoni, Cumberland, C. Dibdin, &c.; mystics and impostors, as Cardan, William Lilly, Psalmanazar, and others; tradesmen, especially booksellers, as Dunton and Lackington—all are strongly exhibitive of character. Even the coarser lines of adventuring life supply several self-written memoirs of considerable interest; nor has the enterprizing felon himself always refused to record his own exploits and progressive criminality, in a manner that may advance an instructive knowledge of human nature. Thus, if variety be a charm, the work, with unity of plan, embraces a very great diversity of subject-matter; and, as a whole, forms a series of self-drawn portraits, which could not be otherwise collected without considerable trouble and expense.

Mission to the East Coast of Sumatra, in 1823. *By John Anderson, Esq.*; 1826.—Mr. Marsden's History and Description of Sumatra, we remember as a very popular volume, and nothing, we believe, has been published relative to the island since that period, now near forty years. The present mission—an affected term, by the way—was undertaken not for preaching, but commercial purposes, and indirectly perhaps for geographical ones, under the auspices of the Governor of Prince of Wales' Island. It was of no considerable magnitude; three months effected the business,—proceeding along the east coast, the part of Sumatra least known, and of which scarcely any notice is taken by Mr. Marsden, from Diamond Point to Slack, from about 5° to 1° N. The coast is destute of harbours,—with no possibility indeed of coming within six miles of it, in a vessel of any considerable draft. In addition to the coast-survey, the expedition went up a river, some forty or fifty miles into the interior,—the Batta country; and Mr. Anderson has thus been enabled to furnish some geographical intelligence, to complete our knowledge of the general face of the country, particularly of the lake alluded to by Mr. Marsden. The country is populous; but, except along the coast, and not much better there, in a miserably low and degraded condition—a multitude of petty states, and perpetually at war with each other, though not, it should seem, to any very exterminating extent. We know not how many *Sultans* Mr. Anderson visited. He was well received by them generally, and the objects of the mission expedited.

The most remarkable fact ascertained by Mr. Anderson, in his very dry volume—no mortal we think can read it—is the cannibalism of the interior of the island. We must give his own account, though the general tone of remark through the volume exhibits no very sound judgment, and certainly a very narrow range of intellect, with no single trait of independent thinking, with a reverential sort of deference for Adam Smith and Mr. Malthus—all indicative of a degree of credulity, that will teach us, perhaps, to look at the following account with something like distrust.

The existence of this barbarous and savage practice, so revolting to the ideas of civilized man, has long been doubted; and is only partially credited even to this day, notwithstanding the multiplied and convincing proofs of its prevalence to a great extent, as particularly described by Mr. Marsden. Being, I own, rather sceptical on this point, I determined I should omit no opportunity of arriving at the truth. I am fully justified then, not only from what I witnessed, and the proofs now in my possession, but from the concurring testimony of the most respectable and intelligent natives whom I met, in asserting that cannibalism prevails even to a greater extent on the east side of Sumatra, than, according to the accounts received, it does on the west. A reference to my journal will shew many proofs of its existence. For the sake of humanity, however, be it mentioned, that it is rapidly decreasing, as civilization and commerce are advancing. It is not for the sake of food that the natives devour human flesh, but to gratify their malignant and demon-like feelings of animosity against their enemies. Some few there are, however, of such brutal and depraved habits, as to be unable from custom to relish any other food. The Rajah of Tanah Jawa, one of the most powerful and independent Batta chiefs, if he does not eat human flesh every day, is afflicted with a pain in his stomach, and will eat nothing else. He orders one of his slaves (when no enemies can be procured, nor criminals for execution) to go out to a distance, and kill a man now and then, which serves him for some time, the meat being cut into slices, put into joints of bamboo, and deposited in the earth for several days, which softens it. The parts usually preferred, however, by epicures, are the feet, hands, ears, navel, lips, tongue, and eyes. This monster in the shape of a man, is not content with even this fare, but takes other and more brutal methods for gratifying his depraved appetite. A Batta, when he goes to war, is always provided with salt and lime-juice, which he carries in a small mat bag on his left side. He who is the first to lay his hands upon an enemy, at a general assault of a fort, obtains particular distinction by seizing a certain part of the body with his teeth. The head is immediately cut off. If the victim is warm, the blood is greedily drank by these savages, holding the head by the hair above their mouths.

Travels of Polycletes, in Letters from Rome, A. U. C. 668-672, abridged from the original work of the Baron de Theis; 1826.—The travels of Polycletes is a book as well known, we believe, in France, and as highly esteemed, as the Travels of Anacharsis. In this country it is little known; it has never been translated; and though professing, as every body does, to read French, the truth is, comparatively very few French works, particularly modern ones, get read or received here. The publication before us is the translation of an abridgment of the Baron de Theis's very learned and very able work, made by a M. de Rouillon. It is altogether respectably executed, judiciously compressed, and distinctly translated. It may be safely recommended to any body, except children,—those for whose service it is professedly destined. There is enough for information, and not enough to weary those who are capable of interesting themselves in such matters.

The awkward effect of this particular course—that of conveying information on matters of fact, ancient or modern, through the medium of a story, or 'personal narrative,' is, that the real object, by the very machinery the writer employs, is virtually withdrawn from the reader's attention; he loses sight of the instruction, in pursuing the feelings or the adventures of the person intended to be merely the passive medium of communication. For our own parts, we have no doubt, in the case before us, the boy who shall be persuaded to take up the book, because it has an air of reality, and gives the promise of action, instead of dwelling on the contents of each chapter, and sedulously getting up the contents, will be for pushing forward from chapter to chapter, in search of the adventures of Polycletes; and as these will be quickly exhausted, he will as quickly throw aside the book, wearied, disappointed, uninterested, and what is worse, as defeating the very purpose of the reading, uninstructed. He will get the essential sooner from Adams; he will read Adams with less reluctance; for the information he wants comes direct, and unencumbered with the parade of sentiment, and dry though it be, it is quickly obtained—he will neither cheat nor be cheated.

Illustrations of Anglo-Saxon Poetry, by John Josias Conybeare, M.A., late Professor of Anglo-Saxon and of Poetry in the University of Oxford; 1826.—To any body who wishes to know any thing about Saxon poetry, this may be recommended as a very useful and competent volume,—as containing not only all it professes to furnish, but all that the general reader—for whom alone we cater—can possibly care about. The quantity extant of Saxon poetry is not very bulky,—thirty pieces, long and short, are all that have survived the wear and tear of ages; and these, by conjecture, were all of them written between 670 and 1065. The language of what are deemed the earlier specimens, differs by no assignable distinctions from what the critics determine to be the latest: no means, therefore, have we of tracing the progress of Saxon poetry, or indeed, what is of more importance, of ascertaining *any degree* of cultivation.

Our antiquaries have long been at daggers-drawing on the reality of the poetry,—we mean of the *metre*. Hickes, pedant-like, insisted not only upon the existence of rythmical measures, but upon the actual correspondence of those measures with the Latin; and Tyrwhitt, at least as good a judge of the Latin, though probably not of the Saxon, protested, that not only had the Saxon poetry, as it was termed, no relation to Latin metres, but no metre at all. Mr. Conybeare very gravely and impartially

poises the scales between them, and decides—apparently with great justice—that Tyrwhitt made a hasty assertion, and Hickes an unfounded one; but that the whole of the shorter lines may be shewn to consist of combinations of trochees and iambics, and thus to correspond with some known Latin measures,—especially with the aid of accents for long syllables—and we add, not without.

Mr. Conybeare has, however, successfully established the existence of measure, or what is equivalent to measure, the artifices of labour—in the recurrence of rhyme not only at the end, but in the middle of lines—of lines we mean consisting of not more than four or five syllables; and of alliteration to an extent that must, beyond all question, be the result of design. The matter of alliteration occupied much of Conybeare's attention; but as we turned over the pages, the following remark caught our eye—

> The Latin poetry, from the days of Ennius, exhibited merely the reflection of that of Greece: if we look at the few extant fragments of earlier antiquity and more native growth, we indeed find shorter metres, and an approximation to the Saxon cadence; but *alliteration is entirely wanting.*

If this remark be meant to apply to Latin poetry, after the days of Ennius as well as before—the earlier fragments are so insignificant in quantity, as scarcely to warrant any conclusion—the remark is carelessly made; to satisfy ourselves we opened a Virgil almost at random, in the fourth book of the Æneid; and to shew our learning and diligence we will trouble our readers with a few specimens:

> Mobilitate viget, viresque acquirit eundo:
> Parva metu primo; mox sese attollit in auras,
> Ingrediturque solo, et caput inter nubila condit.
> Illam terra parens, ira irritata deorum,
> (Extremam, ut perhibent), CæoEnceladoque sororem
> Progenuit, pedibus celerem, et pernicibus alis.
> Monstrum horrendum, ingens: cui quot sunt corpore plumæ,
> Tot vigiles oculi subter, mirabile dictu,
> Tot linguæ, totidem ora sonant, tot subrigit aures.
> Nocte volat cæli medio, terræque per umbram
> Stridens, nec dulci declinat lumina somno.
> Luce sedet custos, aut summi culmine tecti,
> Turribus aut altis, et magnas territat urbes
> Tam ficti pravique tenax, quam nuntior veri
> Hæc tum multiplici populos sermone replebat
> Gaudens et pariter facta atque infecta canebat:
> &c. &c.

In some of these lines the alliterative letter begins the word, in others the first syllable of the foot on which the emphasis necessarily fell; in all the artifice is perceptible, and the recurrence too constant—the above lines are consecutive ones—to be the result of accident.

But not to forget Mr. Conybeare's book; the reader will find a list, furnished by his brother, the Rev. W. D. Conybeare, Rector of Sully, and no doubt a very correct one, of all the existing pieces of Saxon poetry; to the most remarkable of which the 'illustrations' refer. Mr. Conybeare was himself a man of great labour and cool judgment; and his mantle, none of the most brilliant or enviable texture, has fallen upon his brother, a person evidently of the same pursuits, and with the same qualifications,—and will not be worn unworthily or in vain—he threatens more illustrations.

The History of the Church of Christ, by John Scott, M.A., Vicar of North Ferriby, and Minister of St. Mary's, Hull, 1826.—Most readers of church history, to whatever party they belong or incline, are acquainted more or less with the productions of the Milners. On the death of the elder Milner, the broken thread of his history was taken up by the brother, the Dean of Carlisle, and by *his* death was snapped again before it reached the Confession of Augsburgh. The last volume was published in 1809, though the Dean lived, we believe, till 1820. It was understood he had left valuable collections for the continuance, and for a long while some further publication was expected: none, however, appeared. The admirers of the Milners were anxious to find a fitting successor, and in Mr. Scott, a son of the well-known commentator Scott, such an one has been found—a man who has trodden in the steps of the Milners, in tenets and studies; and, what probably helped to suggest the present undertaking, has occupied successively the several clerical appointments of the elder brother, and is now actually minister of St. Mary's, Hull. The burden was at first forced upon him: but he has become reconciled to the weight of it, and now bears it blithely and willingly. The present portly octavo of 600 pages is the first-fruits of his labours, and advances the story *full sixteen years*, from the diet and confession of Augsburgh to the death of Luther, 1546. His intention is to follow it up immediately with the events of the Smalcaldic war to the establishment of Lutheranism in Germany, in 1755; and then to pursue the same course with the Swiss reformation, and the reformed churches to which it gave birth; and, finally, the origin and progress of the reformation and protestant institutions of Great Britain.

> But this is all—to use an expression often adopted by Melancthon,—εν γενασι Θεου—at the disposal of providence; and the fate of the illustrious men, whose interrupted work I take up, and aspire to continue—however much it may be—*non passibus æquis*—admonishes me, "not to boast myself of to-morrow," but to say, "if the Lord will, I shall live, and do this and that."

Of course, who expects him to do any thing without? What prompts these customaries? piety or puerility?—certainly neither good taste, nor a vigilant guard against the blunting effects of worn expressions.

Mr. Scott largely partakes of the reve-

rance so universally felt by all the admirers of the Milners; he is thoroughly imbued with their spirit, and proves himself an able exhibitor, inculcator, and seconder of their sentiments and particular views. The point, which Mr. Scott most zealously labours to establish is the fact, that the doctrines of the Evangelical clergy of the present day are precisely those of Luther (and he is confident of establishing the same congruity with *all* the reformers), so far as concerns the matter of justification by faith—a point, which he does establish beyond the possibility of any further candid dispute. The protestant materials, on which he relies, are Seckendorf's History and Defence of Lutheranism, written in reply to the Jesuit Maimbourg's popular, but, as Mr. Scott brands it, "fallacious" History of Lutheranism;—Sleidan's Commentaries on the State of Religion and Government under Charles V.—a contemporary work—a history, in short, of his own times, from 1517 to 1556;—Abraham Scultetus' Annals of the Gospel, from 1516 to 1536. His catholic authorities are, Father Paul's History of the Council of Trent; and Du Pin's Ecclesiastical History:—and, for civil history, he takes Robertson, and indeed extracts from him at great length, though evidently inclined to look with a jealous eye on the cool, and perhaps neutral spirit, with which that historian surveyed the reformation.

Luther's character and conduct are of course the most conspicuous and leading objects of the volume. His faults and his virtues are, upon the whole, pretty impartially estimated; the violence of his temperament is to be sure unduly softened, and no hint is given of the *delusions* under which he unquestionably laboured—his own writings furnish the evidence—and which mingled madness, though there was method in it, with his piety and his ardour. The real *honesty* of his character is well stated in the following passage.

> But some of the leading excellencies, which distinguished the great father of the reformation, and which especially endear him to the truly Christian mind, are wholly passed over in the review which has hitherto been made of his character. We will not affirm quite so much as this of the sterling and uncompromising *honesty*, which is one of the features that most stands out from the canvass in his genuine portrait; yet even this has not been presented with the prominence that belongs to it. Can any one read over the history of Luther, which is now before him, the detail of his actual sayings and doings, without feeling that, if ever honesty and integrity were embodied, it was in his person? He avowed nothing but what he conscientiously believed; he kept back nothing which conscience dictated to be avowed. Can any man of common fairness doubt this? For myself I must confess, that I never read of the man, in whom I felt compelled to place a more unreserved reliance, both for the truth of all his declarations and the uprightness of all his intentions.

We concur with the spirit of this remark; but we should have expressed it differently—not thus peremptorily—not in the indicative mood; as our belief and our inclination,—not so affirmatively—we cannot answer for men's motives, nor whether their words express their feelings.

But Mr. Scott inclines frequently to the peremptory. When speaking of what he conceives to be the real nature of our obligations to the "blessed and venerable reformers of the sixteenth century," he says, in a passage, which is at least worth attention:

> The reader will not be surprised at my expressing an utter disapprobation of all such sentiments as the following,—"that the reformers are to be honoured *chiefly* for the grand principles of Christian liberty, which they so strenuously asserted and maintained—the detail of doctrine and practice will always occasion difference of opinion: that they were too tenacious of their particular creed—but that this period was only the dawn of religious discovery," &c.—I confess that, in my opinion, all this is catering most offensively to the corrupt taste of a lukewarm and latitudinarian age. I trust that I honour the reformers, as much as any man can do, for "strenuously asserting and maintaining in the face of the most powerful opponents"—so far as they really did assert and maintain them—"the grand principles of Christian liberty:" but I conceive that they did this, to say the least, not at all more perfectly than they asserted and maintained, and brought forward into open day the grand principles of Christian TRUTH: that, as far as they succeeded, they were the "restorers of *light*"*—the pure light of the gospel—not at all less than of "liberty" to the Christian church, which had for ages been sitting in darkness and the shadow of death.—"The detail of doctrine and practice will," no doubt, "always," while the state of mankind continues what it is, "occasion difference of opinion;" but we are not on this ground to be left to conclude that truth, even on the most essential points, cannot be ascertained. There has been unspeakably less difference of opinion in such matters among really good men in all ages than is commonly supposed. No doubt, also, the reformers might be "too tenacious of their particular creed, and," in some cases, "inconsistent with themselves;" but let us not, under the cover of positions, which none can deny, as applied to minor parts of the reformers' system, be led to conclusions which none should admit, concerning the great outlines of their doctrine.—And with extreme caution is the suspicious statement to be received, of "this period being only the dawn of religious discovery." Let no inexperienced reader ever suppose, that religious truth can be the subject of "discovery," in any such sense as latent principles, or hitherto unobserved phenomena in chemistry, or in geography, may be; or that one age can improve upon the theological science of another preceding it, any otherwise than by returning to the more simple, and more unreserved reception of the unerring disclosures, which were completed to the Christian church in its very infancy, in the only source of all religious knowledge—the oracles of God.

North American Review. No. 52; July 1826.—The North American Reviews are always welcome to us; they generally bring something with the air and the reality of novelty—something that has not been worn to ribands by dint of incessant

* Robertson.

handling. In all their discussions there is a perfect and comforting absence of our stale English views and prejudices; no conflictings about corn-laws and political economy; about this interest and that interest; no land against loom, or rich against poor—the fruits of hereditary and exclusive lawgivers,—of overpowering families, whose petty oligarchies goad the state, and whose cousins to the tenth remove must feed and fatten on the public purse,—of an overruling clergy, who bind their flocks in links of iron, and insult and calumniate all dissentients,—of exclusions from office,—of privileges to elude the burdens of taxation; but on the contrary, a catholic language, and a catholic spirit, which embrace the universal interests of the people without inflicting injury on particular ones,—with no reluctance to go out of the beaten track for the attainment of general good, and with a steady and united desire to enlarge the circle of civilization and promote the benefits of society, and the powers of mankind, without sacrificing the little to the great.

The favourite subjects of the Review are discussions upon legal and educational topics. The present number is rich in these respects, though inferior perhaps in others. A sketch of our law reports, and their abridgment from the year-books to Comyns, upon the occasion of a new digest of American law, is ably pencilled. Why does the writer stop short at Comyns,—in ignorance or in contempt? An article on popular education, occasioned by Brougham's pamphlet; another on a new "Element of Ancient and Modern History;" and a third, on the Lexicography of the New Testament, to prove the Americans as competent to originate, as they are ready to adopt what is good, come it from what quarter it may. German books, that are scarcely known among us, are becoming familiar in their schools and colleges. But the article that struck us most is an account of a society of reformed Jews at Charleston, South Carolina, of whom we had not heard before. It is the first attempt, indeed, we ever heard of, on the part of the Jews, to bring back their religion to the standard of Moses and the Peutateuch. The society was instituted in January 1825, after a fruitless remonstrance addressed to the rulers of their body. The objects of their remonstrance and petition were to reform the service of the synagogue, to cut down its repetitions, to shorten the length of it, to enforce better order during the performance, and to introduce the language of the country for the Hebrew, which few of them understood. These changes the reformers, in their new society, are introducing; and the farther, and, we believe, avowed purpose, is to abandon all rabbinical traditions; and it is said also,—but this is not avowed,—to be one of their objects to advance the Sabbath one day forward, to make it correspond with the day adopted by the Christian countries where they reside.

Rough Notes, taken during some rapid journeys across the Pampas, and among the Andes. By Captain F. B. Head, 1826.—Captain F. B. Head must have been born a fox hunter, or a centaur. Such riding and galloping the world never heard of since the days of Nimrod. He has actually ridden five or six thousand miles, we believe, we are afraid to say in how short a time—from Buenos Ayres across the Pampas to Mendoza, and onward over the Cordillera to Santiago, and back, sometimes quite alone, twice, if not thrice. The object of this flying career was the search of mines, to set some Cornish miners at work, as speedily as possible; because wages were going on, and time was going on, too, and work was yet to be found. He had, it seems, the management of a mining company—a joint stock concern—the directors of which had very wisely sent over a cargo of workmen before they had any mines, and machinery before they knew whether it was applicable. Of these mines, however, first or last, we learn nothing, except the implication of failure. They are, says Captain F. B. Head, now on sale; and therefore I feel myself restricted from giving any information,—a restriction, however, which is sufficiently expressive. But what then is the purpose of the book? To describe the country which he has galloped over; and he does describe it, though hastily and roughly, yet vigorously and effectively. The descriptions are strikingly graphic; he successfully seizes on the main points, and skilfully enables the imagination to complete his sketches.

The Pampas stretches 900 miles, to the foot of the Andes. A dash of his lively pencil gives a good conception of the expanding wilderness. These 900 miles, in the part which he visited, though under the same latitude, are divided into three regions, of different climate and produce. On leaving Buenos Ayres, the first of these regions is covered for 180 miles with clover and thistles; the second, of 450 miles, with long grass; and the third, extending to the Cordillera, with low trees and shrubs.

The second and third of these regions, says he, have nearly the same appearance throughout the year, for the trees and shrubs are ever green, and the immense plain of grass only changes its colour from green to brown; but the first region varies with the four seasons of the year in a most extraordinary manner. In winter, the leaves of the thistles are large and luxuriant, and the whole surface of the country has the rough appearance of a turnip-field. The clover in this season is extremely rich and strong; and the sight of the wild cattle grazing in full liberty in such pasture is very beautiful. In spring, the clover has vanished, the leaves of the thistles have extended along the ground, and the country still looks like a rough crop of turnips. In less than a month the change is most extraordinary;

the whole region becomes a luxuriant wood of enormous thistles, which have suddenly shot up to a height of ten or eleven feet, and are all in full bloom. The road or path is hemmed in on both sides, the view is completely obstructed; not an animal is to be seen, and the stems of the thistles are so close to each other, and so strong, that independent of the prickles with which they are armed, they form an impenetrable barrier. The sudden growth of these plants is quite astonishing; and though it would be an unusual misfortune in military history, yet it is really possible that an invading army, unacquainted with this country, might be imprisoned by these thistles, before they had time to escape from them. The summer is not over before the scene undergoes another rapid change: the thistles suddenly lose their sap and verdure, their heads droop, the leaves shrink and fade, the stems become black and dead, and they remain rattling with the breeze one against another, until the violence of the pampero or hurricane levels them with the ground, when they rapidly decompose and disappear —the clover rushes up, and the scene is verdant again.

The vast region of grass in the Pampas for 450 miles is without a weed, and the region of wood is equally extraordinary. The trees are not crowded, but in their growth such beautiful order is observed, that one can gallop between them in every direction. The young trees are rising up, others are flourishing in full vigour, and it is for some time that one looks in vain for those which, in the great system of succession, must necessarily somewhere or other be sinking towards decay. They are at last discovered, but their fate is not allowed to disfigure the general cheerfulness of the scene; and they are seen enjoying what may literally be termed a green old age. The extremities of their branches break off as they die, and when nothing is left but the hollow trunk, it is still covered with twigs and leaves, and at last is gradually concealed from view by the young shoot, which, born under the shelter of its branches, now rises rapidly above it, and conceals its decay. A few places are met with, which have been burnt by accident, and the black desolate spot, covered with the charred trunks of trees, resembles a scene in the human world of pestilence or war. But the fire is scarcely extinct, when the surrounding trees all seem to spread their branches towards each other, and young shrubs are seen rising out of the ground, while the sapless trunks are evidently mouldering into dust.

This whole space is thinly populated with Indians—all equestrians, as soon as they can crawl—who live on the herds that low along the plains in countless multitudes, and now and then on a little horseflesh, and eke out the luxuries of life by plundering a traveller, when they can find one. Some are employed by the government of Buenos Ayres to supply the posts with horses, and no difficulty have they in supplying them, or in feeding or stabling them. All run wild, and are caught as they are wanted. The dexterity of these Indians in catching them is admirable; urchins of seven or eight years old manage the matter with ease, and take charge of them from post to post. The Captain is enraptured with the mode of life; galloping all day, and sometimes all night, eating nothing but beef and drinking nothing but water, he felt, he says, as if nothing could kill him; it is the elysium of his wishes; he longs to be among them; and talks with ecstacy of the transports of prancing naked on a wild unsaddled racer of the Pampas—Absit invidia.

Forget Me Not; and *The Amulet.*—We have looked over these two little volumes with much interest—held down to the perusal, in a great measure, it must be acknowledged, by the names—many of them most agreeably associated—that head the contributions of each. These *morceaux* of literature, from well-known hands, do certainly secure to themselves, in preference to anonymous pieces, that attentive survey so indispensable to a conscientious verdict; while to the young, for whose reading principally such works are constructed, every moral truth brings a tenfold claim to respect, when, in addition to the beauty of the composition, it comes so sanctioned.

Mrs. Hemans, Miss Mitford, Bernard Barton, Miss Edgeworth, the Author of the "Labours of Idleness," Mr.—— No —there will be no end of enumeration.

"The Amulet" professes to have a religious and moral object in every single contribution. We do not, however, perceive any laxity of tone in "Forget Me Not;" and certainly, the list of individuals who supply the contents of each must be felt by every body to be a sufficient guarantee of the general tendency of both the works.

From "Forget Me Not" we select a beautiful little specimen from Mrs. Hemans' pen:—

THE CLIFFS OF DOVER.

Rocks of my country! let the cloud
  Your crested heights array;
And rise ye like a fortress proud
  Above the surge and spray!

My spirit greets you as ye stand,
  Breasting the billow's foam;
Oh, thus for ever guard the land
  The severed land of home!

I have left sunny skies behind,
  Lighting up classic shrines,
And music in the southern wind,
  And sunshine on the vines.

The breathings of the myrtle flowers
  Have floated o'er my way;
The pilgrim's voice at vesper hours
  Hath soothed me with its lay.

The isles of Greece, the hills of Spain,
  The purple heavens of Rome—
Yes, all are glorious; yet again
  I bless thee, land of home!

For thine the Sabbath peace, my land;
  And thine the guarded hearth;
And thine the dead, the noble band,
  That make thee holy earth.

Their voices meet me in thy breeze;
  Their steps are on thy plains:
Their names, by old majestic trees,
  Are whispered round thy fanes:

Their blood hath mingled with the tide
  Of thine exulting sea;—
Oh! be it still a joy, a pride,
  To live and die for thee!

We sincerely wish we had room to present our readers with Miss Mitford's "Bridal Eve," from the same; and a beautiful prose-piece also by the same elegant and animated pen.

"The Amulet" is rich in prose: "The Lily of Lorn," "The House of the Moors," "May-Day in the Village," "The Chalk Pit," "A Tale of the French Revolution," pleased us best; and from its poetry we choose, we think, no unfavourable specimen in the following

LINES

Written on the Anniversary of my Birth-Night, when entering my 30th Year:

BY EUGENIUS ROCHE.

Another twined! My wreath of years
Grows full and heavy on my brow;
My spring is past, and summer now
In all its blaze of soul appears.

Forsake me not, Almighty Guide!
Amidst the tempests of the hour:
Thy mercy bade me gently glide
O'er infancy's and youth's wild tide;
And now, when fiercer dangers low'r,
Oh! let me on thy pinion ride
Unharmed amid the fiery shower!

Thou know'st my infant eye
First oped to Thee!
Thou knowest my infant sigh
First rose to Thee!
Thou knowest, in peace or strife,
The day and night of life,
My hope is linked to Thee!

A thousand stars are in the sky,
And not a cloud obscures their light;
They flash, as rays of bliss on high,
That stray to mortal sight!
And yet perhaps no human eye
But mine now wakes, to drink the glories of the night!

A thousand gales are on the wing;
And while in torpor long and deep,
Earth and her millions sleep,
Instinct with life and mystic sound,
Like wandering harps they fling
Wild melodies around;
And yet perhaps no human ear
But mine now wakes, the thrilling notes to hear!

"And why so wakeful is thine eye,
So vigilant thine ear?
Art thou a spirit of the sky,
Chained for a moment here,
And struggling for thy liberty?"

On such a night my bonds were tied,
And I became a son of earth:
On such a night my thoughts may glide
To Him who gives immortal birth.—
O Father! when my task is o'er,
And earth may check my flight no more,
Let, in bridal garments drest,
My spirit come, a *pardoned* guest!
I do not ask for bliss below,
Nor e'en for short reprieve from woe;—
I ask for Thee! the First, the Last!
The God that shall not pass—that hath not passed!

Now, farewell Night! Thy shadows fly,
Mingling with my former years;
The dawn of other days appears—
The Sabbath of my life is nigh!

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The winter theatres are now running the race of popularity with a vigour unusual for the "gloomy month of November, when Englishmen hang and drown themselves," as says the French tourist. Covent Garden has already started with one of the cleverest farces that it has exhibited for many years; and an opera from the inexhaustible works of the Waverley Company.

We shall first allude to the farce; which, curiously enough, was announced as a comedy, being the first that has ventured on the stage with no more than two acts for its wings to fame, and being played, in conformity to its ambitious title, in the first part of the night. The wits took the alarm, and it was said that Mr. Kenney was meditating a grand theatrical revolution, and that his comedies in two acts were only the sequence to farces in five. However, his two-act comedy exhibits powers which we hope to see long applied to the stage.

Its name is the *Green Room*, and its plot may of course be presumed to turn upon the singularities of that mysterious and much-talked-of spot,—that receptacle of actor and actress, dressed in all their pomps, and full of all their joys, hopes, pretensions, piques and injuries. The universal habit of taking from the French every thing that the French have to give, from a contraband glove to a counterfeit play,—often, like their other exports, the manufacture of London ingenuity, re-manufactured to come back upon the inventor,—makes us naturally suspicious of every thing in the shape of farce, and the whole lighter departments of the stage. Of ballets and melodrames we pronounce at first sight; the levity, the feeble surprise, the high raptures, and the empty language, have the stamp of the other side of the Channel, as much as if they bore the imprimature of the Gallic Lord Chamberlain. It strikes us that the *Green Room* owes a portion of itself,—its much worse portion—to the French, and that for its ineffectual plot the English author has to thank the repository of the *Varietes*. But his dialogue is his own, and it is neat and epigrammatic. The plot may be compressed into a sentence. A young poet is on the point of bringing forward a play; on his success depends his marriage with the manager's daughter. A leading actor, enamoured of, at least, the lady's fortune, determines to thwart the poet's success, and on the morning of the eventful day refuses his part. He is, however, entrapped into playing it. The performance goes on,

triumphs, and the poet gains the lady. There is a slight underplot, of the dexterity of an actress in catching a giddy old baronet, all over romance, and conceiving that the actress was a woman of *ton*, furiously in love with him. But the most effective purport of the piece must have been the author's own,—a burlesque on Macready. This was managed with adroitness. Macready, introduced as *Mr. Starling*, a tragedian, who now and then figures in comedy, and who always insists on having a part which absorbs the whole interest of the play, be it comedy or tragedy, is infinitely discontented with the arrangement of the young poet's work, and dislikes every body's part, for the simple reason of their having any share of the interest. This, of course, embarrasses the company prodigiously. His refusal to play compels the manager to put off the performance; and the poet indignantly flies from the theatre to his chamber, where he pens an advertisement, offering himself as a secretary to a nobleman, or, in fact, ready to take any situation, that can relieve him from all intercourse with the capricious and disheartening life of stage-writing. But he is called on by *Sebright*, an actor, who revives him by the intelligence that his play is to be presented on that evening, as a new actor has arrived who has already rehearsed the part refused by *Starling*. The author, all rejoiced, rushes back to the theatre, and there finds *Starling* indignant again: his refusal of the part was for the indulgence of his personal objects; but now that the play can go on without him, he is awakened to his loss of popularity by giving up so valuable a chance as it offers. He insists upon its being returned to him. The author now refuses in high wrath. But a whisper from *Sebright*, who recommends him to give way, as the intended actor has just been seized by a guardian and Bow-street officer. The part is at length given to *Starling*, who is thus fairly taken in. Another scheme of dupery still more emphatic is practised upon the tragedian. A gentleman is introduced to him as proceeding to London as a writer of criticisms, and as an author, with a play. *Starling's* anxiety to conciliate the critic is taken for granted; and as the author has no play to carry on the trick, *Sebright* wraps up a quire of blank paper, writes a comedy-title on the outside, ties it with red tape, and desires his friend to present it to the actor, assuring him that he will never open a page of it. This valuable MS. is most graciously received, under the idea of the critical influence of its writer. At various intervals during the rehearsals mention is made of the MS., of which *Starling* praises the plot, the dialogue, the every thing, in the loftiest terms, to the infinite amusement of all in the secret. At length, after pronouncing a more detailed praise of a particular scene, he is intreated to open the packet to point it out. He now finds that he has been made the subject of ridicule, and is outrageous; but he is informed that the whole affair may yet find its way to the public, and that any attempt to thwart the success of that night's performance shall be punished by the most exemplary exposure. This silences the actor, and he thenceforth proceeds to the stage and does his duty.

Whether all this will be peculiarly pleasant to Macready may be doubted; but if he deserves the lesson, we can see no objection in its being given. We have much respect for the ability which the stage requires, and we have much for the personal qualities and private conduct of some of the players; but we have nothing but dislike and censure for the affectations with which some bloated and self-conceited individuals of the stage are unhesitatingly charged. Caprice in an actor is impertinence. The pretence to superiority, or dictation in their intercourse with writers, deserves the severest contempt; the jealousy which refuses to bear not merely a rival but a "brother near the throne," is silly; and the perpetual refusal of parts, under the idea that they are not worthy of the high abilities and transcendent fame of Mr. A., B. or C., the generality of whom would not, in a better day of the stage, have been suffered to do more than carry a message or mantle in a melo-drame, is altogether insolent and insufferable. Let such offenders, whoever they may be, meet the retribution which such offences deserve. There can be no more necessary knowledge, than that for such transgressors there is retribution.

The *Green Room* was played extremely well. Farren's *old beau*, and Mrs. Gibbs's *travelling actress*, were even better than their characters. Charles Kemble, as the *Poet*, was highly animated; his dress, however, was unfavourable, and the young son of Phœbus looked, in his black suit, very like a reduced gentleman. Jones had only an intermediate part; yet, whatever this admirable actor undertakes he renders prominent. His spirit, dexterous conception, and that peculiar energy of expression which never lets a point escape, and which gives force even to commonplace, raised the insignificant part of *Sebright* into one of the most valuable of the play. Jones's judgment, too, is shown in his dress. He knows the value of appearance, and it strangely happens that he is almost the only one upon the stage who does; three-fourths of the actors seem to have formed their *beau idéal* of English costume from a banker's clerk, and the other fourth from the clumsy contrivances of ill-made men of the professions. If we were disposed to turn reformers, we should esta-

blish a general reform of the outer man of the whole corps of both theatres, and make Jones "*Arbiter Elegantiarum*" of the theatrical empire.

Peveril of the Peak, an opera, from the novel, was the next produce of Covent Garden. The novel had the merit of being remarkably circumstantial, balanced by the demerit of being nearly as dry as the history. The lustre of the Waverley school had been already in its wane—Peveril was less an added luminary than a cloud. The world can forgive every thing but monotony. Voltaire said truly, "that all styles of writing were good but the tiresome." Whether the Scotch novels were single or joint-stock authorship; whether Sir Walter Scott was the *firm* in himself, or must give up the honours of parentage to the "*professor*," or company of professors, and be content with the humble merit of acting the Juno Lucina, and ushering the naked babe into the ways of the world, we but join in the common hope of all readers of English history, that he will henceforth turn his muse, single or in partnership, into another district of Parnassus, if it were for no other purpose than that of relieving us from eternal melodrame. The action of the novel is still less exciting on the stage. The novel's grace of language atones for many a crime of story and situation; but for those there is no atonement from that luckless hour when the novel comes to be committed into the hands of the painter and the machinist. No excellence of dialogue or description will compensate the want of rapidity and brilliancy in the incident. In the novel, we may wonder and imagine for ourselves; on the stage, the carpenter is the magician, and beyond the romance of canvas and coloured boards we cannot stir a step. If the romance is not before the eye, it is no where. There must be life; and the meanings, words, and actions of life before us, or the play perishes, and the author hears his sentence in the thunder of those superior authorities, who, if they cannot be expected in their elevation to hear, even with the most improved acoustics, are yet presumed to see, and will neither dream over their duty, nor suffer the less critical and more insincere portion of the spectators to imagine that they may indulge in a repose sympathetic with the stage.

The music of the opera is by Horn, an ingenious composer; and, on the strength of two or three very popular ballads, rising into reputation. But his present work will not add to his plumage. Without being repulsive, it is so like the common race of opera composition, that it sounds to our ears as if we had heard it every night in every opera, and never desired to hear it again. It is, unequivocally, common-place, and the last chorus, adopted from the ballad of "Cherry Ripe," at once, by the contrast, shewed how much more fortunately the composer might occasionally exert himself, and how conscious he was that his music required some of his luckier inspirations.

Peveril has been transmuted by Pocock, who has shewn himself clever on similar occasions, and whose *Rob Roy* is probably as good as any mere cutting-down of a novel can be. But the skill which enables him to turn good material to good account is altogether a different affair from the rashness which hurries a playwright into attempting to work on materials that absolutely prohibit success. The Parliament war was, of all the portions of English history, the most unexciting: it was war without the generous cause, the brilliant achievement, or the honourable victory. It began in impotent tyranny on the part of the sovereign, and in acrimonious ambition on the part of the Parliament. Neither party had any true ground for hostility—neither had any true place in the heart of the nation—and neither exhibited the talents, honesty, gallantry, or good-sense that ought to have compensated for a single drop of the blood wasted in their useless and bloody struggle. Charles was finally undone, less by the arms of the Parliament than by his own want of decision. He was the captive and the victim, not of the Parliament, but of the Parliament's master; and the same blow which stained the records of England with a gratuitous and cruel murder, laid the usurping Commons at the feet of Cromwell. But the chief point which renders the time unsuitable for any attempt at romantic or theatric interest, is the obnoxious character which was then branded on the people. The puritan soldier was an anomaly sour enough to have turned the whole national character for ever. The mixture of religion and rapine; of scripture language, and a practical offence to all its doctrines; the acrid, crabbed, and splenetic physiognomy that was forced upon the people by the supremacy of fanaticism, cannot be looked on now without scorn for the wretched hypocrisy of the time. We may well feel surprise that the generous and manly spirit of the nation did not tear off the mask of mingled meanness and malignity at once, and disdain alike the puritan with his sanctified jargon, and the cavalier with his ambitious profligacy. However, since it pleased the Northern novelists to belabour the subject and the public to glance over their production, before they went down the steep way from which there is no return, the attempt might be forgiven. But the revival of these things, the hope to throw interest, of even the most trivial kind, into such characters was preposterous; and we hope, for the comfort of Mr. Pocock, and the honour of English nature, that we shall not see those base and bitter ruffians darkening the stage again.

It must be idle to observe how a piece destined to be so little ornamental to the stage, has been played. *Fenella*, the dumb

spy, was a daughter of Mrs. Glover—a smart girl, exhibiting something of her mother's intelligence, and playing the pantomime of the part adroitly. Warde was the *Major Bridgnorth*, made up of the Bridgnorth and Christian of the novel; and if sternness, and a look as remote as possible from human nature, could constitute excellence, the part was sublimely played. But no powers could prevail against its native incapabilities. Warde is a judicious actor, and must always be important; but his sternness of feature is here doubly stern, and the Major looks more a compound of the jesuit and executioner, than the principled soldier of the republic.

The other characters—Miss Paton, the daughter of Bridgnorth; Fawcett as the *Elder Peveril*, and Sapio as the *Younger*, were played as well as the parts deserved. Sapio's voice has power and sweetness: but his effort is excessive, and he frequently fails in the more subtle displays of taste and facility. The scenery was poor. But in this point Covent Garden seems to have surrendered its glories to Drury Lane, and consents to dingy decorations and landscape, guiltless of looking like any thing under heaven, without a struggle.

We were right in our conjecture of the origin of the farce of the "Green Room." It is "Les Comédiens;" a five-act play of Casimir Delavigne's, with the nonsense squeezed out, and brought by this simple operation into two acts at once. This is nearly the general proportion of French and English plays; and it is not every French comedy that will squeeze down even so productively. Casimir is infinitely feeble in his most vaunted labours—but the people for whom he writes are as feeble as he; and more sense, in either plays or politics, would overload the brains of the "Grande Nation."

Drury Lane has commenced the season spiritedly, and if success may depend on activity—and it is sure to come to a speedy end where this incomparable quality in stage-matters is wanting—the season will probably be one of triumph. The novelty of management is always something in favour of a theatre. The American manager has had at least experience, and he has but to exert qualities the very opposite of those by which stage affairs are generally regulated, to make a firm stand in his trade. The "*Dame Blanche*" has been transported from Paris, where she made the delight of the "capital of the graces" for some months, and where all the world learned to be enraptured with Boildieu's music. But the "Dame's" voyage has not improved her captivations. The whole performance is mere melodrame, and melodrame of the most established kind. A young heir to a castle, excluded by an ambitious uncle—then admitted only to be put to death—then drugged with opium and supper—then watched by the heroine, who has rapidly fallen in love with him by the flash of a highwayman's sword in a scuffle in a wood; then falling asleep, and followed by an assassin, who prowls about his sofa, measuring him for the blow, yet is unprofessionally scrupulous as to the spot where it shall be given; a half-fool, who catches the dagger and puts the assassin to flight; and a spectre, acted very much to the *life* by a sister of Miss Paton, make up the principal dramatis personæ. The music is a good deal weeded out of the original, and is, with all this selection, heavy; the ear is caught by nothing—and a confusion of sounds, beginning and ceasing at intervals, is the chief indication that the orchestra is at its labours. But some of the scenery is very pretty; and a moonlight river is one of the cleverest products of Stanfield's able pencil. The translation is by Mr. Beazley, who builds his lofty rhyme this season with great assiduity.

In tragedy and comedy, little Miss E. Tree is the heroine. She has played in the "Belle's Stratagem," "Town and Country," "The Will," "Jane Shore," and probably some dozen others: for she runs through the theatrical round with the rapidity of a meteor. She has other talents than that of getting by heart so many hundred or thousand pages of intolerable prose and worse poetry, for she has grace and feeling, with evident intelligence superior to her present powers of conveying it. Her feebleness of frame, and limited compass of voice, must, for a while at least, preclude her success in the higher drama; but time and practice may give her vigour and tone, and she will then be among the most valuable additions to the stage of our day.

The English Opera-House has closed, after an advantageous season. The manager's personal character excites an interest in favour of his house; and the public have received with much popularity the crowd of pieces which he has brought forward in his brief season. Melo-drames compiled from novels are but humble things at best; but Mr. Arnold has given something better to make the melo-drames reputable. His introduction of Winter's "Oracle" was a bold attempt, second only to the hardihood of generating Frankenstein, and nationalizing the Freischütz; but if the work of Weber has been, and is likely to be without a rival, the work of Winter was a very honourable successor, and does credit to the diligence and taste of the theatre.

The Adelphi has opened for the season, and its proprietors, Messrs. Terry and Yates, are carrying all before them; the *Pilot* still swims, and a ballet swims above it. *Luke the Labourer*, a strong and sullen story of love, murder, and housebreaking, swims above both; and every taste may be thus gratified, from the sailor's, who comes from the East-end to

take a lesson in navigation, to the lighter-footed and fingered who defy care and constables in the vicinage of the Strand; or to those more vigorous members of the community who fling themselves loose through the suburbs, and wait to relieve the superfluities of civic lords and the lights of the common council, rolling over Finchley and Blackheath, to dream of future harangues and turtle feasts inexhaustible. The locality of this theatre gives it advantages of the most tempting rank; it lies in the direct way of the great stream of London population; its doors blaze a pleasant solicitation to the multitude who have an hour or a shilling at command; they are a refuge from a shower, from solitude, from stupid companionship, from one's-self; and the man who, by paying the admission, can at once start from a street of storm and gloom, from a story-telling friend, or from the haunting thoughts that the thick air and troubled life of cities breed, into the midst of laughing circles, shining out under a gay blaze of chandeliers, and with such pleasantries before them as Yates and Terry can furnish, should rejoice that all this lies within half-a-dozen steps of the Strand, and within the potency of half the number of shillings.

The Haymarket season is on the eve of death. The Lord Chamberlain, whose law in those points is the law of the Medes and Persians, has cut short the old length of theatrical life, and condemns the summer theatres to expire, while they are as ambitious of fighting their way through the world as in the first month of their existence. But the Haymarket has been prosperous to an unusual degree. *Paul Pry* has been the Plutus, and has showered half the silver circulation of the realm into the managerial pocket. The play is vulgar; but its vulgarity was modelled within the taste of the multitude. John Bull delights in nothing so much as his own caricature—so he compresses himself into a stove of a house, when the thermometer is at 110°, and rejoices in his own burlesque, in defiance of heat that would steam the soul out of a negro. The skill of Vestris, and the prettiness of Mrs. Humby, sustained the other performances partially; but *Paul Pry* was still the first prize in the stage wheel, and we understand that the Haymarket will henceforth limit itself to Liston for three-fourths of every season to come, for the term of his natural life, attended by an actress or two, and a minor buffo, to relieve him in his excursions for fresh feelings to the country, and a single fiddler to announce the intervals between the acts.

We have to close our sketch with some more melancholy retrospects. In this month Connor, the principal performer of Irish characters at Covent Garden, died. His death was instantaneous. As he was returning from a party, and had nearly reached home, a blood-vessel burst, and he dropped dead. He had been liable to illness previously, which gave intimation of some internal decay; but the stroke was altogether unexpected. He was a very respectable, good-humoured, and well-mannered individual, possessed of some scholarship, and already advanced to considerable popularity. He died, of course, without having been enabled to provide for his wife and two children; but his brother actors performed for their benefit at the English Opera-House; and a subscription was raised which, it may be hoped, will save them from any severe pressure in their circumstances.

Michael Kelly, too, has at length passed away: the gout had been his torturer for many a year—a torturer invited to the attack by the whole course of Kelly's life, but which was unable to subdue his native good-humour. Kelly had gone through a long and diversified public career, and contrived to the last to have friends in a very large circle of pleasantry, talents, and rank; though his private life was sometimes deficient in that decorum which the better habits of society require.

The French stage has had its share of mortality, but in a more distinguished loss: Talma died on the 19th of October. His illness had been long threatened, and was slow when it came: it had frequent changes; and a short time since he was supposed to be in a progress to recovery. But the physicians were deceived, probably, by the natural vigour of his frame, and the general vividness of his mind. His death excited great interest in France; and the stage may look upon itself as without any actor to succeed him. Talma is perhaps the single instance of a man retaining the first rank in his profession for almost forty years without the approach of a rival. The exclusive arrangements of the French stage, which never deprive an actor of the characters that he has already mastered, make rivalry more difficult than with us. But the ground of his superiority was more solid: he was a man of great stage talent, vigorous, vivid, and original. His residence in England had shown him the school of tragedy here in the day of Siddons, Kemble, and Henderson, all in their prime; and he often acknowledged his advantages from their study. The time of his appearance in Paris was favourable to all innovation, good and evil—the commencement of the Revolution. He threw off the antiquated style of French tragedy, and sprang with the boldness of genius, encouraged by the time, into a career of brilliancy and power in which he never receded a step until his last hour. With a more guiltless ambition, and a triumph more unstained, Talma was the Napoleon of the stage.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

Babylonian Cylinder. — Mr. Price, of Worcester, to whose valuable labours in the field of oriental literature we have occasionally alluded, particularly with regard to his discovery of the signification of the arrow-headed characters to be met with at Babylon and Persepolis, has recently favoured us with a translation of the inscription upon a Babylonian cylinder, of which the annexed engraving is an accurate copy, and which was in the possession of the late Payne Knight, Esq. The cylinder itself is considered by Mr. Price to have been a royal signet, and of whatever the three figures may have been emblematical, the following is a translation of the characters beside them.

THE MIGHTY EMPEROR * * * * *,† OF THE ILLUSTRIOUS FAMILY OF SHEM, THE RAYS OF THE GOD OF RICHES, THE LIVING OFFSPRING OF THE GOD OF HAPPINESS, THE VITAL SPARK OF THE GOD OF PROSPERITY.

From the commencement of the khalifat to the decline of the house of Sofi, the Persian historians have transmitted to posterity copious and accurate records of the mighty revolutions of which Middle Asia was the theatre. Unfortunately for the inquisitive student, who may attempt to explore the ancient history of the East through this medium, it is within these limits only that the merit of accuracy can be assigned. The mighty revolution which fixes the beginning of this era, sweeping before it not the thrones only, but the religion, the literature, and even the language of a great portion of the world, has left to posterity only the scanty and uncertain traditions which survived the general wreck, or the partial and prejudiced notions which have fallen from writers of distant and hostile nations. What light may be thrown by the discovery of Mr. Price upon the ancient page of oriental history, which conquering barbarians have obscured, remains to be seen. We are sanguine enough to hope, that a sufficient number of inscriptions have escaped the ravages of time, or more merciless hands of men, to supply, if not voluminous annals, at least a correct chronological catalogue of the dynasties and monarchs who have reigned in the East.

Improved method of Exploding Fire-arms. —The ingenious little instantaneous light-machine, in which, by an air-tight piston moving in a cylinder, the air contained therein becomes so much compressed as to give out its caloric in the state of sensible heat or fire, has recently been substituted for flint and steel, or detonating locks, for the purpose of exploding fire-arms, and a patent obtained accordingly: the cylinder is concealed in the stock of the piece, and the piston is moved by a powerful helical spring.

Lectures on the Ear.—Mr. T. Harrison Curtis, Surgeon-Aurist to the King, recommenced his Course of Lectures on the Anatomy, Physiology, and Pathology of the Ear, at the Royal Dispensary for Diseases of the Ear, Dean-street, Soho-square.—The Lecturer combated the unfortunate prejudice respecting the incurability of Diseases of the Ear, and proved, by his own extensive practice and experience, as well as that of the celebrated Professor Lallemand, of Montpellier, the mischief that had arisen from this idea in consequence of neglected affections of this organ producing chronic diseases of the brain, ending most unhappily and frequently from the inattention of patients themselves.

The Lecturer supported this fact by exhibiting a variety of Anatomical Preparations, shewing the effects and extent of neglected disease; but he came to this satisfactory conclusion, that Diseases of the Ear, like diseases of other organs, will yield to proper treatment.

Hints on the Pronunciation of the Ancients. —"The modern Greeks pronounce the β as a υ consonant, and confound three vowels (η ε υ) and several diphthongs. Such was the vulgar pronunciation which the stern Gardiner maintained by penal statutes in the university of Cambridge: but the monosyllable βη represented to an attic ear the bleating of sheep; and a bell wether is better evidence than a bishop or a chancellor. The treatises of those scholars, particularly Erasmus, who asserted a more classical pronunciation, are collected in the sylloge of Havercamp (2 vols. 8vo. Lugd. Bat. 1736—1740): but it is difficult to paint sounds by words; and in their reference to modern use, they can be understood only by their respective countrymen. We may observe, that our peculiar pronunciation of the θ, th, is approved by Erasmus (tom. ii. p. 130)." — Gibbon's Rome, chap. 66, p. 107. Suidas, we presume, is the authority to which Gibbon trusted for βη being an imitation of the bleating of sheep, as apud Cratinum in Dionys. Alexandro, ὁ δηλίθιος ὥσπερ πρόβατον βη βή λέγων βαδίζει. This being so, and considering the sound uttered by sheep as a standard, the attic pronunciation of the η would resemble that of the English *a* in *bate*, and the *ée* of the

† The name, being rather mutilated, has been omitted.

Italians. The more ancient Greeks generally wrote εε in words where η was used after the invention of this last letter. Homer, *Ib.* K. 466, writes, δεῖελον δ' ἐπίσημα τ' ἔθηκε, which in later times would have been written δῆλον, which mode of writing, Barnes says, exists in one MS. that he saw. Why it is not general is, that transcribers altered the spelling to the modern mode in some instances, and left it unaltered in others, as in the line above cited, where ἔθηκε occurs. We must recollect that the η was one of the letters added in the fifth or sixth centuries before Christ by the Sicilians, and from them first adopted by the Ionians, then the Samians, and lastly the Athenians. In words which the Greeks copied from the Latins, the long ē Latin was written η.

In the chorus of frogs, introduced by Aristophanes into his comedy of that name, the poet represents the noise of those animals by the words βρεκεκεκὲξ, κοὰξ, κοὰξ; might it not be deduced from this that the attic pronunciation of the α approached to that of the English *a* in *call?* Such at least is the note of the frog. In the Menæchmei of Plautus, act 4, sc. 2, v. 88, there is the following passage: Quis is Menæchmus est? *Mu.* Tu istic inquam. *Me.* Egone? *Mu.* Tu! *Me.* Quis arguit? *Mu.* Egomet. *Pe.* Et ego—atque huic amicæ detulisti Erotio. *Me.* Egon' dedi? *Pe.* Tu, tu istic, inquam viri afferri noctuam, quæ tu, tu, usque dicat tibi? nam nos jam defessi sumus. This would lead us to identify the sound of the Roman and Italian *u* with that of the English *oo* in *hoot*. The same may be said of the Greek υ, from the name of the cuckoo (an imitative sound). Ἧμος κόκκυξ κοκκύζει δρυὸς ἐν πιλάλοισι. Hesiod in ἔργ. 2, and consequently that it is incorrectly replaced by *y* in our words taken from the Greek. In the 30th epigram of Callimachus, Echo answers ναιχι by ἐχει. The Bœotians were said to pronounce the part. pres. pass. λεγομέναι as λεγομένη, which shows that the similarity of sound between αι and η was peculiar to the Bœotians, or such a remark would scarcely have been made; and so the epigram of Callimachus may not be valid as an indication of the pronunciation of that diphthong by the Greeks generally. The Dorians usually wrote α instead of η, while the Bœotians wrote ει for η, so that the sound of η was like the Italian *a* with the former, and like the Italian *i* with the latter, and both these were considered as dialects proper to those people respectively, and hence of course different from the pronunciation of the Greeks generally. It seems probable that the Romans sounded *g* in a hard tone, universally, that is before all the vowels, as well as c. Plautus frequently uses the exclamation *apage*, as the Greeks used ἄπαγε; now he would hardly have borrowed a sort of exclamation without preserving the original pronunciation, and therefore that written as it is, *apage*, must be sounded *apaghe*. These hints on the pronunciation of the ancients are only thrown out with much diffidence, and in the hope of attracting the notice of some person possessing more leisure, and better able to enter into the investigation.

The Planets Saturn and Jupiter.—The following are the results for the mean distance of the planet Saturn, of some micrometrical observations made with a refracting wire micrometer attached to Fraunhofer's large telescope, and employing a power of 540, by Professor Sturve, at Dorpat.

External diameter of the external ring	= 40″·215
External ditto	= 35 ·395
External diameter of the internal ring	= 34 ·579
Internal ditto	= 26 ·748
Equatorial diameter of Saturn	= 18 ·045
Breadth of the external ring	= 2 ·410
Breadth of the chasm between the rings	= 0 ·408
Breadth of the internal ring	= 3 ·915
Distance of the ring from Saturn	= 4 ·352
Equatorial radius of Saturn	= 9 ·022

The mean value of the inclination of the ring to the ecliptic is 28° 5′·9, with a probable errour not exceeding 6′·9.

The mean results for the planet Jupiter and its satellites, made with the same instruments, and with the same power, 540 or from thence to 600, are

Jupiter's major axis	= 38″·442
Jupiter's minor axis	= 35 ·645
Compression	= 0″·0728, or $\frac{1}{13 \cdot 71}$
Mean diameter of the first satellite of Jupiter	= 1 ·018
——— second	= 0 ·914
——— third	= 1 ·492
——— fourth	= 1 ·277

Schroeter and Harding have often imagined that they have detected a deviation of Jupiter from the elliptical form; Struve thought so likewise, but a closer examination enables him to explain the illusion. On March 7th of this year, he conceived that the diameter, which extended from 61°·4 latitude preceding S., to 61°·4 latitude following N., was obviously smaller than the ellipsis would allow. But the micrometric measurement proved that that was not the case. That evening the major axis A was = 44″·75, the minor axis B = 41″·72, and the diameter in question taken with the same micrometer was 42″·34. Calling this diameter x, and the latitude of the planet l.

$$x = \frac{A.\ B.}{(A^2 \sin^2 l + B^2 \cos^2 l)^{\frac{1}{2}}},$$

and the numerical result is x = 42″·38, differing only 0″·04 from the measurement. Most probably it is the slanting position of the axis of the ellipse with regard to the vertical circle which causes the illusion.

Preservation of Timber from Dry Rot.—A series of experiments was instituted a short time since at Geneva, to shew the effect of mineral and vegetable poisons upon vegetable life. A gentleman in this country has adopted the principle to prevent

decay in timber or other substances, arising from dry-rot and other causes. He proposes, by boiling the wood in a solution of metallic and other poisonous matters, to introduce between its fibres and into its pores very minute particles of these, for the purpose of preventing the growth of vegetable fungi or animalculæ. Dry-rot in timber, according to the views of the patentee, arises from the decomposition of vegetable fluids which all kind of timber contain, and which in certain situations seem to be favourable to the propagation of fungi and of worms; he also considers that neither animal nor vegetable germination can proceed in contact with such mineral poisons as he proposes to employ—sulphate, or acetate of copper—white arsenic, &c.

Terrestrial Magnetism.—Some of the phenomena arising from partial terrestrial magnetism are deserving of notice, and may account for many accidents which have arisen to vessels which have depended for their course almost entirely upon the compass. Thus it is always asserted and believed, that in approaching the small island of Fetlar, or Theodore's Island, one of the Shetland group, the compass always points directly to the land, on whichever side the approach is made.

New Mines of Platinum.—M. Roussingault, a celebrated French chemist, has recently discovered a mine of platinum at Antioquia, in the department of Cundinamarca, in Columbia. Hitherto this precious metal, so valuable in the arts, had only been found in the Uralian mountains in Russia, in Brazil, and in the provinces of Choco and Barbacoas, on the coasts of the South Sea, but always in alluvial-lands, where it could only be met with accidentally; but in this case there can be no doubt that the metal exists in real veins in the valley *De Osos* (being very near the province of Choco, from which it is separated only by a branch of the Cordillera of the Andes, which circumstance accounts for the presence of the same metal in the alluvial soils of the valley *De Osos*); and it is sufficient to pound the materials which these veins contain, in order to obtain from them by washing the gold and platinum which they contain. Mines of platinum have recently been found in the Uralian mountains, in the government of Perma, so extremely rich, that the price of platinum fell nearly one-third at St. Petersburgh; and hence we may reasonably expect that this valuable metal will cease to bear that high price at which it has hitherto been sold.—*Le Globe.*

The Fall of Leaves.—In the first volume of the Memoirs of the Society of Natural History of Geneva, Professor Vaucher has given a very probable solution of the phenomenon of the fall of leaves. If the point of adherence of a leaf-stalk, he says, be examined at the moment of separation, it will be remarked that it forms a clean and perfectly defined section. This species of cicatrix, of which the impression is also seen upon the twig, is differently figured, according to the conformation of the leaves. In some it presents the appearance of a horse-shoe, in others a heart, the segment of a circle, &c., but always similar in trees of the same species; but if the leaf-stalk be attempted to be broken elsewhere than at its ordinary point of separation, the fibres are lacerated and torn; and proof is thus afforded that means for their separation have been previously prepared by nature at one exclusive point, without reference to exterior causes. The fibres of a leaf-stalk, in place of being a simple prolongation of those of the twig, are therefore separated from it at the point where this cicatrix is seen. There appears, indeed, no real continuity between them; and the temporary union which connects the leaf-stalk with the twig is merely kept up by a kind of adhesive substance, which, when the purposes of the leaf to the parent-plant are served, is dried up and dissolved. This adhesive substance is probably formed by some portion of the parenchyma interposed between the two systems of fibres. While this parenchyma is under the influence of the vegetable action, it is impregnated with vegetable juices, it fulfils its vital functions, adhesion is maintained, and any attempt to remove the leaf produces laceration. But in autumn, when this vegetable action ceases, the interposed parenchyma having dried up, no longer preserves the continuity with the stem, the union is dissolved, and the leaves necessarily fall. The point of separation is to be perceived exteriorly in the form of a circular ring, at the point which separates the leaf-stalk from the stem. This ring is easily perceptible in most trees. It is particularly marked in the leaf-stalks of compound leaves, the fall of which present more varieties in their appearance than simple leaves. At the same time, the solution of continuity which takes place in compound leaves is not of the same nature as that which occurs in simple leaves. This natural separation, however, is not a phenomenon peculiar to the leaves of arborescent stems; it is equally seen in the peduncles which support the male flowers of a great number of plants—such as the walnut, the willow, &c.; and it is still more distinctly marked in the pericarps. The different ways in which these pericarps open at the moment of maturity, and the constancy of the mode of opening in the same species, cannot be explained without having recourse to the supposition of a peculiar organization, to a primitive solder, similar to that which retains the leaf-stalks in their places.

Acoustics.—It is stated, in the account of Captain Parry's third voyage, that at Port Bowen Lieutenant Foster kept up a conversation with his assistant at a distance of 6,696 feet, or about one statute mile and two-tenths.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

FOREIGN.

Paris Institute.—Academy of Sciences, July 1, 1826.—M. William Brandes presented his work, *De repentinis variationibus impressione atmospheræ observatis*; for furthering the object of which M. Arago communicated the result of numerous barometric observations. Professor Simonoss forwarded his "Memoir on the cause of the difference of temperature in the two hemisperes of the terrestrial globe," founded on some thermometric observations made by the author in a voyage round the world. M. Arago communicated many results of his researches on the action of different substances on the magnetic needle. M. Poigron announced his having completed a theoretic memoir on questions of this sort, and that it should be delivered at the next sitting. The minister of the interior sent a memoir, which had been addressed to him by the minister for foreign affairs, entitled, "Memoir on the calculation of the movements of comets," by Mamof, councillor of state in Russia. Through the same channel, an account of an earthquake felt at Saint-Brieux, was received. In a letter of M. d'Arcet is a refutation of the assertions contained in a pseudonymous letter read at a former meeting, in which a claim of priority of invention relative to some discoveries in the solution of stones in the bladder, had been urged in favour of M. Mascagni. M. Magendie confirmed the truth of M. d'Arcet's statements. M. Deshayes, author of a work on the fossil shells in the neighbourhood of Paris, requested the Academy to support his application to the minister of the interior for relief, misfortune having obliged him to suspend the publication. M. Berard read, in the name of M. Balard, druggist and apothecary at Montpellier, a memoir on a substance contained in sea-water, and which he denominated *muride:* referred to M. Vauquelin, Guy Lussac, and Thenard.

July 10.—A second memoir of M. Montlivault, on cosmology, was referred to M. M. Arago and Fresnel. Messrs. Ampere and Frernel's report on the letter of M. Gaudin relative to the nature of caloric; that his hypothesis is not new, at least in its essential part, *viz.* that caloric is the product of the reunion of the two electricities (discovered by Berselius); that the reasons he employs are inconclusive; his experiment useless, the result being known before, and one from which no consequence, *pro* or *con*, can be deduced (adopted).—M. Bisson read his memoir on the theory of magnetic movement. M. Civiale read a note of his improvements on the instruments for breaking the stone;—referred to Messrs. Chaussier, Dumeril, and Dupuytren.

July 17.—The minister of the interior sent a fragment of an aërolite recently fallen in the neighbourhood of Cartres (Tarn.)—M. Amussat declared in a letter that the instrument presented at the last sitting by M. Civiale had been previously constructed by himself, of which he offered the proofs; the whole referred to the commission on M. Civiale's memor. M. Meirieux advanced a similar claim: disposed of in a similar way.—M. Magendie presented, in the name of M. Amussat, a new machine for recognizing by the sound the presence of stones in the bladder. M. Humboldt communicated the discovery of M. Boussingaut of the true situation of platinum. The first part of a memoir, entitled "Researches on the parts denominated organs in vegetables," was read by M. Dupetit Thours.

July 24.—M. Timoleon Taillefer, physician, sent a memoir on the new treatment of lacrymal fistula. M. Raymond, clockmaker, read a memoir entitled "Exposition and development of a new system of balances, without compensation, applicable to clocks, and better adapted to be an uniform measure of time."

July 31.—M. Bruin presented a manuscript entitled "A steganographic vocabulary, or the art of communicating quickly, by night and by day, at considerable distances. No other communications of interest were made.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

THE BISHOP OF CALCUTTA.

In recording the early decease of the late Bishop of Calcutta, we would willingly enter upon a critical analysis of his numerous writings, poetical, miscellaneous, and theological—we would willingly offer a full tribute to the memory of departed genius, of profound learning, of exemplary piety, of general worth, of indefatigable perseverance in the great cause of christianity—but all this is precluded by the narrow limits of our obituary department; and we are consequently under the necessity of confining ourselves to little more than a statement of dates and facts.

The Right Reverend Reginald, Lord Bishop of Calcutta, was the second son of the Rev. Reginald Heber, of Marton Hall, York, and brother of Richard Heber, Esq., late one of the representatives in parliament of the university of Oxford. He was born about the year 1780; and, at the usual age, he was sent to Brazen-nose College, Oxford, whence he was elected a fellow of All Souls. Previously to that election, however, he had paid a visit to Russia, in company with Mr. Thornton.

With a mind well stored with classical learning, he formed a plan of collecting, arranging, and illustrating all of ancient and modern literature which could unfold the history, and throw light upon the present state of Scythia. He kept a valuable journal of his observations, from which copious extracts are given in Dr. Clarke's great work. At that period Mr. Heber could not have been much more than 17.

In the year 1801, he gained the chancellor's prize at the university, by his Carmen Seculare, a spirited and classical specimen of Latin verse. And, in 1803, his talents were displayed to still greater advantage, in his celebrated poem of Palestine, which gained the prize for English poetical composition. Respecting Mr Heber's character and condcct, and of the merits of his poem, Sir Charles Grey, the chief justice of Bengal, thus eulogistically expressed himself, at a meeting held at the Town-hall of Calcutta, on the 6th May last:—"The name of Reginald Heber was in every mouth, his society was courted by young and old; he lived in an atmosphere of favour, admiration, and regard, from which I have never known any one but himself who would not have derived, and for life, an unsalutary influence. Towards the close of his academical career, he crowned his previous honours by the production of his Palestine; of which single work of the fancy, the elegance and the grace have secured him a place in the list of those who bear the proud title of English poets. This, according to usage, was recited in public; and when that scene of his early triumph comes upon my memory; that elevated rostrum from which he looked upon friendly and admiring faces; that decorated theatre; those grave forms of ecclesiastical dignitaries, mingling with a resplendent throng of rank and beauty; those antique mansions of learning, those venerable groves, those refreshing streams and shaded walks; the vision is broken by another, in which the youthful and presiding genius of the former scene is beheld, lying in his distant grave, amongst the sands of Southern India; believe me, the contrast is striking, and the recollections most painful."

On the occasion here alluded to, Mr. Heber's father was in the theatre, and had the felicity of witnessing his triumph at the early age of nineteen. The old gentleman, immediately upon his return home, was seized with a dangerous malady, under which he lingered, with intervals of remission, until the month of January 1804, when he closed an exemplary life in the 76th year of his age.

Mr. Heber's Palestine was published shortly after its mutation in the second volume of the Poetical Register; and, in 1809, it was republished, with the Passage of the Red Sea, a fragment: a production evincing great boldness of conception and vigour of execution. In 1805, Mr. Heber produced an English essay, entitled "The Sense of Honour." In 1808 he took the degree of M. A.; and in 1809, he published a poem under the title of "Europe, Lines on the present War," which attracted considerable notice. Soon afterwards he relinquished his Fellowship and married; his patrimonial preferment, the Rectory of Hodnet, in the county of Salop, being of sufficient value to render a dependence upon college preferment unnecessary.

In 1812 he published a small volume of poems and translations; and in 1815, he was chosen to deliver the Bampton Lectures before the University of Oxford, a duty which he performed with great ability. His lectures were published in 1816, under the title of "*The Personality and Office of the Christian Comforter, Asserted and Explained in a Course of Sermons on John* xvi. 7. Of this production, the Quarterly Reviewers expressed themselves in terms of high praise. In 1822 an edition of the works of Jeremy Taylor appeared, to which was prefixed a life of the bishop, by Mr. Heber. By persons of competent judgment, this was regarded as an admirable and valuable piece of biography. It was soon afterwards published in a separate form, accompanied by a critical examination of Bishop Taylor's writings.

In May 1822, Mr. Heber was chosen preacher at Lincoln's Inn; an office which few have held for any length of time without further advancement. His friends, indeed, thought it not presumption to hope that, ere long, he might wear the mitre at home. However, upon the death of Dr. Middleton, the bishopric of Calcutta was offered to him; and as worldly ambition was not the passion of his soul, he readily consented to sacrifice his comforts and his expectations, that he might render his talents useful in a distant region of the earth. He was appointed to the vacant see on the 14th of May 1823. The University of Oxford conferred upon him the degree of D. D., by diploma, in June; and he arrived at Calcutta on the 11th of October following.

The ardent hope of success in his important mission, which Dr. Heber expressed to the various religious societies in England previously to his departure, will not be forgotten; nor the zeal with which he declared that he looked forward to the time when he should be enabled to preach to the natives of India in their own language. His first charge at his visitation, on the 27th of May 1824, gave abundant proof of the benevolent spirit in which he had entered upon his high office. Long and laborious were the journies which he performed, from one side of the vast Indian peninsula to the other, including the island of Ceylon, performing at each station the active duties of an apostolical bishop. Of these, however, we have no room to speak

in detail; proceed we, therefore, towards the close of his brief but well-spent life.

Recommencing his journies into the distant parts of the diocese, his lordship arrived at Tanjore on the 25th of March last. From that period till the moment of his earthly departure, each day was devoted to some public office connected with his ecclesiastical functions. On the morning of the 26th (Easter Sunday) his lordship delivered an eloquent and impressive sermon on the Resurrection, at the mission church of Tanjore; and in the evening he gratified the native congregation by pronouncing the Apostolic benediction in the Tamul language. On the 27th, his lordship held a confirmation. On the 28th, he paid a visit of ceremony to his Highness the Rajah of Tanjore, under the customary honours. On the 29th and 30th, he visited and inspected the mission schools and premises; on the 31st, he proceeded to Trichinopoly, where he arrived on the following day; on the 2d of April (Sunday) he preached twice; and on the 3d, he visited a congregation of native christians. On the two last-mentioned days his lordship complained of head-ache, and was unusually drowsy; but no serious apprehensions were entertained by himself or his friends. On his return from his visit to the native congregation on Monday, he entered a bath, as was his custom. Soon afterwards he was seized with apoplexy; and when his servant, alarmed at the length of his stay, entered the bathing-room, he found that life was extinct—he had expired in the water. Medical aid was immediately procured, but without effect.

When the news of the deceased prelate's death arrived at Fort St. George, his Excellency the Governor directed that the flag of the garrison should be immediately hoisted half-staff high, and continue so during the day; and that forty-six minute guns, corresponding with the age of the deceased, should be fired from the saluting battery.

THE BISHOP OF CLOYNE.

The Right Rev. Father in God, Charles Mongan Warburton, D.D., Lord Bishop of Cloyne, was born about the year 1755. —We have seen it stated that the original name of this prelate was Mongan —that he was the son of a poor road-way piper in a little village in the north of Ireland—that he was a Roman Catholic, and intended for the priesthood, — that while upon the Continent, whither he had been sent to study in one of those charitable institutions endowed for the education of Roman Catholic priests, before the building of Maynooth College, he was thrown by accident into the society of the Earl of Moira—and that, obtaining that nobleman's favour, he was induced to change his destination from the Roman to the Protestant church. Still under the patronage of Lord Moira, he was, after taking holy orders, appointed chaplain to a regiment in North America, where he married his first wife, a lady particularly recommended by his noble patron. That lady dying soon afterwards, he married his second wife (now his widow), upon which occasion he took the name of Warburton. Secure in the road to wealth and promotion, he became Dean of Armagh, afterwards Bishop of Limerick, and ultimately Bishop of Cloyne. The latter bishopric, the best in the south of Ireland (both as to profit and honor), is said to be worth £7,000 a-year. At Limerick Dr. Warburton was much esteemed for his liberal and courteous manners, and his family held there the first rank in society. His translation to the See of Cloyne produced an addition of £3,000 a-year to his revenue. The accumulation of wealth appears to have been a grand object with the Bishop. At Limerick, from its comparatively gay and expensive society, he was not allowed to indulge that propensity; but from the hour of his arrival at Cloyne, which is a retired situation, he continued rapidly to increase his fortune. He is understood to have left £12,000 amongst his children, three sons and one daughter; one of whom is a Colonel in the army, another a Major, another in the Church, and the daughter married to Archdeacon Maunsel, at Limerick. About twelve months ago the Bishop experienced, in the death of a favourite daughter, a calamity from the effects of which he never fully recovered. Miss Selina Warburton, who died of a decline, brought on, as it is believed, by a misplaced affection, was a particularly amiable and benevolent young woman. Her father allowed her the interest of £25,000, her promised fortune, almost every shilling of which she expended in relieving the wants of the distressed. Her remains were carried to the grave amidst the lamentations of the numerous objects of her bounty; and the whole parish mourned for her as for a public benefactress. That Dr. Warburton should have been devotedly attached to such a daughter is not surprising. From the day of her death he broke in health and spirits—his frequent practice was to visit the grave where she rested—his last instructions were that he should be laid by her side. About a week before his death he came into the church, and paused for some moments in painful silence over the last home of the departed. He marked out the spot where he was soon to lie—pointed to it with his finger, exclaiming "there! there!" raised his hand to the wall immediately over it, and appeared to trace with mournful bitterness of heart, the epitaph that would probably record his virtues and his honours. He then slowly passed away, with his eyes directed to the earth, as though he had taken a last fare-

well of humanity, and entered into a solemn contract with the grave. That very day his disorder increased, he went to his bed of death, and in a week afterwards he was borne to his last home! He died in his palace at Cloyne, on the 9th of August.

CHARLES MILLS, ESQ.

It is our melancholy duty to record the death of this esteemed historian, who, whether considered as a chivalrous chronicler of past times, a man of general information, or an elegant and discriminating critic in Italian literature, stands confessedly in the first rank of authors. To treat of the death of such a man is at all times painful; but when to that is added the recollection of his friendship, the subject becomes doubly embittered. Dismissing, however, all thoughts but those of biographical impartiality from his mind, the writer of the present brief memoir, who was honoured for years with the friendship of Mr. Mills, and knew him in his prouder days of health and happiness, will proceed without further comment to his task.

Mr. C. Mills, the youngest son of the late Samuel Gillam Mills, a surgeon of eminence at Greenwich, was born in the year 1788. He was originally intended for the law, and was even articled, with that view, to an attorney in Berners Street; but his mind, vowed even from childhood to literary fame, like Hannibal to eternal enmity with the Romans, soon shook off the trammels of Coke, Littleton, and Blackstone, and gave itself up unreservedly to the *belles-lettres*. It was about the year 1819 that Mr. Mills first appeared before the public as an historian: his imagination, previously inflamed by a long and close acquaintance with the magnificence of Oriental annals, longed with the usual restlessness of genius to find its level, and a "History of Muhammedanism" was the result. This work, though characterized by deep thought and learning, was yet imperfect in its construction: it was loose, sketchy, and indefinite; and accordingly, in his more matured composition, its author indirectly disclaimed it. His History of the Crusades, which was his second publication, amply fulfilled all the promise shadowed forth in the first, and placed him high among modern historians. This work, taken up *con amore*, and executed with the spirit which an ardent love of the subject would naturally elicit, was no sooner published than its merits were appreciated. The condensed vigour of the style (in some favourite passages exuberant and stately as the language of Gibbon) was its chief recommendation with some; its strict fidelity with others; while all agreed in admiring the clear simplicity with which it was executed: this last was the result of Mr. Mills's long cherished habits of continuous and unbroken meditation. He first conceived a subject well in his mind, scrutinizing it in all its bearings with mathematical severity, and then, after having formed some particular opinion, brought all his immense mass of information to bear upon and justify that opinion, till the fabric grew under his hand a stately monument of intellect. Such a remark refers especially to his "Travels of Theodore Ducas, at the Revival of Letters and Art in Italy"—a work of fiction, full fraught with learning, exhaustless in its variety and extent, yet applied with surprising ingenuity to its subject. The public, however, seemed to underrate Mr. Mills as a commentator on Italian literature, and accordingly, notwithstanding the splendour of particular passages, such as the criticism on Danté, and the account of an interview with Ariosto, the work was comparatively unsuccessful. For a full year subsequent to its publication our historian lay quietly on his oars, till induced by his respectable publishers (Longman and Co.) to undertake a work of gigantic magnitude, *viz.* no less than a history of Rome, from the earliest ages down to the reign of Augustus, an epoch at which Gibbon commences. From some cause or other this work was dropped—notwithstanding that it was a desideratum in literature, inasmuch as the annals of early Rome are scattered in detached fragments over a library, and need condensation in one professed publication—and Mr. Mills then directed his attention to his greatest work, "The History of Chivalry, or Knighthood and its Times." This last had no sooner appeared than it was instantly successful; the first edition sold with almost the rapidity of a Scotch novel, and it was but a few months previous to his death that its author had completed his revision of a second. Whether the mental labour necessary to execute such a task, spread over so vast an extent of time, referring to so many kingdoms, and drawn from sources so difficult and obscure—whether this broke down a frame naturally delicate, we cannot take upon ourselves to say; but certain it is that, shortly after its completion Mr. Mills's health began visibly to decline. For a long time he struggled with his malady, still hoping that his constitution might be finally re-established: but all his expectations were vain; he grew daily worse, and was compelled as a last resource to leave London for Southampton, where, after getting a little better, like the last flickering glimmer of the lamp, his health soon afterwards decayed, and brought him to the grave on Monday, October 9th, at the early age of 38.

So died Charles Mills, a name which, in one respect, as an historian—a deep, profound, eloquent historian—will perish only

with its language. It remains for the public readers of his works to admire the author—for his friends to love also the man. As a literary character, his mind was stored with an almost exhaustless variety of useful and ornamental knowledge; he was a profound divinity scholar, an acute critic, had an admirable acquired taste in poetry, and was acquainted with most ancient and modern languages. He possessed also an elegant relish for the fine arts, and was no mean proficient in music, at least as far as judgment was concerned. With such varied acquirements, aided by a temperate sociality, and gentle kind-hearted address of the purest yet most natural simplicity, it will readily be conceived how great a treat his conversation must have been. Unlike many deep, habitual thinkers, Mr. Mills's mind in company was usually unclouded, alive to every thing that was going forward, so that he was ever ready to take his share in the conversation, free from the too common abstractedness of genius. Nothing was too mean or too mighty for his contemplation; the striking expression of a poet, in whom Mr. Mills could not fail to recognize a kindred intellect, that "the meanest flower that blows" could furnish him with endless food for thought, was particularly applicable to the subject of the present memoir: whose restless, inquisitive mind, freed for ever from the coarse shackles of existence, now for the first time at rest, is perhaps continuing its speculations in a higher and more imaginative state of being.

PIAZZI, THE ASTRONOMER.

Joseph Piazzi, the celebrated astronomer, who discovered the planet Ceres, was born in the Valteline, in the year 1746. He entered into the order of Theolines, in 1764; and after enjoying the professorship of astronomy at Malta, he was made professor at Palermo, in 1781. In 1787, he made several observations in conjunction with Lalande, at the Parisian observatory; afterwards he visited England, to purchase instruments. On his return to Sicily, in the winter of 1789, he superintended the construction of a magnificent observatory at Palermo; and since the completion of that building, his time and attention have been unremittingly engaged in astronomical researches. In the year 1792 and 1794, he published a description of the observatory at Palermo, and of the valuable instruments which it contains.

It was on the 1st of January, 1801, that he discovered the planet Ceres, which led to the discovery of Pallas, Juno, and Vesta. In 1814, he printed a catalogue of 7,500 stars; a work which gained for him the medal founded by Lalande. In 1816, he published at Milan the first volume of the "History of Sicilian Astronomy," and completed his "Elements of Astronomy."

Piazzi has much distinguished himself of late years by his numerous observations on, and discovery of comets. Amongst his labours of a different character, may be mentioned that of his drawing up a "Code of Weights and Measures for Sicily." He died at Naples on the 22d of July, having reached the age of eighty.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The home occurrences of this month are replete from first to last with disappointment. As the season of winter draws on, the fears of the thousand unemployed operatives increase; and their excited imaginations see in the distance (no very great distance, by the way) poverty, famine, and its never-failing trains of pestilence and misery. The subscriptions, so eagerly and so generously raised for the last few months, are now totally exhausted; Government of itself has done little, and promises less; so that the issue, under any circumstances, is alarming. In the interim, however, it is gratifying to state that the utmost tranquillity prevails: not even for an instant, in the very heart of the manufacturing districts, where distress stalks visibly abroad, is there the slightest indication of disaffection, for the calm of stupefaction is spread like a fetter over the thoughts of all. In Manchester, the head-quarters of poverty, where the gaunt phantom hangs out his black ensign of affliction, trade is, if not at a standstill, at least in a state of progression so very imperceptible as scarcely to deserve notice. At Sheffield, however, it is fast reviving; at Leeds also it is daily improving; while Glasgow (always a grumbler) complains less than usual. It is not to be expected that, while commerce thus languishes in a partial paralysis, agriculture could be altogether successful; and accordingly the usual struggle for supremacy has now commenced between the two rivals. The condition of the thousand half-starved operatives calls for reduction in the price of necessaries, among which corn stands paramount; the agriculturist, of course, and the great landowners, are averse to such reduction; and hence, in the ensuing session, the contest will lie between the two interests, and superior political influence (which we fear lies with the landowners) will eventually carry the day. An important meeting on the subject of the corn laws has lately taken place in the City; but as no particular resolutions were adopted—particular at least with regard to novelty or impressiveness—we forbear further mention. Enough to say, that the meeting indicated the temper of the nation; calm, loyal, and submissive,

notwithstanding its unparalleled situation. In the City, also, has been held an important meeting, convened for the purposes of inquiring into the conduct of the Greek committee and those appointed to manage the loan in England, as also to ascertain how far they were or were not guilty of sins of omission or commission. It seems that the loan raised in England for the purpose of assisting the Greek cause, has been tampered with by interested parties, and converted into a mere job (as in the instance of Mr. Ricardo), or put into the hands of a special committee, formed of men who, however honourable in rank and character, were altogether incompetent to the task. And so between both—between knavery on the one side, and ignorance on the other, the Greeks have been brought to the brink of ruin; whereas it was clearly demonstrated at the meeting that, had common management been used, the Morea would now have been unpolluted by the presence of a Turkish despot. With regard to Ireland, parties there are becoming daily, even hourly, more inflamed. Mr. Shiell, the uncompromising advocate of the Catholics, has been hard at work fanning into a flame the expiring embers of disaffection, and striving, by every means in his power, to loosen the bands of intimacy that yet hold the two nations together. One speech of his, delivered, if we remember rightly, at Ballinasloe, positively smelt of blood, as Mr. Scarlett observed, a few years back, of the Queen's addresses. We know not the effect such stimulants, applied at the present juncture, may have on the assemblies to which they are rehearsed, but in England we know the popular opinion is decidedly opposed to any such unwholesome rancour. A British parliament has not yet sunk so low in the scale of independence as to be bullied into submission by a brawling Irish demagogue. Quitting the subject of Mr. Shiell and catholicism, we have to report the frightful increase of those accomplished relations, fever and famine, throughout the sister island. It is really dreadful; the peasantry are perishing wholesale, and not an arm is uplifted to save them. We understand, however, that the state of Ireland will be one of the prominent subjects of consideration at the approaching sessions. Mr. Canning's visit to France has been a fruitful topic of debate among our diplomatists. Some say that a commercial treaty with France is to be immediately set on foot; while others as roundly assert that the visit is merely one of ceremony. For ourselves, as we know nothing, we preserve a profound silence on the subject. With respect to Turkey, affairs go on in a most agitated state; executions hourly increase: ladies are tied up in sacks, and gentlemen in their own breeches, and thus quaintly accoutred, thrown without further ceremony into the sea. The sultan, by all accounts, is a man of fearful energy; and if shedding blood will secure his triumphs, there need be no cause for apprehension. In Russia, or rather on its confines, a disturbance has broken out with Persia, which, after a week's confusion, has settled down into a declaration of war. This, to a speculative mind, will afford ample materials for consideration; and coming so soon after the coronation at Moscow, looks ominous on the part of Nicholas, and silently, but emphatically, proves that he considers a state of peace a state of hazard to his pretensions. With regard to Portugal, a counter-revolution seems to be on the eve of breaking out, which we could only wish was also the case with Spain; but that country, until the arch-fiend Ferdinand is beheaded, can have neither hope nor wish for regeneration.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To J. Rish, Chard, Somerset, for machinery for making bobbin or twist net—Sealed 4th October; 2 months.

To F. Halliday, Esq., Ham, Surrey, for apparatus used in drawing boots on and off—4th October; 6 months.

To T. Jones, Coleman Street, accountant, for improvements on carriage wheels—11th October; 6 months.

To Mr. W. Mills, Hazelhouse, Gloucester, for improvements in fire-arms—18th October; 6 months.

To W. Church, Esq., Birmingham, for improvements in printing—18th October; 6 months.

To S. Pratt, New Bond Street, camp-equipage manufacturer, assisted by a communication from a foreigner abroad, for improvements on beds, bedsteads, couches, &c.—18th October; 6 months.

To W. Busk, Esq., Broad Street, for improvements in propelling boats, ships, and other floating bodies—18th October; 6 months.

To J. Viney, Shanklen, Isle of Wight, colonel Royal Artill., and Mr. G. Pocock, Bristol, for improvements in cars and other carriages, and the application of a power hitherto unused for that purpose to draw the same; also applicable to the drawing of ships, &c., and for raising weights, and for other useful purposes—18th October; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in November 1812, *expire in the present month of November* 1826.

7. Edward Jukes, of Walworth, *im-*

proved shears, denominated an averruncator, for gathering fruit, pruning trees, &c.

26. Joseph Bramah, Pimlico, *improvements in the construction of various parts of wheeled carriages, one of which improvements is applicable to other machinery where a rotatory motion is necessary.*

28. Henry Osborn, of Borderley, near Birmingham, for *a new method of welding and making various kinds of cylinders of iron and steel.*

— Thomas Rogers, of Dublin, for *his method of constructing wheels for carriages.*

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

Mr. Murray has sent forth his list to the world; it announces, for the next publishing season, the titles of thirty-four original works, some of which have been already noticed in our monthly report, and new editions of eleven others.

Mr. Colburn has not yet issued his list, but merely prepared the public for the eight new works he intends publishing this month.

Memoirs of the Life of the Right. Hon. Lord Byron are announced, and report ascribes them to the pen of Sheridan's biographer. Who it is said, is preparing also,

The Letters and Miscellaneous Prose-Works of the Right Hon. Lord Byron.

Travels in the East: Persia, in 2 vols.

Three Months in Ireland. By an English Protestant.

Conway Papers, from the Collection of the Marquess of Hertford, are being arranged for publication, in 5 vols. 8vo., it is said, by the Secretary to the Admiralty.

A portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Rodney is being engraved by Thomson, from a painting by Pickersgill, R.A.; being the twenty-fourth of a series of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

Mr. Smith, of the British Museum, the author of Antiquities of London and Westminster, and other Popular publications, is, we hear, employed upon a new work, which has for its subject the Life and Times of Nollekins, the celebrated sculptor. No one is better calculated to do justice to this matter than Mr. Smith, both from his professional avocations, and from his long and intimate acquaintance with Nollekins; an acquaintance which commenced from infancy, and continued up to the hour of the artist's death.

Dr. Birkbeck announces a Comprehensive and Systematic Display, Theoretical and Practical, of the Steam-Engine, to be published in weekly numbers.

Papers and Collections of Sir Robert Wilmot, Bart., some time Secretary to the Lord-Lieutenants of Ireland; in 3 vols. 8vo.

Mr. A. A. Watts announces his Lyrics of the Heart, with other Poems.

Mr. Charles Butler is preparing the Life of Grotius, and a Succinct Account of the Civil, Ecclesiastical, and Literary History of the Netherlands. Also, a Second Volume of Reminiscences, with a Correspondence between the late Dr. Parr and the Author.

In December will appear, in 2 vols. 8vo. The Plays of Ford, chronologically arranged, and the Text carefully collated and restored. With occasional Notes, and a Biographical and Critical Essay. By William Gifford.

An Improved Dictionary of the Spanish Language, with a corresponding Translation into the English, and from the English into the Spanish, by the Rev. Dr. Joaquin Lorenzo Villanueva, Member of the Royal Academy of Spain, and that of History of Madrid, Canon of Cuenca, Knight of the Royal Order of Charles III, &c. &c, in 2 vols. 4to., is in preparation.

Travels in the Hedjaz, and Description of the Manners and Customs of the Bedouin Arabs, by the late John Lewis Burckhardt, are announced, in 2 vols. 4to., with plates.

Noticias Secretas de America.—The Secret Report on South America, made to the King of Spain, by Don Antonio De Ulloa and Don Jorge Juan, in the original Spanish, edited, with Illustrative Notes, by David Barry, esq., superbly printed in one large vol. royal 4to., with portraits of Ulloa and Juan, is in the press.

Philip Parker King, R.N., announces, in 2 vols. 8vo., with Maps, Charts, Views of interesting Scenery, &c., Voyages of Discovery, undertaken to complete the Survey of the Western Coast of New Holland, between the Years 1817 and 1822.

Capt. F. W. Beechey, R.N., and H. W. Beechey, Esq. are arranging for press, with Plates, Maps, &c., in 4to, Proceedings of the Expedition to explore the Northern Coast of Africa, in 1821 and 1822; comprehending an Account of the Syrtis and Cyrenaica; of the Ancient Cities composing the Pentapolis, and other various existing Remains.

A Winter's Journey through Lapland and Sweden, with Observations on Finmark and its Inhabitants, made during a Residence at Hammerfest, near the North Cape. By Arthur de Capell Brooke, M.A., F.R.S., &c. With Thirty-one Engravings.

In November will appear the Second Volume of the History of the late War in Spain and Portugal. By Robert Southey; who will also publish a Series of Colloquies on the Progress and Prospects of Society. With Engravings, 2 vols. 8vo.

Recollections of Ceylon, including Descriptions of the Pearl Fisheries and Elephant Hunt, and a Journal of a Tour by Land round the Island, by an Officer. 2 vols. post 8vo.; nearly ready.

Captain William Henry Smyth, R.N., K.S.S., F.R.S., F.S.A., and Member of the Astron. Soc. of London, is preparing a Sketch of the Present State of the Island of Sardinia, with numerous Plates by Finden.

An unique edition, of which only 250 copies are printing, in one vol. folio, of The Georgics of Virgil, with Translations into Six Languages:—English, by William Sotheby—Spanish, Juan de Guzman—Italian, Francesco Soave—German, Johann. Heinrich Voss—French, Jacques Delille—and in Modern Greek, by ———. Edited by William Sotheby.

In November will be ready, Manuscript Gleanings, and Literary Scrap-Book; being an Album for the purpose of entering and preserving all Literary Gleanings, &c.; with engraved Title and Vignette.

The Memoirs of the Comic Dramatist O'Keefe will be ready in a few days.

Truckleborough Hall; a satirical novel, in 3 vols., is in the press.

A personal Narrative, entitled The Young Rifleman's Comrade in Military Adventure, Imprisonment and Shipwreck, edited by Goëthe, is nearly ready.

Tales of a Voyager, a work of fiction, is in the press, in 3 vols.

Napoleon in the Other World, in a few days, in French and English.

Uncle Peregrine's Heiress, by Anne of Swansea, is in the press, in 5 vols.

Mr. William Phillips will shortly publish a new and improved Edition of his Outlines of Mineralogy and Geology, for the Use of Young Persons

The Latin Reader, from the Fifth German Edition, by Professor Frederick Jacobs, is in the press.

Edward the Sixth and his Times, an Historic Study for Youth.

The Posthumous Works of the late John Gough, esq., of Kendal, comprizing Letters and Essays on Natural History, and on various important Metaphysical Subjects, are to be published by subscription in two large octavo volumes.

Mr. Stafford, of York, is preparing a Series of Essays on Shakspeare's Female Characters, some of which have already appeared in that elegant work La Belle Assemblée.

A Retrospect of the Ancient World; including a Survey, Ethnical and Ecclesiastical, of the British Islands, by the Rev. William Marriott, is nearly ready.

Among the Literary Annuals preparing against the approach of Christmas, Friendship's Offering, edited by T. K. Hervey, Esq., will have to boast of very high literary merit, as well as of a most splendid Series of Engravings.

The Torr Hill; by the Author of "Brambletye House," 3 vols. post 8vo., in a few days.

Personal Narrative of a Journey from India to

England, in the Year 1824. By Captain the Hon. George Keppel.

Memoirs of the Life of Mrs. Siddons. By James Boaden, Esq. 2 vols. 8vo.

The Vicissitudes of a Soldier's Life in Time of War; or, a Narrative of Occurrences from 1806 to 1815. By John Green, of Louth, late a Soldier in the 68th Durham Light Infantry. 1 vol. 12mo.

Mr. James Jennings informs the public that he has ready for publication by subscription, Ornithologia, or the Birds, a Poem, in Two Parts; with an introduction to their natural history, and copious notes descriptive of the principal Birds, whether distinguished by their forms, colours and habits, or by their songs.

Nearly ready, London Lions for Country Cousins and Friends about Town, with 23 views, a coloured frontispiece, &c.

The new Romance of Paul Jones, by Allan Cunningham, is on the eve of publication.

Next month will be published, with engravings, Specimens of Sacred and Serious Poetry, from Chaucer to the present day; including the Sabbath, &c. of Graham, and Blair's Grave. The whole illustrated by Biographical Notices and Critical Remarks. By John Johnstone.

Mr. Tennant has nearly ready for press a work, entitled Papistry Storm'd; or, the Dingin Down o' the Cathedral.

Nearly ready, Discourses on the Duties and Consolations of the Old. By the Rev. Dr. Belfrage, Falkirk.

In a few days, Mathematical and Astronomical Tables, for the Use of Students in Mathematics, Practical Astronomers, Surveyors, Engineers, and Navigators. By Wm. Galbraith, M.A., Teacher of Mathematics in Edinburgh.

A Sequel to the Diversions of Purley; containing an Essay on English Verbs, with Remarks on Mr. Tooke's Work, and on some Terms employed to denote Soul or Spirit, by John Barclay, is in the press.

Early in November will be published The Revolt of the Bees, a tale in prose.

Dr. Kitchiner, the author of several well-known useful works, is preparing a new edition of his Cook's Oracle for press, with several additions, which will appear before Christmas.

Mr. Churchill, Surgeon, is preparing for the press the second edition of his Treatise on Acupuncturation; which will be illustrated by many additional cases of its immediate success, in Rheumatism, Lumbago, Sciatica, and various other painful affections of the muscles.

In the press, in 1 vol. 12mo., with engraved emblematical frontispiece, Death on the Pale Horse, a treatise illustrative of Revel. vi. 8. By the Rev. John Bruce, of Liverpool.

Time's Telescope for 1827, which will be published with the Almanacks on the 21st November, will exhibit some novel and interesting features, particularly in Entomology and Botany; it will also contain various elegant contributions from eminent living poets.

The Story of a Wanderer, founded upon his recollections of incidents in Russian and Cossack scenes, 1 vol. post 8vo., will appear in a few days.

Thoughts on Domestic Education; the result of experience. By a Mother; Author of Always Happy, Claudine, Hints on the Sources of Happiness. Post 8vo.

German Novelists; a Series of Tales, Romances, and Novels, selected from the most celebrated German writers, with critical and biographical Notices. By the Translator of Wilhelm Meister, and Author of the Life of Schiller; in 4 vols. post 8vo., is nearly ready for publication.

Elements of Chemical Science, intended as an Introduction to the Study of Chemistry, by Edward Turner, M.D. F.R.S.E., Lecturer on Chemistry, and Fellow of the Royal College of Physicians, Edinburgh, will be published in a few weeks, in 1 vol. 8vo.

The Rev. L. Moyes, of Torglen, will soon publish Remarks on the Principal Feature of the Foreign and Domestic Policy of Great Britain, since the year 1793.

Immediately on the meeting of Parliament will be published a Weekly Publication, entitled The Parliamentary Reporter, or Debates in Parliament.

Mr. Bird, author of the Vale of Slaughden; of Machin, on the Discovery of Madeira; of Poetical Memoirs, and the Exile; and of Cosmo, Duke of Tuscany, a Tragedy; has a poem in great forwardness, founded upon, and illustrative of the ancient city of Dunwich.

Poems on Sacred Subjects are about to be published in the Castilian Language. It is said the Queen of Spain is the author.

Dr. Indelicato announces his Translation of the Lady of the Lake into Italian.

The Lives of the Bishops of Winchester is forthcoming, from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Cassan.

The Rev. D. Wilson announces Collections towards a Parochial History of London.

Mr. Williams of Shrewsbury is preparing a Memoir of Matthew Henry, the Expositor of the Bible.

Nearly ready, the Poetical Souvenir, by Kennett and George Dixon, Esqs.; containing Gonzalo and Alcæ, and other poems, embellished with wood-cuts.

Mr. Jolliffe, author of Letters from Palestine, has nearly ready, a Tour from Smyrna, through Albania to Corfu.

A History of the Council of Trent is being compiled from the best authorities.

A novel, by a Lady of Rank, entitled Almack's.

The Author of The English in Italy, who still resides abroad, has transmitted to the press a new work, entitled, Historiettes, or Tales of Continental Life. It may be expected in about a fortnight.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Arnault's Life of Napoleon. 8vo. £1. 1s. bds.

Memoirs of the Life and Times of Lindley Murray. Written by himself; with a preface and continuation by Elizabeth Frank. With portrait of the author, and fac-simile of his writing. 8vo. 9s. bds.

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Britton's Chronological Antiquities. Med. 4to. £6. 12s. 6d., imp. 4to. £11. bds.

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The History of the Reign of Henry the Eighth; comprizing the Political History of the commencement of the English Reformation: being the First Part of the Modern History of England. By Sharon Turner, F.A.S. R.A.L. 4to. £2. 2s. bds.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

The Travels and Discoveries in Northern Africa. By Major Denham, Capt. Clapperton, and the late Dr. Oudney. Second Edition, in 8vo. with 15 plates. £1. 16s. bds.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

During the whole of the last month the atmosphere has been loaded with moisture; and in the metropolis scarcely a day has passed without rain. Within the last few days rain has fallen in torrents. The effects of this state of the air upon the public health have been sufficiently well marked. Fever of a typhoid character has been the prevailing disease of the period. It has proved, in almost all cases, severe and tedious; and, in not a few, fatal. The demands for admission into the London Fever Hospital, at Battle Bridge (a most excellent and useful institution, which cannot be too generally known nor too liberally patronized) have been unusually numerous, considerably exceeding the means of accommodation which the hospital affords. Besides which, cases of fever are to be met with in all our *general* hospitals, in more than their usual proportion. The violence of the fever is generally found to fall on the bowels; but *head-ache* has also proved an urgent symptom, requiring the repeated applications of leeches.

Measles and scarlet fever have been very prevalent among children. Small-pox too, but of a remarkably mild kind, has been met with in all parts of the town; and the reporter has seen many cases of it in persons who had previously been vaccinated. If such a form of small-pox were hereafter to constitute the great bulk of the cases which occur in this island, the disease would soon lose all claim to that character of virulence which it has so long and so deservedly possessed. In fact, it corresponds in name only, with that horrible scourge which in former ages devastated the world, and filled every parent's heart with dread and dismay. A mild and perfectly safe disease, creating but little uneasiness to the patient, and passing off in the course of ten days, it would be placed on a par with the nettle-rash, and other minor eruptive disorders, and would no

longer become an object of public anxiety. But alas, it is doubtful whether this fond expectation will ever be realized. The experience of preceding years has been such as must necessarily infuse great caution into all our reasonings and conjectures concerning the probable fate of small-pox. We may, perhaps, live to see it again raising its head among the dangerous epidemics of the day, and struggling with its great enemy, vaccination, for the mastery of our features and our lives.

A few cases of bronchial inflammation have shewn themselves during the last month, occurring chiefly in those who had strong predisposition to the complaint from repeated prior attacks. In all instances, however, which have fallen under the reporter's observation, the symptoms have speedily yielded to the loss of a few ounces of blood, and the employment of a common expectorant of julap. A few cases of mild pleurisy have also been noticed.

Among the *chronic* disorders of the past month, stomach complaints have been particularly prevalent. The reporter has met with a succession of cases, in which the most distressing *pain* of the stomach has occurred, especially towards evening, preventing sleep, and creating no inconsiderable alarm in the patient's mind. In some of these the reporter has obtained decided benefit from the application of leeches to the pit of the stomach; but the greater number have been completely relieved by the use of internal remedies, calculated to dislodge offending matters from the stomach, and to lull the sensibility of the gastric nerves. A combination of blue pill, with extract of hemlock or henbane, followed by an occasional dose of rhubarb, and a steady perseverance in the use of a mixture containing æther and laudanum, has generally answered every expectation. One or two patients have experienced great relief from the use of the compound decoction of aloes (the baume de vie); and a few obstinate cases have yielded at length to the subnitrate of bismuth—a remedy of most unquestionable efficacy in complaints of this nature.

A singular case, which, though not under the reporter's immediate care, was frequently seen by him in its progress, has at length terminated, and a short notice of it cannot be unacceptable. About the end of June last, a boy twelve years of age, residing in May Fair, was eating some cherries, when, by an unlucky accident, the stone of one slipped into the windpipe, and occasioned the most incessant and violent fits of coughing. No effort, however, dislodged it, and twelve days afterwards, when he came under medical superintendance, it was clearly ascertained that the cherry-stone had imbedded itself in a portion of the upper lobe of the left lung, and that inflammation of a portion of that lung was taking place around it. The strictest antiphlogistic measures were pursued. Blood was taken from the arm occasionally, as the symptoms demanded it, and the most perfect quiet of body was enforced. Under this system of management, the cherry-stone became the centre of a small abscess, which in about six weeks burst, the expectorated matter bringing up with it the cause of the mischief, to the complete relief of the young patient. In the course of another month the boy recovered his flesh and strength, and he is now restored to his former health. Similar cases are on record, but probably there was never one in which the exact condition of the patient was more accurately ascertained, nor the principles of treatment better known, or more vigorously followed up.

Among the individual cases of interest which have occurred in the reporter's practice during the preceding month, may be mentioned a case of *active* or acute dropsy, occurring in the person of a stout labouring man, and very strongly marked in all its features, which gave way, in the most gratifying manner, to one full bleeding, with a succession of active aperients continued for the space of a week.

A case of that singular disease, *shingles*, is now under the reporter's care, arising, as most cases of a like kind appear to do, from fatigue of body and anxiety of mind. It is running the usual course, uninfluenced, indeed, by medical treatment, but at the same time unaccompanied by any symptoms which would warrant the adoption of active measures.

GEORGE GREGORY, M.D.

8, Upper John-street, Golden-square, October 23, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

ON general topics we have little to add to the information conveyed in our last month's report. The pith of that little is, to caution the public against partial and anomalous accounts of the late crops, and of the stock of bread corn on hand. As well might be expected, all country correspondents draw their intelligence from their own farms, the markets which they frequent, and the general appearances throughout that district or circle in which they reside. The real state of the case, however, must be sought, and can only be found, in a judicious *average* of those. There is something magical in that term which reminds us of the *system* of averages (as we have long had reason to know)

the most convenient and manageable, and that has always worked well; and under the present excitement, and in the present state of things, might be made to work equally well throughout the country, as in towns or in the metropolis. It is at no rate clear to us that the ports would have opened for wheat had the Ministers stood neuter on the occasion.

The present has been both one of the latest and the earliest wheat seed seasons within our recollection. In parts of the early districts, where we have seen wheat sown in the last days of August, the state of the land, from drought, retarded that process full a month: on the other hand, the fine and friable tilth to which the rains had suddenly reduced the lands in the southerly and easterly counties, where a later practice is expedient and customary, induced the farmer to take Old Time by the forelock, and, perhaps, to be somewhat too adventurous. Should a mild winter succeed, we shall see those rich early-sown soils *grass-proud* by Christmas. But it is impossible to guard against or provide for all contingencies; and, take it throughout, our wheat seed season is equal in good fortune, and, as regards the present general practice, we really believe, in good conduct, to the previous harvest. That, surely, is saying enough. Early in next month this most important business will, no doubt, be generally completed. The young wheats never looked finer or more promising, nor ever got out of the ground quicker, as far as we have seen. The thinnest and worst in present appearance are those prematurely sown on the rough and clodded surface of clay lands, before they had received moisture sufficient to render them friable and sound. However, if the plants stand this, they will have plenty of room to tillow; but as such lands were perhaps universally broad-cast, with no lack in quantity of seed, there ought to be good store of plants, if not an even crop.

A stronger contrast can scarcely be imagined than that between the late arid, barren, and continental appearance of our grass lands and their present luxuriance and beautiful verdure, in this warm and delightful autumn. Wherever we look around, we may, with the utmost truth and exultation, vociferate with the London hawking gardeners, "all a-growing! all a-growing!" There is a universal second crop of grass, and on the really gramineous soils, a very thick bottom: and it is held by some husbandmen, that the autumnal grass which springs after a droughty season, is of superior quality to after-grass in general. A similar verdict may be given in favour of all the sown grasses, and of the various green crops intended for spring provision—rye, winter barley, rape and cole, winter tares, and swathes of self-sown oats and barley. A considerable portion of the turnips sown in season, and which survived the drought, will produce a crop. The fate of the latter sown will depend entirely on the continuance of open weather; a few sharp frosts will render them totally useless. The *mangel wurzel*, with the name of which our farmers of twenty years past made themselves so merry at market-dinners, styling it, in derision, "the wuzzely fuzzely root," has at length got the laugh against them, and much to their profit. It has withstood the drought far better than the turnips; the roots, however, are necessarily much lighter and less succulent than in a genial season. On the whole, the root crops, however favourable the season, must be considerably deficient. Probably, the cabbage culture, on strong lands, has been much neglected of late years. The present writer, after many essays, has never been able to preserve a stack of cabbages, which is said to be successfully practised on the Continent: the only successful plan is to choose a hardy species; to make use of as great a quantity as possible, previously to the setting-in of the frost; and to leave the remainder to take their chance in the field, whence they may be taken for use, in deep snows, when no turnips can be come at. Potatoes, however injured during their growth, will prove a sufficient supply, in point of quantity; and the crop may be fairly divided into halves—the one mealy and fine, the other fit only for pigs and for the admirers of potatoe-fed pork.

To recur to the distress for cattle food, during the late season: we will not say it seems strange, being a matter in course, but most improvident and negligent, that the culture of *lucerne* is so little known or in use, upon light loams, and those soils on which it succeeds. From the depth in the soil to which its roots penetrate, it resists drought beyond any other grass, retaining its luxuriance and verdure when all other grasses are burned up. This quality surely ought to be held inestimable, and to enforce its constant culture on all proper soils. In fact, every prudent farmer, as he insures his property against risk by fire, should likewise, as far as the nature of the case will admit, insure his future crops against atmospheric risk, and his live stock against starvation. Thus, a number of acres of lucerne, in proportion to the extent of the farm, should be constantly under culture, as an insurance crop. And considering the variety of soils, and on the ground of a necessity for an addition to this species of crop, Mr. Lawrence, with the assistance of Mr. Gibbs, late Seedsman to the Board of Agriculture, is endeavouring to revive the culture of the *Melilot* trefoil, a very hardy and productive shrub, in present use on the Continent, succeeding to a certain degree, on all soils, even the most barren; eaten green or dry by all live stock, and particularly affected by the horse. The carrot and parsnip culture is far too limited, even on the best-adapted soils; a store of those roots for spring use is invaluable.

Should fortune send us a mild and grass-growing winter, it will indeed prove a "hedge" to the farming interest, as the reverse will occasion many an aching heart. From the scarcity of fodder, of hay, and of roots, a hard winter will render the support of

live stock and the preparing them for market most expensive, and flesh meat proportionally dear; adding infinitely to the difficulty of employment and support of the labourers, under the present system of pauperism, however induced. These apprehensions necessarily reduce the price of all live stock, affording indeed a fine opportunity for that fortunate class of purchasers who hold a sufficient fund of provision. The stock of wool in the country is immense, awaiting the revival of manufacture. Notwithstanding a considerable fall in the price of wheat, bread in the metropolis has by no means yet fallen in proportion. An immense and annually increasing population (and more especially should so just and necessary an improvement take place, as that the habitually starving part of it should be better fed), will infallibly absorb all possible supply; whence the dread entertained of a free corn trade will at last prove a mere panic. Great numbers, however, of the farming class are getting over that apprehension, a circumstance which has been mistaken for apathy in them, and a neglect of their own interest. The loss of animals from eating slips of yew and box, an occurrence centuries old, and reviving in some quarter or other, at least triennially, seems to partake more of heedless and stupid neglect than of real misfortune; and the almost diurnal advertisement of horses stolen, in the absence of all precaution, together with the successful boldness of gangs of thieves (a regular profession in England) at our fairs, savour no little of the ludicrous.

Smithfield.—Beef, 4*s.* 6*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 8*d.* to 4*s.* 0*d.*——Veal 4*s.* 4d. to 5*s.* 0*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 8*d.* to 5*s.* 6*d.*—Dairy 6*s.*—Raw Fat, 2*s.* 8*d.* per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 45*s.* to 68*s.*—Barley, 33*s.* to 44*s.*—Oats, 25*s.* to 38*s.*—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9*d.*—Hay, 60*s.* to 115*s.*—Clover, ditto 70*s.* to 130*s.* Straw, 32*s.* to 40*s.*

Coals in the Pool, 26*s.* 3*d.* to 37*s.*

Middlesex, October 23*d*, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Cotton.—The market continues very dull, both in London and Liverpool. Surats 5*d.* to 5⅞*d.*—Bengals, 4¾*d.* to 5¾*d.*, good 6*d.* per lb.—Paras and Egyptian, 8*d.* to 8½*d.*—West India, 6¼*d.* to 10*d.* per lb.—New Orleans, 7*d.* to 9*d.*—Madras and Bengals, 4½*d.* to 6*d.* per lb.—Bourbon, 9*d.* to 12*d.* per lb.

Coffee.—Steady in the market, remain 40*s.* to 90*s.* per cwt.—Dominica, 30*s.* to 72*s.*—Berbice, Demerara, &c. 50*s.* to 78*s.*—Mocha, 60*s.* to 120*s.* per cwt.

Sugar.—The holders of Muscovado have submitted to a farther reduction of price.—Jamaicas, 54*s.* to 72*s.*—Demerara, St. Kitt's, &c. 52*s.* to 70*s.* per cwt.—Refined goods, dull for exportation, and prices nominal at present; but ere Christmas, prices will no doubt advance.

Rum—remains steady: Jamaica, 2*s.* 10*d.* to 4*s.* on bond, per imperial gallon.—Leeward Islands, 2*s.* 3*d.* to 2*s.* 6*d.*—Strong, 2*s.* 8*d.* per gallon.

Tea.—The next sale at the India House is declared for Tuesday, 5th December, prompt 2d March 1827.

Bohea	lbs.	600,000
Congou, &c.	do.	5,450,000
Twankay, &c.	do.	130,000
Hyson	do.	250,000
		7,600,000 including Private Trade.

Spices—continue dull, without variation, since our last.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market rather heavy; Yellow Candle, 38*s.* 6*d.* to 39*s.* Hemp advancing, and Flax without alteration.

Oil.—No alteration since our last.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp. 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 65. — Bourdeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 151⅛.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34.—Cadiz, 34¾.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.—Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 43.—Leghorn, 47½—Genoa, 43¾.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38¼.—Palermo, 114¼.—Lisbon, 48¾.—Oporto, 48¼.—Rio Janeiro, 43½.—Bahia, 43½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 0*s.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9*d.*—Silver in bars, standard 4*s.* 11*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE BROTHERS, *23, Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Barnsley CANAL, 280*l.*—Birmingham, 257*l.*—Derby, 200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 100½*l.*—Erewash, 0.—Forth and Clyde, 590.—Grand Junction, 271*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 382*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 800*l.*—Neath, 335*l.*—Oxford, 650*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 750*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.*

—Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, 2½*l.* dis.—Guardian, 15½*l.* — Hope, 4*l.* 6*s.* —Sun Fire, 0*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 50*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 157*l.*—British, 12*l.* dis.—Leeds, 0.—Liverpool, 0.

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

Lord Viscount Palmerston, His Majesty's Secretary at War, has appointed L. Sullivan, Esq. to be his Deputy.

2 *Life Gu.*—Sir J. Ogilvy, Corn. and Sub-Lt. by purch., v. R. H. Beaumont, who rets., 21 Aug.

R. Horse Gu.—Corp. — Shirley, Qu. Mast., v. J. Varley, who rets., 14 Sept.

1 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. G. H. Thompson, Lt. by purch., v. Davies prom.; Ens. E. C. H. Wilkie, from 5 F., Corn. by purch., v. Thompson, both 5 Oct.

2 *Dr. Gu.*—Capt. W. R. Soulsby, Maj. by purch., v. Rogers prom.; Lt. C. B. Pitman, Lt. by purch., v. Smith; Ens. F. Dobson, from 71 F., Corn. by purch., v. Pitman, all 26 Sept.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—Serj. Maj. W. Martin, Adj., with rank of Corn., v. Bolton prom. in 11 F., 31 Aug.

4 *Dr. Gu.*—Lt. H. Penleaze, from h. p., Lt., v. E. E. Dayrell, who exch., rec. dif., 28 Sept.

6 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. H. E. Jerningham, Lt. by purch., v. Hay prom., 19 Sept.

7 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. and Riding-mast. J. Hely, rank of Lt.; Regimental Serj. Maj. J. Johnson, Qu. Mast., v. H. Langshaw, who rets. upon h. p., both 14 Sept.

4 *L. Dr.*—Corn. C. Villiers, Lt. by purch., v. Parlby prom., 14 Sept.; Corn. and Adj. J. Harrison, rank of Lt., 13 Aug. 25; Corn. and Riding-mast. J. Henley, from 5 Dr. Gu , Corn., v. Villiers prom., 5 Oct.

7 *L. Dr.*—Maj. J. J. Frazer, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Thornhill, who rets.; Capt. Hon. G. B. Molyneaux, Maj. by purch., v. Fraser; Lt. W. A. Broadhead, Capt. by purch., v. Molyneaux; Corn. R. Doyne, Lt. by purch., v. Broadhead; R. Cheslyn, Corn. by purch., v. Doyne, all 28 Sept.

12 *L. Dr.*—Capt. D. T. Cunynghame, from h. p., Capt., v. W. Parlby, who exch., rec. dif., 28 Sept.

13 *L. Dr.*—F. Thorold, Corn. by purch., v. Christie prom., 3 Oct.; Staff As. Surg. T. G. Stephenson, As. Surg., v. J. Gibson placed upon h. p., 25 Sept.; J. L. Moilliet, Corn. by purch., v. Benson prom., 5 Oct.

15 *L. Dr.*—Capt. E. Studd, Maj. by purch., v. Byam prom.; Lt. A. Wathen, Capt. by purch., v. Studd; Corn. G. P. Bushe, Lt. by purch., v. Wathen, all 26 Sept.; A. J. Wood, Corn. by purch., v. Bushe prom., 28 Sept.

17 *L. Dr.*—Corn. S. J. W. F. Welch, Lt. by purch., v. Dungan prom , 19 Sept.; L. Ames, Corn. by purch., v. Welch prom., 3 Oct.

1 or *Gr. F. Gu.*—Lt. Col. E. Clive, from h. p., Capt. and Lt. Col., v. H. Stables, who exch., 25 Sept.; Lt. E. P. D. Radcliffe, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Johnstone, prom., 3 Oct.; C. Hulse, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Radcliffe, 3 Oct.

Coldstr. F. Gu.—R. Vansittart, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Manningham, who rets., 21 Sept.; Capt. G. W. Stewart, from h. p., Lt. and Capt., v. H. Murray, who exch., rec. dif., 5 Oct.

1 *F.*—E. T. Palmer, Ens. by purch., v. Neville prom., 21 Sept.; Staff As. Surg. J. M'Andrew, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

2 *F.*—Lt. S. Bruce, from h. p. 53 F., Lt., v. Walsh app. to 50 F., 25 Sept.; Hosp. As. J. Poole, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

3 *F.*—As. Surg. J. Patterson, from 52 F., As. Surg., v. Ivory prom., 28 Sept.

5 *F.*—Ens. E. C. H. Wilkie, from h. p., Ens., v. Dodd prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. G. Allan, from h. p., Capt., v. A. Champain who exch., rec. dif., 25 Sept.; Capt. G. W. Buller, from h. p., Capt., v. F. G. Drewry, who exch., rec. dif.; W. P. Jones, Ens. by purch., v. Wilkie app. to 1 Dr. Gu., both 5 Oct.

6 *F.*—Capt. O. Barwell, from h. p., Capt., v. Rogers prom., 14 Sept.; Hosp. As. W. Stewart, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

8 *F.*—Ens. J. Longfield, Lt. by purch., v. Hawke prom.; G. Murphy, Ens. by purch., v. Longfield, both 26 Sept.; C. B. Caldwell, Ens. by purch., v. May prom., 10 Oct.

10 *F.*—Ens. T. H. Franks, Lt. by purch., v. Tait prom., 26 Sept.; G. Staunton, Ens. by purch., v. Franks prom., 5 Oct.

12 *F.*—R. England, Ens. by purch., v. Schneider prom., 14 Sept.

13 *F.*—2d Lt. A. Grierson, from 60 F., Ens., v. Cromie, who exch., 27 Sept.; Hosp. As. J. S. Chapman, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

14 *F.*—Ens. T. H. Tidy, Lt. by purch., v. Cockell prom. in 2 F.; 2d Lt. E. Chambers, from 60 F., Ens., v. Tidy; Hosp. As. R. Battersby, As. Surg., all 28 Sept.

15 *F.*—T. Cronyn, Ens. by purch., v. Cooke prom., 26 Sept.

17 *F.*—Lt. J. A. Edwards, Capt. by purch., v. Pratt prom.; Ens. J. Darley, Lt. by purch., v. Edwards; C. Steele, Ens. by purch., v. Darley, all 3 Oct.

19 *F.*—Ens. G. Williamson, Lt. by purch., v. Sterling prom., Hosp. As. T. Williams, As. Surg., both 28 Sept.

20 *F.*—Capt. C. C. Taylor, from h. p., Capt., v. Garrett prom., 19 Sept.; Hosp. As. A. Wood, As. Surg., 28 Sept.; Ens. T. Burke, Lt., v. Pitts app. to 72 F.; W. Houston, Ens., v. Burke, both 5 Oct.

21 *F.*—Capt. M. Beresford, Maj. by purch., v. Doherty prom.; Lt. E. R. Hill, Capt. by purch., v. Beresford; 2d Lt. W. H. Armstrong, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Hill; D. Gregory, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Webber prom., all 26 Sept.; R. G. Williams, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Armstrong prom., 3 Oct.

22 *F.*—As. Surg. T. Murray, from 2 W. I. Regt., As. Surg., 28 Sept.

24 *F.*—J. M. Stack, Ens. by purch., v. Leslie prom., 26 Sept.

29 *F.*—Ens. P. S. Fitzgerald, Lt. by purch., v. Beil, prom.; W. D. Humphreys, Ens. by purch., v. Fitzgerald, both 17 Oct.

30 *F.*—Hosp. As. S. Dickson, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

31 *F.*—Hosp. As. J. Casement, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

32 *F.*—Lt. A. S. Reoch, Capt. by purch., v. Oliver prom.; Ens. A. Trevelyan, Lt. by purch., v. Reoch, both 10 Oct.

35 *F.*—Capt. J. J. Anderson, from Paym. of 89 F., Capt., v. Green prom., 20 Sept.; J. N. Blood, Ens. by purch , v. Maxwell prom., 14 Sept.; Br. Lt. Col. H. T. Shaw, from h. p., Maj., v. Sutherland prom., 19 Sept.; Capt. G. Teulon, Maj. by purch., v. Shaw prom.; Capt. E. K. S. Butler, from h. p., Capt., v. Teulon, both 17 Oct.

36 *F.*—Capt. G. Knox, from h. p., Capt., v. J. Vincent, who exch., rec. dif., 25 Sept.; Capt. J. Meade, from h. p., Capt., paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. C. Bayley, who exch., 5 Oct.

37 *F.*—E. Willis, Ens. by purch., v. Orde prom. in 41st F., 21 Sept.

38 *F.*—Hosp. As. J. S. Graves, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

40 *F.*—Lt. W. Williams, from 57 F., Lt., v. Moore, who exch., 18 Sept.

41 *F.*—Ens. R. S. Orde, from 37 F., Lt. by purch., v. Hay app. to 27 F., 25 Sept.; Hosp. As. W. Smith, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

43 *F.*—Capt. C. A. Wrottesley, from h. p., Capt., v. Champ prom., 19 Sept.

44 *F.*—Hosp. As. A. Smith, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

45 *F.*—Hosp. As. L. Leslie, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

46 *F.*—Hosp. As. A. Urquhart, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

47 *F.*—Hosp. As. S. Lightfoot, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

48 *F.*—Lt. R. Hughes, from h. p. 30 F., Lt., v. E. King, who exch., 14 Sept.; Hosp. As. J. Fitzgerald, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

50 *F.*—Ens. H. Reynolds, from h. p., Ens., v. E. Burton, who exch. rec. diff., 14 Sept.; Lt. W. Walsh, from 3 F., Lt., v. R. Williams, who rets. on h. p. 53 F., 25 Sept.; Serj. Maj. W. White, from Coldstream F. Gu., Adj., with rank of Ens., v. Gill prom., 5 Oct.

52 *F.*—J. A. Vigors, Ens. by purch., v. Matthew prom., 19 Sept.

53 *F.*—Capt. P. Hill, from h. p., Capt., v. Gardner, who exch., 18 Sept.

54 *F.*—Hosp. As. J. Brydon, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

56 *F.*—Paym. E. Edmonds, from h. p. R. Vet. Bat., Paym., v. J. Finniss, ret. on h. p., 14 Sept.; Capt. D. W. Barclay, from h. p., Capt., paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Barrington prom., 10 Oct.

57 *F.*—Ens. — Shadforth, Lt. by purch., v. Gray prom.; J. Wood, Ens. by purch., v. Shadforth, both 10 Oct.; Lt. G. Moore, from 40 F., Lt., v. Williams, who exch., 18 Sept.

59 *F.*—Hosp. As. J. Strath, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

60 *F.*—2d Lt. C. H. Spence, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Fothergill prom.; Ens. St. G. Cromie, from 13 F.,

Lt., v. Grierson, who exch.; E. M. Haworth, Lt. by purch., v. Spence, all 28 Sept.

61 *F.*—Ens. J. J. Burslem, Lt. by purch., v. Blunt prom.; H. Vicars, Ens. by purch., v. Burslem, both 26 Sept.

66 *F.*—T. G. Armstrong, Ens. by purch., v. Herbert prom., 10 Oct.

68 *F.*—Capt. H. R. Ferguson, from h. p. 20 L. Dr., Capt., repaying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Elliot prom., 21 Sept.; Ens. J. North, from Cape Corps, Ens., v. Johnstone prom., 10 Oct.

69 *F.*—Maj. Sir C. Cuyler, Lt. Col. by purch., v. Muttlebury, who rets.; Maj. J. Peel, from h. p., Maj., v. Cuyler, both 3 Oct.

70 *F.*—B. Swan, Ens. by purch., v. Trollope prom., 10 Oct.; Ens. E. Kirwan, Lt. by purch., v. Jelf prom., 17 Oct.

71 *F.*—Ens. E. M. White, Lt. by purch., v. Connor prom., 19 Sept.; W. Speer, Ens. by purch., v. Dobson app. to 2 Dr. Gu., 26 Sept.

72 *F.*—Lt. Col. C. G. J. Arbuthnot, from h. p., Lt. Col., paying dif. to h. p. fund, v. F. Calvert, who exch., 25 Sept.; Ens. T. E. Lacy, Lt. by purch., v. Garthshore prom., 3 Oct.; C. Thursby, Ens. by purch., v. Lacy, 3 Oct.

81 *F.*—Capt. W. H. L. Brooke, from h. p., Capt. v. J. Sisson, who exch., rec. dif., 14 Sept.

82 *F.*—W. F. Tavernier, Ens. by purch., v. Maxwell prom., 28 Sept.

84 *F.*—Hosp. As. W. T. Rankin, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

86 *F.*—C. O'Callaghan, Ens. by purch., v. Caldwell prom.; Hosp. As. T. Beaven, As. Surg., both 28 Sept.

87 *F.*—Hosp. As. H. Marshall, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

89 *F.*—Lt. J. Glover, from h. p. 12 F., Lt., v. J. L. Molony, who exch., 14 Sept.; Ens. E. S. Miles, Lt. by purch., v. Dougan, who rets.; M. Pole, Ens. by purch., v. Miles, both 21 Sept.; Hosp. As. H. Carline, As. Surg., 28 Sept.

90 *F.*—Capt. T. S. Beckwith, from h. p., Capt., v. G. D. Cranfield, who exch., rec. dif., 14 Sept; Ens. F. Eld, Lt. by purch., v. White prom., 26 Sept.; Ens. H. H. Cuming, Lt. by purch., v. Popham prom., 28 Sept.; E. P. Gilbert, Ens. by purch., v. Cuming, 28 Sept.; M. Geale, Ens. by purch., v. Eld prom., 29 Sept.

96 *F.*—Capt. B. Scott, from h. p. 25 L. Dr., Paym., v. Furlong app. to 2 Dr. Gu., 5 Oct.

Rifle Brigade.—2d Lt. R. Walpole, 1st Lt. by purch, v. Maister prom.; H. Davidson, 2d Lt. by purch.; v. Walpole, both 26 Sept.; Maj. J. Logan, from h. p., Maj., v. Fullarton prom., 10 Oct.

2 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. R. N. Bluett, from h. p. 69 F., Capt., v. Smith app. to 11 F.; Ens. J Brennan, Lt., v. Nicholls dec.; J. Macfarland, Ens. v. Brennan, all 14 Sept.; Hosp. As. J. Ewing, As. Surg., v. Murray app. to 22 F., 28 Sept.

Regt. of Artillery.—1st Lt. C. Otway, Adj., v. Hunt prom., 4 Feb.; 2d Lt. J S. Farrell, 1st Lt., v. Otway, 11 July

R. Engineers.—*To be Lts.* J. Cromie, J. Williams, E. W. Durnford. E. T. Lloyd, H. James, W. Robinson, T. R. Mould, G. Wynne, J. Lynn, all 22 Sept.

Brevet.—H. Wheatley, late Capt. and Lt. Col. in 1 or Gr. F. Gu., Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; R. Nixon, late Maj. and Lt. Col. in 1 F., ditto; G. O'Halloran. late Maj. and Lt. Col. on h. p. 4 F., ditto; all 14 Sept.; Capt. W. Ferns, 89 F., Maj. in army, 27 May 25; R. Diggens, late Lt. Col. in 11 L. Dr., rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only, 21 Sept. 26; C. Irvine, late Maj. of 6 Dr., rank of Maj. on Continent of Europe only; C. M. Graham, late Maj. of 88 F., ditto, both 21 Sept.; P. O. Boulger, late Maj. in 2 R. Vet. Bat., rank of Maj. on Continent of Europe only, 28 Sept.; H. Roberts, late of 3 F., rank of Lt. Col. on Continent of Europe only; M. M'Pherson, late upon h. p., rank of Maj. ditto; Capt. C. Bayley, 36 F., Commandant of Island of Gozo, local rank of Maj. in Mediterranean only, all 5 Oct.

Garrisons.—Gen. W. Knollys, Governor of Limerick, v. Maj. Gen. Fawcett dec.; Col. Sir G. Elder, Lt. Gov. of St. John's, Newfoundland, v. Gen. Knollys, both 4 Oct.

Hospital Staff.—*To be Inspector of Hosps.:* Br. Inspec. W. W. Fraser, 13 July—*To be Assist. Surg. to forces:* As. Surg. J. Trigance, from h. p. 67 F., v. Parken app. to 17 L. Dr., 6 Sept.—*To be Hosp. Assists. to forces:* R. J. C. Grant, v. As. Surg. Young app. to 50 F.; W. H. Watts, v. As. Surg. Fenton dec., both 7 Sept.; F. Goodwin, v. Bogg dec., 14 Sept.; J. W. Moffat, v. As. Surg. Cunningham, placed upon h. p.; M. J. M. Ross, v. As. Surg. Rolston dec., both 28 Sept.; J. D. Walker, v. Geddes prom., 5 Oct.

Unattached.—*To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch.* Maj. W. Rogers, from 2 Dr. Gu.; Maj. E. Byam, from 15 L. Dr.; Maj. R. Doherty, from 21 F., all 26 Sept.; Br. Lt. Col. H. T. Shaw, from 35 F., 17 Oct.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.* Capts. J. Pratt, from 17 F.; Capt. G. Johnstone from 1 or Gr. F. Gu., both 3 Oct.; Capt. H. S. Olivier, from 32 F., 10 Oct.; Capt. H. Knight, from 8 L. Dr., 17 Oct.—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.* Lt. F. White, from 90 F.; Lt. Hon. H. S. Law, from 1 Life Gu.; Lt. J. Maister, from Rifle Brig.; Lt. Hon. S. Hawke, from 3 F.; Lt. R. Blunt, from 61 F.; Lt. T. Tait, from 10 F., all 26 Sept.; Lt. A. Davies, from 1 Dr. Gu.; Lt. P. Chalmers, from 3 Dr. Gu.; Lt. J. M. Garthshore, from 72 F., all 3 Oct.; Lt. G. B. Sutherland, from 46 F.; Lt. E. Macpherson, from 1 F.; Lt. P. Gray, from 57 F.; Lt. Hon. R. F. Greville, from 17 L. Dr., all 10 Oct., Lt. H. Jelf, from 70 F.; Lt. Sir W. Scott, from 2 Life Gu.; Lt. B. Kerr, from 1 F.; Lt. J. Steuart, from 47 F.; Lt. H. Bell, from 29 F.; Lt. D. C. C. Elwes, from 1 Dr. Gu., all 17 Oct —*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.* Corn. G. J. Christie, from 13 L. Dr.; Corn. D. Burges, from 16 L. Dr., both 3 Oct.; Ens. C. Trollope, from 70 F.; Ens. C. Herbert, from 66 F.; Ens. G. Johnstone, from 68 F.; Ens. J. May, from 8 F., all 10 Oct.—*To be Ens. by purch.* G. Smith; H. S. Blake, v. Caldwell, whose app. has not taken place, 10 Oct.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Lt. Col. G. Roby, marines; Lt. Col. C. Baron Maydell, 3 Huss. King's Germ. Leg.; Lt. Col. L. Baron Bussche, 5 Line Bat. King's Germ. Leg.; Capt. H. Eyre, Staff Capt.; Capt. M. Blake, 36 F.; Capt. L. F. Desvignes, 8 W. I. Regt.; Capt. G. Woodroffe, York Rangers; Capt. A. B. Dennistoun, 5 Dr.; Capt. A. J. Guitiera, Corsican Rangers, all 26 Sept.; Maj. H. B. Lane, R. Artil.; Paym. J. Home, 93 F.; Capt. J. Nicholson, ret. list 5 R. Vet. Bat.; Capt. A. Barton, 39 F.; Lt. E. G. Winbolt, 15 F.; Lt. C. Minter, 21 F., all 3 Oct.; Maj. E. C. Wilford, Artil.; Capt. W. H. Temple, 52 F.; Capt. W. Count Linsengen (Lt. Col.), 1 Huss. King's Germ. Leg.; Capt. T. Prater, 5 W. I. Regt.; Capt. A. de Sury, Roll's Regt.; Lt. W. Medlicott, 67 F.; Lt. J. Power, 50 F.; Lt. T. Abbot, 63 F.; Lt. T. M. Perrin, 90 F., all 10 Oct.; Lt. Col. R. Halyburton, ret. list 7 R. Vet. Bat.; Maj. T. V. Straubenzee, R. Artil.; Capt J. Murray, 91 F.; Capt. A. De la Breteche, Chass. Britanniques; Capt. N. Freer, New Brunsw. Fenc.; Capt. G. C. Colclough, 103 F.; Capt. R. Mackintosh, Portug. Officers, all 17 Oct.

Unattached.—The undermentioned officers, having brevet rank superior to their regimental Commissions, have accepted promotion on h. p., according to G. O. of 25 April 1826.—*To be Lt. Cols. of Inf.* Br. Lt. Col. W. G. Moore, from 1 or Gr. F. Gu., and Br. Maj. E. P. Ruckley, from ditto, both 26 Sept.; Br. Lt. Col. J. Fullarton, from Rifle Brig., 10 Oct.; Br. Lt. Col. A. Rumpler, from 60 F., 17 Oct.—*To be Majs. of Inf.* Br. Maj. J. Winklerr, from 1 W. I. Regt.; Br. Maj P. Macdougall, from 25 F.; Br. Maj. R. Barrington, from 56 F.; Br. Maj. P. M'Pherson, from 35 F., all 10 Oct.; Br. Maj. G. Hillier, from 74 F., 17 Oct.

The name of the gent. app. to an Ensigncy in 26 F. is J. W. Bathe, and not J. W. Battie, as formerly stated.

The app. of Mr. E. Willis to an Ensigncy by purch., in 63 F., as formerly stated, has not taken place.

The app. of Mr. C. Dunbar to be Ens. in 87 F., should be without purch., and not by purch., as formerly stated.

The app. of Lt. C. Buchanan from h. p. York Rangers, to 35 F., stated to have taken place in April last, has been cancelled.

The app. of Serj. Maj. Pollock, from R. Marines, to be Adj. in 56 F., with rank of Ens., stated to have taken place on 3d Sept., has been cancelled.

The app. of Capt. W. Chalmers, from h. p. 52 F. to be Capt. in 46th F., stated to have taken place on 8th June last, has been cancelled.

The app. of Lt. W. Gordon, from h. p. York L. Inf. Vol., to 2d W. I. Regt., stated to have taken place on 23d Feb. last, has been cancelled.

The name of the Ens app. to 94 F. on 15th June last, is Tulloch, and not Tullock, as formerly stated.

The name of the Ens., from 63 F., prom. to an Unattached Lieutcy., on 19th Sept., was John Lawford Kingston, and not John Lawford.

HONORARY DISTINCTIONS.

The 85th Foot (or King's Light Inf. Regt.) to bear on its colours and appointments, in addition to any other badges or devices which may have heretofore been granted to the regiment, the word—"Bladensburg."

The 97th Foot to be styled "The 97th (or Earl of Ulster's) Regiment of Foot."

ALPHABETICAL LIST OF BANKRUPTCIES, *announced between the 20th of September and the 21st of October* 1826; *extracted from the London Gazettes.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BOURNE, T. Wyke-Regis, Dorsetshire, printer
Coates C. New Bond-street, druggist
Carr, W. H. and G. Carr, Over Darwen, Lancashire
Jones, E. Gt Sutton street, Clerkenwell, coal-merchant
Lakeman, S. jun. Dartmouth, maltster
Thornley, T. Manchester, pawnbroker
Wakeford, J. W. Bolton-le-Moors, linen-drapers

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 102.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ASH, Susannah, Upper Russell-street, Bermondsey, tanner. [Tattershall, New-inn
Allan, J. Truro, Cornwall, tea-dealer. [Chester, Staple-inn
Ashton, Jos. and S. Ashton, Stockport, cotton-spinners. [Kay and Darbishire, Manchester; Milne and Parry, Temple
Ainsworth, T. Blackburn, Lancashire, draper. [Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Wilkinson, Blackburn
Burleton. W. Litton. Somerset, mealman. [Wilkins, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Welsh, Wells
Bellamy, B. Wood-street, Cheapside, carpenter. [Lawrence, Dean's-court, Doctors-Commons
Bennett, T. Levi Hammond, and W. Bennett, Kidderminster, timber-merchants. [Baylis, Kidderminster; Hall, Serjeant's-inn, Fleet-street
Bannister, T. Norwood-green, Middlesex, brewer. [Tanner, New Basinghall-street
Bradshaw, W. Manchester, tailor. [Dax and Co., Holborn-court, Gray's-inn; Gardiner, Manchester
Brantingham, W. Monkwearmouth-shore, Durham, grocer. [Bell and Broderick, Bow Church-yard; Dawson, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Beastall, J. Hucknall Tokard, Nottinghamshire, lace-manufacturers. [Macdougall and Co., Cannon-row; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Bentley, T. Blackburn, miller. [Wiglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Wilkinson, Blackburn
Cole, W. New street, Covent-garden, hardwareman. [Hewitt, Token-house-yard, Lothbury
Child, A. jun. Walcot, Somersetshire, carpenter. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside: Helling, Bath
Corry, R. Henstridge, Somersetshire, innkeeper. [Bird, Henstridge
Castello, D. Old Broad-street, merchant, [Pasmore, Ironmonger-lane, Cheapside
Carruthers, J. Leadenhall-street, tea-dealer. [Vandenom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street
Duesbury, W. and W. Bonsal, Derbyshire, colour-manufacturers. [Philpot and Stone, Southampton-street, Bloomsbury-square; Balguy and Co., Derby
Drinkwater, W. Manchester, woollen-draper. [Hadfield and Grave, Manchester; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Dutton, F. Little Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, stationer. [Wilkinson and Lawrence, Bucklersbury
Davies, J. Newport, Monmouthshire, currier. [Platt, Lincoln's-inn; Prothero and Phillips, Newport
Dumvile, P. W. Manchester, dealer. [Cole, Serjeant's-inn
Deakin, F. Birmingham, sword-manufacturer. [Heming and Baxter, Gray's-inn-place; Bird, and Spurrier and Ingleby, Birmingham
Eburne, F. Ryton-upon-Dunsmore, Warwickshire, miller. [Long and Co., Gray's-inn; Troughton and Lee, Coventry
Foster, J. G. Lower Philimore-place, Kensington, bill-broker. [Thwaites, Little Carter-lane
Farrar, W. Friday-street, Cheapside, wine merchant. [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Fell, J. Liverpool, merchant. [Low, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; North, Liverpool
Gegg, J. H. Uphill, Somerset, dealer and chapman. [Greville, Bristol; Hicks and Braikenridge, Bartlett's-buildings, Holborn
Gregory, W. J. Manchester, upholsterer. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Seddon, Manchester
Gilson, T. Nottingham. hosier. [Gregory, Clement's-inn; Wise and Edwards, Nottingham
Gibbs, T. H. Chiswell-street, Finsbury-square, oil and colourman. [Pope, Blomfield-street, London-wall
Graves, G. Manchester, machine-maker. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hulme, Manchester
Gilbert, D. Oxford, coach-master. [Bridger, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street; Cecil, Oxford
Geary, T. John's-mews, Bedford-row, coach and house-painter. [Hallett and Henderson, Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
Harris, J. Plymouth, joiner. [Smith, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street; Smith, Davenport
Hunt, J. Bagilt, Flintshire, innkeeper. [Eyton, Flint; Tooke and Carr, Gray's-inn
Holwhede, J. F. Liverpool, merchant. [Ramsbottom and Roberts, Liverpool; Blackstock and Bunce, Temple
Hallett, W. jun. Tenby, Pembroke, shopkeeper. Baynton and Co., Bristol; Dax and Co., Gray's-inn
Hallett, W. sen. Pembroke, shopkeeper. [Baynton and Co., Bristol; Dax and Co., Gray's-inn
Humberston, E. H. and J. Dunning, and G. Fletcher merchants. [Hicks and Dean, Gray's-inn; Halre and Holden, Hull
Harrison. T. Union-street, Southwark, linen-draper. [Benton, Union-street, Southwark
Holbird, J. T. Beech-street, Barbican, boot-maker. [Wells, London-street, Ratcliffe
Hodges, D. Liverpool, Lancashire, silk-mercer. [James, Bucklersbury
Halliday, J. Castle-street, Holborn, merchant. [Wilde, Rees and Humphreys, College-hill
How, J. Salisbury-crescent, Kent-road, broker. [Portington, Change-alley
Hatfield, R. Maddox-street, Hanover-square, plumber. [Wills, Ely-place, Holborn
Jackson, J. Macclesfield, silk-throwster. [Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard; Grimsditch and Hopes, Macclesfield
Jefferson, R. Pickering, York, haberdasher. [Green and Ashurst, Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Jones, E. T. Northfleet, Kent, victualler. [Willoughby, Lancaster-place
Kien, Mary, Kentish-town, lodging-house-keeper. [Richardson, Walbrook
Kean, M. Kentish-town, boarding-house-keeper. [Richardson, Walbrook
Lee, R. Mincing-lane, wine-merchant. [Swain and Co., Frederick-place, Old Jewry
Lord, J. Oakenrod mills, Lancashire, woollen-carder. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Lonsdale, Manchester
Lewis, M. W. Stamford-grove, Upper Clapton, surveyor. [Rhodes and Burch, New-inn
Lock, J. Northampton, draper. [Lyddon and Brown, Carey-street. Lincoln's inn-fields
Moseley, J. King-street, Covent-garden, victualler. [Browning, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Mercer, J. A. Basinghall-street, money-scrivener. [Fisher, Queen-street, Cheapside
Mege, B. Copthall-buildings, Throgmorton-street, merchant. [Williams, Copthall-court
Manley, T. Dawlish, Devon, builder. [Brutton, Exeter; Brutton, Broad-street
Mooney, B. Hanover-street, Long-acre, victualler. [Hyde, Gt. Winchester street
Mogg, W. Wincanton, Somerset, dealer. [Seymour, Mere: Holme and Co., New-inn
Miles, W. Hereford, mercer. [Platt, New Boswell-court; Hall and Humfrys, Hereford
Martin, C Merthyr Tydvil. Glamorganshire, grocer. [Bigg, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Bigg, Bristol
Marshall, T. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer [Macdougall and Co., Cannon-row; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Mears, C. Stockport, bread-baker. [Tyler, Pump-court, Temple; Narrop, Stockport
Nuttall, J. Wirksworth, Derbyshire, saddler. [Roberts, Exchequer-office; Sweetenham and Andrew, Wirksworth
Powrie, Ann, Middle-row, Holborn, straw-hat-manufacturer. [Freeman and Co., Coleman-street
Palmer, H. M. Shrewsbury, grocer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Williams, Shrewsbury
Pomeroy, R. jun. Brixham, Devonshire, banker.

[Egan and Waterman, Essex-street, Strand; Smith, Dartmouth
Peak, J. New Ormond-street, bricklayer. [Cooke, Seymour-place, Euston-square
Pickton, W. Liverpool, timber-merchant. [Holden, Liverpool; Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row
Peters, C. East Church, Kent, farmer. [Fairthorne and Loftus, King-street, Cheapside
Pattenden, R. Henfield, Sussex, victualler. [Crosweller, Brighton; Browning, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Patterson, J. Bridge-street, Blackfriars, ironmonger. [Holmes, Gt. Winchester-street, Broad-street
Potter, J. Salford, Lancashire, flour-dealer. [Atkinson, Manchester; Makinson, Middle Temple
Perring, J. Turnmill-street, Clerkenwell, baker. [Carter, Ely-place
Read, E. Riches-court, Lime-street, insurance-broker. [Scott and Son, Poultry
Robinson, W. Salford, Lancashire, victualler. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Rose, W. sen. Spilsby, Lincolnshire, shopkeeper. [Walker, Spilsby; Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane
Short, M. J. Marchmont-street, druggist. [Gatty and Co., Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Sims, W. Fair-Oak, Bishops Stoke, Hants, schoolmaster. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Cruickshank, Gosport
Stone, J. Manchester, lace-dealer. [Law and Coates, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Shiers, N. Aldermanbury, warehouseman. [Mangnall, Aldermanbury
Scholfield, R. Pilkington, Lancaster, nankeen-manufacturer. [Capes, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester
Stamp, W. H. and W. Nicholson, Norway-wharf, Millbank-street, Westminster, timber-merchants. [Nettleship and Bichnell, Grocers'-hall-court, Poultry
South, W. A. High-street, Southwark, chemist. [Clutton and Carter, High-street, Southwark
Thompson, W. Blue-boar-court, Friday-street, Manchester warehouseman. [Fowell and Partridge, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Taylor, J. Agecroft, Lancashire, calico-printer. [Ellis and Co., Chancery-lane; Higson and Bagshaw, Manchester
Thomas, T. Swansea, grocer. [Franklyn, Bristol; Smith and Buckerfield, Red-Lion-square
Tipping, G. Openshaw, Lancaster, bleacher. [Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn; Whitehead and Monk, Manchester
Trehern, Z. and G. Stevens, Hereford, timber-merchants. [Pateshall, Hereford; Church, James-street, Bedford-row
Tute, W. Leeds, dyer. [Robinson and Son, Essex-street; Ward, Leeds
Wright, R. jun. Stockport, grocer. [Lowe, Southampton-buildings, Chancery-lane; Newton and Winterbottom, Heaton-Norris
Wallace, J. Liverpool and Belfast, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Massey, Liverpool
Wheeler, J. Cardiff, builder. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Williams and Dalton, Cardiff
Wigglesworth, T. Colne, Lancashire, rope-manufacturer. [Smith, Manchester; Capes, Holborn-court
Wetherspoon, M. and J. R., Walford, Liverpool, merchants. [Davenport, Liverpool; Chester, Staple-inn
Worthington, S. and J. Hodkinson, Manchester, calenderers. [Chapman, Manchester; Appleby and Charnock, Gray's-inn-square
Williams, J. Penygloddfa, Llanllwchalam, Montgomeryshire, flannel-manufacturer. [Stephens, New Town; Bicknell and Co., Lincoln's-inn
Warder, J. Stoulton, Worcester, innkeeper. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Croad, Cheltenham
Witte, de G. J. Brompton-row, Knightsbridge, dealer. [Rixon, Jewry-street, Aldgate
Winnington, P. Manchester, boot and shoemaker. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Richardson, Manchester

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DIVIDENDS.

ANDERSON, A. Philpot-lane, Oct. 20
Ainsworth, E. Rochdale, Dec. 8
Archer, W. Maidstone, Nov. 10
Biden, J. Cheapside, Oct. 28
Baxter, J. Darlington, Oct. 26
Bensley, B. Bolt-court, Oct. 28
Bridgman, Spicer-street, Bethnal-green, Oct. 24
Branden, W. sen. Camberwell, Oct. 27
Bowden, T. Museum-street, Bloomsbury, Oct. 27
Bristow, J. and W. Worcester, Oct. 30
Burgess, G. and F. Maidstone and Sittingbourne, Oct. 17
Buckley, B. Claines, Worcester, Nov. 1
Bate, T. Hastings, Oct. 31
Burn, J. New-street, Covent-garden, Oct. 31
Barker, P. Cambridge, Oct. 31
Booty, M. Carisbroke, Isle of Wight, Nov. 4
Bolton, E. and W. Sparrow, Margaret-street, Cavendish-square, Nov. 4
Bodlington, C. J. Birmingham, Nov. 4
Bousfield, R. White-horse-yard, Drury-lane, Nov. 23
Bury, T. Exeter, Nov. 7
Bond, J. Lloyd's Coffee-house, Oct. 27
Barfoot, W. and W. Wimborne Minster, Dorset, Nov. 6
Blofeld, T. G. Middle-row, Holborn, Nov. 7
Billinge, J. Warnford-court, Nov. 10
Brameld, J. and G. F. and J. W. Brameld, Swinton, Yorkshire, Nov. 11
Bedson, T. and R. Bishop, Ashton, Warwick, Nov. 14
Brown, W. Hoxton, Nov. 10
Cooper, J. Stroud, Kent, Oct. 18
Coyne, P. Welbeck-street, Oct. 28
Chapman, Catherine Greville, Torquay, Devonshire, Oct. 26
Curtoys, C. L. Broxbourne-mills, Herts, Oct. 17
Crosthwaite, J. Fenchurch-street, Oct. 27
Call, G. J. Bognor, Oct. 21
Coleman, T. and Co., Leominster, Oct. 23
Chesterman, B. Holles-street, Clare-market, Oct. 28
Cuff, J. Regent-street, Oct. 27
Calver, R. Norwich, Oct. 30
Coward, H. Preston, Northumberland, Nov. 2
Clement, J. T. Broad-street, Oct. 31
Coney, J. S. Fletcher, and P. Coney, Leeds, Nov. 9
Camp, G. Watling-street, Nov. 14
Cooke, W. Birmingham, Nov. 13
Dickenson, W. T. Goodall, M. Goodall, and W. Dickenson, jun. Birmingham, Oct. 28
Davidge, J. and J. jun. Bristol, Oct. 21
Dixon, G. Chiswell-street, Nov. 4
Dods, R. High-street, Southwark, Nov. 3
Dawson, R. Norwich, Nov. 10
Dalrymple, Old Broad-street, Nov. 11
Elliott, T. Nottingham, Oct. 24
Everth, J. Austin-friars, Oct. 28
Edouart, A. A. C. F. Cheltenham, Dec. 18
Early, H. and T. Early, Minories, Nov. 7
Farmer, J. Brampton Brian, Hereford, Oct. 14
Fibbon, A., W. F. and R. Old City Chambers and Aberdeen, Nov. 21
Ford, W. Huddersfield, Nov. 6
Forster, D. Otley, Nov. 8
Goodwin, J. Radcliff coal-wharf, Bristol, Oct. 28
Graham, M. Union-street, Bishopsgate-street, Oct. 24
Garlick, T. Fleet-market, Oct. 17
Garside, J. Manchester, Nov. 6
Gilbert, H. W. Redburn, Herts, Oct. 27
Gibbon, A. Old City Chambers, Oct. 27
Gray, E. W. Alton, Southampton, Oct. 31
Gent, P. Congleton, Cheshire, Nov. 4
Grosvenor, W. L. sen., E. Chater, W. L. Grosvenor, jun. and C. Rutt, Cornhill, Nov. 11
Henley, G. Strand, Sept. 26 and Oct. 17
Henderson, W. Warwick-row, Blackfriars-road, Nov. 3
Hickman, E. Lombard-street, Oct. 27
Hewitt, T. Whitchurch, Salop, Oct. 31
Hudson, T. York, Oct. 23
Hambidge, J. Stow-on-the-Wold, Gloucester, Oct. 30
Humble, F. J. Liverpool, Nov. 3
Harrop, J. Saddleworth, Yorkshire, Nov. 7
Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portland-place, Nov. 7
Hopkins, W. Gower-street, Nov. 10
Hewett, N. R. Buckingham-place, Fitzroy-square, Nov. 11
Harvey, M. B. Witham, and J. W. Harvey, Hadleigh-hall, Essex, Nov. 14
Inglis, John B. and Jas. B. Mark-lane, Oct. 27
Judd, W. sen. W. Judd, jun. Banbury, Oxford, and R. Judd, Birmingham, Oct. 30
Johnson, W. Worksop, Nov. 9
Joyner, J., R. Surridge, and J. S. Joyner, Romford, Essex, Nov. 7
Jeffcoat, W. Kenilworth, Warwickshire, Nov. 15
Jameson, A. Green-street, Bethnal-green, Nov. 11
King, W. Upper Park-place, Dorset-square, Regent's-park, Oct. 26
Kay, R. Bury, Lancashire, Oct. 21

Knight, J. Mile-end-road, Oct. 21
Kennington, G. Church-street, Spitalfields, Oct. 27
Kay, E. Sheffield, Nov. 3
Knowles, J. and J. Wilkinson, Wilsden, Yorkshire, and Manchester, Nov. 17
King, S. Poplar, Nov. 3
Kimber, C. Lambourne, Berks, Nov. 10
Lancefield, J. Littleburne, Kent, Oct. 31
Lloyd, D. and N. Uley, Gloucester, Oct. 17
Langston, E. Manchester, Oct. 25
Lawson, T. Manchester, Nov. 6
Lee, R. Great Winchester-street, Oct. 31
Luff, J. Tintern, Monmouth, Nov. 1
Littlewood, J. F. Oxford-street, Nov. 3
Lee, J. Leeds, Nov. 8
Lawson, J. B. and G. Nottingham, Nov. 9
Lintott, W. Leadenhall-market, Nov. 14
Lloyd, D. and N. Uley, Gloucester, Oct. 30
Mason, G. Northampton, Oct. 13
Murton, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Oct. 31
Mullins, H. Beverley, York, Nov. 1
Monson, H. and J. Tucker, Coburg-street, St. Pancras, Oct. 21
Millin, E. Berkeley-square, Oct. 20
M'Cormick, J. Broad-street, Nov. 3
Melling, E. and T. A. Higginson, Nov. 4
Newmarch, J. Manchester, Nov. 4
Newbold, W. Bouverie-street, Nov. 10
Ousey, J. Manchester, Nov. 9
Oliver, W. Hamilton-row, Battlebridge, Oct. 24
Osborne, J. Leigh, Essex, Nov. 10
Porter, W. jun. Great Driffield, Yorkshire, Oct. 17
Penny, W. Fareham, Southampton, Oct. 28
Parkinson, T. Preston, Oct. 30
Phillips, W. Chepstow, Nov. 1
Park, J. Liverpool, Nov. 7
Pickering, W. Worcester, Jan. 10
Parker, J. and Jos. Parker, Manchester, Nov. 8
Poole, J. Brent-eleigh, Suffolk, Nov. 9
Pearce, J. W. Chester, Nov. 9
Pitcher, J. Back-road, St. George's, Nov. 10
Riding, P. Derby, Oct. 19
Randall, W. High-Holborn, Oct. 24
Runder, F. and W. F. Campbell, Hatton-garden, Oct. 26
Read, J. Gospel-Oak, Staffordshire, Oct. 24
Robinson, W. J. Oxford-street, Oct. 28
Rogers, H. King-street, West-Smithfield, Nov. 7
Robinson, H. T. Gun-street, Spitalfields, Nov. 10
Stroud, T. Bath, Oct. 14
Stockley, M. Wolverhampton, Oct. 28
Smith, C. Cranbourne-street, Leicester-square, Oct. 27
Schofield, J. Barnsley, York, Oct. 24
Stenson, J. Nottingham, Nov. 3
Staff, C. and W. W. Norwich and King street, Cheapside, Nov. 1
Schweiger, G. E. F. and J. Buchannan, Warnford-court, Throgmorton-street, Nov. 3
Stewart, E. S. Preston-upon-Wye, Hereford, Nov. 3
Stewart, W. Pall-mall, Nov. 3
Stocking, C. Paternoster-row, Nov. 3
Stabb, T. and J. Preston, Torquay, Devonshire, and J. S. Prose, Botolph-lane, London, Nov. 7
Samuel, C. White-horse-lane, Mile-end, Nov. 7
Sykes, T. Bath-easton, Somersetshire, Oct. 27
Sanderson, W. W. and J. Nicholas-lane, Oct. 27
Seager, S. P. Maidstone, Nov. 7
Stillman J. Bath, Nov. 13
Thompson, J. T. Long-acre, Oct. 26
Thorpe, S. and R. Marshall, Nottingham, Oct. 24
Taylor, J. Manchester, Nov. 6
Twyford, W. Manchester, Nov. 6
Trout, T. Kingsland-road, Nov. 10
Varley, T. Calverley, York, Oct. 31
Webster, G. Liverpool, Oct. 21
Westell, I. Oswald-twisle, Lancashire, Oct. 24
Wride, S. Kingston-upon-Hull, Oct. 28
Wells, J. jun. Reading, Oct. 19
Wass, W. Nottingham, Oct. 24
Wittich, J. F. W. Manchester, Oct. 20
Wilson, I. Worksop, Nov. 9
Watts, R. Laurence Pountney-hill, Nov. 3
Wallax, J. W. Hadlow-street, Burton-crescent, Nov. 3
Wilks, J. and J., Halifax, Nov. 8.
Wood, W. Botolph-lane, Nov. 7
Walnhouse, J. Halifax, Yorkshire, Nov. 8
Winser, E. Tenterden, Kent, Nov. 10
Wetman, J. Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars-road, Nov. 10
Wroots, R. Great Tichfield-street, Nov. 10
Wright, W. Wakefield, Nov. 10

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

The Rev. J. Slade to the Rectory of Northenden, Cheshire—Rev. J. Barber to the perpetual Curacy of Wilsden, Bradford—Rev. T. Birkett to the Curacy of the new church at Chorley—Rev. W. Morgan to the Vicarage of Llandingar with Llanfair-ar-y-Bryn, and Rural Dean of Llangadock, Carmarthenshire—Rev. C. Coxwell, jun. to the Living of Dowdeswell, Gloucestershire—Hon. and Rev. F.P. Bouverie to the Rectory of Whippingham, Isle of Wight—Rev. J. Hall to the Rectory of Tanfield, Yorkshire—Rev. E. Swatman to the Vicarage of Dulverton, Somerset—Rev. R. Lowe to the Vicarage of Misterton, Somerset—Rev. C. G. Cotes to the Rectory of Stenton St. Quinton, Wilts—Rev. G. Stone to the Vicarage of Longburton with the chapel of Holnest, Dorsetshire—Rev. R. Jones to the perpetual Curacy of Little Leigh, Cheshire—Rev. J. Ward to the Vicarage of Great Bedwin, Wilts—Rev. R. Ridsdale to the Vicarage of Kirdford, Sussex—Rev. C. W. Hughes to the perpetual Curacy of the chapel of St. John the Evangelist, Lacy Green, Bucks; and to the Vicarage of Dulverton, Somersetshire—Rev. W. A. Alderson to the Living of Seaton Ross, Yorkshire—Rev. E. Wilson to the Curacy of St. Michael's, Bath—Rev. J. Baylie to the Chapelry of Bloxwich, Stafford—Rev. Dr. S. Forster to the Rectory of Quarrington, Lincolnshire—Rev. F. R. Hall to the Rectory of Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire—Rev. E. Wilson to the Curacy of St. Michael's, Bath—Rev. John Brinckley, D.D., to the Bishopric of Cloyne—Rev. G. Woodcock to the Rectory of Caythorpe, Lincolnshire—Rev. H. Kendall to the Vicarage of Hartforth—Rev. J. Bright to the Prebend of Coombe and Harnham, with Ruscombe Northbury annexed, Salisbury—Rev. J. Abbot to the perpetual Cure of St. David, Exeter—Rev. F. Close to the Incumbency of Cheltenham—Rev. J. E. Compson to the Vicarage of St. Chad, Shrewsbury—Rev. J. E. Tyler to the Rectory of St. Giles's-in-the-Fields, London—The Hon. and Rev. H. A. Rous to the Vicarage of Reydon, and to the perpetual Curacy of Southwold, both in Suffolk.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Sept. 22.—Despatches were received by Lord Liverpool from Mr. Canning, minister for foreign affairs, who had lately arrived in Paris from London.

25.—The sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when 45 criminals were condemned to death; 129 were sentenced to transportation; 74 to imprisonment, and 9 to be whipped and discharged. The Recorder said, "the spectacle was of a most appalling nature; the number exceeded by far any number that had stood in the same dreadful situation for a long series of years!!!"

— A magnificient present from the Emperor of Russia to the Duke of Wellington arrived in England; it consisted of three looking-glasses, manufactured at the Imperial factory, and of superb dimensions.

28.—The new Sheriffs of London and Middlesex, C. Farebrother, Esq. and H. Winchester, Esq., were sworn into office with the usual formalities.

29.—Alderman Brown chosen Lord Mayor for the ensuing year; and thanks unanimously voted to Alderman Crowder and T. Kelly, Esq. the late Sheriffs, for their conduct during their shrievalty.

Oct. 4.—A meeting of silk-weavers took place at the Brunswick Chapel, Mile-End-Road, when an address to his Majesty was read, in which, among other topics, it was represented that in consequence of the repeal of the Spital-fields' Acts, and the introduction of foreign wrought silks, they were reduced to the utmost misery. It appeared by the statement, that since the opening of the ports 129,000 pieces of foreign silks had been imported!!!

— By the return made to the Corporation Coal and Corn Committee, it appears that last year 6,571 ships were employed in importing 1,456,162 chaldrons of coal into the port of London.

19. A Common Hall was summoned at Guildhall, for the purpose of taking into consideration the propriety of petitioning Parliament for a repeal of the Corn Laws, and for a general review of the expenditure of the country. The petitions passed unanimously to both houses of Parliament.

— Thanks of the Common Hall, held at Guildhall, voted to the Right Hon. William Venables, Lord Mayor, for his conduct during his mayoralty.

MARRIAGES.

At St. George's, Hanover-square, Count Demetrius de Palatiano (brother-in-law of Sir Frederick Adam, Governor of the Ionian Islands), to Miss Catherine Elizabeth Marrie; Rev. J. H. Barber to Lady Milligent Acheson, youngest daughter to the late Earl of Gosford; G. W. Tapps, Esq. M.P., son Sir G. Tapps, Bart., to Clara, eldest daughter of A. E. Fuller, Esq., of Ashdown-house, Sussex; Mr. E. Knight, son of the late comedian, to Miss M. Povey, of Drury Lane Theatre; R. Pigot, Esq., son of Sir George Pigot, Bart., to Miss Mary Bamford, of Bamford, Lancaster; Rev. R. Ridsdale, Fellow of Clare Hall, Cambridge, to Audrey Harriet, daughter of the Right Hon. Lord John Townshend; W. H. Ainsworth, Esq., to Miss Fanny Ebers; Capt. Phillimore to Miss West, of Portland-place; at Walthamstow, J. Farquhar Fraser, Esq., nephew of the late J. Farquhar, Esq., of Fonthill Abbey, to Miss Agness Bagott, Blithfield, Staffordshire; Harte Sitwell, Esq., to Harriet, daughter of Sir Joseph and Lady Harriot Hoare.

DEATHS.

In Gower-street, R. Shedden, Esq., 85, and the Dowager Lady Riggs Miller, widow of the late Sir John Riggs Miller, Bart., and formerly Lady Devenport—In Westmorland-place, Benjamin Sword, Esq., formerly of Glasgow, to which place he has bequeathed a variety of legacies, to the most important of its charitable institutions—B. B. Mathew, Esq., son of the late General Mathew, and nephew to the last Duke of Ancaster—Mrs. Barnard, relict of C. Barnard, Esq., and sister to Sir Thomas Clarges, Bart.—Mr. Connor, of Covent Garden Theatre—Mr. Kelly, formerly of Drury Lane Theatre, and lately manager of the Opera-House—J. Petyt, Esq., 69, Brunswick-square—At Brompton, G. Garrard, Esq., A.R.A.—Lieut.-General Bentham, Royal Artillery, 65—At Hampstead, Lady Mordaunt, widow of the late Sir John Mordaunt, Bart., Walton, Warwickshire—Mr. G. Kent, for many years sporting reporter to the daily press—T. Peacock, Esq., Salisbury-square—W. O'Brien Macmahon, Esq., late a Captain in the 73d regt.—James Shuter, Esq., formerly of Madeira, and late Naturalist to the East-India Company at Madras—Mrs. Haring, daughter of the late W. Hornby, Esq., Governor of Bombay—Emma, eldest daughter of the Hon. and Rev. William, and Lady Anna Beresford, granddaughter to the late Archbishop of Tuam, and niece to the Earl of Tankerville and Lord Decles.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

Sept. 20, at the Hotel of the British Ambassador at Paris, H. E. L. O'Connor, Esq., of Innox Hill House, Somerset, to Isabella Anna, daughter of the late Hassard Stackpoole, Esq., R.N.—At Hanover, G. F. Turvile, Esq., to Julietta Henrietta, daughter of A. F. Von der Lanchen, of Geelenbeck, Mecklenburgh-Schwerin.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Bogota, J. H. E. Fudger, Esq., American consul for the port of Santa Martha. He was murdered in his bed on the night of July 13, having been stabbed through the heart with his own sword, his throat cut from ear to ear, and his trunks rifled of their contents; the Government were exerting every nerve to discover the assassins—At Lausanne, the Ex-Queen of Sweden; she was a Princess of Baden. Her son, Prince Gustavus, and her daughters, the Princesses Amelia and Cecilia, with her sister the Queen Dowager of Bavaria, attended her in her last illness.—The Russian General Count Von Benningsen, at his country seat at Bontelu. He was born in Hanover in 1745.—At Havre-de-Grâce, Rear Admiral John Monkton, 72; the French commandant paid his remains military honours, and attended himself with the troops, composed of 1,000 men.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The first report of the Infant School Society of Newcastle has been published. It goes on, as it should do, prosperously. The school was opened on June 20, 1825, and now contains upwards of 150 children of the poor, from two to six years of age, whose progress is very evident.

The members of the Secession Church of South Shields have entered into strong resolutions about paying "church fees." A gentleman of that place, and a Seceder, had a child born unto him in August 13th last. On the 17th, at his request, it was baptized by one of his respectable pastors, on which day it died. When the child was taken to be buried, the curate of the church demanded the fees of baptism, in addition to those of sepulture. This was refused, as the child had been baptized by their own clergyman; the answer however was, "it was no matter: they were allowed to worship God as they pleased, but the church must have its fees." The fee was therefore paid, and the following resolution, among others, passed on the occasion: "That they recommend to the session of their church not to intermit in their proceedings till restitution of the money and complete satisfaction has been rendered."

The inhabitants of Sunderland, Bishopwearmouth, and Monkwearmouth, have passed resolutions signi-

fying the necessity of establishing a house of correction in their immediate vicinity.

The sympathy of the public has been called forth at Newcastle on behalf of Thomas Drummond, whose father laboured in the mines, and who is himself now working in the mines at New Painsher, near Houghton-le-Spring, Durham. He appears to be the undoubted heir to the Dukedom of Perth; this, he says, can be fully proved; and all that is wanted is a subscription to enable him to petition his Majesty, and to establish his claim before Parliament. The history of his family, as connected with his claims and the Pretender, is remarkably curious.

Two lads, apprentices to a blacksmith at Hexham, having a few words, one of them ran a hot iron an inch and a half into the body of the other. Fortunately the wounded boy recovered.

There are six or seven coaches now running on the railway between Stockton and Darlington. They carry on an average 150 passengers per day, or 54,750 per year. The charge is 1*d.* per mile outside, and 1½*d.* inside.

Married.] At Newcastle, T. Swarbreek, esq. to Maria Theresa, daughter of the late Chevalier Andrade, Portuguese consul-general—At North Shields, Sir W. Elwes, Bart. to Mrs. Thompson—J. C. Stevenson, esq. to Elizabeth, third daughter of J. Feauripe, esq.

Died.] At Durham, J. Dickson, esq. and T. Chipchase, esq. 87, both aldermen of that city—At Egleston Hall, W. Hutchinson, esq. 63, formerly high-sheriff of the county of Durham; Mrs. Hutchinson, his wife, died the morning after him—At Seaton Lodge, J. Jobling, esq. 63—At Bellingham, Rev. M. Harrison—At Gateshead, Mr. J. Thornhill, 65, author of a work "on Grasses, as applied to Agriculture."—At Barnes, Miss Pemberton.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

The Artists' Exhibition of Carlisle opened on Sept. 18, and it is the most splendid that has yet been seen at Carlisle, and an honour to the country. It is a source of great satisfaction to all lovers of the arts, more particularly to those who, like ourselves, can look back half a century and recollect their state at that time in London, when the *Royal* Academy exhibition was exposed to view,—not at Somerset House, but at Christie's Auction Room, Pall-Mall!!!—and when it was with great difficulty a decent exhibition could be formed to fill even that place.

Died.] At Corby, Joseph Liddle, one of the Society of Friends, aged 102. He managed, till within a few years of his death, an extensive garden. He was working as a shoemaker in his shop at Preston, in 1745, when the rebels entered that town—At Drumpark, Mr. A. Stewart, 71. He was upwards of six feet high, and was believed to be the heaviest man of his time; his body at his death was calculated to weigh upwards of 450 lbs.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

Some unknown benefactor has sent two donations of £500 for the relief of the distressed manufacturers of Sheffield.—In the garden of Mr. J. Wilkinson, of Carlington New Hall, near Battey, *two crops* of the Spanish dwarf pea have been produced this year from the *same seed.* The first sowing took place in the latter end of February, and the crop was reaped the first week in July: after some of the seed had stood till it was sufficiently ripe, it was again committed to the ground on the *same bed,* and a second crop was reaped on the 27th Sept. last.

The first stone of a new church, to be built at Guisboro', in the parish of Rotherham, was laid on the 29th Sept. by Lord Milton; and the first stone of a new church to be built at Sheffield was laid on the 14th Oct. by the Countess of Laney.

There has been a female pedestrian, upwards of 60 years of age, lately exhibiting in York. Her first exploit was to walk 40 miles in ten hours; her next, to walk 90 miles in 24 hours: she accomplished both tasks within the time.

A skeleton was found at the village of Iberlington, near York, on the 5th of October, about a foot from the ground, by some men who were digging a gravel-pit. A beautiful cut glass, about the size of a tumbler, and another plain one, were found at the head.

The Yorkshire Philosophical Society has commenced its winter sessions; the museum has been greatly augmented by various mineralogical and geological specimens.

Of the distress at Macclesfield some idea may be formed when our readers are told, that there are now upwards of eight hundred houses uninhabited!!!

The Exchequer has furnished a loan of £6,000 for the formation of a road from Bradford to Thornton, the whole to be repaid within the limited term of twenty years.—Oct. 10. A meeting was held at Macclesfield, in the National School-room (by the consent of the mayor and magistrates) of the silk-weavers, to petition the houses of Lords and of Commons, on the price of provisions—the standing army—the Corn-Laws—the impossibility of meeting foreign competition—reform of Parliament, &c. &c. It was attended by many hundreds operatives; and several resolutions passed, and a petition founded thereon to be sent to Mr. Huskisson and the Earl of Liverpool, requesting them to present and support the same.

Married.] At Frodsham, T. A. Oakes, esq. to Miss C. S. Muntz—At Pontefract, Geo. Dodsworth, jun., esq., to Anne, the youngest daughter of John Raud, esq.—At Richmond, Geo. Croft, esq. to Mary-Anne, third daughter of Mr. Bouruan—At Rothwell, S. Johnson, esq. to Miss Lee—At Ripon, the Rev. C. Bury to Eliza, the daughter of John Howard, esq.—At York, F. Storry, esq. to Mary Louisa, only daughter of Major Rouget, of Lausanne.

Died.] At Glenhow, Sir J. Beckett, Bart. 84—At Gisburne-Park, the Right Hon. Lord Ribblesdale, 72—At Hull, Mr. T. Guy, 95, formerly Master Mariner of that port; he was the 28th son of the late Rev. J. Guy, of Irby, Lincolnshire, who died aged 104—At York, Julia, daughter of the late Rear Admiral Hugh Robinson—At Batley, Mrs. Hall, aged 78; she was the mother of ten children, grandmother to 92, and great-grandmother to 35—At Numington, Geo. Marshall, esq., a most promising young artist.

STAFFORDSHIRE.

The Wesleyan Methodists at Uttoxeter have lent their chapel for the purpose of the Church of England service twice every Sunday, in consequence of the old church having been taken down to give place to a new structure more worthy of that respectable town.

Died.] At Ford Green, aged 86, Jacob Warburton, esq. By his death the country has to lament the loss of the last member of the old school of potters; he was the early friend of that father of the potteries, Josiah Wedgewood.

LANCASHIRE.

The Stockport Wesleyan Methodist new chapel was opened for divine service Sept. 10. The expense of the building is estimated at £11,000. Two large rooms are prepared under the chapel for the use of 800 children belonging to the Methodist Sunday-school. Notwithstanding the pressure of the times, £550 was collected at the several services connected with the opening.

A grant of clothing has been forwarded to Manchester and the manufacturing districts by his Majesty's Government, consisting of waistcoats, trowsers, gaiters, shirts, stockings, shoes, great-coats, rugs, blankets, and flannel-waistcoats, to the number of 40,000 articles: they are from the militia

clothing.—Trade at Manchester is approaching convalescence, though not at a rapid rate; it will be the work of time, and we hope, the reward of patience.—Sept. 15 the first stone of the new Welsh church at Liverpool was laid by the Bishop of Chester, with very great ceremony and effect. This is the first Welsh church ever erected in England. His Majesty has contributed £500 towards it, and the corporation have given the grant of the land, and also a stipend of £60 per annum in aid of the salary to the minister.—Oct. 3 and 4 the Bazaar was opened at Manchester for the sale of contributions furnished by the ladies, in aid of the distressed manufacturers; and we record, in honour to the place and all concerned, that £310 were collected at the door, and that the articles sold amounted to £1,430 —total £1,740. The bands of the 2d Dragoons and Grenadier Guards attended, and the lots were all sold by the ladies.—At a late meeting of the commissioners of pilots at Liverpool, it appeared that the gross receipts of the eleven pilots at that port had of late greatly increased, and averaged for the last two years £32,418. 4*s.* 3*d.* per annum. It was resolved therefore to lower the rates of pilotage.

Married.] At Urswick, H. Remington, esq. to Miss Ashburner—At Grassmere, W. Wardell, esq. to Miss E. Crump.

Died.] Mr. D. H. Perry, of Salford, an artist of considerable local celebrity—At Standish, Alice Birchall, 98, for upwards of half a century a highly esteemed preacher among the Society of Friends.

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

The Earl of Bristol's Lincolnshire tenants have presented him a massive piece of plate, for his returning them 20 per cent. on their rents during many years of unprecedented distress. The noble Earl in return thus expressed himself: "The good opinion and regard of those with whom we are connected by the various relations of life, constitute the whole ornament and comfort of it; and in leaving to my descendants this record of the feelings which subsisted between me and my Lincolnshire tenantry, I shall leave them one of their most valuable heirlooms, and a pledge of similar feelings in succeeding generations."

LEICESTER AND RUTLAND.

The receipts at the anniversary sermon in aid of the Leicester Infirmary, Sept. 22, produced £109 10*s.* 10*d.*—The produce at the Bazaar at the large room in the Exchange, during the races, by the purchases of the different articles, amounted to £295, which is meant to be appropriated to charitable purposes, under the direction of a committee of ladies at Leicester.—The frame-work knitters have held a meeting on account of their depressed state, and they have voted an address to the hosiers, respectfully claiming an advance of wages. In their address they state the bare fact, that their average earnings, even of good workmen, do not exceed from *seven to eight shillings* per week!!!

Died.] At Wimeswould, W. Fox, esq. 86—At Melton Mowbray, R. Sharp, esq. He attended the embassy to the King of Persia, as surgeon to our ambassador, Sir Gore Ousely—At Wymondham, G. Mann, esq. 83—At Houghton-on-the-Hill, G. Scarborough, labourer, 100. Till within the last two years, he worked on the highway—*query*, ought he not to have been taken better care of? He was one of eleven children by the same father, whose united ages at their respective deaths amounted to between 900 and 900!

WARWICKSHIRE.

The commissioners appointed to investigate the state of the Public Charities closed their important labours at Warwick, Sept. 27. We trust therefore the New Parliament will be better informed upon this subject than any preceding one, for the Public Charities have been hitherto sadly neglected, particularly the grammar schools, and other public establishments for education. There is at Rugby, in this county, "a free grammar school, excellently well endowed, and several alms-houses." These we hope have been attended to by the commissioners, for we see by the provincial prints that hints are thrown out of applying to the Legislature.

The Triennial Musical Festival at Birmingham for the benefit of the Hospital has been very productive: the receipts the first day, at the church and the theatre, were £1,681 0*s.* 4*d.*; second day, £2,731 1*s.* 6*d.*; third day, £2,157 19*s.* 7*d.*; fourth day, £2,840 16*s.* 6*d.*; donations, £350:—making a total of £9,760 17*s.* 11*d.*—The ceremony of laying the first stone of the new church, dedicated to St. Thomas, at Birmingham, has lately taken place. The Bishop of Lichfield and Coventry attended; the expense, £16,402. 5*s.*, is to be paid by the Commissioners for building New Churches.—At the Quarter Sessions at Warwick, there were upwards of 100 prisoners for trial: it began Oct. 16.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

Viscount Dudley and Ward laid the first stone of the intended new church at Sedgley, Sept. 16.—The tolls collected at Worcester Bridge were let by auction for the next year for £1,090, being £65 less than last year.—Sept. 28, a flock of sheep passed through one of the towns of this county (Worcestershire, be it remembered) for which toll was paid at three gates, within half a mile of each other, to the amount of £7 16*s.* 3*d.* *Query*, ought not the Legislature to remedy such an evil, and would it not contribute to render meat cheaper?

Died.] At Shenstone, Miss E. Williams, of Witlench—At Beoley, Mary, the wife of the Rev. T. Cormoules—At Hom Lacy, aged 81, Mrs. Scudamore, relict of Mr. J. Scudamore—At Catherine Hill, John Wheeley, esq. 84—At Hereford, Mrs. E. Allen, 93.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

The 103d meeting of the Three Choirs took place on the 13th, 14th, and 15th September, and was distinguished by as numerous an attendance of company as almost ever graced any preceding festival. The collections at the cathedral door were, the first day £276 17*s.*; second, £248 7*s.* 6*d.*; and the third, £287 5*s.* 7*d.*: Total £812 10*s.* 8*d.*, being £52 16*s.* 3*d.* more than was collected at the last festival.—The disbursements of the county stock for Gloucestershire, from Easter Sessions 1825 to Easter Sessions 1826 inclusive, amount to £14,502 8*s.* 10½*d.*—A pedestal monument has been recently erected in St. Mary de Lodé's-square, Gloucester, in memory of Bishop Hooper, with this inscription: "John Hooper, D.D., Bishop of Gloucester and Worcester, was burnt on this spot, on Saturday, Feb. 9, 1555, for his steady adherence to the Protestant Religion."

Died.] At Woodchester, Dame Margaret Wathen, 90, wife of Sir Samuel Wathen—At Ebly, Martha, relict of the Rev. J. Pettatt, and eldest daughter of the late Sir H. Hicks, Bart. of Whitcomb Park—At Cheltenham, Rev. C. Jervis; he had been perpetual curate of that place, and the "grac'd respect" that was shewn at his funeral is what falls to the lot of very few—At Gloucester, Mrs. Warren, 78, relict of the late Alderman Warren.

DERBYSHIRE.

The first stone of St. John's Church at Derby was laid by the Bishop of the diocese, Sept. 14, when a grand ceremony, suited to the occasion, took place.

—Sept. 20, the 4th anniversary of the Society for Promoting Christianity amongst the Jews took place, at Derby. The report stated, that £350 6*s.* 6*d.* had been received in the course of the year. The chairman very properly descanted on the horrible persecutions that had been inflicted on that suffering nation, and on the opposite feeling now pervading the minds of the people of this country. There are now in England and Ireland 150 societies of the same kind.

Died.] At Bugsworth, Peter Bate, nearly 105. He followed his business of collier and farmer until 94.

OXFORDSHIRE.

Died.] At Henley-upon-Thames, the Hon. C. E. Lady Smith, wife of Sir C. Smith, Bart., and daughter of the late Lord Eardley.

BUCKS AND BERKS.

A report has been made at Aylesbury Vestry relative to the employment of farm labourers who are out of employment now, or who may become so in the winter, as many are expected to be thrown on the parish during that season. A contract has been entered into in consequence, by which a single man is to receive 4*s.* 6*d.* per week—a man who has a wife 6*s.*—to a man who has a wife and child 7*s.*, and one shilling more to every additional child, till the sum amounts to ten shillings!!!

Married.] At Swanbourne, Sir James Fitzgerald, Bart. to Augusta Henrietta, daughter of the late Vice-Admiral Sir T. F. Freemantle.

NORFOLK.

At a meeting lately held at the Guildhall, Norwich, it was unanimously resolved to apply to Parliament for an Act for making "a navigation for sea-borne vessels from Norwich to the sea by Lowestoft." The proposals for a contract for the above purpose was presented, guaranteeing the whole expenses for less than the sum of £100,000. It is likewise intended to apply for Acts relative to the workhouse, and for other improvements in the city of Norwich, by which an opening from the market-place is intended to be made at the north-east corner, to extend into St. Andrew's Broad-street. This new avenue will be forty feet wide, exclusive of the side-pavement. We understand that it is designed to erect the Corn-Exchange on one side; the Post Office and Excise Office opposite; lower down, the Artists' Room, and a little beyond that the Public-Library.—The Norwich Museum has opened for the inspection of the public.

HAMPSHIRE.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of the intended new buildings at Alverstoke, to be called "Anglesea Ville," in honour of the Marquis of Anlesea, has recently taken place. A magnificent banquet was given on the occasion.—A report of the Commissioners of Inquiry into the State of the Public Charities in the city of Winchester has just been published, and sent to the respective churchwardens, although it was made in December 1823; which, the provincial papers inform us, excites considerable attention, for it appears that the corporation have entrusted to their charge, exclusive of a farm called "Pudding House," consisting of 50 acres, property to the yearly amount of £1,448 16*s.* 10*d.*, for which they receive only £152 8*s.* 4*d.* real annual rent, and £6 16*s.* chicken money, with £1,415 2*s.* 6*d.* for fines upon renewal of leases; but these leases are for 21 or 40 years!!!—Petitions are preparing at Romsey to be presented to Parliament for the protection of the agricultural interest.—Lord Egremont has munificently offered to the proprietors of the Portsmouth and Arundel Canal a surrender of his shares, to the amount of £15,750, on condition of the proprietors completing the canal as originally contemplated.

Died.] At Portsmouth, Mr. J. Burnard, 101—Rev. H. Inglis. D.D., Rector of Easton—At Southampton, the Rev. R. B. B. Philipson, and Major-general W. Fawcett, Governor of Limerick, 76—At Southampton, Charles Mills, esq. the celebrated historian.

SUSSEX.

Such plans of economy have been pursued at Brighton by the town commissioners, that the whole amount of the savings will be more than £1,000 per annum.—As a proof of the improvement in Newhaven harbour, there was 16 feet water at the water-gauge on Sept. 10; the same over the jetty work, and 19 feet in the middle of the channel. All this, it must be remembered, was at the dead of the neaps.—Sept. 21, the new church of Little-Hampden was consecrated by the Bishop of Chichester. It is considerably larger than the old one, and is admired for its chaste and elegant simplicity.—Arundel Castle has lately had a valuable acquisition of eight large Arctic owls from Novà Zembla.

Died.] At Deane Park, J. Edersfield, esq.—At Chichester, Miss Hounsom.

WILTSHIRE.

Died.] At Bourton, Matilda Ottley, wife of Capt. R. Hoare, R.N., and youngest daughter of Rear-Admiral Sir C. Fahie.

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The fourteenth anniversary of the Bristol Missionary Society was held Sept. 28, Admiral Pearson in the chair. The report announced that the sum of £1,700 had been received during the year, notwithstanding the severe pressure of the times, a sum exceeding nearly £500 more than the preceding year.—A meeting of the occupiers of land in the vicinity of Bristol has been lately held at that place, for the purpose of re-establishing the association "for the mutual protection of the cultivators of the soil, and the defence of their just claims before the Legislature."—The inhabitants of Frome have addressed a petition to his Majesty, praying him, on behalf of 60,000 unemployed journeymen of the woollen manufacture, "to impose restraints on all recent injurious inventions," to which they attribute all their distress.

The magnificent altar-piece that was taken down from Westminster-Abbey to make room for the last coronation, has been recently put up in Burnham Church, at the expense of the Bishop of Rochester, vicar of that church.

Died.] At the Palace at Wells, Jane, wife of the Bishop of Bath and Wells, and daughter of the late General Adeane—At Exeter, aged 75, Mr. John Hopping, who had formerly been in the army, and in June 1775 was in the severe and long remembered battle at Bunker's Hill. In 1777 he was under General Burgoyne in the expedition from Canada to Albany: and on the evening of the 8th October in that year, the day following the bloody engagement in which the brave Colonel Acland, who commanded the grenadiers, was severely wounded and taken prisoner, Hopping was serjeant of an advanced picquet, in which situation it became his duty to assist the heroic Lady Harriet Acland, when she embarked in a frail boat and threw herself on the mercy and generosity of General Gates, in order to nurse her wounded husband.

DORSETSHIRE.

Sept. 23. A meeting of the inhabitants of Weymouth was held at the Guildhall, the Mayor in the chair, for the purpose of taking into consideration the best means to be adopted for alleviating the distressed state of the widows and orphans of the crew

of the Francis Freeling post-office packet, lost in the late gale, when a subscription was immediately entered into, which now amounts to near £300.

The expenses of this county from June 24, 1825, to June 24, 1826, amounted to £9,240 1*s.* 5*d.*

DEVONSHIRE.

Sept. 26. The sixth anniversary of the Plymouth District Society for the Promotion of Christian Knowledge was held at the Guildhall of that town, from whence the members, headed by the Mayor and corporation, attended divine service, and nearly 1,000 charity children were present. The Society afterwards adjourned to the Royal Hotel, Sir J. Saumarez in the chair, where a satisfactory report was read.

Married.] At Exeter, the Rev. S. H. Duntz to Miss F. Palmer, daughter to the Dean of Cashel.

Died.] At Barnstaple, John Harrop, esq. 86.

CORNWALL.

Oct. 4. The first stone of the intended new church was laid at Chacewater, in the parish of Kerwyn, by the Earl of Falmouth, with the usual ceremonies observed upon such occasions.

Married.] At Philleigh, Lieut.-col. J. A. Kempe to Miss J. P. Peters.

WALES.

A county meeting for Glamorgan was held at Pyle, Sept. 18, for the purpose of receiving a report of a committee appointed to take into consideration the plans suggested by Mr. Telford, for the improvement of the mail roads; when it was resolved to recommend for that purpose the line of road commencing at Ely, and thence by Misken and Lanharry through Bongend to Pyle, and thence to Swansea, crossing the Neath river at Briton-ferry, and from Swansea to Longher, or elsewhere, to join the Carmarthen line. A committee was formed to act in behalf of the county in applying to Parliament for the new act.—The foundation stone of a market-place, to be erected in the neighbourhood of Pembroke, was laid in masonic style, Sept. 9, by the members of the Loyal Welsh, Hwlffordd, and St. David's lodges.—The second Gwentian Olympiad was held at Brecon, Sept. 26 and 27, and was most respectably as well as numerously attended. The Eisteddfod was under the direction and auspices of Lord and Lady Rodney, and her Ladyship distributed the prizes. The Rev. Mr. Price, in addressing the meeting, threw down in succession upon the floor a quantity of magazines and monthly publications in the Welsh language, and then said, "Shew me another race of men upon the earth, among whom the peasantry and labouring classes are the entire patrons of the press."—"Yes," said Mr. Blackwell, "these," pointing to the forms where the bards were sitting,—"are our literati, and their power over the public mind is absolute. Their tales are told on every hearth; their songs are echoed by every hill."—The Bible, the Missionary, and the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts Societies, are making great progress in the principality.—Sept. 22, the first stone was laid at Holyhead of a suspension-bridge. For several years this romantic spot (at the South Stack Light-House) has been approached by a bridge of net-work, suspended by ropes from Holyhead Island; this is, by order of the Trinity-House, to be superseded by a more substantial one, like that of Menai, and which may be styled a miniature of that stupendous work.—The road between Llanbadarn Finydd and Llanbister, on the road to Builth, Breconshire, is completed, forming a direct communication between North and South Wales.

The largest pine ever grown in this kingdom was cut lately from the hot-house of J. Edwards, esq. of Rheola, Glamorganshire, and was presented to his Majesty at Windsor; it weighed 14 lb. 12 oz. avoirdupois—was 12½ inches high, exclusive of the crown, and 26 inches in circumference.

Died.] At Beaumaris, the Rev. J. Williams, of Treffos, 87; he had been domestic chaplain to his present Majesty's grandmother, the Princess Dowager of Wales, 53 years Rector of Llanfairynghoruwy, and for more than half a century an active magistrate of Anglesea.

SCOTLAND.

Sept. 23. A meeting of the noblemen, freeholders, justices of peace, and commissioners of supply of the county of Lanark, took place at the Court-House, Hamilton, when resolutions were unanimously passed, and ordered to be transmitted to Government, expressive of the very great distress existing generally throughout that county; the baneful effects of machinery calculated to supersede the industry of the operatives, and the ponderous burdens of the taxes preventing competition to foreign trade, were particularly alluded to. Petitions were presented to the meeting from thirteen societies (almost all weavers) in the Lower Ward of Lanarkshire, consisting of from 100 to 250 families, each praying for pecuniary assistance to enable them to emigrate.—In answer to a petition from an Emigration Society at Glasgow to Earl Bathurst, as Secretary to the Colonies, it has been stated by him, that, as no funds whatever have been voted by Parliament to facilitate emigration, his Majesty's Government have not the means of affording encouragement for settlers to North America beyond a grant of land, which will be received and proportioned to their means of cultivation; for the same reasons passages are no longer granted—but that it will be for Parliament, in the course of next session, to consider what may be expedient.—The cotton manufacturers of Glasgow begin to entertain fears of an increased consumption of Swiss prints and muslins, from the late reduction of our import duties. A repeal of the duty on home-made cottons for the lower orders would therefore be of double effect—it would relieve the consumer, and employ the starving manufacturer.

Married.] At Bothwell Castle, Major Moray Stirling, of Ardoch, to the Hon. Frances Elizabeth, daughter of Lord Douglas, of Douglas.

Died.] At Campletown, W. Gordon, 106. After the defeat of the Pretender, at Culloden, he listed in the 42d regt., and bore his share in the warfare in Canada. He received the King's pay for 80 years—latterly as a dependant on the Chelsea Board.

IRELAND.

The neighbourhood of Westmeath and indeed the greater part of this unhappy country is in such a disturbed state, that many respectable Protestant families are preparing to fly for refuge to towns where the military are stationed, while others have determined on setting off for England before the winter commences. County meetings must be immediately held, for the Protestants are imperiously called on to form a union for their own protection. So says the "Westmeath Journal."—From the reduced state of trade and the pressure of taxes, it is impossible the inhabitants can do any thing for the poor without the aid of Government.—The distress, at this time, exceeds even the records of its general misery. Such is the miserable news from Dublin—and indeed applications to Government seem the only result, which have been at length resolved on.

Married.] At Dublin, H. Grattan, esq., M.P. for the county of Dublin, to Mary O'Kelly, daughter of the late P. W. Harvey, esq.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th September to 19th Oct. inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

September.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A.M.	Winds. 10 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P.M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P.M.
20			60	64	52	29 76	29 86	92	75	NE	NE	Rain	Fair	Fair
21			57	64	46	29 96	30 03	74	71	NE	NE	Fair	Fine	—
22			48	60	44	30 07	30 04	74	71	SE	E	—	—	Fine
23			51	61	52	29 97	29 86	75	74	ESE	E	Fine	—	Clo.
24			54	64	59	29 70	29 63	85	89	ESE	SSE	Clo.	Clo.	Rain
25			61	65	62	29 62	29 70	91	85	SE	SW	C. & R.	—	Clo.
26	70		62	66	59	29 76	29 84	90	90	SW	SSW	Rain	Fair	Rain
27			63	68	58	29 87	29 97	77	84	W	SW	Clo.	—	Fair
28			65	69	55	30 05	30 09	83	85	SW	SW	Fair	—	—
29			58	69	65	30 04	29 84	88	84	SW	ESE	—	—	—
30			65	70	51	29 67	29 73	87	85	SSW	SW	—	Clo.	—
Oct.														
1			57	65	47	29 73	29 79	85	81	SW	WSW	Fair	S.Rain	Fine
2			49	61	48	29 84	29 85	87	80	SW	WSW	Foggy	Fair	Clo.
3			50	60	49	29 81	29 80	84	87	WSW	W	Fair	—	Fair
4			50	58	42	29 66	29 68	85	74	WSW	N	Foggy	—	Fine
5			44	54	39	29 67	29 82	78	71	W	NNW	—	Fine	—
6			41	53	41	29 98	30 07	75	68	NNW	W	—	—	Foggy
7			44	59	42	30 00	29 93	75	78	W	SSW	—	Fair	Fair
8	38		58	62	48	29 83	29 70	86	86	SW	WSW	Clo.	Rain	Rain
9			51	57	46	29 69	29 70	82	78	SW	WSW	—	Fair	Fine
10	25		50	67	58	29 63	29 72	89	89	SSW	W	Rain	Rain	Clo.
11			61	67	59	29 92	30 00	89	84	WSW	WSW	Foggy	R. & F.	—
12			61	65	59	29 99	29 96	92	81	WSW	SW	Rain	Fair	—
13			61	67	47	29 93	30 10	89	73	WSW	N	Fair	—	Fine
14			49	60	55	30 11	30 11	76	85	NE	E	—	—	—
15			60	65	55	29 82	29 62	86	86	SE	SSE	—	—	—
16	15		58	65	45	29 54	29 66	90	76	S	WSW	—	Rain	—
17			46	60	50	29 89	29 88	81	79	SSW	E	Foggy	Fair	—
18			55	61	57	29 87	29 91	93	83	E	ENE	—	—	Clo.
19			60	66	58	29 89	29 89	92	95	E	E	Clo.	—	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of September was 2 inches 99-100ths.

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of September to the 21st of October 1826.

Sep.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
21	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
22	—	—	79⅞ 80⅜	—	95¼ ⅜	—	—	—	27 29p	15 18p	80⅜
23	—	—	80⅛ ¼	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	27 29p	15 18p	80⅛ ⅜
24	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
25	—	—	79¾ 80	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	27 29p	15 19p	79⅞ 80⅛
26	—	—	80⅛ ¼	—	95¼ ½	—	—	—	27 29p	15 19p	80⅛ ⅜
27	—	—	80⅛ ¼	—	95¼ ⅜	—	—	—	28 30p	15 20p	80⅛ 1⅛
28	—	—	80⅛	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	28 30p	15 19p	80⅜
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	—	80¼	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	30 32p	15 17p	80⅛ ¼
Oct.											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	—	—	78⅛ 80	—	95⅛ ⅜	—	—	—	30 32p	15 19p	80⅜
3	—	—	80¼	—	95¼ ½	—	—	239 240¼	30p	17 20p	80⅛ ¼
4	—	—	80¼ ⅜	—	95¾ ⅜	—	—	—	—	16 22p	80⅜ ⅜
5	—	—	80¼ ½	—	95¼ ⅜	—	—	—	—	16 22p	80⅜ ⅜
6	—	—	79⅞ 80¼	—	95½ ⅜	—	—	—	31 33p	17 24p	80⅛ ¼
7	—	—	79⅞ 80⅛	—	95¾ ½	—	—	241½	31 32p	18 25p	80⅛ 79⅞
8	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
9	—	—	80⅛ ¼	—	95⅜ ⅜	—	—	—	32p	16 24p	80⅛ ¼
10	—	—	80⅛ ¼	—	95⅝ 6	—	—	240	30 31p	16 25p	80⅛ ¼
11	201 202	79¼ ½	80⅛ ¼	85⅝	95⅝ ⅛	19 1-16	85⅜ ⅜	—	31 32p	17 24p	80⅛ ¼
12	202	79¼ ⅜	80½ ¼	86¼	95¾ ¾	18 15-16 19	85⅜ ⅜	—	31 32p	17 25p	80¼ ⅜
13	—	79½ ⅜	80¼ ½	85⅞	95¾ ⅞	18 15-16 19	85½ ⅞	—	31 32p	17 25p	80⅜ ⅜
14	201½	79⅜ ½	80⅛ ⅜	—	95⅞ ⅞	18⅞	85⅜ ⅝	241½	33p	17 25p	80⅜ ⅜
15	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
16	—	79⅜ ⅜	80⅜ ⅜	—	95¾ ⅞	18 15-16	85¾ ⅞	—	32 33p	18 25p	80⅜ ⅜
17	202	79⅜ 80⅛	80⅜ ⅞	—	95⅞ 6⅛	19 1-16	86¼ ½	243	32 33p	18 25p	80⅞ 1⅛
18	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
19	201½ 202¼	80⅛ 80½	81⅛ ¼	86⅞ 7¼	96¾ 7	19 1-16 3-16	86¾ ⅝	—	33 34p	19 25p	81⅛ ⅜
20	—	79⅞ 80¼	80¾ 1¼	87½	96¾ 7⅛	19 1-16 ⅛	86¾ ¾	243	34 35p	20 25p	80⅞ 1½
21	203½	80½ ⅜	81⅜ ⅜	—	97⅛	19⅛ ¼	86⅛ 87	—	35 36p	21 26p	81½ ⅞

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IRELAND IN 1826.

Ατὰρ ἐιπε μὸι πῶς τὰ ὑπὲρ γῆς ἔχει, κὰι τί ποιοῦσιν ἐν τῇ πόλει.—LUCIAN.

IRELAND, it has been said, is an anomaly among nations, in morals, policy, and political economy; and its social aspects partake largely of the same singularity. There is no epithet in the dictionary that so qualifies and (if I may so speak) disfigures its substantive, as this same word "Irish;" and when we say "Irish justice," "Irish gentleman," "Irish lawyer," "Irish literature," "Irish religion," &c. &c., we mean something *toto cœlo* different from the same classes and predicaments in other countries. Never, perhaps, in the history of the country, were these differences more strongly marked, than at the present moment; and never was it more difficult to make the condition of the people intelligible to other nations. Every term that can be employed requires a new definition, to prevent mistake; and after all that can be done, analogy will mislead the reader, and hurry him into false conclusions, from identity of words, to identity of things. If, for example, inferences be drawn from the English Catholic to the Irish, how totally false will be the conception! How infinitely different their condition! How various the ways in which exclusion operates, in the several departments of their social life! An English Catholic gentleman is a person who cannot hold certain places, from which he is shut out by oaths; but in all other respects he is like any other individual of the same rank. He has the same measure of justice in the courts, the same access to fashionable society, the same respect and attention from all the subaltern and superior departments of office; and the odds are considerable, that even the fact of his belonging to the forbidden creed is scarcely known beyond the circle of his domestic hearth. An Irish Catholic, on the contrary, let his fortune and personal pretensions be what they may, is driven from what is called genteel company. He can rarely, and with difficulty, get himself put upon the Commission of the Peace. He is diligently kept at a distance from all corporate privileges. He is bullied by the mayor, preached at by the parson, distrusted in the grand jury room, excluded from the vestry, except when he can be charged with an onerous and unprofitable office; and he is insulted by every little

jack-in-office, who thinks by his arrogance and violence to make himself friends with the partizans of ascendancy. It is useless to multiply examples of this diversity between the two countries; they will occur in every sentence I am writing: and it may suffice generally to say, that in Ireland, from the Lord-Lieutenant to the beggar in the streets, every portion of society is dislocated and diseased. The capital is the seat of famine and of fever; the country, like the town, is swarming with unoccupied paupers: and when I use the term pauper, I imply a degree of destitution and of misery, of which no stretch of the fancy can do justice. Let the reader figure to himself whole families, so completely without decent clothing as to be unable to appear in the streets in the face of day. Let him imagine them crowded in the close and filthy apartments of the most wretched and ill-built parts of the metropolis, without bedding, or blanket, or fuel; the doors removed from the apartments by the landlord, to expel the rentless and unprofitable tenant;—the dying and the dead strewed together on the dank straw, or naked floor, without a friendly hand to administer even a cup of cold water, to quench the flame of fever in their parched and blistered palates;—let him imagine all this, and he will have one isolated group in the immense and varied picture of Irish misery. If we turn to the upper classes of society, we find the nobles absentees, or the few residents occupied in ejecting their rebellious voters, in road-jobbing, in intriguing with the government for power and patronage, in harassing the population with the forced distribution of bibles and tracts, and, strange to tell, in deciding public controversies on points of faith with their Catholic neighbours. If we look at the Protestant clergy, we find them occupied in the law courts with their tithes, or preaching polemical sermons, or uttering incendiary speeches in their nightly orgies, under banners, deprecating the "humbug terrors of another world," as the stimulants of Catholic conscience;* and scarcely ever less out of their proper sphere, than when engaged in field-sports and *justicing*. The Catholic clergy, on the other hand, are not a whit behind-hand with their clerical rivals of the establishment in political zeal; but are moving heaven and earth to animate and energize their flocks in the steady pursuit of emancipation. The success with which they have operated is powerfully evinced, in the almost total overthrow and dismemberment of the landed interest at the elections;—in the swelling the amount of subscriptions to support the freeholders; and in the almost universality of parochial meetings for petitioning Parliament. From this time forward, the representation of Ireland may be considered as wholly Catholic; not a candidate for any county but will discover, before the next general election, abundance of good reasons for embracing the party of emancipation: nor can it be doubted that, by the carrying that measure, and by rendering the professors of the Catholic faith admissible to a seat in the two houses, the influence of the religion would rather be decreased than enlarged in Parliament. In the mean time, the Irish government—a chequered board, "here a white square and there a black," has a liberal Lord-Lieutenant, and an Orange Chief-Secretary; an ascendancy Lord-Chancellor, and an emancipating Attorney-general; while, almost universally, the subalterns of office are amongst the most determined exclusionists, throwing all sorts of difficulties of detail in the

* Fact—at one of the consolation dinners.

way of those measures of their superiors which tend to harmony and conciliation. Representatives of an equally mixed body in the British cabinet, the great state officers are conscious of the impossibility of giving wholeness and consistency to their ministerial march, and each exerts his entire efforts, in smuggling in some particular measure that promotes his own objects, and in thwarting and ridiculing the measures of his adversaries. In fact, there are at present two governments and two courts; and amidst all the semblance of good understanding among the different members of the administration, the Viceroy and the Secretary is each surrounded by his own *coterie*, and moving towards his own ends. It would be impossible for a stranger to comprehend the language of our newspapers; the most violent public and personal vituperation is addressed by the exclusively loyal against the representative of royalty; and none are so constitutional, so obedient, and so in love with the crown, as those who are accused of an effort to overturn the government, and to separate the countries. Another painful feature in the anomalous condition of the times, has been an almost universal combination among all the different trades to raise the price of labour; so that the same moment has exhibited the opposite phenomena of manufacturers dropping in the streets for want of food and employment, and an extensive "turn-out." In one room sat a committee for averting famine from the unemployed labourer; in another sat a committee for abating combination; and, to add to the ridiculous, while thousands were left to break stones on the road, for want of a market for the products of their industry, scheme after scheme was brought forward to meet the exigencies of the time, by an increase of an already superabundant expenditure. Every parish calling together its inhabitants to collect money for the hourly increasing poor, has become a little senate in which the wild-goose and visionary views are indulged, and patent contrivances of commercial regeneration are mooted, with an eloquence commensurate with the prevailing ignorance, and well worthy of a better cause. Few, indeed, are they who see the close connexion between economical disorganization and political misrule; or who, seeing it, dare avow their conviction, that Ireland must advance in pauperism, till it is governed on principles of humanity and of justice. Ireland is consequently the head-quarters of system. One party is for restoring the prosperity of the country by education; and promotes the spread of reading and writing, by limiting instruction to the only channel through which the people will not receive it—that is, through the bible as a class-book. Another party, less numerous, but not less active, seek to improve the peasantry by white-washing the outsides of their houses, and planting their window-stools with honeysuckles and Chinese roses. The saints are driving at reform through the medium of conversion; they send crusading missionaries to "enlighten the benighted Catholics," by insulting and reviling their creed and its ministers; and they shew no mercy in driving for the rents of such "popish recusants" as will not send their children to Protestant teachers. Another set of "*goodies*" hope to banish sorrow and discontent from the nation by opening bazaars for the sale of articles of charitable industry, in aid of the Tract societies, by giving all their patronage and countenance to pauper industry, and throwing the independent struggling shopkeeper out of bread. Many are the advocates for premiums and protecting duties; for boards of all sorts and intentions, where common principle is to waste the public

money in producing combinations and results, which the private adventurer will not undertake, because they will not repay him for his outlay. Any thing, every thing, in short, is eulogized and forwarded, except the only thing that ever did produce national greatness—equal laws, equal justice, and leaving every man to his own resources. The last frolic of a nation in delirium has been an outcry for the poor laws—a desire to oppress a population already surcharged by the variety and extent of its non-productive consumers, with a rent-charge of two or three millions a year to be taken from the wages of industry, and to be spent in providing for all who can find no market for their labour:—and this, too, a population that cannot afford to pay one direct tax to the support of the government!!

In Ireland, the march of opinion is more unsteady than in countries less divided by faction. The revolutions of popular sentiment are subordinated to trifling events, and as these act upon passions heated and inflamed they engender reactions, whose violence can scarcely be appreciated or conceived at a distance. If the progress of the emancipation has been interrupted, and occasionally retrogrades in England, in Ireland parties exist in a constant state of libration,—ebbing and flowing with every trifling change, both of internal and external politics. In such a state of things, the indecision and vacillation of the Government is perhaps more injurious than a steady persistance in even the worst measures. Let me not, however, be misunderstood, as asserting that the existing Government is not a necessary step in the progress of events, or that Lord Wellesley's administration has not been uniformly aiming at a better order of things, or has not been productive of great incidental good. That he has put some restraints on the violence of the dominant faction, and that he has tempered, by the royal prerogative of mercy, the cruel rigour of fanatical magistrates, invested with the power of almost summary transportation, has alone been a vast practical amelioration in the condition of the people. To Lord Wellesley the Irish are under deep obligations. His situation is one of difficulty, of fatigue, and of mortification. Not to have accepted of it, or now to abandon it in disgust, would be to re-deliver the nation into the hands of the ascendancy party. It may be, that he has his own private ends to seek in office; but so, too, would his enemies: and powerful indeed must be the motive, and important the end, which retains him in the bonds of place, if his determination to remain is unbacked by some strong perception of public utility. The mere love of lucre must be as nothing to one, whose whole life has been marked by an indifference to money. But enough of this ungracious theme. The administration of Lord Wellesley has done, and will do, much good to the country; but it is necessarily attended by this evil, that it cannot but exasperate the passions of the parties opposed to each other, by the uncertainty and irregularity of its acts. To-day something occurs to raise the hopes of the Catholics; to-morrow some act of the Orange portion of the Government fills them with despair. To-day the Orange-men are cowed, and furl their party flag; to-morrow, dressed in its favourite flowers, their insolent banner is advanced, in defiance of Law, the Parliament, and the King. This is harassing to the administration, which, taunted by its opponents, and laudably jealous of its authority, is distracted between the paramount necessity for preserving the public peace, and the steady pursuit of its favourite object, that is—the rendering both parties practically equal

before the law,—equally under the law's protection, and equally obedient to its dictates. To the nation, this alteration of hope and fear is agitating and exciting, but it is wholesome. It is to this cause they owe the vigorous constitutional effort, which has put the people really in possession of that legislative influence which had hitherto been formally conceded to no purpose. It is however chiefly in its influence upon society that I am now regarding this part of my subject. The King's visit to Ireland, and the appointment of the Marquis of Wellesley to the lieutenancy, though in themselves indicative of a disposition in the British cabinet to let the law remain as it stands,* produced among the Catholics a sudden burst of triumph and exultation; and, notwithstanding the failure of the Attorney-general's prosecution of the bottle rioters, paralyzed for awhile the energies of the Orangemen. A very general conviction was impressed upon all classes that a new system was to be entered upon; and a more liberal tone of feeling was affected and became fashionable in society. Faces were seen at the Castle, formerly known only in the mass-house and the inaggregate meetings. Liberals became courtiers, and courtiers became liberal;

> Perque dies placidos, hiberno tempore, septem
> Incubat Halcyone.

The secret of the internal dissentions of the British cabinet, however, soon transpired, and the Orange party, conscious that their friends in that quarter could and would support them, became again assured that they were still placed above the law, and might set Lord Wellesley and the Attorney-general at defiance. The superior influence of the Protestant part of the cabinet, as exhibited in the distribution of such places as the law has left open to Catholic competition, was not to be mistaken. At first the nomination of one or two Catholic barristers to the situation of chairman to the sessions had led to a belief that it was the intention to deal fairly between the two religions; but latterly, ascendancy has triumphed not merely over justice and common honesty, but over the ministerial pretensions of Lord Wellesley and of Mr. Plunkett to provide for their own personal friends; and there is not a single jobbing magistrate in the province of Ulster who does not draw from the fact a scarcely ill-grounded conclusion, that his party may do its worst with impunity.

To the Orangeman this was matter of exultation; to the Catholics it was pregnant with irritation and disgust: and the latter, less grateful for the mildness and toleration of Mr. Plunkett's official career, than disappointed in their hope of an effectual support in their efforts to work out their emancipation, have vented their displeasure in acrimonious harangues alike against their friends and their enemies. This, not unnatural, intemperance, while it has roused the Orangemen from their temporary acquiescence, has given no inconsiderable accession of strength to the intolerant party in Downing-street, by the fears it has excited for the public peace; and the real progress of the Catholic cause, evinced by the failure of the bill for strangling the Association, has awakened a new energy and spirit of resistance in the illiberals of all classes. The successful effort of the Catholic agitators to overthrow the tyranny of the landed influence, which formed one of the most characteristic features of the current year, has carried this feeling to

* Witness Lord W.'s declaration that he came to administer, and not to change the law.

its uttermost, and has again separated the Catholics and the Protestants "far as the poles asunder." The signal defeat of the Orange candidates, even in their strongest holds of the north, has completely soured the temper of a party, unused to control, and unacquainted with disappointment: and, as impotence is always ungovernable of tongue, and pays in railing what it cannot discharge in action, nothing can exceed the explosion of party wrath. In the case of Mr. Brownlow, this irritability has been especially demonstrated. Not even the purlieus of the church, nor the sacred act of prayer, could put a bridle upon the popular feeling: for when the name of Judas occurred in the lesson of the day, in the parish of Tartaragan (county of Armagh), its application to the members who had disappointed the hopes of the Orangemen was buzzed irreverently from pew to pew, to the scandalous interruption of the holy service. An amusing and instructive episode in the year's proceedings was the series of consolatory dinners, in which the defeated members and their friends poured forth the vials of their wrath, and "went up and down the country," concealing their weakness under the energy of their impatient vituperations of all that had been opposed to them. While the particular theme of animadversion was the interference of the Catholic priests, the principal speakers were themselves priests of the Protestant Church; and it is lamentable to add, that the tenor of those speeches, from beginning to end, was an invocation of blood and slaughter, and a triumphant anticipation of a millenium of ascendancy, to be purchased by a military crusade against their opponents. Oh! father Abraham, what these *parsons* are! Close upon these events followed the Ballinasloe Bible meeting, the dispersion of a peaceable assembly of Catholics by the police at the point of the bayonet, and an ineffectual appeal to Mr. Goulburn, to make the matter a subject of ministerial investigation. To what purpose this gratuitous outrage to Catholic feeling is encouraged, amidst so many other elements of strife and contention, it would puzzle Machiavelli himself to unriddle. Without attempting the enigma, I must give one instance of the *ingenuous* modes of saintly conversion which fell within my own knowledge; it was an address from a Protestant rector to his parishioners, announcing himself as a convert to Catholic emancipation and the Catholic rent. The "*mot de l'énigme*"—the pith of this miserable and insulting jest—was developed in the course of the address, that the author intended emancipation from the Pope and the Devil, and a rent for distributing missionary tracts! *Mais revenons à nos moutons.* The state of social feeling induced by these various transactions is not a little curious. The public mind exalted by contending hopes and fears, every party is on the watch for fresh indications of the turn and temper of the times, and of coming events. Every one is in search of these floating straws, which determine the points whence the wind is blowing. The τέθνηκεδ Φιλιππος of the Athenians is daily and hourly repeated, in every accent of exultation or of despair, in its application to the ill-health of the Duke of York. The filling up of places as they become vacant is taken as a sign of the relative strength of parties; and even the Corn laws are considered in no higher point of view, than as they may tend to embarrass the liberals, and cripple their exertions in favour of Ireland. Nay, the very hospitality of the Lord-Lieutenant is made matter of augury; and conclusions are drawn from *the colour* of the birds which are pecking at the vice-regal board. In the society of Dublin, there exists a small (very

small) number of individuals, who, being Protestants and English, by birth or connexion, are entitled to that aristocratic distinction which belongs to the master caste, but who, as emancipators, are under the anathema of Irish *bon ton*. It is curious to observe, in the varying receptions of this class, as in the rising and falling of a barometer, the varying weight and pressure of the rival factions. The appearance or omission of certain names in the cards of invitation of the Irish grandees, shews, to a certainty, the tone of Orange confidence or distrust; and every shade of acknowledgment, from the cordial squeeze of the hand to the cut direct, has a close reference to the reigning opinion respecting the strength of the Canning-ites, the continuance in office of Lord Wellesley, or the elevation of Saurin or Plunkett to the office of Chancellor. I shall not readily forget, on the night of Lady Wellesley's first party after her marriage, when many Catholics, who had shewn civility to her as Mrs. Patterson, were received with marked attention and politeness in the circle, what a discordant jar of feelings was provoked in the assembly. Here, an *âme damnée* of the exclusionists vented his vexation at the profanation of the drawing-rooms of the Phœnix in sly sarcasms on the personal appearance of the *parvenus;* there a political trimmer, mistaking the matter for a proof of the approaching triumph of liberalism, proclaimed, in a newly awakened burst of enthusiasm, his desire to take the whole Catholic Association in one mystic embrace. Many a party-giving partizan of ascendancy, who had for years passed her political opponents with a stare of strangeness or a flash of defiance, now pressed forward to solicit an introduction; and the regenerating waters of the Vice-regal tea-pots seemed to have quite washed away the old Adam of centuries of Catholicity. But, alas! for human nature,

> "All that's bright must fade, the brightest still the fleetest;"

a rumour was spread that Lord Wellesley was recalled, and an Eldonite appointed to his office; and the relapsed Papists, driven once more from fashionable society to the "Hell or Connaught" of their own assemblies, were visited with a heavier note of reprobation for the sin of their transient orthodoxy.

Among the other signs of the times must be noted the rising impertinence of the Dublin Corporation, and the renewed *éclat* with which they vociferated that toast which the King in person had endeavoured to prohibit. Let not the sound of this word "Corporation" stir up in the imagination of the English reader any notion of the Waithmans, the Woods, or even of the Curtises, of London civism. The Dublin Corporation is not a society "where merchants most do congregate;" it is no reunion of all that is most respectable in commerce, or influential upon Change; but, for the most part, a nest of pauper loyalists, trading on the sacramental cup, and fattening upon the test-oaths. Among these worthies, the sheriff's wand has scarcely escaped from their grasp ere, not unfrequently, their shoulders are doomed to feel the pressure of the bailiff's heavy hand; and the distance from the civic chair to the Insolvent Court is scarcely more than a step. The alderman's gown is chiefly prized as a preliminary to the police magistracy; and while the Latouches and the Guinnesses keep aloof from such distinctions, the wealthy, liberal, and enlightened M'Kenna is a black swan on the bench. The only gate of entrance to this junta is through the temple of Pro-

testant ascendancy. The Williamite toast is the Shiboleth of its free-masonry, and jobbing is the great object and end of its political and corporate being. It was at the Lord Mayor's table that the toast was given which lost Lord Talbot his place. It was an alderman who boasted of having an Orange jury in his pocket; and it was at a civic orgie that another alderman threw off the *surtout* of his political hypocrisy. When this body is tranquil, when this volcano slumbers, we may be certain that all is right with the moderate party in the cabinet: for, ever in extremes, and ever certain that he who makes most noise is surest of being heard, a very little encouragement suffices to renew their clamourings. Such are the principal features in the physiognomy of Ireland for the current year—such the agitation of its political waters—such the extent of its social and economic disorganization. For such a condition, it is not easy to propose a remedy. One is almost tempted to exclaim with Plautus,

> ipsa si cupiat solus
> Servare prorsus non potest hanc familiam.

In politics and in patriotism, however, despair is especially sinful; and were not my space exhausted, it would not be difficult to shew that, even for Ireland, there is gound for hope, when time shall have blunted the passions and prejudices of Englishmen, and removed from public life those who have so long laboured to bring things to their present complexion. "*Au bout du conte*," the whole is an affair of pounds, shillings, and pence, and John Bull cannot for ever continue to blunder in his calculations. T.

VILLAGE SKETCHES.

No. IV.

A New-Married Couple.

There is no pleasanter country sound than that of a peal of village bells, as they come vibrating through the air, giving token of marriage and merriment; nor ever was that pleasant sound more welcome than on this still foggy gloomy November morning, when all nature stood as if at pause; the large drops hanging on the thatch without falling; the sere leaves dangling on the trees; the birds mute and motionless on the boughs; turkies, children, geese and pigs unnaturally silent; the whole world quiet and melancholy as some of the enchanted places in the Arabian tales. That merry peal seemed at once to break the spell, and to awaken sound, and life, and motion. It had a peculiar welcome too, as stirring up one of the most active passions in woman or in man, and rousing the rational part of creation from the torpor induced by the season and the weather at the thrilling touch of curiosity. Never was a completer puzzle. Nobody in our village had heard that a wedding was expected; no unaccustomed conveyance, from a coach to a wheel-barrow, had been observed passing up the vicarage lane; no banns had been published in church—no marriage of gentility; that is to say, of license, talked of, or thought of; none of our village beaux had been seen, as village beaux are apt to be on such occasions, smirking and fidgetty;

none of our village belles ashamed and shy. It was a most animating puzzle; and regardless of the weather, half the gossips of the street—in other words, half the inhabitants—gathered together in knots and clusters, to discuss flirtations and calculate possibilities.

Still the peals rang merrily on, and still the pleasant game of guessing continued, until the appearance of a well-known, but most unsuspected equipage, descending the hill from the church, and shewing dimly through the fog the most unequivocal signs of bridal finery, supplied exactly the solution which all riddles ought to have, adding a grand climax of amazement to the previous suspense—the new-married couple being precisely the two most unlikely persons to commit matrimony in the whole neighbourhood; the only two whose names had never come in question during the discussion, both bride and bridegroom having been long considered the most confirmed and resolute old maid and old bachelor to be found in the country side.

Master Jacob Frost is an itinerant chapman, somewhere on the wrong side of sixty, who traverses the counties of Hants, Berks, and Oxon, with a noisy lumbering cart full of panniers, containing the heterogeneous commodities of fruit and fish, driving during the summer a regular and profitable barter between the coast on one side of us and the cherry country on the other. We who live about midway between these two extreme points of his peregrination, have the benefit of both kinds of merchandize going and coming; and there is not a man, woman, or child, in the parish who does not know Master Frost's heavy cart and old grey mare half a mile off, as well as the stentorian cry of "Cherries, crabs, and salmon," sometimes pickled and sometimes fresh, with which he makes the common and village re-echo; for, with an indefatigable perseverance, he cries his goods along the whole line of road, picking up customers where a man of less experience would despair, and so used to utter those sounds whilst marching beside his rumbling equipage, that it would not be at all surprising if he were to cry "Cherries—salmon! salmon—cherries!" in his sleep. As to fatigue, that is entirely out of the question. Jacob is a man of iron; a tall lean gaunt figure, all bone and sinew, constantly clad in a light brown jacket with breeches to match, long leather gaiters, and a leather cap; his face and hair tanned by constant exposure to the weather into a tint so nearly resembling his vestments that he looks all of a colour, like the statue ghost in Don Giovanni, although the hue be different from that renowned spectre—Jacob being a brown man. Perhaps Master Peter in Don Quixote, him of the ape and the shamoy doublet, were the apter comparison; or, with all reverence be it spoken, the ape himself. His visage is spare, and lean, and saturnine, enlivened by a slight cast in the dexter eye, and diversified by a partial loss of his teeth, all those on the left hand having been knocked out by a cricket ball, which, aided by the before-mentioned obliquity of vision, gives a peculiar one-sided expression to his physiognomy.

His tongue is well hung and oily, as suits his vocation. No better man at a bargain than Master Frost: he would persuade you that brill was turbot, and that black cherries were Maydukes; and yet, to be an itinerant vender of fish, the rogue hath a conscience. Try to bate him down, and he cheats you without scruple or mercy; but put him on his honour, and he shall deal as fairly with you as the honestest man in Billingsgate. Neither doth he ever impose on children, with whom, in

the matter of shrimps, perriwinkles, nuts and apples, and such boyish ware, he hath frequent traffic. He is liberal to the urchins; and I have sometimes been amused to see the Wat Tyler and Robin Hood kind of spirit with which he will fling to some wistful penniless brat, the identical handful of cherries which, at the risk of his character and his customer, he hath cribbed from the scales, when weighing out a long-contested bargain with some clamorous housewife.

Also he is an approved judge and devoted lover of country sports; attends all poney races, donkey races, wrestlings and cricket matches, an amateur and arbiter of the very first water. At every revel or Maying within six miles of his beat, may Master Frost be seen, pretending to the world, and doubtless to his own conscience (for of all lies those that one tells to that stern monitor are the most frequent), that he is only there in the way of business; whilst in reality the cart, and the old white mare, who perfectly understands the affair, may generally be found in happy quietude under some shady hedge; whilst a black sheep-dog, his constant and trusty follower, keeps guard over the panniers, Master Frost himself being seated in full state amidst the thickest of the throng, gravest of umpires, most impartial and learned of referees, utterly oblivious of cart and horse, panniers and sheep-dog. The veriest old woman that ever stood before a stall, or carried a fruit-basket, would beat our shrewd merchant out of the field on such a day as that; he hath not even time to bestow a dole on his usual pensioners the children. Unprofitable days to him, of a surety, so far as blameless pleasure can be called unprofitable; but it is worth something to a spectator to behold him in his glory, to see the earnest gravity, the solemn importance with which he will ponder the rival claims of two runners tied in sacks, or two grinners through a horse-collar.

Such were the habits, the business, and the amusements of our old acquaintance Master Frost. Home he had none, nor family, save the old sheep-dog and the old grey horse, who lived like himself, on the road, for it was his frequent boast that he never entered a house, but ate, drank and slept in the cart, his only dwelling-place. Who would ever have dreamt of Jacob's marrying! And yet he it is that has just driven down the vicarage lane, seated in, not walking beside, that rumbling conveyance, the mare and the sheep-dog decked in white satin favours, already somewhat soiled, and wondering at their own finery; himself adorned in a new suit of brown exactly of the old cut, adding by a smirk and a wink to the usual knowingness of his squinting visage. There he goes, a happy bridegroom, perceiving and enjoying the wonder that he has caused, and chuckling over it in low whispers to his fair bride, whose marriage seems to the puzzled villagers more astonishing still.

In one corner of an irregular and solitary green, communicating by intricate and seldom-trodden lanes with a long chain of commons, stands a thatched and whitewashed cottage, whose little dovecot windows, high chimneys, and honey-suckled porch, stand out picturesquely from a richly wooded back-ground; whilst a magnificent yew tree, and a clear bright pond on one side of the house, and a clump of horse-chestnuts overhanging some low weather-stained outbuildings on the other, form altogether an assemblage of objects that would tempt the pencil of a landscape-painter, if ever painter could penetrate to a nook so utterly obscure. There is no road across the green, but a well-

trodden footpath leads to the door of the dwelling, which the sign of a Bell suspended from the yew-tree, and a board over the door announcing "Hester Hewit's home-brewed Beer," denote to be a small public-house.

Every body is surprised to see even the humblest village hostel in such a situation; but the Bell is in reality a house of great resort, not only on account of Hester's home-brewed, which is said to be the best ale in the county, but because, in point of fact, that apparently lonely and trackless common is the very high road of the drovers who come from different points of the west to the great mart, London. Seldom would that green be found without a flock of Welch sheep, foot-sore and weary, and yet tempted into grazing by the short fine grass dispersed over its surface, or a drove of gaunt Irish pigs sleeping in a corner, or a score of Devonshire cows straggling in all directions, picking the long grass from the surrounding ditches; whilst dog and man, shepherd and drover, might be seen basking in the sun before the porch, or stretched on the settles by the fire, according to the weather and the season.

The damsel who, assisted by an old Chelsea pensioner minus a leg, and followed by a little stunted red-haired parish girl and a huge tabby cat, presided over this flourishing hostelry, was a spinster of some fifty years standing, with a reputation as upright as her person; a woman of slow speech and civil demeanour, neat, prim, precise and orderly, stiff-starched and strait-laced as any maiden gentlewoman within a hundred miles. In her youth she must have been handsome; even now, abstract the exceeding primness, the pursed-up mouth and the bolt upright carriage, and Hester is far from uncomely, for her complexion is delicate and her features are regular. And Hester, besides her comeliness and her good ale, is well to do in the world, has money in the stocks, some seventy pounds, a fortune in furniture, feather-beds, mattresses, tables, presses and chairs of shining walnut-tree, to say nothing of a store of home-spun linen and the united wardrobes of three maiden aunts. A wealthy damsel was Hester, and her suitors must probably have exceeded in number and boldness those of any lady in the land. Welch drovers, Scotch pedlars, shepherds from Salisbury Plain, and pig-drivers from Ireland—all these had she resisted for five-and-thirty years, determined to live and die "in single blessedness," and "leave the world no copy."

And she it is whom Jacob has won, from Scotchman and Irishman, pig-dealer and shepherd, she who now sits at his side in sober finery, a demure and blushing bride! Who would ever have thought of Hester's marrying! And when can the wooing have been? And how will they go on together? Will Master Frost still travel the country, or will he sink quietly into the landlord of the Bell? And was the match for love or for money? And what will become of the lame ostler? And how will Jacob's sheep-dog agree with Hester's cat? These, and a thousand such, are the questions of the village, whilst the bells ring merrily, and the new-married couple wend peaceably home.

M.

LIFE INSURANCE.—THE DUELLING CLAUSE IN POLICIES.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

SIR:—Out of the long list of new Assurance Companies which have lately established themselves in London, and which are vieing with each other in different stratagems to gain preference in public attention, I feel surprised that no office should yet have advertised the erasure of a certain clause—or series of clauses—from its policies, which has gone on for many years, forming part of every Life Assurance contract, although it produces no advantage to the assurers, and weakens the general desirableness of Life Insurance very materially.

The public will be aware that the more ordinary modes in which Life Assurance is effected are two; at least, it is only to two modes of making that engagement that I need call their (or your) attention. The first is, where a party *insures his own life*, for the purpose of securing a sum disposable (possibly for the benefit of his family) at his death; and this is a mode of Assurance much used by professional men, whose incomes are dependent upon their continual exertions, and would cease with their lives. And the second is, where a party assures a sum payable to himself or his assignees, not upon *his own* death, but upon the death of some *third person*, in whose life he has a specific interest: as where a man marries a widow, for instance, and insures a sum of money upon her life against her jointure; or where he insures a claim which may be lost by the death of a debtor; or the value of a lease, or an annuity, or any other absolute property which he holds, determinable with the life of some given individual.

Now, the first of these two objects of Assurance—(which I take to be the most generally valuable)—that of a provision to be made by a man earning a large annual income for the future benefit of his family—this object can only be effected by such a party's *insuring his own life*. Because, to avoid the giving to any individual a direct advantage in the *death* of another, the law requires that A, insuring the life of B, must have a "legal interest"—a specific, claimable property,—which ceases upon B's death. A wife, therefore, although her maintenance depended entirely upon the exertions of her husband, could not by any means insure his life; nor a sister, similarly situated, that of her brother: because, though there is an *actual* loss here occasioned by the death, there is not the loss of any matter of legal claim. And to this rule I make no objection, because the remedy for the difficulty—such as it is—lies open. A man *assures his own life* for the benefit of the very same party, by whom (personally) it could not legally be assured; and it might be a dangerous principle to allow one individual to create to himself—say by insurance upon the life of an infant—an advantage of £5,000 out of the death of another. But then, under such circumstances, where a real interest of the most pressing nature may exist—without any legal right to warrant the party interested from personally assuring—it becomes material—if Life Assurance is to have any value at all—that that course of Assurance which *is* open should be as clear as possible from hindrance or uncertainty.

Now a part of the bargain made by Life Assurance offices with their customers, is, that in three possible cases of death—*viz.* death by Suicide—by Duelling—or by the hands of Justice—any Assurance made

by the actual party so dying upon *his own life*, shall be void and of no benefit. With the first and last of these conditions, I have nothing in the main to do. Men do not contemplate the ordinary possibility, either of their destroying themselves, or doing any act which shall cause them to be hanged. My purpose (eventually) will apply only to the duelling clause; but, as I have had occasion to name the other provisions along with it, perhaps I may as well, in a few words, shew the uselessness and impotency of all the three.

In the first place, then, with reference to the clause of "suicide,"—that provision, as it stands, I take to be wholly inoperative for the purpose for which it is intended. The purpose aimed at, is obviously to prevent a man, whose circumstances may induce him to destroy himself, from first effecting a policy, by which he may defraud some Assuring Company of £7,000: the clause, altogether, I take it, is pretty nearly needless; but certainly, as it stands, it is not capable of producing any such effect as this. Because an insurance upon life is not an act that can be done by the will of *one* party, nor that can be performed in a moment. The Assuring Company, as well as the insuring party, must be agreed, to make such a contract. Two or three meetings, at which many persons are present, commonly take place before the business is completed. In *all* cases, the party insuring must give references to medical men and private friends, who answer in writing (at their peril of any collusion), as to his state of health, &c. The whole transaction must occupy two or three days—more commonly it takes up five or six; and, up to the last moment, the Company—if from any cause it finds reason to dislike the "risk"—has the power to reject it.

Now all this delay affords, on both sides, a very liberal allowance for what the lawyers call the *locus pœnitentiæ*. A man would not be at all unlikely to *change his mind* about destroying himself, in the course of such an arrangement of business — say, between Wednesday night and Saturday morning:—and therefore, I doubt whether an Assurance Company need be *very* apprehensive about the consummation of any man's intention of Suicide, who should sit down to work a long arithmetical calculation before he went about it. But—that which is still more to the point—as shewing the inutility of the existing clause—is—that any man who had sufficient firmness of purpose to bring himself within its effect, would have abundant power to evade it. A man who could coolly keep up his determination to end his existence, for three days together—and go on transacting in the mean time all the detail of a life-assurance contract—would have plenty of coolness so to end his life, that the *Suicide*—(which would vitiate that contract)—could *never be proved* against him.

For the *proof* of suicide, it should be observed, must come from the Assurance Company. The death of the individual, *primâ facie*, gives the claim to recover on the policy. The evidence must be distinct of *felo de se;* for, in case of *insanity*—(the point has never arisen)—but I take it to be clear, the claimant must receive. Juries would require rather distinct proof, too, where money had been paid, and an unfavourable verdict was to leave a family perhaps to beggary; and without selecting modes to aid the desperately bent, I believe that a gentleman might slip overboard from an Irish steam-packet—or make a false step upon the edge of the precipice at Dover or at Clifton—or go to a closet, and swallow his paper of oxalic acid by mistake for salts—or even be merely *found* in a river, into which a body might have fallen by accident—or

find a great many other expedients, if he were determined to take his departure from this nether world, by which he might so depart, and no *proof* be given against him of wilful and prepense desertion.

The second of these three clauses—that against death by the hands of justice—it is hardly necessary to say any thing upon. Except perhaps, that—in this case, as in the last—I think the Assurance Company takes nothing—or next to nothing—by its motion. Because the people who are *hanged* are not of that class who *insure their lives*: they are commonly of a kind too poor for such a precaution, besides being too careless, or too desperate. I shall by-and-bye in a very short word—dispose of the possibly assumed position—that *either* of these two provisions save any thing worth consideration to an Assurance Company: but the only regulation worth talking about—and that which I am seriously anxious to repeal—is the last of the three rules which has been mentioned—the clause which defeats payment of a man's (personal) policy, in case of death by Duelling.

I know here that I shall be met, at once, with a tirade about "morality;" but I am prepared to let that storm spend its force upon me—and then go on. I no more mean to defend duelling—as a practice—than I would defend the excessive drinking of wine, or the inordinate eating of turtle as a practice; but, if I could hit upon a mode of avoiding the headache, or the indigestion consequent upon the indulgence of either of those habits, I should hardly deserve to be taxed as an offender against morality if I promulgated it.

This fact I take to be certain—within a given limit, duelling is a practice which *never can be prevented.* I do not know whether it would be very advantageous—as far as human foresight can reach—if it could be prevented; but I do not enter into that question—while we remain the people that we are—it certainly *will not.*

The experiment of severe penalties against duelling was tried in France; and in an age when the principles of penalties could be tried as it never now can be tried again. In the beginning of the sixteenth century, under Henry IV. (of France), the laws against duelling were of the most sanguinary nature; the executions of the most horrible description—and they totally failed. First, they were evaded by the simulation of sudden quarrels; and the combats, less openly and coolly conducted, became more furious and less fair. When this pretence would serve no longer, men who met death for honour in the field, did not shrink from it on the scaffold; and after beheadings, hangings, confiscations, banishments, the sacrifice of lives, and the beggaring of helpless, unoffending families—acts of grace were found indispensable; and the laws fell into disuse, or were repealed.

Our question here, however, is upon this *ban*, which is against the duellist in all contracts executed with reference to Life Insurance. A Duel I take to be neither more nor less than a *casualty* in life, which nine men out often—and those, the honest, the cautious, the feeling, and the respectable nine—must always regret—but to which nevertheless every feeling man in society, above a certain rank, accounts himself, upon occasion, rigidly subject; and, looking merely to the *trade* of Insurance, is it not a mischievous arrangementfor the dealers on both sides—both for the assurers and the assured—that that very provision should be rendered subject to a *casualty*, which a man only thinks it worth while to make, because it relieves him from the effect of *casualty* altogether? My firm belief is

that a great number of persons are entirely deterred from taking the benefit of Insurance by this very limiting clause; but I am quite sure that its abolition would gain *general* business to any Company; for *all* men would be glad to be relieved from it. For it so happens—as I observed above—that a great proportion of the very persons most likely to avail themselves of the securities of Life Insurance (personal), are men struggling in the liberal professions—frequently engaged in controversies with each other—and men to whom high character, as a mere trading commodity, is indispensable;—the very men to whom a duel—as a remote, yet possible, casualty—is the most likely to occur.

I bar the being supposed here to admit, indirectly, that this *very circumstance* increases the risk that an Assurance Office would incur from giving up the duelling clause. I shall dispose of that point, in a few moments, quite sufficiently. But, in the mean time, the *only* point, it will be recollected, against which men insure is the *chance*—in fact the *possibility*. We pay, not the *real* value for the sum which we insure, but an amount very nearly, if not quite, double. Except for the risk of accidentally early death, a man who put by annually the amount of premium which he pays to an Assurance Company, would, in the course of an average life, accumulate a much larger amount than that which he covenants to receive. He makes a great sacrifice to purchase an *absolute certainty*—pays £100 a year, for instance, to secure £2,000—when that £100 a year, otherwise applied, would in the same time produce him £4,000. He consents to this, *only* in order to make *sure* that his children may not be left to distress, by his death, *before* the £4,000 has accumulated. And we check him with this stipulation, "If you should chance to die in a *particular* way, in which you are not *likely* to die, but in which it is *possible*—without any blame accruing from yourself—you may die—then you shall receive nothing;—so your surety,—for which you would pay £200, where you ought to pay £100—is at an end."

It is mere nonsense to decline the arguing this point, upon the plea that a change would afford even indirect encouragement to the practice of Duelling. It would no more do this than the invention of Dr. James's Powders encouraged men to get cold, or to throw themselves into fever. If we are to debate upon the score of morality, *I* am perfectly ready to go into that question; for I am sure it will be a strange principle of morality or charity, which insists to add so much to the unhappiness of a man compelled to fight a duel, that he shall go into the field with the horrible sensation, that the whole safety of his family—the provision which he has endured labour and privation to raise for his children—depends upon his personal fate. Any fair argument upon the question of morality, I am quite sure, must be all in my favour.

But my immediate question is upon the *policy*—that is, I mean, the *advisableness*—of a change from the existing system, by any Assurance Company anxious to hold out attraction. And, with a very words more—just to shew that any Company may make the change, without even incurring any *additional risk*—I shall conclude this letter, which has already perhaps exceeded reasonable limits, upon a subject not very decidedly one of amusement.

I think I have *already* shewn, with respect to the first clause upon which I set out, the proviso against death by Suicide—that that provision is not effective—that it cannot compass that which it aims at—and that, in practice, it would be of no force.

With reference to the second clause—the death by Justice—I have endeavoured to shew (though the matter is of no consequence), that Assurance Companies—from the general quality of their customers—were not likely to be seriously affected by it.

And with respect to the Duelling clause, I think I have already laid some ground for saying, that an *increase* in their quantity of business would be obtained by any office that consented to its abolition.

There now remains then the question—how far any Assurance Office could *afford* to abolish these three clauses, or any of them? the *last* being the only one to which I at all address my serious purpose.

Upon this point, I think, the result will to some persons seem rather singular. That is, they will be surprised to find that, against so slight a danger, any barrier should have been thought necessary to be raised. The whole amount of deaths occasioned by all these three sinister causes—by Suicide (properly so called)—Duelling—and the hands of Justice—do not amount, in England, Wales, and Scotland, to 200 cases in a year. The average amount of general deaths in England, Wales, and Scotland, I take to be, in round numbers, about 400,000 cases a year. So that the proscribed deaths being—*taking all three clauses*—to the whole mortality, as *one to two thousand*—in 2,000 insurances, a company would have *one* loss—and the increased risk upon their average claims would be *one shilling* per cent., or *half a farthing* in the pound.

And this would be the case, it will be recollected, upon the repeal of all the *three* clauses on which I have adverted. The two first of which—the hanging and the Suicide—(which I don't attempt to deal with) embrace near *nineteen-twentieths* of the list of deaths proscribed. The deaths by Duelling *alone*, annually, I am inclined to believe do not amount in this country to so many as ten. I am quite sure they do not amount to *twelve*. But say even that they reach *fifteen*. The increased risk to an Insurance Company from taking the chances of them, would *then* not amount probably to *one* loss in a *century*: and, in money, it would be not quite *a penny* per cent.—the twenty-fifth part of a farthing in the pound; in fact, a fraction so small as to be almost indescribable.

If I am told that, as the risk here is so remote, the thing stands well as it is, and that the individual insuring can afford to take it—to that I answer, that it is not the *business* of the insurer to take *any* risk; he pays his money in order to be relieved from risk, or anxiety, altogether. To guard against the *possible* injury to any Company from (moral) lunatics, or desperadoes, I think that there could be no objection to an arrangement by which the liability of the Assurers (in cases of death by duelling) should not arise until full six months after the date of the execution of the policy. This regulation would meet the *possible* case of a man's receiving or sending a challenge in one hour, and proceeding, on that very account, to insure his life the next. People could hardly wait half a year to fight: or indeed (upon the suicide clause) to kill themselves; and the law would not allow them to wait out the six months before they were hanged. I have shewn, I think, that the additional risk consequent upon the alteration which I propose, would be quite unworthy of notice; and I fully believe that any Assurance Company would gain business and popularity that should at once announce its adoption.

SONGS OF A SUMMER NIGHT.

Oh, the happy days of our forefathers! Have they past away for ever? Must we only read of their tournaments, their troubadours, and their gallantries? Must we only read their songs and their exploits, and sigh over the daring deeds and passionate loves of the old time—when, as we read, we think the days must have been so fine and long, the ladies so sweet and fair, the lovers so gay and so devoted, the warriors so tall and mighty in their helms and plumes—and the nights, too, must have been such gentle, love-inspiring nights, and all so kind and so merry withal, that we are angry with our destinies that we were not breathing in those times of love and chivalry; when there were such stately castles and such bold vassals to protect them,—when there were such warm hearts and such gallant garbs over them. Ah, those were the days of gracefulness and a proper fashion: not in costume alone, but in manners and noble bearing; when the wanderer was welcomed every where, and if he could trill a lay in praise of his lady-love, or sing a jovial strain of wine or wassail, he was the idol of the happy hour. Well, those days have gone, and all that we can do is to wonder how meanness and suspicion, and love of gain, and cold reserve and selfishness, could ever thrust aside such kindness, good-fellowship, and hospitality!

In that gallant time, when a still and breathless night had succeeded the hot sunny day of an Italian July, it chanced that a singular group of persons were stretched on the green ground of an embowering wood, reposing from the fatigues of a journey, and preferring the canopies of branches and leaves, and the cool grass and moss that formed their general couch, to the draperied apartments or more convenient accommodation of castle or hostel. A clear blue sky shone above them through the foliage, and a few solitary stars twinkled faintly there, as though a great festival had called away all their merry shining companions, and those few had chosen rather to remain behind and meditate in sweet loneliness, than join their gay brethren, who might be supposed to have assembled in some far-off field of air, beaming in all their splendours, and revelling, right brilliantly. Perhaps those few who remained in the forsaken sky were philosophers, poets, or lovers, whom we all know have little heed of merriments; but, whatever they might be, there they were palely glimmering far away from each other, and looking as melancholy and misanthropical as such high-minded stars might be supposed to look.

The party amounted to upwards of twenty persons, including three or four attendants, who were only distinguished from their superiors by their humbler garbs, and their occasionally performing trifling acts of attendance, but all equally enjoyed the coolness and quiet of the time; while the hostess and mother Nature accommodated the one no better than the other, but spread the green carpet, prepared her mossy couch, and hung her quivering and drooping curtains over all alike: for she, good dame, cannot comprehend subordination and respect for persons, but warms and chills her children without distinction; though some, more cunning than others, may artfully contrive protection from her chidings and screens for her over-kindness.

Their horses were browsing near them, and the goodly company were merrily discoursing; while ever and anon the loud laugh of the gallants and the titter of the ladies so mingled and quavered in the air, that the birds, the legal inhabitants of the place, were seen flitting from tree to

tree, crying out in short and sharp chirrups, wondering with each other; and in as much consternation as though the ring-burning fairies were holding their circular revelries, and roystering in all their mad and mischievous mirth.

A burst of gaiety had died away and all the party remained silent,—some preparing materials for a fresh sally of humour, others, in sympathy with the beauty and stillness of the approaching night, wishing for a continuation of the silence, and thinking the company of treasured thoughts and recollections of by-gone days, and cherished memories of some hallowed forms, would be more in unison with that sweet and quiet hour. A few might be seen resting their heads on the green banks, thinking of nothing in the world, and preferring at that moment the soft cool kiss of the grass, in which they closely nestled their faces,—faces which had through the day been glared upon by the dazzling eye of the summer sun—to any other kisses or lips whatever. Among them was a lady of peculiar beauty, and to whom the gallants were particularly obsequious; though the envy she might have caused among the other beauties present, from her monopoly of all the compliments, knightly speeches and flourishes of wit, was entirely subdued by the seeming unconsciousness that they were particularly addressed to her, and the grace and playfulness with which she made every subject a matter of general converse, so that all might participate in the colloquial collation. But though her eyes would sometimes sparkle and beam with the laughter of her heart, yet a pensiveness and tender melancholy would steal over her fair countenance, and the smile would often be followed by a sigh, even as clouds are seen to sail over the sunshine of the young spring day. Again the conversation was resumed, and from its earnestness it appeared some proposition had been made, to which a majority of the party seemed readily to assent. First there were loud and short sentences, then speeches of solicitation and petulant replies, then the laugh and the brief silence, then again a bandying of words; at length a yielding from one, and a murmur of satisfaction from the rest, proved a point to have been gained: for some resumed their reclining positions from which the previous debate had disturbed them, others bent forward in the act of attentively listening, and the preparations for a general stillness augured that one of the party was about to sing: and after a short prelude of silence, a soft, clear, and lute-like voice tremulously commenced a plaintive song. It was from the lady whose loveliness and courtesy had made her the queen of the gay assemblage. She essayed a ballad of ill-requited love, of forgotten vows and youth's tears; but suddenly ceased, for a tremor had either deprived her of the command of her voice, or the pensive air she was singing had awakened heart-sleeping thoughts and painful feelings. The company endeavoured to cheer her spirits, and strengthen her confidence—when she smiled, and passing her hand across her sweet eyes, recommenced; but changed her theme to one light and inspiring. It was a roundelay at that time known by the name of "Love's Tourney," and in a "quick volume of wild notes" was heard

THE LADY'S SONG.

Ah me! what a sight the lists display!
Fierce has the tourney been to-day;
Shivered lances and blades are seen,
Strewing the ground where the fray has been.

Many a knight lies stark and dead,
Some slain with a single blow;
Many a knight hath hung his head,
Abashed at his overthrow.
For one alone hath conquered all,
And he woundless kneels for his coronal.

But the heralds have blown a blast again,
And a stalwart knight pricks over the plain:
He stands in the lists, and his armour bright
Reflects the form of the victor knight.
He laughs with disdain when the foe he sees,
And looks at the throng with glee;
While his plume starts up and fronts the breeze,
All sure of the victory.
"Who is he?—who is he?" is heard apart;
'Tis the haughty Knight of the Marble Heart.

And who is he that hath fought so well,
And done such deeds for a world to tell?
Alas, he looks a child, and his eyes
Are hoodwinked too; from his shoulders rise
Two feathery wings, and his tilting spear
Is an arrow small and light;
He a weapon finds in the starting tear,
And a smile is his brand of might.
Aha! by the heart-shaped shield we know
Sir Cupid, the Knight of the Bended Bow.

They rein back their steeds, and both prepare
To splinter a lance for the honours there:
But he of the Marble Heart surveys
The care of his foe with a scornful gaze;
For Sir Cupid hath gemmed with two beaming eyes
The centre of his shield,
And resting his feathered spear, defies
His champion to the field.
Fair cheeks are flushed, and brows are bent,
As the knights prepare for the tournament.

The trumpets clang, and the sound is heard
Of the furious rush and the cheering word;
But the scornful knight in wild surprise
Is dazzled and mad with the beaming eyes.
Through his vizor they flash, from his horse he reels,
For the shaft lance strikes him through;
And the Marble Heart despairing feels
What the champion-boy can do.
On a bed of shields he is borne away,
And Sir Cupid is lord of the fierce tourney.

The first song being finished, a general inspiration seemed to spread through the whole group. All the accustomed singers were selecting within themselves their most favourite lay, in the event of a request for their strains; and those whose voices were seldom lifted up in song, strove to recal to memory some ancient ditty, that they might venture their imperfect skill in the lists of harmony. Opinions were asked and given of the sweetness of the music, and the beauty of the poetry of some popular troubadour, and various were the passages and cadences gently trilled as specimens for particular admiration. Even a brook, which hitherto none had heard, now rippled and tripped over its shallow bed, and sang its tinkling melody to the delighted rushes, that bent and

wavered to its merry meanderings. The attention of the company was now directed to a youth, who, with little intreaty, prepared to comply with the request made by the lady, that he should relieve her from the embarrassment of the admiration she had excited by immediately commencing a song, and the smile and familiar inclination of the head that followed the solicitation, was sufficient to shew that not only a friendly intimacy subsisted between them to justify her prompt demand, but that he was an adept in the science. He was a youth of slight form, with a profusion of light hair curling and waving over a full bright hazel eye, whose clear arched brow and smooth forehead spoke of happiness and heart's-ease. Close to him sat a fair girl with a hand closely locked in his, and looking at him so fondly, and answering his speaking and laughing glances so tenderly and intelligibly, that it was no difficult matter to guess they were lovers—happy, undivided lovers. She stole a short gentle whisper in his ear, and presently all listened to

THE LOVER'S SONG.

What are the summer skies to me,
Though bright and beautiful they be?
What are the garden's freshest flowers,
And the kissing breeze of its greenest bowers?
Though beauty and fragrance mingle there,
And sweet is the kiss of the amorous air,
Yet flowers were never so glowing and sweet
As my lady's blush when alone me meet.
And what is the kiss of the softest breeze,
To my lady's lips in such nights as these?
And never so bright were the summer skies,
As the living light of my lady's eyes.

Sweet are the beams of the early sun,
Ere the hum of the waking world's begun;
And poets tell us the mermaid's song
Can calm the wild sea as it rolls along:
Then sweet is the swell of each quiet wave,
As if fraught with a sigh for the shores they lave:—
But I know a bosom whose rise and fall
Can murmur a sigh that's sweeter than all;
And could you but hear my lady sing,
You'd have ears for no other carolling:
While the morning beams would vapours be,
To the light of my lady's smile on me.

This song, which was given with all the art and skill of a practised singer, now dying away in low yet clear tones, then gradually rising to the full swell of the voice, aided by the well-timed pauses and finished execution of a correct ear, so pleased those who were listening, that an universal burst of approbation brought the whole company into motion. The attendants presented the wine cups, the ladies shifted their positions, as the gallants, becoming emboldened, and somewhat inspired by the songs, the time, and the place, were gathering closer to the fair creatures; and many were the delicate fingers that endured the pressure of more nervous ones, almost to flinching. But whoever might be delighted with the efforts of the last singer, none were more so than the fair girl that sat so close to him; and as he had extolled his lady's carolling, no one for a moment imagined that any other than that lady could be meant: consequently intreaties for her melody poured in from every quarter; but the poor girl, far from attempting to prove her lover's taste, sat trembling and grasping his arm, and giving breathless negatives to every request, and

chiding the laughing youth now that she discovered the situation his praise had placed her in; but a well-phrased plea from him, and a voluntary offer of a song from another, relieved the timid girl, and the party were again preparing for silence. The person who had proposed himself was a swarthy muscular young man, with short curled black hair and beard, a free unceremonious deportment, and altogether with the appearance of one who had not always been in the land of his birth. His face showed the tinge of an eastern sun, and the buffeting of rougher winds than those that shake the branches of an Italian forest. It appeared, in his travels he had once been captured by a band of marauders, and in their retreat had learned from their leader the only song he ever knew. It was a wild and rugged air, partaking more of the rolling of the sea, and the dashing of the cataract, than the low-voiced stream and the playful fountain. He rested against the stem of a mighty elm, and in a deep-toned and harmonious voice, sang—

THE ROBBER'S SONG.

We are the souls that fear not fate,
And the blasts of life defy:
We 've hearts for love, and brands for hate,
And can reckless live or die.
Our lives have all an earthquake been,
Let the timid then shrink and wail;
But we, who the worst of the storm have seen,
Will ne'er at its thunder quail.
Then laugh, ha! ha!
And drink, ho! ho!
To sorrow's overthrow.

Why droop the head at a woman's frown?
Here 's enough in the world to smile:
The revenge of the scorned is the ivy crown,
And kinder lips the while.
Then as on the sea of life we sail,
Let us heed not the wind or the sky;
But mount with the billow, and fly with the gale,
Nor fear in the wreck to die.
Then laugh, ha! ha!
And drink, ho! ho!
To sorrow's overthrow.

This song did not find that favour with the ladies the two preceding ones had found, though the gallants were loud in their praises of his powerful cadences, and the deep intonations of his voice; nor was the singer displeased when one compared his tones to the hoarse roar of the forest lion, but laughed right jovially, and ascribed any fault that might be found with his style to his bandit tutor, and seemed particularly tickled by the remarks on his strength of voice, as the *forte* tone his conversation afterwards assumed fully proved. The company were now very urgent to prevail on some lady to attempt a gentle strain, and bring back their thoughts and feelings to love, and sighs, and tenderness, from which the rough-rolling sounds of the robber's song had roused them; but in vain—none would at present trust their delicate voices to such an overwhelming contrast; and after much debate and intreaty, a youth, who had taken little interest in the proceedings of the party, carelessly assented to a general solicitation that he should be the next singer. He was reclining on the ground, resting his face on the palm of his hand, and looking through a space in the foliage above him at a bright star, which, fixed in that spot of the heavens, seemed watching

him like an eye. He was a well-proportioned youth, with dark chestnut hair, that, parting in the centre of his high forehead, hung almost to his shoulders in graceful curls. His full deep blue eye was overhung by a straight brow, black and narrow, which would bend and answer the curl of his proud lip when the frivolous speeches of some of the young gallants reached his ear; and then, with a sigh almost like a groan, he would turn to the favourite spot of blue sky above him, and gaze at the star shining there, as though he wished to breathe his very spirit into its white beams. His young cheek was pale and rather wasted, and the two deep lines engraven there told of bitter scorn, passionate thoughts, the sorrow that kills, and the proud heart that deeply feels but wails not. He pressed his hand to his forehead, and, still keeping his reclining position, appeared to make an effort not to be totally a misanthrope where all were so happy, seeming to intreat himself for once to unbend and become like those about him; and in a not unmusical voice, but low and carelessly, was sung—

THE POET'S SONG.

Alas for me! a cloud has hung
  O'er all mine early days;
And if perchance a light has flung
  Across my path its rays,
I've wished that it had never been—
For, like a flame at midnight seen,
I have but found, when it hath past,
A deeper darkness round me cast.

Alas for me!—false hearts I've found,
  Where I had deem'd them true;
And stricken hopes lie all around
  Where'er I turn my view.
There have been some that I have lov'd,
And whose returning love I've prov'd
Far above sounding words;—but they
Are dead and gone, and past away.

Alas for me!—I cannot think
  Of happy moments fled;
Or sigh to look o'er that dread brink
  Where sleep the countless dead.
My joys have been by sorrows crushed;
My heart's best sounds have all been hushed;
Its strings are strained, and so my grave
Will welcome be—in earth or wave.

Alas for me!—'tis pity, too,
  As youth is still mine own,
That I should think as now I do,
  And know what I have known:
But still I to this earth must cling,
While brooks and trees and blossoms spring;
And while the sky, the rocks and sea,
Are such sweet, silent friends to me.

Thus the night wore away, while their songs, their pleasant tales, their happy talking and laughter, so cheated the time, that the grey morning came upon them like a surprise. Hearts were conquered, friendships made, and loves confirmed, that lasted through a long life; and often, in after days, did the memories of those who were of the gay company revert with delight to the merriments and the songs of a Summer Night.

J.B.B.

KING'S AND COMPANY'S TROOPS IN INDIA.

To the Editor of the Monthly Magazine.

As periodicals do not move so rapidly to this quarter of the world as perhaps they ought to do, I hope you, Mr. Editor, will not be offended if I confess the fact, that I did not see your number for last March until the day before yesterday. If it make any amends, I faithfully promise that such a lapse of time shall not occur again.

In that number there was an article headed "The King's Troops in India," page 267, &c.; in which much complaint was made of the manner in which that body is treated. I do not wish by any means that the King's troops, or any troops, should be *ill*-treated; and I heartily desire that any thing of which they have reason to complain will meet with that attention and remedy which it may deserve. But I do think that the writer of the article has not fairly contrasted the situation of the Company's officer with that of the King's; and that the balance he has struck in favour of the former is not exactly corresponding with the facts of the case. I am prepared to state that the King's service is far better: and can support my position, not on loose reasoning, but actual documents.

"After two and twenty years," says the writer, p. 272, "the Company's captain retires on £180 per annum; after nearly the same, the King's captain retires on £127." Both these pittances, I admit, are shabby enough for a man who has had the habit of being considered, and of considering himself as a gentleman. That, however, is nothing to the purpose. I allow the fact. But there is something else to be considered. Will the writer have the goodness to consider what is the proportion to the service of the number of captains of twenty-two years' standing in the King's army, and the proportion of the Company's captains? Now *I* have made the calculation, and I can convince any one who will take the trouble of following it, that on an average it has taken about seventeen years to rise up to the rank of major in the line; while, in the Company's service, it takes *twenty-five* years to attain the same step. In the line, also, when a man is made a major he rises *in his regiment* (or he may rise), to be lieutenant-colonel. In the Indian army, after having been, as shewn already, five and twenty years getting to that rank, he is left to *line* promotion, and finds himself at the bottom of a list of perhaps a hundred majors senior to him. This is a misfortune to which the King's troops are not subjected.

Of course there are unfortunate cases in the King's army, and subalterns who have grown grey in the service can be quoted. But here, in the Indian army, the regular rule is as I have above stated. Suppose I give you an instance in which the two services happen to come in collision. Lieut.-Colonel Carpenter, a cadet of the year 1781, a date which is senior to that of any major-general in the service,—a captain of 1796, major of 1805 (in those days promotion went on faster than it can do at present), and lieut.-colonel of the 30th October 1811,—is hindered from holding the army rank of colonel, although holding the regimental rank, because the King did not issue a brevet of colonel for 1811; and his admission to the rank of colonel in the army would therefore supersede Lieut.-Colonel Michael McCreagh, of the 13th foot, a major of 1809, but a lieutenant-colonel of the 3d of October 1811; a lieutenant four weeks prior to Colonel Carpenter's admission to that rank. Now in

all probability Colonel McCreagh was not born when Colonel Carpenter entered the service. This, I submit, is a very hard case indeed; and I would not find it difficult to supply others similar to it in unfairness in the India army.

Suppose we put the case, that two young gentlemen of eighteen enter, one the King's, the other the Company's service; at the age of forty how are they situated? With any thing like fair chances, any reasonable interest, the gentleman in the King's service is a major of some standing, and looking out for his brevet rank of lieutenant-colonel. If his interest happens to be good, or his career fortunate, he may be actually of that rank. The Indian officer is a captain, with three or four senior to him in his regiment, a prospect of being seven or eight years before he is major, and the certainty of being then junior to some seventy or eighty, among whom he must work up by regular seniority. This regulation we owe to Lord Cornwallis, who thought he was doing the service much benefit by it, but who, in fact, has thereby exposed the officers to gross injustice, and actually done incalculable injury to the service itself. It is a fact, that officers in command now in India have been there for from thirty to forty years on an average; and a shorter time cannot be expected to elapse in any case as long as the system continues as it is. What the value of an officer, after some five and thirty years' residence in India, is, and how competent he may be on an average (there are, of course, splendid exceptions) to perform any duty which requires energy of mind and body, I leave to the imagination of your readers.

By the extreme tardiness of this promotion the India officer loses his chances, in a great measure, of the honour of his profession. There are captains in India this moment who are as capable of commanding armies, and who with detachments have performed actions on as large a scale as any major-general in the service; and yet these men are kept from the honours of the Bath, which are bestowed liberally on officers in the army junior to them in real standing, and who have in fact seen no service, or performed actions of individual skill or bravery to be compared with many among them. Now if a debarment from rank and military honours, as compared with the King's army, be not a sufficient difference in favour of the latter, I do not know what to say.

I leave out of sight the extra mortality of the India regiments, occasioned by the climate; and yet something ought to be allowed for *that*. If the artificial regulations of the service render it hard for the India officer to rise to equivalent rank, the natural causes of life and death make it still more difficult. The former arrest his course when he is major, —the latter are at work to arrest it in every step of his progress. If a list of fifty officers who had gone into the King's service in 1800, and another of fifty others of equal age who had in the same year entered the Company's, were made out, it would be found that two of the former had survived for one of the latter,—that the bulk of the King's officers were colonels, some of them generals, hardly any of them captains,—(I speak, of course, of those who continue in the army,)—while in the Indian army not *one* would be found above the rank of major. Is this peculiarly symptomatic of favoritism towards the India officer?

I know that the staff employment and command in irregular corps give the Indian officer a great deal of pecuniary profit, which excites the jealousy of the line. And I admit that many captains, nay, sometimes subalterns, make more *money* than even generals in the King's

army. But this arises solely from the impossibility of otherwise remunerating them. They cannot be rewarded in the proper manner—by promotion; and therefore these lucrative things are thrown in their way. But no soldier will say that this is a proper system. Give the India officer his just promotion, and then let these things be done away with. Let not the staff situations or irregular corps weaken the strength of the Indian regiments; let the former be supplied as in the line, and the latter either incorporated into regular regiments, or abolished altogether; for they are not a very useful force as now managed. The Indian officers would be very glad to see this; and, at all events, their brother officers of the King's service ought not to grudge them the only recompense for delayed promotion and pestiferous climate.

As to the comparative merits of the King's or Company's troops, I say nothing. I feel proud of the prowess of my own countrymen, whom I look upon to be the first troops in the world; but I still must say that if we imagine India is to be held by the 30,000 men whom we can send there—I mean, held on the scale it is now held—we greatly deceive ourselves. I do not wish one service to be complimented at the expense of the other; but we must either put 100,000 men into India, or, having made up our minds to supply their place by sepoys, pay due attention to the wishes and comforts of that army and its officers.

I am, Sir, &c.

Inverness, Oct. 25, 1826. An Indian Major.

SONG.

To Chloe kind and Chloe fair,
With sparkling eye and flowing hair,
Tune the harp, and raise the song;
Such as to beauty doth belong!

Let the strain be sweet and clear;
Such as through the listening ear,
In well-according harmony,
May with the 'tranced soul agree!

She is pleasure's blooming queen:
In the morn more fresh her mien,
When awaken'd from repose,
Than the summer's dewy rose:
In the ev'ning brighter far
Than the ocean-bathed star.

And when Night, the friend of Love,
Bids the silent hour improve,
To the ravished senses she
Gives joy, and bliss, and ecstasy.

A VOICE FROM THE DEPARTED.

Tired with the vain bustle of the world—its countless objects of enduring and unenduring excitement, its hopes, its wishes, its fears and its affections, I was emancipated from its thraldom, and in the early spring of the year 2000 I bade adieu to all I had ever feared or dreaded, or loved or cherished. The last glimpse of smiling nature which was reflected on my fading power of vision, even now, in my disembodied state, comes frequently before me; and indeed, with a feeling of attachment to the spot where I closed my earthly career, I sometimes wander with the thin air, and, without the least yearning towards my mortal existence, review the most prominent periods of my life.

There—under the green sod in that quiet church-yard repose my ashes, waiting for the great fiat that shall again unite them with my spirit. The earth-worm hath had his revel and his feast; the universal spirit of dissolution and decay hath dealt amongst the bones and fibres—and, but for the knowledge I have of the divine principle by which I shall again be blended with those fragments in a sublimated and pure shape, I could turn me and despise and spurn the rank and soddened clay, which in the days of my existence I pranked out in the gayest and gaudiest of adornments—myself my own adorer. That clay is tremulously alive—yet still and silent:—like a bow unstrung, its original form is lost. The ear with its fine organism is perished—yet the first peal of that dread trump shall restore its wonted sense. The eye—rayless, powerless, visionless—hath withered and crumbled—I have no communion with it:—yet the awakened ear shall one day communicate its own wondering sensations, vivifying the whole disjointed mass,—till the creature,—the new, unknown creature,—shall live and move, and——oh what shall be the consummation.

* * * * *

There sat she—oh! I see her now—palpably, clearly—she, the fondest, purest, loveliest, best:—there sat she like a sweet Niobe, when her young eyes gazed with a rivetted emotion on the inanimate clay—my clay—stretched before her on the long-pressed bed of feverish affliction and sore decay. Oh thou, too, art a spirit now, beloved one!—but thou art kept from me, and I from thee; both disembodied, both free—but both viewless to each other. I have flown on my aery pinions through the abyss of space—have fathomed all depths—often have I seemed to hear thy voice amidst the spheres—but alas! to my perception thou wert not.——

—— There sat she by the yet warm clay, and saw the frost of death work upon it: there sat she through the livelong night;—there sat she while, enveloped in the solemn grave-clothes, my body reposed yet on the surface of the earth. There sat she till the black and bloated corse, loathsome and hideous, was dragged from her view, and deposited in the bottom of its original mother and its present compound:—there sat she, watching the vacant space where the body had lain,—and there did she sit till the benumbed sense was again awakened to its wonted exercise;—and she who erewhile—a little lapse—had been a blessed and a blessing wife, rose from her sullen posture of bitter woe, and cast herself upon the earth—a desolate, forlorn, unfriended, forsaken widow.

Spirits have no tears—they have no words of consolation. I saw her lovely eyes flowing with shed tears and swimming with torrents yet

unshed. I had no power to check them;—I had none to shed in sympathy. She uttered her faint words of agonized complaint, and then sank into subdued prayer—(offspring of resignation)—for strength and fortitude. I had no words to mingle with her's. I hovered round and round in my disembodied condition. I saw my babes—too young to suffer;—I saw them looking up in mute wonder on their afflicted mother—I saw, but could not utter a father's blessing—or lay substantial hand on their infant heads in token of my presence.

Days passed—slowly—slowly. At length my wife—she who had been my wife—(oh, bitter dissolution of golden bands!)—she that was my widow—the dead one's widow—she communed with her heart and with the Great Being:—the orgasm of first emotion was becalmed, and at length her fond heart gently throbbed like the half-lulled whisper of the tide, when in the softest summer evening the sun hath given his last glance to the waters and departed to his western clime.

Subdued—not forgotten—was her grief. Cheerfully she assumed and accomplished her maternal duties, and the world smiled on her,—but she smiled not on the world; and while others seemed to enjoy and revel in existence, and in the enthusiastic developments of plan and execution—she seemed to stand alone—not cheerless, not friendless, not comfortless,—but like the ascetic hermit at a rich man's feast, who eats for the purposes of sustaining life, and calmly passes by those delicate enticements which hold so great a place in the estimation of the world. She trained up my children in the way of virtue, and in a few years they became like ever-green ivy tendrils—he our first-born, and she the fair-eyed dove, second in our number, but equal in our hearts and hopes.

As a spirit, I knew the inmost thoughts and emotions of the widowed protectress of those young ones, and delighted in the results of all I saw. Years passed—unclouded except by the past sorrow. Often was the spot where my dead ashes reposed visited by the widow and her babes; and when their infant minds were capable of impression, their father was painted in their young memories, and engraved firmly on their hearts.

Time ran on. The mother died. I saw her wasting form, and marked the slow progress of disease. Although separated from the body, still the human impressions of human emotions yet agitated me; life and death, though I could have no part in them, were still objects of contemplation to me. The widowed mother died—died as she had lived; and I saw her eye glance its last glance on the children of her love—I heard the last pulsation of her heart, and caught her last sigh as it mingled with the medium in which I existed. There lay those sightless orbs, fringed with their long dark lashes—there lay those hands, white as alabaster marble; and her lips, that uttered nought but love and gentleness, lay cold and livid. The seal of ages and long-enduring sleep cradled with repose was upon her, and under the same sod where my bones had mouldered was the sweet flower deposited. "Death the shadow, and time the skeleton," had waved their sceptres—and she was not. I was dust—she was dust—and the throbbing hearts moved not again.

In an instant, as in a whirlwind—or rather melting away as the summer twilight mingles in the darkness of the midnight—she fled—fled like a shadow, and the world held but two objects of sympathy for me.

Ages had passed since the moment when her beloved spirit took flight ere her spiritual presence was revealed to me.

Two objects alone were left for me—and they were all in all. I saw them left—left alone in a cold bleak world, with the heartless around. Oh, I felt these

"Poor unfledged
"Have never winged from view o' th' nest; nor know
"What air's from home,"

and bitterly grieved for their condition.

Guardian spirit I could not be; I was like a prisoner chained in solitude, with only a small wicket through which to catch a glimpse of some sweet land of promise. Through the long day, and the long, long night, I watched my children below—and when I saw the approach of evil, I had no shield under which to shelter them—I had no warning voice to utter—I had no consolation for them in the midst of their young sorrows.

Although aloof, and indifferent to the course of mundane concerns, yet, in the general nature of my perceptions, I saw the awful changes daily working to their developments in the kingdoms of the world—I saw old things and systems passing away, and new ones assuming their places. I saw the dethroned monarch and the iron-fronted usurper; the destruction of kingdoms and the building of new dynasties—the sacrifice of the innocent and the thirst of the ambitious—I saw hypocrisy kneeling in profane mockery at half-ruined altars—and I saw the dusky dispensers of all evil thoughts and passions mingling their wings with the dove-pinions of peace and innocence, and love and joy, and gentle consolation for wounded and broken hearts.

Often did I sigh for the privilege of communing with the spirits of the earlier days, the great master-spirits of their time. Bards, philosophers, and the patriarchs of days when pastoral life was not a fable—an epithet without a corresponding object. But this was denied to me, and my spiritual eye bent only on the world and its moving creatures. I was amidst their vanities and their greatnesses, but not of them. The great died and were buried—the poor perished also—and I saw their dust crumble and wither as mine and my fond wife's had done, and I saw the thin blades of grass and the flowers of spring flourish over the places of their repose. I saw the spendthrift heirs fixing up the hatchments of the dead with gloomy features, and the outward trappings of deep woe, and I had power to read their hearts: the images of the departed had no lodgment there. The feast, the revel, the wild flow of animal spirits, and the fulsome adulation of vampire friends, eddied round the survivor, and the mime who erewhile had worn the gloomy weeds of sorrow doffed the unfitting garment, and swaggered in his own motley.

A change was wrought. Mourning, and woe, and wrath, and rapine, and civil discord, were in the land—the angels were pouring out their phials. Men died by their brothers' swords—famine, and plague, and pestilence dealt amongst the survivors—and the insatiate grave reeked with its victims, and the dull stench of death rose from the earth.

Where were my children in the dread conflict? My boy had grown to manhood—to full, strong, towering manhood—and his great heart leapt with its wild emotions. Gladly would I have resumed my form of flesh, had the power been given me, to have stood before him in the din and

struggle of mortal conflict. Disease and death had spared him, and, boldly forward in the cause of right, repelling anarchy and wrong with steady might and vigilance, he and his fellows triumphed, and after a lapse the dove again spread her pinions over the land. The poor cried not for bread in vain—famine had glutted her withering power of evil—and pestilence and plague, like lions bridled, lay themselves down, and cowered upon the earth.

Bitter was the scourge—but the land was chastened and subdued; and the wheels of justice and equity moved on; and peace, and joy, and inward tranquillity, again blent their smiles together, and illuminated the face of all things.

I saw my son bearing the garland and laurels of the brave; I saw him receiving the applause of the virtuous and good; I saw him the counsellor and companion of the mighty, and I heard the myriad voice of fame shout forth his name to a wondering and delighted kingdom.—Again I looked upon him, and I beheld him wedded to a noble wife—I saw him surrounded by a blooming circle of young faces beaming light and love upon him. Once more I looked, and the grey hairs of a venerable old age were upon his brow, and his manly footsteps were turned to a feeble totter. Again, and for the last time I looked, and the cold earth was open to receive him. I saw his livid clay lying in dismal state in his castle-hall, and the mummery of grief and mourning were around him—the deep-tongued bell sang his last knell, and the pride of my former life, and my hope in this, was dust and ashes.

I was a lone spirit—and I had but a solitary object left to look on in the world.—Whence my inward tranquillity arose I know not; I felt there was some unknown source of support, from which I drank my fill. I was unmoved by joy and sorrow and the emotions of earthly things, yet I could not control or destroy the enduring interest which I felt in the movements of those beings with whom I had been connected in the days of my existence.

* * * * *

I have told the story of my boy—his eventful story,—in few words, and the other object of my love now required my notice.—I have told you she was fair—fair she was as a father's hopes could flatter, or a father's imagination picture.

She grew from downy childhood to the full glory of womanhood, spotless—pure. In the eventful times wherein her brother had achieved his glory, amidst the pestilence and famine that infected her native kingdom, she was by his fraternal care and solicitude placed far from the scene of her country's struggles. She breathed the air of Italy, and gazed upon its far-famed skies, and luxuriated in the natural beauties which that magic land displays; yet her heart beat for him who was distant,—who had never been separated from her in life before. Sometime she had news from his own hand—sometimes from public channels. In her dreams she saw golden honours showered upon him,—at other times she saw him pale, ghastly, dying, or dead,—sometimes by pestilence, famine, or sword, and sometimes on the scaffold,—victim of triumphant violence. Then the air of Italy was heavy to her, and its skies were clouded,—and nature smiled not: her heart was sick.

Courted and cherished by those around her,—my child shed cheerfulness and joy on her admirers, and stood amongst the far-famed beauties

of her foster country, the "observed of all observers."—A noble met her, one night, at a royal feast—saw, and loved. I need not tell of the rapidity with which love grows in a young heart; I need not tell of the magic sympathy which exists between souls formed to meet and unite. My daughter loved, too,—and short was the lapse of time ere she confessed her emotions, and in the face of a princely court she was ennobled, and the country rang with her name.

Envy was abroad,—and with a deadlier influence than the pestilence, roused herself to war against my daughter's peace and her fond husband's happiness. The future was not as a sealed book to me; and if spirits could weep and die with the weight of grief,—I should have ceased to be.

My daughter's purity was assailed. I heard the gross charge, and saw it ere it was broached, working in the slanderer's heart. I had no power to stem the whirlpool of evil that surrounded her; I hovered round her. I saw her when her ear first heard the rumour of alleged dishonour. I saw her burning tears—I knew her innocence.—I heard her breathe her fervent prayers for deliverance,—and I saw the firmness of her faith.—All availed not;—rumour said she and her paramour intrigued against the state! Fond soul!—a dove would as soon have lifted its downy pinion against the eagle as she have lent a breath of her's to blow the flame of faction. Envy coined the base tales—envy kept them before the world's eye—envy filled the cup of bitterness to the brim.

* * * * *

The morning's sun shone on a pallid corse—swollen and bloated—she had been strangled in the midnight silence. I heard the murderer's plan concerted—I saw her reposing in a soft sleep—her gentle heart heaving with its light dreams. I felt I was taking my last farewell;—the murderers approached—in an instant their ruffian fingers were pressed on her throat—her breath stopped for an instant, then rattled in her throat,—her eye-balls strained from their sockets;—without a groan—without a prayer to the villains for mercy, or to her God for protection.—She, my only object of love, was snatched from her sorrows, and hurried to the earth, without a knell being tolled or a word of blessing uttered, and no human tear ever fell upon her grave.

Often did I visit that obscure grave. From the earth have I flown upward and mingled with the worlds above: I have sought to supplicate divine vengeance on the accursed perpetrators of this horrid deed: back have I winged my way to the spot where my sweet lily reposed, and like a living man have I given way to the agony of my sorrows.

Oh! thought I, is my suffering given as an atonement for my past sins—is it a foretaste of my hereafter, when the great doom of all shall be sealed?

To me, the great system of things—worlds,—myriads of worlds above, below, around,—all seemed a vast, vast enduring wilderness—void—objectless—fruitless. Oh! this double solitude clung around me, and hung upon me with a weight indescribable. Gladly would I have cast off my spiritual existence and have mingled with the elements.

A light broke upon me;—my wife's pure spirit was revealed to me. We communed together. Oh, blessed privilege! She was a seraphic spirit—all light. We communed on the bitterness of life and the blessing of death. We were calm. She had seen all the affliction I had seen; she had felt the agony I had felt. Again she was snatched

from me. When shall I meet that angel soul again? I saw, I communed with the others of my love: he the foster-child of glory, and honour, and greatness;—and she the victim of envy, and slander, and murder. Oh! the recognition of disembodied spirits—how exquisite! Yes,—again I beheld my fond children,—beheld their blessed spirits, and held delightful converse. We were snatched from each other—and when the archangel's trump shall call the silent sleepers from their graves, then, and not till then, shall I feel the enduring presence of those who were all in all, both in life and death.

Often do I revisit the earth, commiserating the condition of man—viewing his joys and his sorrows—the fruition and destruction of his hopes. I mark his ceaseless labours—his early rising, and his late reposing. I see the nothingness of his every thing, and I return to my abode, exultingly anticipating the glorious things that are to be.

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G. F.

"POTATORIS."

Epitaph on a Toper in the Church of the Holy Ghost at Sienna.

"Vina dabant vitam, mortem mihi vina dedere
Sobrius auroram non potui
Assa merum situnt, Vina consperge sepulcrum
Et calice poto, care viator abi
Valete Potatores."

Life-giving wine, that juice divine,
My blissful days extended;
But death, alas! has drained my glass,
And all my pleasures ended.

The social bowl my jovial soul
Ere morn ne'er thought of quitting;
A jolly fellow, his wine, till mellow,
To leave is not befitting.

My thirsty bones, beneath these stones,
Cry out for irrigation;
In pity o'er my tomb then pour
A copious libation.

Next fill a cup, and drink it up,
Pure wine like ruby glowing;
This boon I pray, dear trav'ller, pay,
When from this place you're going.

Topers farewell! where'er you dwell,
May wine be most abounding;
Be all your lays of wine the praise,
In Pæans loud resounding.

ΣΕΝΥΑ.

LETTERS FROM THE UNITED STATES OF NORTH AMERICA.—N°. VII.

BRITISH TRAVELLERS IN AMERICA.

Philadelphia, May 1, 1826.

Mosquitoes.—" General Washington told me, that he never was so much annoyed by mosquitoes in any part of America as in Skeensborough, for that they used to bite through the thickest boot."

Fire in the Woods.—" The swiftest runners are often overtaken in endeavouring to escape from the flames. Indeed, I have met with people, on whose veracity the greatest dependence might be placed, that have assured me they found it a difficult task at times to get out of the reach of them, though mounted on good horses."

The Black Snake.—" The black snake, at the time of pairing, immediately pursues any person who comes in sight, and with such swiftness, that the best runners cannot escape from him upon even ground."

Niagara.—" It is nevertheless distinctly true, that the tremendous noise of the falls may be distinctly heard at times at the distance of forty miles, and the cloud formed by the spray may be seen still further off."—" We ourselves, some time afterwards, beheld the cloud with the naked eye at no less a distance than fifty-four miles, when sailing on Lake Erie on board one of the King's ships."

President's House at Philadelphia.—" The original plan of this building was drawn by a private gentleman, resident in the neighbourhood of Philadelphia, and was possessed, it is said, of no small share of merit; but the committee of citizens that was appointed to take the plan into consideration, and to direct the building, conceiving that it could be improved upon, reversed the position of the upper and lower stories, placing the latter at the top; so that the pilasters with which it is ornamented appear suspended in the air.

Capitol, or State-House at Richmond, Virginia.—" The original plan was sent over from France, by Mr. Jefferson, and had great merit; but his ingenious countrymen thought they could improve it, and, to do so, placed what was called the attic story in the plan, at the bottom, and put the columns on the top of it."

Gouging.—" If ever there is a battle in which neither of those engaged loses an eye, their faces are generally cut in a shocking manner, with the thumb-nails, in the many attempts which are made at *gouging*." Then follows a charge of mutilation.—" Four or five instances came within my own observation, as I passed through Maryland and Virginia, of men being confined in their beds from the injuries which they had received of this nature in a fight. In the Carolinas and Georgia, I have been credibly assured that the people are still more depraved in this respect than in Virginia; and that, in some particular parts of these States, every third or fourth man appears with one eye."

The above extracts are from a very fair and rather sensible book, my dear P., which, in the year 1800, had already reached its *fourth* edition with you.* The title is, " Travels through the States of North America, and Upper and Lower Canada, in 1795-6-7, by Isaac Weld, jun., a British traveller in America;" who, among other matters which are

* I say the fourth, but I am not altogether certain; for though I extracted the passages given above with due care, I did not mark the edition as I ought.

hardly worth mentioning, says, that "on account of the respectability of the gentleman who related it, and the accuracy of his observation" —he does not hesitate to give credit to "a story about a flock of pigeons, that, supposing they moved no faster than a vessel which was going at an easy course, must have reached at least eighty miles."

If any good were to be done—if any were to be hoped for—it would be easy enough to multiply such examples of good faith, not only from the works of British Travellers in America, who are still in repute among those who have no good opportunity of knowing the truth, but from British writers on America, who are still regarded as authority even by those who ought to know better, and who, it is to be hoped, *do* sometimes know better—to say nothing of other travellers and writers, who, like the French, are not always good authority where they have to speak of a people who, at any period, or in any way, have been at loggerheads with the British: works too, which, while they abound with absurdity and childish untruth, do, in almost every case, contain a deal of sober truth about America, which, if it could be separated from the rest of the book, would be of great value to the men of Europe. To say nothing of Chastelleux, or Volney, or Rochefoucault, or Talleyrand, who, as we have said before, being French, are not always what they desire to be (for they write with a wish to be fair; and fail to be so, whenever they do fail, only because they cannot speak of the United States, or of their prosperity, without speaking of Great Britain, and of her power and her policy); to say nothing of these, *now*, it would be easy to gather a volume of such facts, or of opinions, to the full as worthy of regard as the facts, not only out of Ashe, Parkinson, Weld, Fearon, Moore, Howison, &c. &c.—people who are charged with every sort of unworthy feeling toward their brothers of America (I do not stop to inquire into the truth or falsehood of the charge now), but, even out of those who appear to be, and, if we may judge by their works, are, either impartial (so far as men may be between two states, one of which is altogether their own, while the other is not, although related to their own) either impartial, we say, between the two, or partial to America. It would not be saying too much, we believe, to say this of Hall, of Hodgkinson, or of Miss Wright (whose volume about America, though a very sensible affair, and very creditable to her head and her heart, as a youthful, adventurous woman, far above the every-day prejudices of woman, is, take it altogether, only a sort of essay on the *beau-idéal* of a Republic); nor too much to say of the very sober gentleman who published a very sober octavo not long ago, under the title of "A Summary View of America."

Perhaps it would not be labour thrown away, if I were to take up three or four of the stories, which, while they are either untrue in every part, or greatly exaggerated, are always repeated by the Travellers in America, as if they knew them to be true, whatever may be the country, or the character, or the disposition of such travellers toward America, and which, from that circumstance, have now got to be universally credited in Europe.

Suppose we begin with the terrible stories that are told about *gouging*, &c. &c. Now I have lived in the United-States of America for nearly thirty years, during which time I have had as fair opportunities of knowing the truth, as—to say the least of it—any traveller could have; and yet, I never saw a case of gouging there, nor ever a

man who had seen a case; no—nor a man who would say that he had ever seen a creature who *had been* gouged. Still I do not mean to assert, I will not go so far as to say that I believe no case ever did occur; on the contrary, I am persuaded that among the white barbarians of the west, and perhaps of the extreme south, quarrels are sometimes decided in a way which leads to the destruction of eyes, noses, ears, &c. And I am persuaded, moreover, that among the very outworks of civilization, whether to the east, west, north, or south, in America, it is common for those who quarrel, to quarrel very much as other wild creatures do, with nails and teeth—very much as they do in some parts of your island while I am writing; for even there—in some parts of the country, noses are bitten off, and ears, and fingers; and no sort of regard is had for what is called (in others) fair fighting. But what I do mean to say is—that although such cases may sometimes occur in America, they are not at all characteristic of the American habits, nor a fortieth part so frequent *any where*, as they are represented to be *every where*, in the United States, by people, on other accounts worthy of credit.

But passing over the paragraph which I have abstracted from Weld, as above, let us take the testimony of a man whose high character and probity are pretty well known throughout Europe—the Marquis de Chastilleux, a tried friend of America, a soldier who served in her armies during a part of the revolutionary war, a writer of no common worth, a philanthrophist, and a philosopher. He made a book—the best of the French books about America—which are, take them altogether, much the best books that have yet appeared about that country, so far as they go. Nor will the remark surprise you, if you consider that a Frenchman who goes to America with any view of publishing his travels, must be comparatively a man of leisure and education—must be acquainted, at least, with one language over and above that of his mother tongue—with one more, therefore, than would be *necessary* to an Englishman if he had to go there for the same pursose. Whatever it may be to the latter, to the former it is a grave and laborious undertaking, which few men would be fit for, and fewer still would venture upon, if they were not fit for it. Our notion is, that if America was not so much like England as she is, much more would be known of her people by the English people. Quite another class of travellers would visit her—they would go to America as they go to other parts of the world—for pleasure; and if not for pleasure, not in the hope of making up a loss on a mercantile adventure by publishing a book, but with a view to the acquisition of wealth, apart from that which is to be acquired by authorship, or with a view to literary reputation. The facilities being so great for an Englishman to go to America, one would suppose that Englishmen would be thoroughly acquainted with America; but for that very reason, perhaps, they are not—the facilities are too great. Any body may go to America, and therefore nobody goes, or, to speak with more propriety, nobodies go. Any body may publish whatever he pleases about America, and therefore such nobodies *do* publish about America as would never presume to publish about any other country perhaps, or any other subject under heaven. Authors and travellers are what they are, because they are for ever in search of notoriety, anxious to do or say what other men are not able to do or say. What any body may do, few people care to do—and least of all, men, who

have no desire but to be talked of—such men as book-makers and travellers.

But enough on this head. Let us return to our noble author. He goes out of the way to speak of gouging, and you would suppose—if you did not search his book as I did, with a particular design to see whether he spoke of his own knowledge or from hearsay—that the thing was a matter of daily, if not of hourly occurrence, by the very way-side in America. And yet, if you pursue the search as I did, you will find that he never saw a case, nor ever met with any proof; that, like Weld, whom I have quoted above, he spoke from report—vague, idle report, which he picked up, not in the neighbourhood of the places where gouging is thought to prevail, but a good way off! Now, every body knows that people who are most afraid of a strange practice or evil—as of earthquake, or famine, or fire—of the yellow fever, the plague, or prize fighting, or whatever you like, are those who live a great way off, and know little or nothing about the matter. Of such a report you may say (in verses worthy of being taught with the elements of language to our children)—the further it goes the bigger it grows.

Well—such was the book, and such the testimony of the French author, whose work, after a time, was re-published here with notes by the translator—an Englishman, a very clever, shrewd, observing writer, who appears to have been a good while in America, and to be rather partial than otherwise to the country and the people; and yet he—even he, while he is occupied in correcting the errors of the French author, adds the following note to the passage alluded to above, wherein Chastilleux speaks of gouging.—"This is no traveller's exaggeration: I speak from knowledge and observation." After which, to prove that his author is right, and that he himself speaks *from knowledge and observation*, he proceeds to relate a story, the whole amount of which is—not that he had ever seen a case of the kind occur, not that he had ever seen a fellow-creature who had suffered by the practice, or that he was able to testify from either "actual observation or knowledge," that such ferocity was common, but merely that "once upon a time," he, with a party of friends, were intruded upon while they were out in the woods of America by another party, the leader of which had but one eye; that a quarrel was offered by the one-eyed savage and his tribe, and that—no quarrel was had, no fight, no contest at all! Such is the deliberate avowal of a man, who had undertaken to justify another man for charging the people of America with a habit which, it is common to say here—even here—has no parallel among savages. Both were friendly to America; and both, I should say, remarkable for honesty and for a good knowledge of their subject. So with a multitude more—the story is repeated by every body; and yet nobody goes quite so far as the man, a paragraph out of whose book I have borrowed for the first page of my letter. And what says he? only this—that "four or five instances came within his own observation, as he passed through Maryland and Virginia"—of what?—instances of what?—of gouging? No—but of "men being confined to their bed from the injuries which they had received *of this nature* in a fight."

Now, my dear P., I should not care much for the words of a writer, if his credit were good and his meaning clear, though he should happen to betray a superfluity of faith; nor should I care a fig for the word of Mr. Weld, when he speaks of gouging, were it not for the musquito

story, told him by General Washington (he could not well go astray, one would suppose, in that part of the tale); to say nothing of the fire in the woods, which it would be difficult for a man to escape on horseback; the roar of Niagara, which could be distinctly heard forty miles off—nor the cloud of spray, which he saw with the naked eye, hovering over the falls, when he was fifty-four miles off, on the level waters of Lake Erie; nor the swiftness of the black snake, which enables it to outrun the best runner on fair ground; nor the flock of pigeons, at least eighty miles long; nor the President's house at Philadelphia; and the capitol at Richmond, whereof the same story is told with variations.

By-the-bye, though, perhaps you may be glad to hear the truth about several of these matters: if so, you shall be gratified. The musquitoes of America, which Moore, Cobbett, and Weld make such a fuss about, and which General Washington told the latter would sting through the thickest boot, are nothing more nor less than the gnats of your country, which, every two or three years, may be found in almost every bedchamber of England that opens near a wood, a river, a garden, a house-lot of damp earth, or a meadow; nothing more nor less, indeed, than the very insects which were found last year, in the heat of summer, clinging to every white wall, without appearing to touch it—buzzing about every candle, every bright eye, and every red lip, and biting every dear creature in the neighbourhood of the canal of your St. James's Park. The musquitoes of America, though sometimes larger than the gnats of England, are never more venomous; at any rate, if I may speak from actual experience, I should so testify—having had bite after bite in your country, such as I never had here, although I have been up the Potomac, where the mosquitoes are said to have stung a fellow, horse, harness, and gig, into a hard lump once; and over two or three spots where the people, if they do not actually fish for musquitoes, are in the habit of setting traps for them.

The noise of Niagara may be heard, perhaps, if the wind be fair, about one-fourth part of the distance which Weld speaks of; and the cloud, perhaps, might be seen a few leagues off by a spectator, if he was on high ground, though not, I should suppose, if he were on the level waters of a lake.

The fires in the woods have, it is very true, so completely surrounded people, whom they had taken by surprise in the night, or while they were asleep, as to render it very difficult for them to escape, otherwise than by taking to the water. Such was the fact, I believe, in the fires which occurred about a year ago in a part of British America; but I have never known a case, nor have I ever heard of one, which would justify the story told here—even to the fourth part of what is told. A fire may break out on every side at once—the woods may, as they often do after a long drought, flame up to the skies at the very approach of the flames, and while the chief blaze may appear to be a long way off; but I believe that, even at such a time, a child could escape with ease.

And so far as I know any thing of the black snakes—and I am pretty familiar with them and their habits—I undertake to say that the stories which are told of their strength, courage, and swiftness, are exceedingly absurd and ridiculous. I have seen a large one instantaneously knot himself about a man's neck—but the man was able to get clear by a slight exertion of strength, and to tear the reptile away, knotted though he was about his neck and his right arm. I suppose, too, that a child of

ten years would be more than a match for the strongest and the swiftest, if the child were not scared by the creature's approach. It is not venomous; it never attacks a thing in human shape unless greatly provoked—nor will it then pursue its enemy far—seldom or never more than a few yards.

Of architecture in America the less we say the better, especially where it may be mistaken for a sly fling at a sixth or eigth order, which, for want of a better name, the people of America are getting to regard as British; for if they do put their colonnades or pilasters on the top of what they were intended to uphold, as they are charged with doing by our author, and as they certainly *do*, reader, if the truth must out, why—perhaps—that may not be much more laughable than what you see every day with you, and are likely to see for a long while—a superb colonnade of large pillars put *before*, if not on the *top* of what, if they were not intended to support, one hardly knows what they were intended for. But, seriously—seriously though—the Americans have little to boast of in the way of architecture, and that which they have (except in three or four cases) I take to be much of a piece with what is regarded with you (with singular propriety) as the *screen* to Carlton House—a double colonnade—employed in supporting what?—why, the arms of the British Empire.

So, too, of the pigeons of America—they are hardly more numerous, I fear, than the pigeons of the mother-country, though, to be sure, they do fly in flocks, and are sometimes known to break down the branches, not of the genealogical (as there), but—of the *pine* trees of their country (I do not say this of my own knowledge; but I have seen them in such great clouds, that I can believe the story).

And as for the gouging, and "*rough and tumble*" fighting of America—and especially in Virginia and Maryland, which Mr. Weld picks out, rather unfortunately, I think, for the *locaton* of his story—I have only to say that I have resided more than eight years in Maryland; that I have known a multitude of Virginians, and been a good deal over Virginia; and that I have never seen, either in Maryland or in Virginia, or in any other part of America, any thing so bad—so brutal, or so savage—as the wrestling of the Devonshire men. What would be thought in America, were I to say that which is perfectly true of their behaviour? What, if I were to say that I have seen two stout men kicking each others' shins by the hour together, under pretence of wrestling—both being armed with heavy, thick-soled shoes at the time! that I have examined the legs of a Cornish man, who had been a wrestler after the Devonshire mode for nearly thirty years, and that I found them in a state which I dare not describe, further than to say that they were any thing but legs—that the shin bone appeared to have lost the edge by a continual process of exfoliation, that the whole shape was that of a limb which has been distorted, crushed, and seared with a hot iron—the bone preternatural, the skin discoloured, smooth and glossy. And what would they say in America if I were to add, that Devonshire men are said to wrestle together in this way sometimes till the blood runs out of their shoes; that they wear horn at the toes of their shoes *for* kicking; that they aim at the ankles; and that, it is now common to pad the legs from the instep to the knee with folds of cloth about half an inch thick, strapped on with strong leather straps, underneath which, for a further protection, the parties insert their pocket-handkerchiefs.

All this would be true—much I know to be true, and the rest I believe to be so; and yet, if it were told here, the Americans would never believe it—never, unless they knew the character of the man who told the story to be unimpeachable for caution as well as for truth. So little do they know here of such dreadful habits—for here, although they never go to work in a battle as men do in England, and although such a thing as a fair stand-up fight was never seen here, it would be a thing never to be forgiven here if one wrestler were to kick the shins of another, or if a man were to strike another while he was down, or scratch, or bite, or otherwise injure his adversary than by fair throws; it would be so, I mean to say, with about ninety-nine hundredths of the whole population here; though perhaps, with a portion of the remaining hundredth, it might be considered lawful to overcome an adversary any how, who had agreed to have it "rough and tumble—any how."

But enough:—at some future period it may lie in my way to expose a few more of the strange errors that prevail with you touching America, and the people of America, and which have grown up out of the testimony of British travellers in America. A.B.C.

THE SEVEN AGES.

Notwithstanding the eloquence of maternal partiality, the earliest months of our existence are very far from seducing—our "mewling" little interesting except to mamma—and the rest of the quotation no where so agreeably exemplified as "in the nurse's arms."

A little older, and the child begins to shew its nature; evincing a power of discrimination in distinguishing its parents from any body else, which is brought forward as an evidence of very extraordinary sagacity. Then we begin to talk—when we are really interesting, and can be clever sometimes, if we are not asked to be so.

And from this age let us at one step be "weaned from the nursery"—booted and breeched—master of our A B C—and familiar with "Reading made Easy;"

> "And then the whining school-boy, with his satchel,
> And shining morning face, creeping like snail
> Unwillingly to school."

It is only, however, while we go to the preparatory day school that our "satchel" is in request; for no sooner does the urchin quit the ordeal of "pot-hooks" and "hangers," and become conversant with the rudiments of his Eton Grammar, than—behold him severed from Mamma, and resident as "boarder" at "Hurly-Burly House Establishment!"

A boarding-school is the first step towards that state of life where pleasures and pains are rendered more vivid and acute by their contrast. Grief at leaving a parental home, thence to be severed by distance and time, is a feeling which most of us have experienced, and acknowledged as poignant. We shall not readily forget the sorrows of "Black Mon-

day," with all its paraphernalia of corded trunks, plum-cakes, and post-chaises; nor how willingly we would have forfeited the favours bestowed upon us at parting, to be allowed a week's respite from school. Ere long, however, these grievances die away; and the same tongue which but a few days back was choked in its attempt to utter a "farewell," may be now heard in the school play-ground, as lustily bawling for "fair play," as if home had never had an existence.

At fifteen or sixteen he leaves school, and is now enjoying, perhaps, the happiest period of his life. Still even this age has its drawbacks; it is for a time extremely awkward and undefined. The *homunculus* stands, as it were, rocking on a pivot of perplexity between man and boy—rejected by each estate, and claimed by neither. He wears a long coat, and assumes the neckcloth; but boys in the street cry "*a-hem!*" or stroke their chins as he passes along. Some people call him "Mister;" others, "Master:" the former appellation does not sit well yet; and the latter is insulting. The elderly ladies tell him "he's quite a man;" the vulgar married women begin to quiz him about his sweetheart; and the younger ladies are not so familiar with him as they were wont to be. He maintains his dignity when in the company of a school-boy, but is somewhat in doubt as to whether he ought not to quit the room with the ladies after dinner.

But he has now "discontinued school above a twelvemonth." He has lost his shamefacedness (we hope not his sense of shame)—is reckoned gentlemanly in his manners, and is invited out. He feels his heart opened—ceases to be shy before ladies in general—and begins to feel something like a tenderness for ladies in particular.

> "And then the lover!
> Sighing like furnace, with a woeful ballad
> Made to his mistress' eye-brow."

What a sensation is that created by the first impression of love upon the young and feeling heart! He is reproved by parental wisdom—laughed at by his companions—and scorned by the object of his adoration! And with a heart "already stabbed by a white wench's black eye," he goes to the field of battle, and encloses his lacerated bosom in a breast-plate of steel.

> "And then a soldier;
> Jealous in honour, sudden and quick in quarrel,
> Seeking the bubble reputation,
> Even in the cannon's mouth."

He finds steel lozenges a cure for love—or, at least, Glory is now his mistress. He no longer now supplicates through tears "a return of affection;" but, "with an eye like Mars to threaten and command," he summons the surrender of a foreign fort. His movements are too rapid for reminiscence to keep pace with them, and in the revelries of a mess-table he drowns his sorrows. The drum and fife accompany him through many a year of servitude; till at length, "tired of war's alarms," and perhaps favoured by the inducement of a seasonable legacy, he sells his commission, and retires to his country-seat. From the whining lover, he is changed to the gallant captain; and instead of singing (as he was wont to do), "Believe me, if all those endearing young charms," he now chaunts in lusty heartiness, "With my glass in one hand, and my jug in the other." &c. &c.

He has not, however, lost every sensibility in the wars, and there is yet a little corner of his heart unhardened by scenes of blood—uncontaminated by glory. He at first denies this; but when, to his great surprise, he meets with the first object of his youthful love, his tenderness is revived in spite of himself. She evinces so much solicitude for his wound, and expresses so much admiration for his bravery, that he strikes the flag of celibacy—capitulates with the forces of his insinuated charmer—and at length yields up his heart for her disposal. His bride is yet a virgin; but her nymph-like sparkling qualities have vanished, and left her sober and substantial—fair, fat, and forty. Like a glass of still champagne, her effervescence has subsided; but the captain, like a good connoisseur, thinks her all the better for that. People say at the time, that he does not marry her because he particularly loves her *now*—but because he did love her *once*. He likes her better than any other woman, and makes her a good husband.

And we now see him become

> "The justice;
> In fair round belly, with good capon lined;
> With eyes severe, and beard of formal cut;
> Full of wise saws and modern instances."

As in the time of Shakspeare, we still find his "worship" fond of good living, and often marked by that badge of abundance—corporal rotundity. But the beard is no longer a feature characteristic of his "age" and calling. The chins of the young, the middling, and the aged, are now alike subjected to the razor-blade; for, save and except an occasional pair of mustachios upon the lip of a Life-Guardsman or Bond-street swindler, we are all smooth as our mothers.

The part of the Justice is monotonous, compared with former enactments. He reads an orthodox paper at breakfast, and very likely takes a little ginger in his tea. During the remainder of the morning he presides in his justice-room, to the terror of poachers and orchard-robbers, and so maintains his official dignity till the ponderous sirloin smokes before him, when his rigidity relaxes, and he sets (together with the parson) an example of earnest application, which all hungry people will be ever willing to follow. The clergyman and he divide the reverence of the parish: they are the "two great ones" of the village, equally honoured by its inhabitants, who always summon up their best bow or curtsey, either for the guardian of their souls or the supporter of their personal rights; "and so he plays his part."

In due time the exertions of office fall into younger hands, and he gradually enters the sixth age, shifting

> "Into the lean and slippered pantaloon;
> With spectacles on nose, and pouch at side;
> His youthful hose well saved, a world too wide
> For his shrunk shank; and his big, manly voice,
> Turning again towards childish treble, pipes
> And whistles in the sound."

Little more can be added to this. He now lives upon a prescribed diet, and finds a stick really necessary, where it was before merely ornamental. As he walks through the village, he always stops the little children (particularly if the nursery-maid be pretty)—gives them a piece of gingerbread, or a few caraway-comfits—and tells them to "be good boys

and girls!" He begins to grow garrulous now in the relation of his juvenile freaks; and rather tries the patience of his hearers by the frequent introduction of episodes, which are no way material to the story. He is likewise abominably particular about the "where," the "when," and the "who." What wonders he could have done!

> "But, O vain boast!
> Who can control his fate?—'tis not so now:
> Man but a rush against Othello's breast,
> And he retires."

He has a favourite daughter, who leads him to church on Sunday—reads the paper to him every morning, and the Bible every evening. The crape he wears is for a son who was killed at Waterloo; but he is comforted in thinking that his remaining child will not be without a protector—for she is engaged to the son of the same who "presented him with his gold spectacles and his walking-stick." The loss of his son assisted to silver his hairs; but the marriage of his daughter has brightened him up. He is now tolerably cheerful, and can laugh at a joke (when he hears it), though at the risk of breaking a blood-vessel.

> "Last scene of all,
> That ends this strange, eventful history,
> Is second childishness, and mere oblivion;
> Sans eyes, sans teeth, sans taste, sans every thing."

He retains his faculties just long enough to see his grandson make a hobby-horse of his cane. His bed-room is on the ground-floor, and the utmost he can do is to move with quiet caution, supported by his son and daughter, from one room into the other. He has made his will, and lost his memory. The neighbours go through the ceremonious routine of daily inquiry after his health. A few "to-morrows" creep over us,—and on once more asking after the poor invalid, we find that "yesterday has lighted him to dusty death."

> "Out, out, brief candle!
> Life's but a walking shadow; a poor player,
> That struts and frets his hour apon the stage,
> And then is heard no more: it is a tale
> Told by an idiot—full of sound and fury—
> Signifying nothing."

G. W.

NAVIGATION LAWS.*

From our childhood, we have all of us heard of these laws, as, not only the consummation of human policy, but as the creators and preservers of the "wooden-walls of old England." They are consecrated in the imaginations of Englishmen, and dear to their affections, as the undoubted source of the political security and the political glory of their country. Now, all at once, we hear these sacred laws have roughly been encroached upon, and are threatened with still ruder encroachments. The daring and desperate hands of speculative Ministers have committed violence upon them. The ruin of the shipping-interest is boldly affirmed, and, of consequence, destruction must be at our doors. All the while the country, generally, is thoughtlessly slumbering on the brink of this fearful precipice; for, with the exception of a few disappointed adventurers, or party tools, or literary labourers—no others, we venture to say—scarcely any man troubles himself to inquire into the reality or the extent of the danger. There are many, however, whose ears these rumours of peril and perdition occasionally reach, who would be glad perhaps to understand the real state of the case, if attainable without much labour—more, however, as matter of curiosity, or, at the utmost, to estimate the character of the Minister and his measures, than from any apprehensions of danger from them—because they see no evils exclusively referable to the imputed causes, and because of evils of the magnitude alleged, they feel confident such causes could scarcely escape them. Trade, every man knows, has gone on increasing; and that, he knows also, cannot so go on, without augmenting the shipping; he knows, too, that the last year was one of the wildest speculation, and therefore, if he hear of a diminution of trade, of disappointments, and gloomy predictions, he is prepared; it is no more than he expects, and it fills him with no wonder. The cry of ruin, too, comes from suspicious quarters—mainly from those who have notoriously overshot the mark, and traded beyond their real capital, and who, suffering from their own imprudence, are glad of a scape-goat—glad to shake the blame from their own feeble shoulders, and fling it upon the broader ones of the Ministers;—or it comes from scribbling politicians, who must write pamphlets, and whose purpose it answers to maintain paradoxes, or tax one part of the Ministry for innovation, tojustify their devotion to the other.

We write not for those who are personally connected with shipping-interests—they either require no discussions of this kind, or will not listen to them; but for those whose attention is occasionally drawn to measures of public interest—to measures which are destined to operate important results—to measures which aim at social improvements, and changes of policy, calculated to affect, for good or for ill, the political happiness of mankind. We shall have very little to do with figures; for the question really turns not upon figures—no, nor upon rights, nor abstract principles, nor scarcely upon expediency—but almost wholly upon Necessity.

In our opinion, the sole alternative with the Ministers has been a change of system, or a contraction of commerce. The changes which they have carried into execution are yet partial, and partial changes produce

* Speech of the Right Hon. W. Huskisson in the House of Commons, 12 May 1826, on the present state of the Shipping Interest.

derangements, and derangements inconveniences; but the course which the Ministers have, in our view, been compelled to adopt, must progress —the principles of free trade, strictly, literally, and universally, must work their own completion, and bring their own benefits with them. To this point the course of affairs steadily and permanently advances. What is to prevent other nations turning our own system upon ourselves?—and then—what becomes of our commerce?

To exhibit this question of the Navigation Laws clearly to our readers, let us first see what this code really is, which, in our younger days, we have heard so much applauded—which the Ministers of the day are represented as so rashly violating—and which some, with reason or without, are clamouring to recall. For the origin of these laws, we must ascribe it to our jealousy of the Dutch. The object of Cromwell, and of Charles, who, on his accession, adopted his views, was assuredly to repress the growing greatness of the Dutch marine. But—be the origin or the motive what it may—we are concerned now only with the laws themselves. What, then, are they? We take Mr. Huskisson's division. They regulate, 1. The *Fisheries*, which they confine to British ships: no importation of fish in foreign vessels is allowed.—2. The *Coasting Trade*, which they limit also solely to British ships.—3. The *European Trade*, which they profess to leave open to all European states, with the exception of twenty-eight articles, known in trade by the name of "Enumerated Articles," chiefly of a bulky nature, requiring the greatest quantity of shipping. These can be imported only in British ships, or in the ships of the producing country. The ships of every country in Europe may import the produce of every other country in Europe, except the twenty-eight articles. These can be imported solely in British ships, or in the ships of the country actually producing them. But as these laws relative to the European trade generally, were at the same time levelled specifically against the Dutch, not only were *they* prohibited from importing these twenty-eight, but every other article, not actually the produce of their own country. The Dutch trade was, of course, mainly a carrying trade; and these restrictions struck a heavy blow at its prosperity. They regulate, again,—4. The *trade with Asia, Africa, and America*, and confine the importation of the produce of those quarters of the globe exclusively to British ships; and, finally,—5. The *trade with our Colonies*, which they limit strictly and solely to British ships. The Colonies could send nothing from their shores but in British ships—they could receive nothing but in British ships.

These, then, were the provisions of our Navigation Laws. But were these laws—so excluding—were they quietly acquieced in by the rest of the world? Oh no; with the Dutch we were more than once at war about them; afterwards with France and Spain; and, finally, with our own colonies. And how long did these laws then continue unshaken? Till 1783—the independence of America. Then, at last, came a relaxation—by force, observe. America was no longer a colony; she had fought for, and secured her independence. What was to be done? Were we to relax our assumed rights, or renounce all commercial intercourse? She had what we required; and, therefore, we could not renounce. The alternative was inevitable. America was placed on the footing of European nations. But America—a chip of the old block—turned the tables upon us, by taxing foreign nations, first (1787) half a dollar, and then a whole dollar per ton on every foreign vessel, and ten

per cent. on the goods, beyond what she levied on her own ships. This was her triumph, and our defeat.

In 1785 another relaxation took place, and Ireland was *permitted* to trade direct to the Colonies. This, again, was forced upon us. We "capitulated," says Mr. Huskisson, to Ireland and her volunteers; and, not again to recur to Ireland, within these few years, she has been admitted to a free participation of the coasting trade.

For years were we fretting under the curb of America, and struggling to counteract the effects of her commercial system. One while, we were thinking of giving a bounty on goods exported to America in British ships, that is, taxing the country to enable the merchant to pay the American tax—a charming method of counteraction:—another time, we were for imposing a duty on articles carried out of this country in American ships; but this would drive the American out of the market, and that we did not want to do:—and finally, we thought of retaliating, and laying specific duties on ships and goods,—which was "kicking against the pricks." All these suggestions, however, were successively abandoned; and in 1815, we found it our wisest—and observe, our only practicable—course, to adopt what is termed the system of reciprocity. What is meant by this? What you charge us, we will charge you? No no;—you shall lay the same charges upon our ships and cargoes that you lay upon your own, and no more; and we will do the same. We will make no difference in the charges between our ships and yours; nor any in the duty on articles the productions of your country, whether brought by your ships or ours—and you shall do the same; that is, all "discriminating duties" were abrogated.

"Discriminating duties"—what are they? Duties imposed on foreign vessels and cargoes, over and above those imposed on home ships and cargoes. These, we see, America had levied upon us from the termination of the war till 1815. She had learnt the lesson from ourselves; she had taken the leaf out of our book, says Mr. Huskisson. These duties were familiar with us,—we exacted them from all European ships.

Well, but this success of America—did it never put the thought into the head of any other state, of imitating her illustrious example, and of forcing a similar concession of reciprocity? To be sure, it did. In 1822, Prussia laid some heavy charges on British shipping, obviously for the very purpose of bringing it about. What was the consequence? A clamour against the Ministers from the ship-owners, who would have had them, by all means, go to war, to bring Prussia to order. What course took the ministers? Why, they thought it, good souls, they thought it their duty to expostulate with Prussia; and Mr. Huskisson, himself, conferred with the Prussian minister. And what was his reply? "You have set us the example, by your port and light charges, and your discriminating duties on Prussian ships, and we have not gone beyond the limits of that example. Hitherto, we have confined the increase of our port and tonnage charges to ships only; but it is the intention of my government, next year (and, of this he shewed, to the terror-struck eyes of the Minister, the written proof) to imitate you still more closely, by imposing discriminating duties on the goods imported in your ships. Our object is a just protection to our own navigation; and so long as the measure of our protection does not exceed that which is afforded in your ports to British ships, we cannot see with what reason you can complain." This was conclusive. Mr. H. was dumb-founded; he had

not a word to throw at a dog, much less at the grim Prussian. Our days of hectoring are gone by. The Ministry take fright and "capitulate" again; and with all the dignity a state of alarm will allow—not much, every body knows—they concede the compact of "reciprocity" with Prussia, and extinguish their own "discriminating duties." Quickly do Denmark and Sweden adopt the same course, and quickly the same compact follows; and then, to shew how just, and even generous the Ministers can be, when the matter is next to insignificant, they make a voluntary and smiling surrender of our rights, and a voluntary tender of reciprocity to the free towns of Hamburgh, Bremen, and Lubeck.

But these are not the only retractions of our Navigation Laws. The changes which have occurred in the great continent of America, since the independence of the United States, have occasioned several similar relaxations. The transfer of the government of Portugal to Brazil was the first occasion. On terms of alliance as we were with Portugal, we were at once obliged to consider Brazil as an European power, and, as we had done with the United States, to put it on the same footing with other European states. The same thing has also been done successively, as new states have established themselves in that quarter of the globe; and, in addition, we have conceded to them all the compact of "reciprocity."

Nor does the list of concessions end here. We have even relaxed in the matter of the "enumerated articles," excepted in the European trade. In 1820, the shipping-interests made long and loud complaints, and urged the Government vehemently for relief. The demand for shipping after the peace had of course somewhat diminished, and the rates of freight had also in consequence lowered considerably. A select committee was appointed to inquire into the state of foreign commerce, which concurred in recommending the Government to permit the importation of the "enumerated articles"—not generally in the ships of every country, but—in the ships of any country into which they had been previously imported—Dutch and all.

Now this permission to foreigners, by the way, must seem a very odd species of relief to the home ship-owners. Be it remembered, British vessels could bring any of the "enumerated" into the country from any European port; whilst the ships of every other state were limited to the produce of their own country. To give facilities, then, to other countries to import, must have tended still farther to diminish the demand for our shipping. This is surely the common sense of the thing; and we incline to think Mr. Huskisson himself thought as much. The Legislature, says he, adopted the recommendation of the committee; and the relaxation, he believes, was beneficial to our commerce and navigation. It was desirable, he at last brings himself to add—mustering up all his energies to excogitate something like a reason or two—it was desirable, because the restrictions could not fail to prevent the speculations of "British enterprize" from flowing in their natural channels, or to divert them into new ones; and because they prevented an advantageous assortment of cargoes. What nonsense is this? The British ships were at liberty to fetch any and all of these "enumerated articles" from every country in Europe, and wanted employment; and, by way of relief, you grant a permission for foreigners to compete with you,—or rather to prevent you from fetching the "articles," by bringing them

themselves. This, then, could never be the real motive. No: the truth is, and Mr. Huskisson lets it out, almost inadvertently,—this relaxation "afforded a great facility for the execution of another project of the same committee, and which was afterwards carried into effect—(to the depreciation, we will venture to add, of all fair and regular dealing)—the establishment of a general system of warehousing—'so as to make this country a place of *entrepôt* for all foreign commodities.' It was obviously impossible, adds Mr. H., to give full scope to this system, unless we were prepared to allow greater latitude to the admission of foreign goods. The superior capital and credit of this country afford inducements to send those goods here, and their being deposited in British warehouses, gives a facility to the British merchant and ship-owner to supply the demand for them in other parts of the world, through the medium of British adventure and British shipping, instead of their being sent directly to those parts in foreign shipping, from the countries of Europe in which such goods are produced."

A noble expedient this for augmenting the demand for British shipping;—and a capital inducement to other countries—to have two freights to pay instead of one. But other countries must look to themselves; and that indeed they are well disposed to do, and growing well able, also. The relaxations, which enabled foreign vessels to bring the enumerated articles, previously imported, was evidently well calculated to add to their employment, and to promote the warehousing system; but how these manœuvres were to augment the demand for British shipping—the professed object, observe—is not quite so obvious. For our own parts, we cannot help thinking this demand would rather have been augmented—encouraged, or not—by British ships themselves fetching the article from the country producing, and themselves carrying it to the country requiring it. But this warehousing—of which Mr. Huskisson speaks, we are quite sure has done more harm than good. It has suggested and awakened a vast deal of hazardous speculation. Goods are imported before they are wanted. The duty is not payable till the goods are withdrawn;—but warehouse-charges must be paid. Those charges must be added also to the article, and when that article is fairly sold to those who really want it, must be paid by the consumer. In how many instances, again, do commodities lie in the warehouses, accumulating expenses, till the importer is obliged to bring them into the market before they are wanted, and sell, at any price, to the injury of the fair dealer, and the ruin of creditors at home—to enable him to make his payments abroad? It is, in truth, a system, the evils of which are of prodigious extent, and which we cannot now, without wandering from our point, attempt to exhibit; but to which we shall have occasion, another time, to return.

Well: but even this long list of encroachments upon our Navigation Laws—the palladium of the British marine—does not exhaust them. We have not yet said a word of the changes relative to our colonies. The original law, be it remembered, confined the trade of the colonies, inwards and outwards, as the phrase is, to British ships. Not an article could the colonies import, not an article could they export, but in British bottoms,—and to and from the mother country only.

So early, it seems, as the year 1783—the very year, says Mr. H.—, quite innocently, in which we recognized the independence of America,—as if that very independence were not the very cause—'it occurred

to the Government,'—kind-hearted souls—'that it might be somewhat hard to require of the West-Indian colonies to draw all their supplies from the mother-country.' What then? Why, orders in council were issued, as occasion required, allowing the colonies to trade *direct* with the United States.—In their own ships? No, no—still in British ships only. But soon, as might be supposed, the government of the United States grew jealous of a trade, in which British shipping alone were employed, and in their sturdy style told us—'If you want the productions of our country for the use of your colonies, and will not allow us to send them in our ships, we will entirely prohibit the exportation to your colonies, in British ships, of those articles, of which your colonies stand in need.' And this they did. Well, what did *we* then? bully a little, and then yield? Not so, exactly; we have given up bullying America. We had recourse to another expedient—quite worthy of us—an expedient, which was at once to avert the threatened inconvenience, and also—hear it, reader,—to avoid any positive alteration in our Navigation Laws. Mark its sneakingness. An *entrepôt* was established at some half-way place between the American coast and the West-Indies, where the ships of both countries met, and exchanged commodities. Did Jonathan stand this evasion? Not he, indeed. He interfered pretty quickly, and peremptorily forbade the trade, till, finally, in the year 1822, the Parliament of England passed an act, by which American ships were allowed to trade directly between the United States and our colonies,—not only those in the West-Indies, but in North America.

Was this a willing concession? Manifestly not. America forced it from us—"needs must, when the devil drives."

Well, well; but there is nothing like making a virtue of necessity—to blunt the edge of a defeat. America compels us to throw open our colonies. Their example will not be lost upon the powers of the North of Europe. Let us be before-hand with their demands, and concede with a good grace, what we shall not be able to refuse; besides, a voluntary proffer will look like a boon, and enable us, at the same time, to pass off our late concession to America for a similar favour. We shall save our credit, by this politic and apparently generous course—yes, and 'our bacon.' Even Mr. Huskisson cannot colour the matter. 'Let me ask,' says he, quite seriously—'was it politic, was it altogether consistent with impartiality, and our friendly relations with the North of Europe, to grant to the shipping of the United States, first, in the trade between them and this country, by the treaty of 1815; and, secondly, in the trade, by this act regularly legalized, between those states and our colonies, privileges which we continued to deny to the shipping of Prussia, of Denmark, of Sweden, of Hamburgh, and of other trading communities of Europe?'—'Upon what principle of fairness,' urges Mr. H. in the same tone, 'upon what principle of sound policy, were we to continue this preference exclusively to a power, towards which, God knows, I entertain no feeling of hostility, far from it; but when I am speaking of that nation in a British House of Commons, it is not improper to say, that in matters of navigation and naval power, there exists, towards us, a spirit of rivalry in the United States;—a spirit of which I do not complain, but which should incline every Englishman to doubt the wisdom of any measure, tending to encourage the growth of the commercial marine of America, by giving to it privileges greater than are permitted by the

shipping of other states:—states less jealous of our maritime ascendancy in time of war, and at all times, confining their views upon the ocean to the industrious employment of their seafaring people, without looking to the ulterior object of, one day, disputing with us the dominion of that ocean.'

And so, the same privileges of trading with our colonies, which were forced from us by America, were voluntarily conceded to the north of Europe—meaning Prussia, Denmark, Sweden, and the Free Towns of Germany;—'strictly confining, however, to British shipping only all trade between this country and the colonies, and all inter-colonial trade between the different foreign possessions of the British empire.'

Now recapitulate and sum up the amount of the successive encroachments upon the Navigation Laws. Referring to our former division—1. The Fisheries remain as they were—except the withdrawal of bounty to whalers—a matter of no great significance. 2. The Coast Trade is extended to the whole of the British islands. 3. In the European Trade, the very 'enumerated' articles are importable by any power, who will first take them to its own ports. 4. Of the other three quarters of the globe, one is placed precisely under the regulations of the European trade; and finally, 5. our colonies are thrown open to both Europe and America.

Of what value now are the poor relics of this palladium of England? Absolutely, as power, or privilege, not worth contending for. Except what regards the fisheries, the coast trade, with which, of course, no nation will ever think it desirable to interfere, and our foreign possessions; and the whole might now be swept away, and the country be none the worse. Nay, much of it is decidedly mischievous—as giving others an uncalled for advantage against us. For mark—notwithstanding our compacts of reciprocity, and our concessions relative to the colonies, the law is still, that the produce of Asia, Africa, and America, shall not be imported in foreign ships, unless they be the ships of the country of which the goods are the actual produce. This restriction America retaliates by applying it to the produce of Europe. And thus, notwithstanding all treaties and arrangements and reciprocities, an American ship trading to England, has an advantage over a British ship trading to America. The American coming to England, is freighted with a cargo wholly the produce of the United States. She can bring nothing else. On returning to America, she may load partly with the produce or manufactures of Britain, and partly with those of any other country. The British ship is forbidden this advantage; her cargo must be exclusively British. For instance, taking Mr. H.'s illustration, 'an American vessel, at the port of Liverpool, may take nine-tenths of her cargo in articles the produce of Lancashire, and the remainder may be made up of brandies, wines, or the produce of any other part of the world, to be procured at Liverpool. But if an English ship, proceeding to the United States, were to take a single cask of brandy, or a single pipe of wine, she would be liable to seizure and forfeiture.'

Away then with these restrictions—the effects of which are fast recoiling upon our own heads—the common result of over-reaching—and the sooner we screen ourselves from them the better.

The facts, then, with respect to our Navigation Laws are these—that they are no longer what they were; that they have been deeply entrenched upon—not by caprice, or audacity, or philosophy, but by force and necessity—by those who knew their wants and how to enforce them. That however advantageous these laws may once have been, they could

no longer be retained; that nothing but the impotence, or neglect, or ignorance of other nations, in matters of commerce, could have enabled us to retain them so long as we have done; and our opinion is, that, after all, it is a very questionable point, whether we have lost any thing by the past changes, or are likely to lose any thing by those which are yet to be made, and must be made, and which are probably already contemplated.

But what mean, then, the complaints of the ship-owners? They must know the fact of which they complain. They affirm the shipping-interest is declining, and declining in consequence of the innovations—arise from what cause they may—in our Navigation Laws. To these complaints, which we believe to spring solely from disappointments of the blindest speculations—from sheer over-trading, let us oppose a few facts and figures. Mr. H. happily supplies us with them, in a form too authentic to be disputed. If we can get at the number of registered ships in our ports at different periods, before the late changes, for instance, and since—before the war, and after the war, and the last year, when the more recent changes were in full operation; if we can ascertain also the number of vessels built in those periods; and again, the number of vessels entering and quitting our ports, we should seem to have all the elements necessary to a satisfactory solution of the question. Now these we have.

The number of registered ships in the several ports of Great Britain

In 1792	was 16,079,	Tonnage ..	1,540,145.
1815	— 24,866,	—	2,681,276.
1825	— 24,174,	—	2,542,216.

See there, exclaim the ship-owners, there are actually 686 fewer vessels than there were in 1815. Yes, say we, no more than 686, notwithstanding all the causes for diminution. All the causes for diminution? Why, what causes are there, but the very ones of which we complain—say the ship-folks and the croakers? They are numerous, and each of them potential. 1st. The abolition of the slave-trade, by which a very considerable number of vessels were thrown out of employment; but on this fact we shall not lay any stress, because, though some of the relaxations of the Navigation Laws began before the abolition, and therefore the reductions occasioned by the abolition are entitled to be considered in a comparison of the first period with the last, yet they cannot be included in the reductions since 1815—they will not account, we mean, for any part of the 686.—2d. The repression of the Barbary powers. Why how has that measure affected the shipping of the country? In this way. Before the bombardment of Algiers, not less, it is believed, than between seven and eight hundred British vessels were employed in the coasting-trade of the Mediterranean, where now the flag of every petty state floats in security, and, of course, supersedes our own.—3d. When the war ended, the necessity for transports diminished. Those transports were chiefly hired vessels, and 1,226 were actually discharged. —4th. On the same occasion, 333 vessels of the king's service were disposed of—not including ships of the line and frigates sold to be broken up, but simply vessels of smaller tonnage, and calculated for other purposes than those of war.—5. The corn laws, again, have diminished the number. During the war, no inconsiderable number were regularly employed in the corn-trade; but under the operation of these laws—so precarious, and so occasional is the trade—thatforeign ships are

exclusively engaged in it.—6th. And finally, the facilities of peace tend to lower the demand for shipping. More work can be done by the same number of ships in time of peace. As soon as a vessel has landed her cargo, she can load and sail again. In war, she must wait for convoy; and convoys are not always to be had at the moment vessels requiring their protection are ready. Four or five hundred must sometimes be collected, before convoy can be given. These again, while under convoy, must be kept together, and the worst sailer regulate the rate of going of the whole fleet. Time is thus lost; and time is of value in commerce, as in every thing else—it costs ships. In peace, single vessels can cross the ocean, unretarded by any fears of interruption. On the whole, Mr. H. hesitates not to affirm, that two-thirds of the vessels employed in time of war will do the same business in time of peace—and we believe him.

What then is this diminution of 686 ships in the last year, compared with the number employed in 1815? Insignificant. Had the diminution amounted to 5,000, we might safely pronounce the shipping-interest had not deteriorated by the breach of the Navigation Laws.

But let us turn to the number of vessels actually built in the first year of peace, and the year 1825.

In 1814	Number of Ships	818,	Tonnage	95,976.
1825	—	1,312,	—	171,827.

Contemplate the facts; the tonnage last year is nearly double that of 1814, and considerably exceeding, it seems, that of any one of the thirty-seven years upon record. This is conclusive—if nothing else is.

Now again—the shipping people complain—let this be borne in mind—that in consequence of the changes in our Navigation Laws, within the last three or four years, the employment of British shipping has decreased, and that of foreign vessels trading with us has increased. Mr. Huskisson has furnished us with returns of the number of vessels, native and foreign, entering inwards and clearing outwards. The number entering inwards is the only criterion to be relied upon, because vessels leaving port in ballast do not necessarily clear out—do not register, and therefore the return of vessels leaving our ports must be imperfect. The numbers then were,

	BRITISH.			FOREIGN.		
In 1814.....	16,065.	Tonnage	1,846,670	5,109.	Tonnage	566,516
1824.....	19,164.	—	2,364,249	5,280.	—	694,880
1825.....	21,786.	—	2,786,844	6,561.	—	892,601

If the number of foreign ships have increased, the number of British has also increased: so that the result is, a general increase of commerce, and no diminution on the part of Britain. And to this, then, amount the clamours which have been raised against the real innovations upon our Navigation Laws, and the pretended approaches to free trade!

We have still a word or two with Mr. Huskisson. To hear him talk, one might really suppose we were making rapid strides towards a state of free trade, and all under the honourable gentleman's sole and safe guidance. "It seemed to ME time to do so and so"—is the language he uses. Now what, let us ask,—what has Mr. Huskisson done towards the accomplishment of this magnificent object? What steps has he actually taken? In the north of Europe he has extended the reciprocity system; and, at home, substituted the protective for the prohibitive, in the matter of silks, &c. True—the first, half a step; and the other,

only not retrogading. What, for instance, has the removal of the "discriminating duties" done for the Norway trade? Next to nothing. But people were found to petition against the removal—yes, just to give Mr. H. an opportunity of making a logical triumph, and of exhibiting some extraordinary intelligence relative to Norway ships. The amount of the "discriminating duties" on the Norway trade was 2*s.* 9*d.*; that is, the home ship paid 55*s.*, and the Norway 57*s.* 9*d.* per load of fifty feet. 'We are ruined,' say the petitioners, 'by the withdrawing of this two-and-ninepenny protection; we can no longer compete with the Norway ships.'—'Nonsense!' replies Mr. H.; 'you tell me yourselves—and I believe it to be so—that the Norway ships are built expressly for timber—cheaply, rudely, unfit for any other purpose; that, in short, they are sent to sea and navigated at less than half the expense of British ships. Of what significance, then, is this paltry 2*s.* 9*d.*? None to you, and only calculated to excite '*irritation*' in Norway.' If Mr. H. had really believed the fact of cheaper construction, the obvious reply was—'Then do not employ your superior ships for so coarse a commodity; build your own ships in the same way; do as they do; and then you may compete with them without danger.' But this is all little or nothing to the purpose; the real gist of complaint, on the part of the British trade to Norway, lies not in the removal of the 'discriminating duties,' but in the continuance of the really prohibiting duty upon Norway timber. The Government are forcing the Canada timber upon the country, to the exclusion of the Norway timber—the worse timber, that is, for the better—under the pretence, of course, of benefitting our colonies, though that benefit be actually the injury of the mother country. The fact is, that the Norway timber is loaded with a duty of 55*s.* where the Canada pays only 10*s.*; and of deals—planks, that is—to which now the Norway imports are chiefly confined, those above seven inches wide, and under sixteen feet long, positively pay £19, while from Canada the duty is only £2. Mr. H. talks of removing the 'discriminating duty,' because it was calculated to 'excite irritation.' What thinks he then of a duty of 450 per cent. on timber, and 850 per cent. on deals, beyond that upon Canada timber? This is felt to be a serious grievance to Norway; and she, of course, will do what she can—though that perhaps be little—to retaliate. She is already driven from our shores, and imports almost wholly from France and the South. We beg to recommend the case of Norway to Mr. H.'s consideration—who is so ready to talk of our generous abandonment of restrictions—to promote the freedom of commerce, and remove 'irritations.' There happens to be another little matter relative to Norway. Her timber is *short*, compared with that of Russia and Prussia; yet can Prussia and Russia import deals, we know not how many feet longer than Norway, and pay no more duty. So much for avoiding 'irritations!'

THE QUEEN OF PRUSSIA'S TOMB.

"Courage was cast about her like a dress
Of solemn comeliness;
A gathered mind and an untroubled face
Did give her dangers grace."

It stands where northern willows weep,
A temple fair and lone;
Soft shadows o'er its marble sweep,
From cypress branches thrown;

While silently around it spread,
Thou feel'st the presence of the dead.

And what within is richly shrined?—
A sculptured woman's form,
Lovely in perfect rest reclined,
As one beyond the storm:
Yet not of death, but slumber, lies
The solemn sweetness on those eyes.*

The folded hands, the calm pure face,
The mantle's quiet flow,
The gentle, yet majestic grace,
Throned on the matron brow:—
These, in that scene of tender gloom,
With a still glory robe the tomb.

There stands an eagle, at the feet
Of the fair image wrought—
A kingly emblem—nor unmeet
To wake yet deeper thought:
She, whose high heart finds rest below,
Was royal in her birth and woe.

There are pale garlands hung above
Of dying scent and hue;
She was a mother—in her love
How sorrowfully true!
Oh! hallowed long be every leaf,
The record of her children's grief!

She saw their birthright's warrior-crown
Of olden glory spoiled—
The standard of their sires bore down—
The shield's bright blazon soiled:
She met the tempest meekly brave,
Then turned, o'erwearied, to the grave.

She slumbered; but it came—it came,
Her land's redeeming hour,
With the glad shout and signal-flame,
Sent on from tower to tower:
Fast through the land a spirit moved—
'Twas her's, the lofty and the loved.

Then was her name a word that rung
To rouse bold hearts from sleep;
Her memory, as a banner flung
Forth by the Baltic deep;
Her grief, a bitter vial poured
To sanctify th' Avenger's sword.

And the proud eagle spread again
Its pinion to the sun;
And the strong land shook off its chain—
So was the triumph won!
But woe for earth! where Sorrow's tone
Still blends with Victory's!—she was gone!

F. H.

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* The character of this monumental statue is that of the deepest serenity; the repose, however, of sleep—not the grave.—See the description in Russell's "Germany."

THE CHRONOLOGER.

Poor Dick Robinson! So he is dead at last? And you do not remember the day exactly on which he departed this mortal life? Well, it is evident that if he has dropped his mantle, it has not fallen upon you.

A *fig* for your *dates*, say the punsters; but such was never Dick's creed. They were his food—the very aliment he lived on. Various are the ways by which men fancy to achieve themselves fame. One gentleman makes a vow of catching the ball on the ivory spike six hundred and sixty-six thousand six hundred and sixty-six times, and accomplishes the noble feat: another spits through his teeth; a third protrudes a wig of whisker on either cheek; a fourth wears a black-silk shirt, with pink gauze frills; and so on, *ad infinitum*. Mental feats are altogether as varied. One learned man spends twenty-five years over three or four square yards of scratches on a pyramid, and at the end of the time finds that he can decypher three words and a quarter, of the meaning of which he is ignorant. A pair of literati fiercely contest for a whole life the proper position of a dochmius in a verse, which, if it were arranged in the most correct manner conceivable, would not be worth any thing after all. Another gathers tulips; a fourth collects unreadable and unread books. My poor friend had none of these *penchants*, nor indeed had he any *affectations* about him at all; but he too had his strong point.

Men about the turf know the Racing Calender for years after years, and will give you the history and genealogy of any given horse at a moment's notice, Squintum got by Charlatan, own brother to the Great Humbug, &c. &c. *ad infinitum*. All people *comme il faut* are bound to know the peerage. I have an acquaintance, a fat parson, who was never within fifty yards of lordly company in his life, who yet has made it his regular and constant study for many years. Mention in his company Lady Amelia Hubbledeshuff, and he starts at once: "Oh—yes—Lady Amelia, third daughter of the 4th Earl of Mundungus, married to Jonathan Hubbledeshuff, Esq., of Hubbledeshuff Hall, in Bucks, by whom she has issue five children—first, John, a cornet in the Guards; second, Mary, married to the Reverend Zachary Fogrum, rector of Gobble-cum-Gaster, in Durham, &c. &c. Now the good man would not know the face of one of those people with whose history he was thus minutely acquainted. All his knowledge came from Debrett; and I still recollect the look of horror which came over his countenance, when the eternal blunders of that valuable work were disclosing to the rude gaze of the public. It was striking at the root of all his information, giving a mortal blow to his importance. In the army a steady Major, a man who has seen much service over innumerable rounds of beef and bottles of port, is minutely acquainted with the Army List—and a dry-baked Lieutenant in the Navy, floundering in a sea-port town, has no bad notion of the contents of that quarterly publication of Mr. John Murray's, which he—the aforesaid lieutenant—prizes far above Mr. Murray's other Quarterly—to say nothing of his Journal of Science.

All these are good in their way, but Dick was an encyclopædia of dates of all kinds. He was not confined to this branch or that; he was chronological throughout. But, as

"What can we talk on, but on what we know?"

and as Dick, to my certain knowledge, had not read a book since his schoolmaster dismissed him from his ferula (on the 28th of June 1790, as I often heard him say, precisely at two o'clock), and as his affairs lay only in the precincts of a provincial town, his recollections—reminiscences, as Yates and old Michael Kelly would call them, did not aspire to regulating the periods of the four great monarchies. Of the Assyrians, Persians, Grecians, and Romans, he knew nothing, and cared less. When Charlemagne lived or died was nothing to him. The date of the Conquest disturbed not his brains; and, but for the toast, he would not have known that the "Glorious Revolution" had happened in 1688. Keeping neither racers or the company of men of the turf, the sporting records were no part of his concerns; and as for the affairs of the Peerage, they came not in his way. The star of a Duke was as much out of his sphere as the dog-star, and accordingly as seldom tormented his cogitations. But in the events of his own circle—in the actual adventures of the town—who was superior? In them he was, without a rival. The adventures of its mayors and sheriffs, the dinners of its corporation, the arrival of bishops, the incumbency of its clergy, the succession of its churchwardens, the building and pulling down of its houses, the paving and lighting of its streets, the various accidents that during his time had happened in it; the robberies, burglaries, larcenies, and their consequences, assizes and hangings; the births, deaths, and marriages; the marching in and out of regiments—all these, and many more particulars that I do not immediately recollect, were engraved upon the tablets of Dick's brain, and imparted by his tongue with great freedom and volubility. Had a short-hand writer been present at one of Dick's evening lectures, he would have drawn up a history of the last thirty years of the city of ——, which, for minuteness of detail, and accuracy of chronology in all its departments—ecclesiastical, civil, political, judicial, convivial, military—would put to shame the most elaborate of the histories which we owe to the unwearied industry of a Lysons or a Nichols.

He had nothing to do, and, as the town was a very busy one, he was almost the only man in that predicament—certainly the only one who exclusively devoted his time to acquiring a perfect knowledge of all the *res gestæ* of the place. At all the great events there going on, he was a regular spectator. Every day during the assizes he was the earliest man in court, and the last in leaving it. At executions he had, of late years, an acknowledged place nigh the hangman, with whom he was always intimately acquainted. He was sure to hear the first sermon of a new clergyman, and would not miss the installation of a dignitary for the world. He was free of the corporation, and though never so high as to aspire to either the head or foot of the table at their feasts, never failed to have the carving of a side dish. When a new regiment marched in, he went to meet them some three miles before they came to the town, and soon found a communicative serjeant, from whom, by the persuasive rhetoric of a pot of ale, he sucked the entire news of the regiment. Did a theatrical company make its appearance in ——, he was sure to be in the house on their first night; and as he had for thirty years kept up an acquaintance with every company that visited the place, it was odd if three nights had elapsed before he had a mutton chop with the London star annually imported.

From this course of study—for such it really was—Dick had scraped

together a bulk of minute facts, which would fill a folio. But the number was nothing to the exactness. I think I have him before me now—his eye a little cocked, and his tongue somewhat tripping over his third glass of brandy and water, in high tide of anecdote. On these occasions, the army was his favourite topic, and he descanted over his old acquaintance, who were very miscellaneous, with a pleasurable regret. "I remember," he would say, "one Saturday evening, the 11th of July 1794, Tom Spriggs—he is since dead—poor Tom died on the 14th October 1811—and I went walking down the——road, when, just by the Crown and Sceptre Tavern, now pulled down—pulled down on the 4th of June 1801—we heard a band. So Tom and I went to it, and it was the 50th marching in—the black cuffs, you know. Of all the tunes on the face of the earth, the tune they were playing was the British Grenadiers. The drum-major was a remarkable looking man, with one of the reddest noses you ever knew—a fellow who was fond of his glass, which got him into a scrape here, for on the 7th of August the same year he beat John Wilson, the gauger, in the street, for which he was very near being laid up for three months; but that Wilson, who was a very good-natured fellow, made it up, on condition that he gave a guinea to the hospital. Well: Tom and I joined the regiment, and we walked in with them. It was as hot an evening as you ever felt—I don't think I ever remember any hotter, except the 9th of June 1809, which *was* the devil itself. I spoke to the Lieutenant of the Grenadiers, one James Thomson,—but no relation of the Thomsons of the West—and he and I fell into chat, which ended with our asking him to join us that evening in a bottle. Faith, he was a pleasant fellow—not more than three and twenty then. Seven years afterwards, he came back here, and took a fancy to Jenny Davies, daughter of old Davies, of the Lodge—a snug old fellow, who died on the 18th of September 1800; and they were married by old Doctor Grundy, on the 8th of August 1801. What became of her I never heard; but he left the army shortly after, and is, I believe, alive still—for the guard of the High-flyer coach told me he met him at Hatchett's on the 29th of February 1824,—when he was going," &c. &c. &c.

Such was poor Dick's conversation, in unbroken strain. If the subject happened to be hanging, how minute, how exact and interminable would be every anecdote. In a word, this was his current on all occasions. It was a pleasure to see him correcting blunders, sometimes made purposely, sometimes *par hasard*. If you said "Christopher Snob was mayor here in 1789;"—"No," Dick would say, "1788. I knew the man; he always wore snuff-coloured breeches, and silver buckles in his shoes." "I think," another would remark, "Tom Buck is in the 54th. He must be in it now these fifteen years."—"Right, Sir," Dick would say, "as to the regiment, he *is* in the 54th; but his commission bearing date the 17th of May 1811, his fifteenth year wants nearly nine months of being out."—"Old Dr. Dozy," a third would remark, "is getting very old; he has been rector here thirty-five years."—"*Almost*," would be Dick's reply, "on the 14th of next month, exactly." "Pray, Sir," another would inquire, "did you ever see Mr. Kemble?"—"See him!" would be the answer, "saw him play here on the 3d of October 1799, in Hamlet, then he broke his sword. I took a welsh-rabbit with him, after the play, at poor Doll Jones's—who died, poor woman! last January—the first Friday of the year—leaving, however, something snug after her."

Yet sometimes Dick would become suspicious, and if he thought you were playing on him, would become restive. In these moods he would remember nothing. If you asked him then, on what time of the year Christmas fell, he would say, with a face of the most modest gravity, that he could not tell—having the worst memory in the world, and being particularly unable to remember a date. And if old habits prevailed over caution, and in one of these fits the old phrase "I remember on the 3d of July 1816," came out, he would smile, and say, "it is odd how I happen to remember *that one* date; but a particular circumstance put it into my head; for that was the very day on which the Red Lion stage was started by my friend Tom Crompton."

Poor Dick! Light lie the turf upon you—for you were a guileless and good-hearted fellow. And if your ghost should ever walk, I am sure it will not regret the circumstance, whatever it may be that occasions it, if it be thereby afforded an opportunity for re-perusing the dates upon the tomb-stones. T. L.

LETTER UPON AFFAIRS IN GENERAL, FROM A GENTLEMAN IN LONDON TO A GENTLEMAN IN THE COUNTRY.

There has been fierce legislation at the "Surrey Sessions" since my last, about the annual "licenses" for some of the dancing houses and tea-gardens about town. And the magistrates have gained immortal credit to their independance, by treating Mr. Gye, of Vauxhall—member of parliament and ex-printer, and present public exhibitor—with as little favour as they would have shewn to "Mr. Cabbage—or whoever he is—the manager of the "Royal Circus." I think myself—however—though I love impartiality—that Mr. Gye was a little hardly treated in this affair. And I hope that their Worships were not ostentatiously incorruptible—as a hero here and there hangs his own son—upon slighter grounds than usual—to shew all the world that he is a patriot:—marry, I don't recollect that ever one hanged *himself* for the sake of the same demonstration;*—because, though "Vauxhall" is, unequivocally, the vilest of all the places, mis-called places of "amusement," to which people resort in London, I don't see any particular sin there was about it which called for magisterial interference.

For, as to its being a "Nuisance," there is nothing very new in that! No doubt it is a very horrible "nuisance;"—but what then?

What a horrible nuisance—if we are to talk of "nuisances"—is every Theatre about town. What an indictable "nuisance" will the "New London University" be to all the heretofore decent region of Gower Street and Bedford Square! What an unbearable "nuisance" is a public house—or a hackney-coach stand—or a caricature shop, to have—and yet somebody must have them—opposite one's window? And what a very particular "nuisance" is every "fashionable party," given—say by these very Surrey magistrates—Mr. Sumner or Mr. Palmer—in Portman or Bryanstone Square: which collects four hundred quadrupeds in harness, and five hundred bipeds in lace, to crash, and kick, and

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* This is wrong. There was *one* bishop, who, struck with a sense of his own enormities, prosecuted himself, and demanded leave to make reparation at the stake. And sentence being accordingly pronounced, the reverend martyr was actually burned and afterwards canonized. The words of the historian are clear: "*Judicatus fuit, et crematus fuit, et fuit sanctus.*" I recollect Mr. Brougham's referring to the fact.

swear, and jostle, and stop up the way, and keep sober people from sleeping in their dwellings, or approaching their own doors, from twelve o'clock at night to sunrise in the morning! if we are to talk, I say again, on the subject of "nuisances"—to put the matter at once upon a fair and conclusive footing—what an absolute nuisance is not almost every man in the world, with his tastes, and pursuits, and absurdities, to his fellow—only that he cannot be "abated."

The "morality," indeed, of the "Royal Gardens" is a ticklish affair to touch upon. But I protest—what other people may have found in the "Dark-walk" I cannot say—but the most heinous sin I ever discovered about it, is that it is commonly rather more than ankle-deep in water.

No doubt a great many filthy people do go to "Vauxhall,"—and so they do to every other evening show-place in England. (The rascals! to come, and pay their money!) But the proprietor could not hinder such people from coming, if he would; and I don't see why he should not be allowed the same license, in this way, which is permitted to other speculators in the same trade.

In fact altogether, I think such legislation rather vexatious. Let the M.P. light his lamps, and fire his squibs, at his own time and in his own way. As for the "riot," employ a score or two more constables: and as soon as the cider gets into any linen-draper's head, let him be plucked forth and encaged. We do not build "Stocks" for mockery, nor are our whipping-posts shrunk up and withered. And for the "morality," that settles itself. When it appears that the "Royal Gardens" are not *moral*, people that *are* moral can stay away from them.—And I don't mean to say that either their *morality*, or their *taste*, would be much impeached, if they were to adopt that alternative at once, and altogether.

A lady who signs herself "Polly Hopkins"—I think—a "correspondent" in the *Morning Herald* newspaper—has written a long letter to Mr. Peel, the Secretary for the Home Department, on the subject of "seduction." I think it would be an entertaining business to open, every morning for a week, all the domestic correspondence which is sent to a minister of state. The documents which the writers print—to "shame" him into notice are odd enough, and those personally transmitted must be very particularly curious specimens indeed, But the grounds on which Miss Hopkins calls for legislatorial interference—("transporting" people who "seduce," &c.)—on behalf of the ladies, I don't well understand: because, for all the mischief that she complains of, the help—as she must know—lies in her own hands. Miss H. writes under feelings of immediate irritation, or she would see—to use a vulgar though vigorous illustration—that she "puts the saddle upon the wrong horse."—"It is not we"—as Falstaff retorts upon the Chief Justice—"that misled the youthful Polly; but it is the youthful Polly that has misled us!" I recollect the story of "the Italian Flower Girl," that went the round of the newspapers some months ago—now quoted in the "Examiner," in a letter on the same subject. It was a good story; but it had *one* fault—not one word of it was true.

It is the business of history to mark the progress no less of public men than of public measures:—Mr. John Wilks, the representative of the independent borough of Sudbury, has been taken up for forgery; but after two days' confinement in the Poultry Compter, is liberated upon bail. It is contended by the lawyers that the forgery is only a "technical" forgery; and the honourable members' friends say confidently that

the whole case is conspiracy—and that he will yet "weather the storm." I don't know, myself, anything particularly about the business of the forgery; but I should think, upon general conclusions, Mr. Wilks as likely to "weather a storm," as any man I ever was acquainted with.

At the same time—speaking of this immaculate borough of Sudbury—I trust some public spirited member of the House of Commons will move—and suddenly—for its disfranchisement. Here are a set of electors actually *holding meetings* to turn their representative out of Parliament, because he has refused to *pay them the money* which was promised as the price of his election. Our corruption is pretty gross, and pretty open: but I do not recollect a case of such unblushing impudence as this.

The cant terms of particular trades and professions are sometimes very whimsical. This morning, I find in the papers, under the head of "Ship News"—that the "Earl Percy," Greenland vessel, has arrived at Dundee, from Davis's Straits, having "caught eight fish *and-a-half*." Now a man of plain understanding might be curious to think, what the other ship could be which had caught *the other half*.

The new Lord Mayor held his inauguration entertainment, on the 9th of this month; and on the 10th a poor creature who had waited at table at the dinner was carried before Mr. Alderman Ainsley, charged with having abstracted two pepper-castors—value, something less than *sixpence*. His new Lordship indeed—who is a gentleman of the name of Brown, an attorney—does not seem to have commenced his official career under very favourable auspices; for the worthy alderman (Ainsley), in the course of the culprit's examination, took occasion to comment upon the peculiar shabbiness of the appointments of the table on the preceding day:—Prince Polignac, the ambassador, who attended (to eat, in fact, for all France)—having been allowed only a three-pronged horn-handled iron fork—with very little opportunity for changing it.

But such an affair as our Guildhall dinner—independent of the gooseberry wine for champaigne, and the hock made of sour beer—must seem very strange to a foreigner. The treatment of the guests is so odd! I went to one, I recollect, three or four years since; and at a table meant to be reserved for the Lord Mayor and his private friends, found the following pleasant intimation, painted and stuck upon a large board,—"Whoever takes a seat at this table, will be immediately *turned out of it*." In another place, over the door, was set a second board—this was addressed to the company at large,—"Whoever leaves the hall, on any pretence, will *not be permitted* to return!"

Presently venturing to sit down at a sort of centre table, where a great many other persons were sitting—and, as I afterwards understood, had been sitting since two o'clock, it was then six—I found the system of "turning out" was well understood all round. For a worthy gentleman asked—"if I belonged to Bread-street Ward?" And, on my protesting that "I hoped not," announced at once that "I could not sit there!" for that from time immemorial all that table had been allotted to "Bread-street Ward." Meanwhile, another wretch suggested, that—"as I did not seem to belong any where—I had better go and *get my dinner* in the Court of King's Bench;" and proffered, as well as I could understand, to help me to the speech of one or two of the scullions. At length, to my great relief, it was discovered that my card was for the "cross table"—the Lord Mayor's own! and there I dined in very high company—with a profusion of feathers and brocade, and very sufficient women indeed

dressed in them, round me. I shall never forget two that talked French to a Frenchman—or the man's countenance as he listened to it. These were certainly of the first quality too. For I recollect, that in the course of the dinner there was some little confusion, and one of them could get no sauce to her fish; upon which I offered my services: but without being quite successful, for after great exertion, I could only obtain some anchovy, and was obliged to express my regret that I could find no "soy;"—when the dear creature put me out of all pain in a moment, by observing that—she "was much obliged to me, and thanked me;" and that if she "could but get the anchovy," she did not "care a *button* about the soy."

A horrible accident occurred in St. James's-street last Friday, which might have been attended with the most fatal consequences. The Guards Club-house, which is (or rather was) next door to Mr. Crockford's new Gaming-house which is being rebuilt in that street, thought that it ought to be rebuilt also, and suddenly tumbled down. A morning newspaper, describing this occurrence, observes: "Providentially, none of the officers of the Guards were in the house at the time!" A dispensation which (in a nationl point of view) deserves to be returned thanks for, certainly. The accident was entirely occasioned by an "improvement; in which—to add to the size of a drawing-room—*half the thickness of the party wall* which supported the whole house *had been cut away!*

The musical composers of the metropolis—like "Slippery Sam" in the "Beggars' Opera"—are beginning "not to think one trade enough." We have had two Operas produced within the last month—"The Houses of Grenada"—and "A Trip to Wales;"—both, with the drama, as well as the songs, plot, dialogue, melody, and accompaniments, prepared by the same individual, and that individual a fiddler. I rather think that Adam Smith upon this point is right; and that the old system of dividing the labour in writing singing farces is best. Both the novelties in question were damned; and, as I hear, by a sentence perfectly unexceptionable.

I see a most singular specimen of humbug, brought forward under the semblance of an argument, by some of those persons who are opposing the repeal of the Corn Laws; to wit—that a reduction in the price of agricultural *produce*, must lower the *wages* of the agricultural labourer. Now those who propose this *doctrine* as an "argument," must believe, I think, that the people of England are mad or blind! and not able to see what goes on about them. Because—can it be *possible*, I want to know, to devise *any* system under which the agricultural labourer shall get *less* of what he raises (for his own consumption) than he gets at present?

I am quite sure, in defiance of all the Political Economy in the world, that where an article is of *less* value in the ground where it is raised—in the same proportion, the labourer who is engaged in raising it is likely to *consume more*. And I think no man, for instance, who ever saw the sort of *fire* that is kept in a collier's hut, at Bilston or Wednesbury—(a fire *six times* larger than a London artisan can afford to keep) will believe that that collier would keep the *same fire*, if all the coals which he raised could be carried to a store half a mile off, and sold at eighteen-pence the bushel. Besides this *very principle*—that cheapness *enables* people to *consume*—is forced down my throat upon every other subject—where it happens to suit the purpose of a legislator to rely upon it! What political economist, I should like to know, ever yet admitted, that the taking every human course which could make *stockings* cheap, tended to place

those stockings more out of the reach—for his personal wear—of the *stocking-maker?*

To go no farther, however, than I went in my first question: How *can* our "agricultural labourers" whose, wages are settled by parish regulation—and often rated out in parish relief—according to the extent of their families, just at that very point which will enable them to *exist*—how is it possible that these people—who are paupers already—can have their condition made *worse* by a reduction in the price of corn? The parish *makes up* their wages to the bare means of *existence* now corn is *dear:* will it make their wages up to *less* than the means of *existence,* if it should become *cheap?*

And this it is that settles all the cant we hear, about "injury done to the starving peasantry of Ireland," by "lowering the market price of their corn exported to this country,"—if we allow Polish or American wheat to come in. How can the Irish peasant, who never *tastes* the corn that grows in his own country, be made *more destitute* of that provision by *any lessening* of the advantage which is derived from *sending* it away? The failure of an eighty-shilling price in the English market may prevent the "Squireen" from getting his *rack-rent*; and it *may* be a matter of dispute whether he *ought* to be prevented from getting that rent, or not. But, that the labourer of Ireland should *lose* that which he *has not*—get *less,* under any system, than the *smallest* portion of the *coarsest* food which is sufficient barely to sustain him!—it is impudence to attempt to delude us into any such belief.

And I am not quite satisfied neither, with the expositions of *some* of the gentlemen who advocate a *change* in the Corn Laws. For instance, with those of Mr. Calvert, the member for Southwark, at the Borough Meeting on the 15th instant; when he wished to convince the people that *very little advantage* was to be expected from the repeal of those restrictions. The honourable gentleman's plan of calculating by *average* rent, and *average* produce, is a scheme—I don't know whether he meant it to have that effect—but most happily adapted to mislead, not merely people who are ignorant, but all people who are unacquainted with this particular subject. In the first place, he assumes the *average* rent of land throughout England to be 30*s.* an acre. Now 40*s.*, I take it, would be nearer the truth of the average. But this is not what I complain of;—my objection is that Mr. Calvert knows—or should know—that his *average* of 30*s.* an acre *seems* to shew that the land-owners are rather hardly judged of—that, at such an average rent, they are *not getting too much;* while, in fact, if the *average* were as low as 20*s.*, it does not prove at all that their gains are not enormous, and ruinous to the state; but, in fact, may go—and does go—much nearer to prove the *very contrary.*

For how is this precious *average* arrived at? We will take Mr. Calvert's own words for the manner. He says: "we will take the *best* land in cultivation at 50*s.*, and the *bad* at 5*s*:" and thus he gets his *average* of 30*s.* But then, we have only to *increase* the quantity of "bad"—that is, *barren* land—brought into cultivation—such land as ought not to be cultivated at all; and in that case while you *increase* the *real* amount of the landlord's rent-roll by all that he receives for this addition of "bad" land, you lower the *average* rent of all that he possesses—(is not this a pleasant mode of calculation?)—just as far as you please!

For instance, 'say I have an estate of a thousand acres of land,' five hundred acres of which is of the "best" quality—and five hundred of the

"bad"—which last could not produce the charge of cultivation, unless that produce sold at a restriction price. If I let the whole five hundred acres of "best" at 50*s.*, which gives £1,250, and two hundred of the "bad" at 5*s.*, which gives £50, my *amount of rent received from my estate* is £1,300; and my *average rent* is * 37*s.* an acre. But, now for the delusion. If I let the remaining three hundred acres of "bad" land, at 5*s.*,—which ought not to be let at all—then the whole *rent of my estate* is *increased* £75 a year—from £1,300 to £1,375; while, upon my conundrum of *average*, my *average* rent presents a *reduction*—for it is not 37*s.* an acre, but 27*s.* 6*d.*!

A great deal, more-however, of what Mr. Calvert says on this occasion, is any thing rather than practical policy—or even practical sense. When he talks of "a half-penny abatement in the quartern-loaf," being *all* that a reduction of one-third of the landlord's rent would afford, he seems to forget that such a reduction of the rent of land will not affect the "quartern loaf" *only*, but the joint of meat—the bushel of potatoes—and, in fact, every article of consumption which arises out of the tillage of the land. Besides, a "halfpenny" in one commodity—and a "halfpenny" in another—though never perceived by a man like Mr. Calvert, nor yet by men far poorer than he is—becomes a matter of very important consideration to the labourer—and there are millions in a worse situation—who cannot estimate his means to support his family at more than sixpence per day for each individual. The short question upon the Corn laws, for their repeal or against it, is this: Shall the *bad* land of the country, as Mr. Calvert terms it, be cultivated at an enormous *loss*, merely that the landowner may get 5*s.* an acre for it? Shall the people of England be compelled—for it is the *people* who pay all—to lay out the same sum of labour and money upon an acre of land in a *bad* situation, to obtain a produce of twelve bushels of wheat, as, laid out upon an acre of land in a *good* situation, would produce from thirty to forty? Ought we to raise corn from land which is ill-suited to the raising of corn, when we can buy that corn abroad; any more than we raise vines from our soil which is ill suited to raising vines, in preference to buying our wine from France or Portugal? If it be reasonable that *we* should *produce* at twice the price that we can *buy*, then it is reasonable that *other* nations should do the same; and, in that case, where is the reliance of our foreign commerce—where the value of our boasted superior knowledge and machinery? What becomes of the doctrine of our security—the principle that it is better for the powers of the Continent to *buy* their cotton of us, at *one* shilling per yard, than to *make* it themselves—say that they had all the equal skill—when, wanting the same facilities, they could not make it for less than *two*?

"March" of Impertinence.—The duty of a woman (on this earth) is to stitch, and serve God. And I just mention so much, because I see this morning, by an advertisement—that the "Gymnastic professors"—those pleasant persons who get money paid to them for teaching boys to turn head over heels—turning spits will be erected into a science presently!—have contrived to set up eighteen or twenty establishments in different parts of the town. To all of which I have no objection, except to a little piece of fulsome foolery, which I find revealed in the following notice of "hours," "terms," &c. in the prospectus of one of these

* Divide the whole rent by the whole number of acres.

instructors:—"Gentlemen's classes, on Mondays and Thursdays, from eleven to one," &c. "LADIES' CLASSES! on Wednesdays and Saturdays, from twelve to two!"

Now really this *is* an offence. I will not repeat what Cobbett says of the "English ladies" who came "to slaver Mr. Blucher," and "give him rings," and so forth, at the termination of the last war—because it may be deemed harsh (though there is a great deal of sound truth in it); but I *do* wish women would come to a little notion of how peculiarly disgusting a certain disposition to obtrude upon public notice is, which they occasionally exhibit. Any process like that of a woman's practising in a "Gymnastic school!" must amount either to ridiculous affectation, or coarse and unseemly offence. I don't know whether the practice of learning to *swim* is added yet to the other accomplishments which they pursue at such precious institutions; but some quack or other, I recollect, wrote a book—or got one written, for I dont think he could write himself—suggesting it.

This is wrong—it is unpleasing, and not quite modest or decent. The proper sphere for a lady's exertions—"gymnastic," or other—lies within her own house. If of patrician order, let her take pleasure to make verses; if in a more simple (and useful) station—puddings. If, wealthy, she may read Sir Walter Scott, Miss Porter, and Miss Edgeworth; if confined in income, she should look over Dr. Kitchener, and study Mrs. Rundall. Let her "dress herself" as often in the day as she pleases—when she has nothing else to do. Dance—sing, or rattle the piano (provided she shuts up the doors and windows). But, under every circumstance, let her consult retirement and unobtrusiveness. Females should be *seen*, they may be assured, little; and *heard*—not at all. I don't know whether to call that admirable Spanish proverb more elegant, or emphatic, which says, "An honest woman, and a broken leg—will be found *at home*."

The Morning Post says to-day, that "The Greek nation would have saved £70,000, if the late loan had been made with Paris, instead of London." I wonder how much the *English* nation would have saved if this had been the case?

Books are a little better this month than they were last month. Blackwood has published "Malachi Mailings," which is one of Galt's best; and three volumes of German tales very spiritedly translated by M. Gillies. Mr. Roscoe translated three volumes of German tales some time ago, which had all been translated before; but this is not the case with all the tales in the German language: Mr. Gellies' are elegantly translated, and—to the English reader—original.

Apropos to books.—I seldom say any thing in commendation of any body;—indeed, I have always thought, with Sir Peter Teazle, that "we live in a d—d wicked world; and the fewer we praise the better." But Croly's Dirge "Earth to Earth, and Dust to Dust,"—in one of the yearly "Pocket-books"—I think "The Amulet,"—is really a brave production. It is very short—not more than fifty lines; but I do not think it has been exceeded—for its extent—by any modern poet.

The Trans-Atlantic management of Drury-lane Theatre is said to be going to the devil very fast. That is the "Trans-Atlantic," if Mr. Price be the real speculator—which I do not very religiously believe. But the fact is, that no man, on the terms at which Mr. Price is said to have taken the theatre, could hope to make money by it. Covent-Garden,

too, has been doing pretty fairly; and there is not trade enough in town for two—both the patent establishments seldom do well together.

The disfranchisement of the borough of Grampound has left Mr. Robertson without a seat in Parliament—to the serious regret of the reporters of the morning newspapers, who always shut up their books, and took a holiday, as soon as he got upon his legs. The peculiar feature of this gentleman's speaking was, that he always—upon every subject—went back to the time of the ancient Greeks—and sometimes even still further. I went into the gallery one night, I recollect, when he was opposing Mr. Sergeant Onslow's bill for repealing the usury laws: he had then been speaking an hour and forty minutes, and the first words I heard were, "But we now come to the day of Romulus and Remus."

The malicious curiosity of the world is quite abominable! There is the most ill-natured story going about that can be conceived, about a well known literary character; and all the result of that detestable prying disposition, which makes idle people so fond of "finding out" every thing that does not concern them. It seems the party in question—whose name I will not mention—has lately taken a house a little way out of town, with a "carriage sweep," great gates, &c. in front of the dwelling; something perhaps upon the pompous order—like a shrimp going to live in the shell of a lobster—rather too imperial for his apparent estate and means—but extremely respectable. However, this, one would have thought, was nothing to any body. And the new proprietor kept the mansion up very carefully; and every thing appeared about the place as it had been used to do, and as if the accustomed competent establishment were still maintained in it. But, at last, some meddling overlooking coxcomb took it into his head to perceive, that the marks of *wheels* upon Mr.———'s gravel drive were distinctly visible every morning, though he kept no carriage himself, nor any ever—that was seen—came to visit him. And, being determined to fathom that, and all other mysteries, the villain—who perhaps had some suspicion—got up one morning at five o'clock—and actually saw the proprietor in person, running a wheelbarrow twice round the coach circle, to produce the desired effect!

This is the age of invention and of speculation! And so much miracle is from day to day actually accomplished, that we become shy of ridiculing even the most monstrous propositions. But there *are* such things as "impossibilities," nevertheless—though we have been mistaken once or twice when we thought we had got hold of them; and I think M. Vallance, the gentleman at Brighton who is making stage coaches to run a hundred miles an hour, has put his finger upon one at last.

M. Vallance's scheme, which was treated as a hoax when it first appeared in the newspapers, but which is perfectly serious, and capable on a small scale of being exemplified, amounts to this.—It is well known that a current of air, having a determination given to it, no matter how, will impel any object forward—the weight of that object being duly adjusted to the proportion of the impulse. Seamen become acquainted with this fact in the ordinary course of their profession; and any landsman (who doubts) may obtain a certificate of it, by leaving his "swing glass" standing, on a rough day, at his open bed-chamber window; or attempting to pass round the north side of St. Paul's Church-yard at any time between the 25th of February and the 24th of March, carrying an open umbrella.

In proportion as such a current of air as this may be confined or compressed, its force will, as is obvious, be very greatly increased. And such a current may at once be created, by *exhausting* the air wholly or partially from any vessel—as in the case of drawing up the piston of a common syringe—when the air from without rushes in by every accessible passage, to supply the *void* which is produced. Suppose, for instance, a common gun-barrel to be exhausted of the air contained in it, by the help of an air pump fixed at the *mouth*; and fresh air then to be suddenly admitted by withdrawing a plug from the breech; a ball of cork, or of any other light substance, lying within—say against the touch-hole (which however must be *closed*)—would be carried forward by the rushing in of the outward air, and probably thrown out to a considerable distance from the muzzle. And as what is true upon a small scale (according to M. Vallance) will be true upon a large one, it occurs to him that a *brick cylinder*, of the same form as a gun-barrel, might be constructed to extend, say from London to Brighton, with a stage coach, moving upon a tram road, and fitted with a sail (instead of a "cork-ball") to run within it. And that such coach, loaded with passengers, being placed, for example, at the *London end* of the cylinder, and *let go* (with an admission of fresh air behind it) from that point, just as the air contained within was exhausted by a pump worked by a steam engine, placed at the *Brighton end*, it would start off with a velocity little inferior to that of a cannon-ball, and deliver its fare the full fifty-two miles off (stoppages included) in less than half an hour.

Now this is very foolish and very impracticable; but not perhaps quite so visionary as at first sight it seems. The principle of the plan is perfectly unquestionable. The exhaustion or even rarefaction of air at any given point, will no doubt create a strong current of air in that particular direction. The stage-coach projected is meant to run upon a sort of tram road within the long tunnel or cylinder, provided with a fan or sail, to catch the whole force of the air which would be admitted behind it; and I have no doubt that the thing may be done which M. Vallance is *now* attempting; that is, that a model machine may be made in miniature—say a tin cylinder provided of a hundred feet long, with a toy coach to run within it—which, by having the air exhausted, say at the north end, and suddenly admitted again at the south, would fully exemplify and perform all that he imagines.

Then the peculiar excellence of this invention—say that it were possible ever practically to carry it into execution—is not confined to the benefit of enabling us to travel without the aid of horses:—the grand gain is the *speed*. The velocity of a coach, impelled by air through a vacuum, is capable of being carried as far as A THOUSAND MILES AN HOUR! It is true that the rate proposed for practice is not to exceed a HUNDRED miles an hour; and I believe there is a *slow* coach talked of, which would not run more than FIFTY—for timid ladies or invalids. But, at starting, the going from London to Edinburgh between breakfast and dinner, is a thing calculated upon.

But the error here is one with which engineers are perfectly familiar—the mistake of fancying that the same results can always be obtained upon an extended scale of action that we get upon a small one. Practically this is not the case: we lay a needle upon the surface of a glass of water, and it swims; but we could not therefore lay a poker on the surface of a pond without its sinking. We see mouse thrown from a

four story widow, get up, after lying stunned for a moment, unhurt, and run away; an ox or a horse would be dashed to pieces by one-half the same concussion. I doubt whether it would be possible to construct such an extent of tunnel, or cylinder, as M. Vallance's plan would require, with all its appliances, *air tight*, or to contrive any air pumps which should have the power of *exhausting* it. But, even independent of this grand difficulty, and without entering into minute details, there remain such manifold objections to the possible success of the project, as would seem to make the wasting even a thought upon it almost a lunacy.

For, in the first place, this cylinder, through which Mr. Vallance means to project us, I understand to be described as a sort of above, ground tunnel, built of brick; about ten feet high, or thirty feet in the arch over.

Now, in the mere preliminary step of *lighting* an avenue like this, some difficulty would arise. For though the projector treats it as capable of being done *either* by *lamps* or by *windows*, I do not find either one or the other plan very satisfactory. For *lamps* would be *extinguished* by the process of *exhausting* the air *within* the tunnel, which is performed *prior* to the admission of the coach full of travellers, and of the fresh stream of air from without, which is to sustain them. And, for glass windows, they would be but a ticklish holding, in a situation where the *breaking of a single pane*—from accident or malice—by destroying the *air-tight* quality of the *cylinder*, would put the whole machinery, in a moment, to a stand-still, and leave the passengers by his Majesty's mail stuck fast in the middle of his Majesty's tunnel, without being able to get backwards or forwards!

But I leave this difficulty—though I do not see how it is to be got over:—and I leave the further difficulty, of *dividing* the tunnel, so that persons should be enabled to take *part* of a journey to Edinburgh—say to York—who did not want to be shot all the way;—and I leave the already touched upon improbabilities of making (and *keeping*) such a tunnel ever air-tight—and of *exhausting* it—and of finding any wheels, or machinery, to run in it, which would endure the prodigious strain of a velocity even of fifty miles an hour:—and, supposing all these feats to be achieved, and the conveyance to be ready to start—*Who* is there, I wish to know, in his senses, that would ever be prevailed upon *to ride by it?*

A close tunnel to move through—something in appearance like a sewer built above ground. Just wide enough to admit a box, which is to be projected almost at the same rate that it might be thrown forward by gunpowder—and I am not at all sure that gunpowder might not *actually* be employed, just as conveniently as the power proposed, to effect the same purpose. An *impulse* from which, when we are once committed to it, it becomes *impossible* to *escape*. A *road* on which it is impossible to receive—or even to call for—the slightest *assistance*. And a *velocity*, under which the slightest *check*—the smallest *flaw in the machinery*—or oversight in the general arrangement—*must* involve *every soul concerned in instantaneous and inevitable destruction!* One would think that nothing but the fondness of every human creature for *his own* project, could induce any man to expend either his money or his attention on such a scheme!

And yet these objections are but a small part of those which stand in the way of Mr. Vallance's possible success. He speaks of the "prodigious improvements" effected already, within the last fifty years, upon travelling;

post-chaises and stage coaches, running (and *paying*), where no quicker vehicle was formerly known than a waggon—and even that "waggon" not a "fly waggon." But he forgets one broad circumstance of distinction in the character of these alterations, and of the change he proposes: *viz.* that all our increase of acceleration, so far—unlike the increase which he would give us—has brought along with it an increase of personal gratification—of tastefulness—and convenience. The improved roads which went to make our travelling more *rapid*, at the same time made it more *secure*. Our vehicles, as they galloped faster, grew more actually pleasureable and commodious; and we found that we could enjoy the fine air, and fine scenery of the country, more advantageously from the box of a stage-coach than we could do from the inside of a carrier's cart, or a broad-wheeled waggon. We journey more pleasantly, and more safely, as well as more expeditiously, now we go *nine* miles an hour, than we did when we used to go *three*; but people would hardly care to expose themselves to a horrible danger every time they wanted to pass from London to Dover; or, for the matter of that, scarcely to travel in gloom and silence within the bowels of the earth, when they might proceed upon the surface of it.

Another circumstance—episodical, but material—would prevent such vehicles as Mr. Vallance's from superseding our common stage coaches. Half the convenience—and consequent gain—of a stage coach, arises out of its ability to *stop at irregular times and places*; for the purpose of delivering, or taking up, passengers or parcels. A coach which could not stop, for any purpose, except at the end of every thirty miles, would soon be beaten by every other vehicle on the same track. The high road—the "common haunt of men"—is the "market overt" of every public vehicle:—insomuch so, that, in fact, they constantly take round-about courses, for the purpose of adhering to it.

To settle this affair, however, fully, and to excite the wonder of all reasonable people how any gentleman could ever—as I understand Mr. Vallance is actually doing—put himself to expense to illustrate or advance it*—I think it will only be necessary for me to subjoin a short calculation as to the matter of *expense*. Mr. Vallance proposes as the *cheapest* mode of constructing his tunnels, to build them of brick, covered with some sort of stone cement—say, on the average, ten feet high—or thirty feet the dimension over. Now the mere brickwork and cement for such a work as this, rated only at one brick and a half thick (which would be slight for such an undertaking)—would cost twenty shillings *a foot*, which is at the rate (in round numbers) of £5,000 *a mile*. The levelling, raising of hollows, and cutting hills away—for all must be done upon a *perfect plane*—the levelling, tram road arrangement, lighting, furnishing with inlets, outlets, &c.—together with the immense cost of air pump machinery, steam engines, &c., I don't take, I think, above the mark, when I put it at £5,000 a mile more! In which case, multiplying £10,000, the price of one mile of such road by, say 112—the number of miles from London to Bristol—it appears that one single tunnel of this kind—running only between Bath and London, would cost the sum of ONE MILLION, ONE HUNDRED AND TWENTY THOUSAND POUNDS!

* Mr. Vallance has published a pamphlet, and is actually constructing a cylinder of 150 yards extent at Brighton, with a stage-coach running within it, to prove the feasability of such a scheme.

And, having dropped upon this little impediment—perhaps if we had hit upon it a page and a half back we might have stopped with safety.

A morning paper, speaking of the crowd which filled the Court of Common Pleas during the trial of the cause of "Bligh against Wellesley," observes that "two ladies had the *courage* to obtrude themselves in the gallery; but were immediately removed by the officers." I don't like to cavil about an expression; but it does not seem to me here, that "courage" is exactly the word.

The Chancellor has declared, in the collateral cause of "Long *v.* Wellesley"—the question whether the gentleman that *has* "the names," and *had* "the property," is fit to have the guidance of his children—that, *as long as affidavits continue to be offered* in the case, he will *go on* continuing to hear them. In that event, the cause seems likely to conclude, as the Persian proposed his conundrum of teaching the ass to speak, should conclude.—A Persian juggler, being in need, and coming to the court of the Shah, at Ispahan, caused it to be reported abroad that he had an ass which he had taught to speak. The King sent for this pretender, who deposed stoutly to the fact, and prayed that his ass might be fetched to confirm it; but, on sending to the stable, the miraculous animal (which had previously been poisoned by its master) was found dead. The juggler threw dust upon his beard, and was in despair. "But—since you taught this ass to speak," demanded the Shah, "cannot you teach another?"—"Son of the bright star," returned the preceptor of brutes, "it will take six years of constant labour, and I am destitute." Orders were forthwith given that an ass of the first parts should be inducted to the royal stables; and that apartments should be provided, with all livery and attendance, during six years, for the juggler. "But beware!" said the ruler of men—"for, if the ass speaks not by the time appointed, though you had more heads than that ass's tail has hairs, not one shall be left upon your shoulders!"—"And how will avoid this penalty at the six years end?" inquired a second juggler, the next day, who was acquainted with his brother's means for endowing asses with speech. "Be patient!" replied the first; "I am safe for six years; and before that time, either the sultan, or the ass, or I myself, shall be dead."—Now the Lord Chancellor has more than *three* chances; for before half the parchment in the kingdom is worn out with affidavits, either he, or Mr. Wellesley, or the children, or the Misses Long, may be dead—which may be called having four strings (instead of two) to one's bow.

It is curious to observe what a fund of mischief always seems to be lying dormant in the minds of people in this country; perhaps generally in the human mind. There is scarcely ever any extraordinary crime committed, which excites a strong sensation, but that two or three others, obviously produced by a sort of mania for imitation, immediately follow it. A poor letter-stamper at the Post-office was nearly blown to pieces a few weeks ago, by the explosion of a quantity of detonating powder, which some chemist had very unjustifiably sent by post from the country. Within a fortnight afterwards an apothecary's apprentice was taken up at Manchester for having sent two letters—one of them to a female—of the same description; and a few days since some scoundrel carried a pie, containing two pounds of gunpowder, to be baked at a baker's in Wapping; which, if the scheme had succeeded, would pro-

bably have destroyed the man's house, and cost the lives of half the persons in it.

I observed, a little way back, that Drury-Lane Theatre was doing but badly. Laporte, the French actor, has appeared there lately in the English drama; and, as every body who knew any thing of the subject foresaw he must do, has failed in producing any considerable effect. The fact is, that the style of the French comic actors is *too natural*, that is, it is too much like *nature's common-place*, to do much in England. Neither the French plays—that is, not one in ten of them—or their performers, have strength and breadth enough for our taste. Nor—as far as a foreigner can form a judgment upon such a subject—can I admit that their existing comedians are equal to ours in point of talent. I have seen none—and I have seen all—who, for force, humour, or variety of expression, could be named against Farren, Liston, or Mathews. Laporte had not a fair chance for his *talent* at Drury-Lane, because he was compelled to speak English—which he speaks well, but still like a foreigner. At the French theatre he is a pleasant actor of valets—not first-rate, but lively and intelligent; but he has less force than several of his countrymen; and a slight nasal twang in his delivery, which is not agreeable.

There has been another "fasting woman," going for five weeks without food, at Trowbridge in Somersetshire. The *Globe* of to-night says that "she has at last come to her appetite;" but, "for five weeks, took absolutely nothing" (that any body saw) "but water." It is curious what an old device this "going without food" is. A friar exhibited in it, according to one of the monkish historians, so early as the thirteenth century. This man fasted for three months, the door of his cell being watched and guarded; and at length it was discovered that he lived upon *sausages*, which were conveyed to him cased over with tallow to look like *candles*.

Defend me! but Colonel Wood made a tremendous explosion in the House of Commons on the Corn Indemnity Bill; and Friday night (the 24th inst.) the hon. member, after giving a most luminous exposition of the general merits of the question, and shewing the perfect harmony (of interests) which existed between the agriculturists and the manufacturers with respect to it, concluded by loudly calling upon the House to come forward, and take some means to put down the aggravating attempts of THE PRESS, which were causing a division of the two great interests of the nation! So—only to think of this counsel of unconstitutional desperation! and from a quarter that nobody would have suspected of it!

It was like seeing the Thames set on fire by a farthing rushlight; or the fly on the King's chariot wheel, calling to one of Newman's post-chaises to "keep out of the way!"—"Who is the hon. member?" said one. "His name is Wood," answered another. "Wood! what wood? of what *tree?*" asked a third. "Not *Braintree*, I am sure," replied a fourth. "Is he not a branch of the Londonderry family?" said a person in the gallery.' "A *sapling*, you mean!" interrupted some one behind him. "Nonsense!—what Wood really is it?" asked a visitor from the Stock Exchange at John T——, who was just going out at the middle door.—"I don't know what Wood," replied the last; "but I think with the poet, that—*Ex* quoris LIGNO, non fit Mercurius."—I rather like Colonel Wood myself, but he did not make a hit this time.

The evening papers say that a gentleman, annoyed with the eternal performance of *Paul Pry*, attempted to assassinate Liston two nights ago as he got into his carriage, but only succeeded in stabbing his footman who was opening the coach-door. Now really this is too much! people who commit murder ought not to be allowed to make mistakes.

But, speaking of "murder," there has been a most horrible rot and panic—a most wicked carnage and mortality among the "Scrip and Bond" "patriots" this last month! The "Times" has frightened the whole school of cockney "liberalism," from Jerry Bentham down to "Honorary Secretary" John Bowring, into hysterics; and Satan is buffeting Joseph Hume sorely for two successive Saturdays, in the semblance of "William Cobbett." The "Greek cause," in the mass, has grown too intricate for mortal comprehension. All we can discover is, that the Greeks have got *very little* of the money which has been borrowed for them; but for this they will doubtless indemnify themselves, by never paying back *any*. But there are one or two little circumstances attendant upon the concoction of their "Loan,"—on the mode in which the money, which *did not go* to the Greeks, was got from those fools and knaves who job in the stocks among the English—which may bear a word of notice, or exposure.

The wags who constituted themselves, in the year 1823, into what was called "The Greek Committee," claim, in the *Westminster Review*, No. xi, page 114, the credit of having "deserved well, by their conduct, of Greece, of England, and of mankind!" Now any such amount of desert seems, upon the face of it, very unlikely; and, in fact, I believe it will be found that the claim altogether is grounded in mistake;—that the only part of "mankind" which the Committee seriously benefited was themselves; that to Greece they could not do a great deal of harm, because she had very little (or, in truth, nothing) to lose; but that to England, where people with money in their pockets were such noodles as to listen to them, they have done great and positive injury.

The "services" to Greece consist, I rather think, in the having sent out to that country a great variety of curious nick-nacks; such as "laboratories," "maps," "mathematical instruments," "school-books," "printing presses," &c.; the only recommendation of which properties to the Greeks was that, to use the language of the "ring," they "came by the way of *Cheapside*," *i.e.* they (the Greeks) paid nothing for them. Some small portion of money was sent also in *cash;* and this did at first seem to me to have a right to be entered as a "benefit,"—until I recollected that the absurd advices and interferences which accompanied it had cost the poor people so much blood, and set them so terribly together by the ears, that the one contribution, I think, balances the other;—and so I put down—as I like to deal liberally with all men—that to Greece the Committee had done neither good nor harm.

But the "benefits" which have been conferred upon England, stand upon no such equivocal footing; they are of a solid, sound, substantial character, such as on the day of *account* will not be forgotten. For, though they knew, from the very commencement of the struggle, that the government of Greece was of the most unstable character, owing to the intrigues and bickerings of the individuals who composed it, and was of all others "the most unfit," as Col. Stanhope observes, "to be trusted with the management of money," on account of its wanting "that

moral guarantee which results from internal concord and good understanding;" though they knew, as the "Honorary Secretary" confessed, at the meeting of the 21st of October, that *this Government never was in a situation to afford any adequate security to the public*, they did not hesitate to bring out a "Greek loan," and to be "mainly instrumental," as they themselves boast in one of their letters to the Greek deputies (dated May 6, 1826), "in *creating for the Greek Government that reputation* which enabled it to raise large sums of money in this country!" A "gross" deception, therefore, seems to have been practised on the British public by the Greek Committee, in order to get off the scrip of the first loan; which, though it bears a small nominal value for time bargains in the market, has, in point of fact, no real value at present to any *bonâ fide* holder; and, upon the scrip so got off, the excellent "Honorary Secretary" Bowring was so fortunate as to receive ELEVEN THOUSAND POUNDS "COMMISSION,"—which however, to *him*, every body will see could have been a matter of no influence, or consideration!

However, the "services" for which we have to thank the "Greek Committee" do not rest here. Their official advocate in the Westminster Review asserts in the most dogmatic terms, that "their conduct throughout has been marked by prudence and wisdom;" and Mr. Bowring has fortunately provided us, in his report of the 21st of October, with the means of putting that assertion to the test. "The Greek Committee," he says, "urged on the Greek Government that a *survey* should be made of the national domains, whose revenue should be applied to the payment of the interest, and whose freehold should be held as security for the principal of the loan. It is greatly to be regretted that this arrangement was not carried into effect." Now there never was any thing truer than this last sentence, spoken by any patriotic person in all the world. I agree entirely with Mr. Bowring, that the non-completion of such an arrangement is greatly to be regretted; but, who is to be blamed for it? Those who, wanting the money, would have acceeded to any terms in order to procure it?—or those who, holding the money, and negociating the loan, omitted to obtain the best security which the parties could afford for its repayment?

Now I have only room for one other word—which is, to try if I can't put all the world (for the future) upon its guard against a "patriot." The moment I hear the name of a "patriot"—or of an "ill-used gentleman"—for my own part—I always get ready to call the "watch" immediately. I know them of old. I like a good, jolly, corrupt, unflinching *jobber*; because there is no pretence to virtue about the rogue; he takes your money as boldly as a highwayman, and does not ask it (with a long *speech*) on the pretence of "alms for the church!" But your "patriot" is like the mountebank that gave every body on Tower Hill "a shilling"—by selling them a box of salve for eighteen-pence, which ought to be charged at half-a-crown. The rogue has the impudence, not only to take your money—while he swears he will not receive a farthing of it: but afterwards to look you in the face, as if he had not got it! Thus the honorary secretary of the Greek Committee received £11,000 "commission" on the first loan. Rather a pleasant consequence of "patriotism;" and almost enough to *pay* the worthy secretary for his "honorary service." This is only a *portion* of the "*commission*" on the loan, however: for Messrs. Loughnan are the

"high contractors," and they, of course, have the lion's share of the advantage. And yet, with all this, it is singular, all people look as innocent of the commission as if such a little snack had never been swallowed!

In the minute statement of the assets and disbursements of the first loan, given in the Westminster Review, there is not one word said of the *commission*, though we have all the other items of interest, sinking fund, &c. &c. paraded in long and regular array before us. And it was not known, till Mr. Ricardo (in justification of his own profits) published the fact by letter, in the Morning Chronicle of the 6th September last—that he had only received the *same commission* as Messrs Loughnan and Co. had received before him. In the *subsequent* statement of the disbursements of that loan, presented by Mr. Bowring, on the 21st of October, to the Greek bondholders, and avowed by that gentleman as *his* composition, appears the *first* direct mention of the word "commission:" and how is it introduced? Why not then fairly and honestly by itself, but mixed up with another item with which it has no natural connexion! "Commission on the loan, and *Shipments to Greece*, £25,746 9*s*. 2*d*." Now it is such a pity that this account was not more specific, that I will endeavour to divide the *items* myself. And good need: for I doubt no casual reader would ever suspect that of this £25,746—"Commission on loan," and "*Shipments* to Greece," the "*Commission*" was £25,600; and the "*Shipments to Greece*" £146! Now I know nobody ever can believe that there was such a mountain of "commission" in the affair to such a mouse of "shipments!"—"only one ha'porth of bread (as Falstaff says) to this intolerable deal of sack!"* And yet, if people will only take the trouble to work the simple rule of three question: "If the commission on two millions (Mr. Ricardo's loan—the second) be sixty-four thousand pounds, what will be the amount of the commission (at the "same rate) on eight hundred thousand pounds (Messrs. Loughnan's loan—the first)?" they will discover absolutely such to be the fact! Did then the

"little bark [the £146] attendant sail,
Pursue the triumph and partake the gale,"

for no other purpose than to hoodwink the general public as to the real state of the transaction; and to conceal from it the circumstance, that the contractors, with their friends and dependants, were actuated by something else than a pure and disinterested love of Greek independence!

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* By the word "*sack*," used here, I do not mean any thing libellous.

MAN'S HEART.

BY FRANCIS QUARLES, THE YOUNGER.

I stood, in the sweet Spring-time, by the side
  Of a fair river, rolling wide and free;
Winter's cold chain had melted from its tide,
And on, it revelled, in its joyous pride,
As though no ice-touch e'er could bid it bide:
  How like, my fond vain heart, how like to thee!

I roamed its banks once more, 'midst Summer's blaze,
  Onward it rushed to the unfathomed sea,
Nor stayed to listen to the sweet birds' lays,
Nor, calm and clear, imaged the Sun's bright rays,
But rushed along its channel's devious ways:
  How like, my headstrong heart, how like to thee!

I stood by that fair stream's green banks again
  When Autumn winds were moaning sullenly;
The dead sere leaves did its bright waters stain,
And heavy pouring floods of falling rain
Swell'd its full breast, and drenched the neighbouring plain.
  How like, my sad swoll'n heart, how like to thee!

I stood again, when Winter reigned severe,
  By that stream's bank, which then looked drearily;
Its once swift waves were frozen, cold, and clear,
And seemed as they an army's strength could bear,
Yet failed beneath the foot that ventured there:
  How like, my false cold heart, how like to thee!

And shall the Seasons only when they shew
  Their darkest lines, my heart, thy mirror be?
Oh! learn Spring's mildness, Summer's strength, and grow
Mature as Autumn, pure as Winter's snow;
So shall they, when their features brightest glow,
  Be most like thee, my heart, be most like thee!

H. N.

MONTHLY REVIEW OF LITERATURE, DOMESTIC AND FOREIGN.

DOMESTIC.

The Political History of India, from 1784 to 1823, by Major-General Sir John Malcolm; 2 vols. 8vo. 1826.—This is a very irregular performance. The title-page announces the "Political History of India, from 1784 to 1823,"—from the time of Mr. Pitt's Bill, that is, to the termination of the Marquis of Hastings' government. The survey of this period, however, is preceded by a review of the Company's antecedent acquisitions of territory, and succeeded by a second review of its progress to political power—both very imperfect, and far too brief to give an adequate representation of the subject they profess to furnish. The principles on which Lord Clive and Mr. Hastings conducted the administration are of prominent importance, and indispensable to a fair estimate of the political history of India—at the least, as much so as those of any of their successors. The subject must have been taken up by the author without due consideration, on the too hasty supposition that all which preceded the operation of Mr. Pitt's Bill had been completely eclipsed by succeeding events. His convictions changing as he advanced, the two reviews were written probably to supply the deficiency, and give the appearance of completeness to his work. It is to be regretted the necessity did not occur to him before he commenced his labours, to prevent the present patch-work construction.

As it is, we have first a very meagre sketch of the history of the East-India Company up to the period of Mr. Fox's abortive bills; next an able exhibition, certainly, of the successive administrations, from the Marquis of Cornwallis to the Marquis of Hastings; and then we are turned about again to a rapid view, almost as meagre as the introductory sketch, of Lord Clive's and Mr. Warren Hastings' administrations, coupled with a recapitulation of the views of Mr. Warren Hastings and his successors, down to the Marquis of Hastings' resignation. Then follow some observations on the India administration at home; some suggestions relative to a change of the Governor-general's duties—the appointment of lieutenant-governors in different and distant parts of India—improvements in the judicial system, the police, the revenue, the civil and military establishments;—concluding finally with remarks, certainly of some pith, on the many topics which concern our dominion over India,—more or less interesting to all whose attention, by family connexion, public duty, or philosophical study, is turned to the comprehensive and magnificent concerns of the East, the British community in India, the half-castes, the propagation of Christianity, free press, &c.

With our narrow limits, to enter upon these subjects, or any of them, would be impracticable. We have read the book attentively; and thinking it, as we do, a valuable communication, and written by a man who knows what he is talking about—who has seen the country, and been actively employed—who has distinct views of the subject, and expresses them distinctly—we recommend it warmly to our readers, and point out to them what they will find in it.

The work is strictly a *political* history; all military details, soldier as the writer is, are carefully avoided. If our readers feel as we do, they will welcome the intelligence. The statements are eminently distinct, and stript of all matters of inferior interest. The writer has sedulously laboured to clear them of all superfluous incumbrances;—we are not sure but they are occasionally too much denuded, and that matters are omitted essential to a correct and competent view of the whole. In so involved and complicated a subject, however, the error, if it be one, is on the right side. It is easy to fill up, when the outline is once definitively drawn.

General Malcolm abstains from all censure on the apparently ambitious career of the Company's servants. His object, indeed, may be described to be—to prove that career inevitable—the only safe one; and that those who adopted what is usually termed the neutral policy, only brought mischiefs upon their heads, and precipitated the Company into more wars than the more active system would ever have involved them in. The moment any relaxation appeared in the military energies of the government, that moment were the native chiefs, contented and discontented, tempted to combine, for the purpose of crushing the power of the Company, and expelling them and their forces from the country. Nothing but the complete subjugation of the whole country was likely to ensure peace to the British power, and a prompt direction of the military force against any point that shewed the slightest disposition to revolt. The activity of the Marquis of Hastings completed the sum of India conquests; he proclaimed the British supremacy over the whole country; and we are under an avowed obligation to protect—where we do not personally rule—every kingdom of that extensive empire.

The Marquis Cornwallis pursued the system of active policy from his accession in 1786 to his departure in 1793, and reduced Tippoo to submission—at least he clipt close the wings of his power, and took his sons as hostages. Lord Teignmouth reigned from 1793 to 1798, and adopted, unwisely, the neutral policy. When Lord Cornwallis quitted India, the three great powers of the Deccan were the Peishwah, the Nizam, and Tippoo. With the Peish-

wah and the Nizam the Company had formed a triple alliance. The Peishwah and the Nizam quarrel; Tippoo, the determined and subtle enemy of the Company, joins the Peishwah—any body to further his ulterior views against the Company; Lord Teignmouth clings to the system of non-interference, and—as resolute not to make war, as Tippoo not to keep peace—refuses to aid the Nizam, though it was manifest the Nizam must sink in the conflict, and Tippoo gain a dangerous accession of strength. The Company's alliance was with both the Peishwah and the Nizam; and the pacific Governor will have nothing to do with their quarrels with each other. The consequence was inevitable. The French assisted the Nizam; we made enemies of our friends; and Tippoo quickly grew formidable.

Then came the Marquis of Wellesley, from 1798 to 1805. He promptly and effectively resumed the course of the Marquis Cornwallis. War followed; Tippoo was defeated and slain; the Mahometan government superseded; and a Hindoo prince placed on the throne, under the protection of the Company. The same active and resolute course the Marquis of Wellesley found it wise to pursue in the north, against Scindia and Holkar, though he was not permitted to go through-stitch with the undertaking. The Company at home, alarmed at the expense which successive wars had entailed on them, and urged by the general cry of the country against what were styled their views of conquest, again despatched, in 1805, the Marquis Cornwallis. His first efforts, in accordance with his orders, were directed to establish a peace with the northern powers; the measures of his predecessor were censured; and a disposition too eagerly shewn to make large concessions. Within four months of his arrival at Calcutta, the Marquis died; and was succeeded by Sir George Barlow, who adopted the same pacific policy, and with the same impotent results, as Lord Teignmouth had formerly experienced. In 1807 Lord Minto took possession, and continued in office till 1813. The same system was at first pursued by him as by Sir Geo. Barlow, and the Marquis Cornwallis in his second appointment: but he soon perceived its fatal tendency; and his whole administration shewed a cautious and gradual return to the bolder and more active, but also safer system. He quitted India after his conquest of Java, and was succeeded by the Marquis of Hastings in 1813, who followed up with a wise activity the measures which Lord Minto had found it necessary to return to; and, successively reducing the Nepaulese and Pindarees, he left the whole of India in 1823 apparently calm, and comparatively subdued, under the protection of the British Government.

Here General Malcolm's review terminates. Of the present administration he says nothing. Of its conduct relative to Bhurtpore he will, of course, approve. That conduct was imperatively demanded; it was prompt, and in accordance with the principles which he advocates, and which seem now to be generally, though reluctantly, admitted—anticipation of mischief—an active and timely recourse to force. With regard to the Burmese war, the conduct of the government may not be, on the same grounds, so justifiable. Lord Amherst may have been misled by analogy. The principles of the system of activity, so indispensable in India, may not be so applicable to a power remotely situated, and slightly connected with the native princes of India. He has, however, been perhaps hastily judged. From the outset, almost, of their career, the Company and their agents may say with Macbeth,—

> "I am in blood
> Stept in so far, that should I wade no more,
> Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, written by himself; 2 *vols.* 8vo. 1826.—These Recollections of O'Keefe's have been for some time announced with an air of so much importance, that our readers would naturally conclude, if we took no notice of them, on their appearance, that we were treating them unfairly, and neglecting to give them information they were entitled to receive respecting a work, which to them might seem an epoch in the literary history of the drama. It is solely, we assure them, to screen ourselves from the charge of betraying their interests—our own anticipations were never very sanguine—that we now sit down to give them some notion of their contents.

We have been of late surfeited with the details of players and playwrights—threatened with more, too—with the story of dramas that have had their day, and now deservedly forgotten—subjects of inferior interest and ephemeral duration, magnified into matters of national and literary concernment—dull anecdotes, that should never have quitted the precincts of the green-room—and jokes, that may have excited the mirth of the moment, but retailed in print, and when the parties are forgotten, become perfectly intolerable—vapid, or revolting. Reynolds (the best of them), Michael Kelly, and Boaden's Kemble, have sickened us; and these Recollections of O'Keefe's are peremptorily of no value whatever. Multitudes of names are paraded at the head of the chapters, and are strung together by the writer, higgledy-piggledy, for no purpose upon earth but to occupy a certain number of pages.—"I saw Geminiani; he was a little man, sallow complexion, black eye-brows, pleasing face; his dress, blue velvet, richly embroidered with gold.—I heard Fisher play his rondo; his execution on the hautboy was surprising.—I remember Captain Debrisay,

who, upwards of seventy years of age, walked the streets of Dublin unremarked, in the old dress worn in the days of Charles II.—I was acquainted with two brothers in Dublin College, James and Edward D—; they both took orders; their sister Mary was a most beautiful creature, very fair, blue eyes, and flaxen ringlets, a celebrated belle. I saw her dance at the Castle, one 4th of June (the late King's birth-day); her dress white, her lovely person adorned with white rose-buds.—I knew Counsellor Leonard Mac Nally when a boy. Mrs. Mac Nally, his mother, was one of the finest persons of a woman [a droll phrase] I ever saw. Leonard himself was much under size [another]; he was a sprightly boy, and had a passion for plays."—But who was he?—Editor of the Ledger, a London paper; and very indulgent," says O'Keefe, "to my pieces, as they appeared. Tired of literary fagging, he returned to Dublin, and pursued his profession of a *barrister*." (By the way, page 46, we are very carefully informed, notwithstanding, that what is a barrister in England is called counsellor in Ireland; the word barrister is not known there.) Leonard Mac Nally excelled all his contemporaries in keen and sarcastic wit.—Then we have Counsellor and *Mrs.* Costello, and Sir Toby Butler—all lawyers, Mrs. C. and all—well known in their day in Dublin; but of whom he has really nothing to tell worth relating. They serve to add to the bead-roll of names. Sir Toby's bottle of wine, which he poured into a loaf and *ate*, to evade a promise not to *drink*, we have had over and over again; and is as poor a story as can well be told. The anecdotes, indeed, are singularly deficient in pith and point—generally vulgar—and many of them of the lowest order of green-room puns and tavern jests.

The Recollections of his boyhood, relating as they do to persons who then figured on the stage of life, though mainly confined to a description of their persons and dresses, are better than those of his riper years—for *they* are all of the theatre. Two-thirds of the volumes are occupied with the successive histories of his stage pieces, written in a long dramatic career of more than fifty years, the greater part of which were eminently successful in their day—frequently commanded by royalty—a matter on which he lays prodigious stress—and some few of which are still occasionally, we believe, before the public. These details are wearisome beyond all endurance. Of what utility is it, or whom will it amuse, to be told, for instance, that the 'Agreeable Surprise' was received with a roar of applause when Edwin got up in the window and vociferated—'stand out of the way, Domine Felix, till Rusty Fusty shoots the Attorney;' or that the 'Banditti' was damned the first night, re-written in three weeks, and damned again, not by the audience, but by the players—one and all throwing up their parts in despair—paying their forfeits?—and finally reproduced, with some modifications, under the title of the 'Castle of Andalusia,' and received with unbounded approbation? Of what utility or amusement, we ask, is all this detail, when the piece has vanished, and never will be heard of again? The 'Man-Milliner'—one event at least worth recording—was dismissed by the audience as soon as the curtain rose. The announcement was a signal for a general rise of the trade; the haberdashers from the four winds of heaven, shut up their shops at three o'clock, and thronged to the theatre to crush, at a blow, the anticipated mockery. After all, we believe, the piece was quite without 'offence.' Names are things, and dramatists should look to their titles. Townly's 'High-life below Stairs' occasioned great tumults in its day, of which Garrick, however, cunningly took advantage, O'Keefe tells us, to exclude the servants from the galleries, and make the gallery a pay-place.

Five or six provoking and harassing hours did we spend over these barren volumes—turning over leaf after leaf, and never meeting with fruit, the value of a fig, to exhilarate the dreary course; not once were we tempted to smile. The only two or three tolerable jokes had run the gauntlet of the public prints some months ago, and now met our eyes with the flatness of a twice-told tale. The volumes terminate with a string of inscriptions, in rhyme, written for the portraits of several performers painted at Mr. Harris's expense, by Gainsborough Dupont. 'They have never appeared in print before,' and are indeed ten thousand fathoms deep below the lowest depths of contempt.

O'Keefe's own story is soon told. He was born in Dublin in 1747, and descended from ancestors who were once of importance, in King's County and Wexford—Kings of course—and he himself used, it seems, a regal crown in his armorial bearings. Destined for an artist, in his very childhood he was entered as a pupil at the Royal Academy of Dublin—At eight, he says, 'I drew very prettily'—and spent some years in the practice of his profession, painting numerous portraits. He was early struck with a passion for the stage, and in Ireland appears to have been for some time a performer, and sometimes a manager. This we do not learn from any direct statement; but the fact may be gathered from his frequent talk of green-rooms and rehearsals; from the incidental mention of an engagement with Sheridan, from which Sheridan wished to escape; and finally from a letter of Tate Wilkinson's, in which he inquires of O'Keefe on what terms he would part with the lease of a theatre. Very early in life he commenced writing for the stage, and brought out his pieces—to the amount of sixty-eight—at the Haymarket and Covent-Gar-

den. He is now nearly eighty years of age; and for the last twenty years has had a pension from the crown, which has recently been augmented—a personal favour which may account for, and extenuate, the fulsome hyperbolies of his loyalty. He has been, unhappily, blind for very many years, and now resides at Chichester.

O'Keefe is one of those who, we suspect, has ruined the drama by clap-traps—boring us with British superiorities—feelings, generosity, frankness, and valour—till the perpetual recurrence of such absurdities has disgusted and revolted the good sense of the nation, and left the theatres a source of amusement—for children and shop-boys.

We indulge the lovers of puns with one of O'Keefe's. During the run of the 'London Hermit,' he met Mr. Merry and Mr. Andrews somewhere or other;—'Why the devil,' says Andrews, 'do you make Jack Bannister (Young Pranks) jump over the table?'—'Aye,' says Merry, 'your most exquisite reason for that?'—'Odd enough,' says O'Keefe, 'that a jumping Pranks should be objected to by *Merry Andrews.*'

The Tor Hill; by the Author of Brambletye-House; 3 *vols.* 12*mo.*—The writer sketches vigorously and works well upon points, but he exhibits no grouping powers; the subordinate agents do not gather well round the main figure. The interest is distracted, and the effect weakened by the want of concentrating force. With high executive powers and extensive knowledge of the times—got up for the occasion, perhaps—but no matter—the tale nevertheless is ill and clumsily told. The failure, however, is fairly attributable to the effects of haste. The mischief lies at the door of the existing system of writing and publishing—the fruits of trading and puffing. Money, money must be made. There is a present demand, and the article must be supplied. Though flimsy in texture, it is brilliant in appearance; it shews well if it will not wear well; it is fashionable—it takes—it sells; the maker has a name, and he is a fool who will not, in the phrase of our changeable climate, make hay while the sun shines. It is with writing, as it is with our manufactures: time and material must be spared to the utmost. One volume is printed before a syllable of the third is written. The first conceptions—crude and indefinite—must thus be worked up; no opportunity of reconsidering, of remodelling of reducing, is given. Want of compactness is inevitable; and consistency must be brought about by accommodation, by patching and tinkering. The effect is visible in the changes of character and changes of agency. The character which at one time seemed destined to lead, another supersedes or eclipses, and in its turn soon yields to a third, or to the revival of the first, with features which can with difficulty be recognized; and persons again are introduced in the early part for whom the writer—changing his views as he proceeds, and deprived of the power of cancelling—finds no adequate employment. Mr. Smith has floated his vessel in the same waters with Sir Walter Scott, and expects evidently to pass the rapids of the stream with the same sweeping and successful navigation. We doubt that success. With many of the capabilities of a good novelist, he is too precipitate and impetuous for the amount of his experience. He wants the national caution of his predecessor. *His* first efforts were his best. Mr. Smith's first efforts remind us too strongly of the other's last. Sir Walter ends carelessly; Mr. Smith begins so—and what chance is there of his retrograding to the point of diligence and labour? Defeat, besides, will teach him caution in vain; time will be lost—competitors will whip up; and he will be distanced.

The scene opens in Calais, at the time that place was occupied by the English in the reign of Henry the Eighth, with Sir Giles Hungerford and his nephew Poyns Dudley. Within the English lines numerous vagabond 'adventurers' were permitted to harbour, who contrived to live by predatory excursions to the French territory. In one of these excursions considerable numbers were intercepted and slaughtered. Sir Giles, who is the lieutenant-governor of Calais, and longing for nothing so much as opportunities for fighting, makes an oath of revenge. He sallies out with some of his own men and the surviving adventurers, and takes his meditated vengeance; but unluckily, in returning, he encounters a superior force, a skirmish ensues, and he is mortally wounded. On his death-bed he imposes upon his nephew Dudley the charge of carrying his last wishes to the knight who has the management of his estate, and the guardianship of his only son, yet a minor. This nuncupative will, devising his property, in case of the death of his son to the guardian, Dudley reduces to writing, and gets the dying man's signature.

Of Calais and its turbulent scenes we hear no more; Dudley proceeds forthwith to England—to Tor Hill—the seat of the dead Sir Giles, in the neighbourhood of the noble abbey of Glastonbury. On his way he turns aside to see the Wokey-hole in the Mendip-Hills. In its dark recesses he gets entangled—the light, of course, by some accident or other is extinguished—and is finally extricated by the direction of a being from above, who has the air of something unearthly, who sings enchantingly, and, from the hasty glance that is taken of him, is youthful and singular, but who vanishes before Dudley gets above ground again. On arriving at Wells, after sundry difficulties, he hears a very mysterious and very alarming account of Sir Lionel Fitzmaurice, the guardian of his

cousin, and to whom his commission is directed. From Wells, dressed in one of his gayest suits—learning that Sir Lionel had a wife and daughter, the latter of surpassing beauty—he proceeds to the Tor; but being overtaken by a storm, and afraid of spoiling his silks, he takes refuge in a hollow under a hill, where many others, labourers and travellers, have assembled for shelter. Here he again overhears a great deal of talk about Sir Lionel, who seems to have inspired deep terror into the minds of the rustics, by his severity as a magistrate; by having killed in duels three of the leading gentlemen of the neighbourhood; and by being strongly suspected of dealing with the powers of darkness, particularly through the agency of a little deformed divinity-doctor, who is known to dabble in phials and alembics. To confirm this latter impression, the whole assembly in the cave are suddenly startled by the appearance of Sir Lionel, with a long wand like a conjuror, and his crooked familiar, on the brow of the hill before them—whirling the said wand, and apparently pointing the lightning towards the hay and corn stacks of Glastonbury Abbey—the whole of which are quickly seen enveloped in flames. Sir Lionel turns out no conjuror, but one who makes use of these mountebank manœuvres to preserve and extend his authority over the superstitious populace. He has a quarrel with the Abbot, and has more efficient agents than devils to effect his purposes.

The storm clears up, and Dudley presents himself at the Tor. His reception is of the most courteous kind, and he takes up his residence at the castle. Quickly, however, suspicions of Sir Lionel's want of honesty in his trust rise up in Dudley's bosom, and are as quickly confirmed. He wishes to see his cousin, and is not refused, but simply told that he is imbecile, and, according to the tortuous imp of divinity, a lunatic. Still no interview ensues. In a few days, as Dudley is wandering about the castle, he discovers his luckless cousin in confinement, who proves to be the very being that had rescued him from his perils in Wokey-hole. The conversations he has with him at different times convince him that young Hungerford is neither a fool nor a madman; he has been studiously neglected, refused instruction, excluded from society—pains taken to stupify and alarm him; and being naturally of a delicate temperament, Sir Lionel's manœuvres have made him *nervous*. He is ignorant of letters, manners, the world; and has, of course, an air of eccentricity, which passes for lunacy.

Dudley forms at once the resolution of rescuing his oppressed cousin. His first step, very adventurously, but not very discreetly—being in the lion's den—is to charge Sir Lionel plumply with cruelty and treachery. Sir Lionel takes fire—swords fly out—the parties tilt at each other's breast—Dudley is disarmed, and Sir Lionel's weapon at his throat—when Beatrice, his daughter, on whose high and haughty heart Dudley seems to have made some impression, rushes in, and by clinging to her father, enables Dudley, very unchivalrously, to make his escape. He flies to the Abbot of Glastonbury, to whose personal guardianship young Hungerford was to have been given up, and claims his protection. The Abbot and Sir Lionel were sworn foes. Sir Lionel had a design upon the abbey lands at this time, and the good Abbot believed him in league with his "ghostly enemy."

The Abbot furnishes Dudley with letters to Cardinal Wolsey, then keeper of the great seal, whose resolute vindication of justice, where his own interests were unconcerned, was well known, and every where highly extolled. Though armed with these letters, he looks out for a personal introducer to the Cardinal, and finds one in his cousin Sir John Dudley, afterwards the Duke of Northumberland, who proclaimed Jane Grey.—By the way, on what authority is he represented, not merely selfish and ambitious, for such no doubt he was, but so much of a jackanapes?—The Cardinal proves to be already in possession of copies of the Abbot's letters, forwarded by the indefatigable Sir Lionel; Dudley meets with a rough reception, and finds himself entangled in a charge of heresy, by the active manœuvres of Sir Lionel and his agents of darkness, and compelled to take refuge in the sanctuary at Westminster.

The Cardinal, however, proceeds with the Hungerford case, and issues a commission of lunacy. On the eve of examination, Sir Lionel contrives to frighten the youth into a condition to justify the commission in reporting him insane. The case terminates, and Sir Lionel retains his hold.

Soon—within the limits of the sanctuary—Dudley has an opportunity of recommending himself to the king, by knocking down somebody that seemed to threaten danger to the king, and presently becomes a favourite. At this time Beatrice, Sir Lionel's daughter, who had saved his life at the Tor, was at court in the service of Anne Boleyn, whose unhappy career was just on the point of terminating. Beatrice was of a beautiful and commanding figure. Henry takes a sudden fancy to her; and, knowing Dudley's connexion, actually employs him to communicate his wishes, and arrange the terms. Dudley, of whom better things might have been expected, undertakes the honourable office. Beatrice indignantly refuses, and in disgust quits the court and returns to the Tor, from whence Sir Lionel had just started for London to solicit favours. Accidentally she sees some cruelty exercised on poor Hungerford, and, touched at last with compassion—being surprisingly improved by her residence amidst

the profligacies of the court—takes him under her protection. To her astonishment she finds him, as she had before thought him, neither a boy, nor a fool, nor a lunatic. All fire and intellect, the promethean flames of her own soul quickly enkindle his; she teaches, inculcates, enlightens: he listens, learns, and labours; a few little weeks make up for the neglects of years; and they become of course passionately enamoured by the time Sir Lionel returns.

He is enraged at the result; and gets up a charge of heresy against the youth: who is quickly whipped up to London, and condemned to the scaffold. In the mean while, Sir Lionel, thoughtlessly for once, involves himself with the religious parties of the times; and though he had succeeded in clutching the abbey lands, he was, some way or other, induced to head a little rebellion in the West, and in a skirmish with the King's troops, commanded by the Duke of Norfolk, was killed. Of course Hungerford gets released; he and Beatrice marry, and are left in comfortable possession of the property, legitimate and illegitimate, except the abbey lands, which Hungerford begged to resign,—an act which Harry thought the best proof of insanity. In this *éclaircissement* Dudley has no concern.

There is much that is really well done in this novel—ostentatiously, perhaps, as to antiquarian lore, and elaborately, but accurately done—more so than could have been expected; but no brilliant—no emphatic scenes—none that will live in the memory, or ever be recurred to with pleasure.

Our Village: Sketches of Rural Character and Scenery, by Mary Russell Mitford. Vol. II. 1826.—So unrivalled are Miss Mitford's sketches, that we hope she will never be tempted to expatiate on a broader canvas—no three volumes. She wields a more graphic pen, perhaps, at once light and vigorous, than any, of man or woman, that we could name. Every stroke is effective—every syllable tells; and almost every succeeding piece excels its predecessor—in execution, certainly, though her subject may be sometimes of inferior interest. The impress of nature and reality is stamped upon her scenes and characters. It scarcely enters into the reader's conception that her's are fancy pieces; and we can entertain no doubt, but living scenes and living flesh and blood—coloured occasionally to give adequate effect—sat for the pictures—save and except the "Inquisitive Man," which has more the air of invention, than any thing in *rerum naturâ*. Miss Mitford has, indeed, a lurking *penchant* for caricature. Let her beware. But we confide on the soundness of her judgment, to bring her round to the point of discretion. May one reminiscence continue to call up another; may she multiply her friends and acquaintance; and may events accumulate upon her—after the manner of Tristram's history—faster than she can describe—to secure an inexhaustible supply of her felicitous touches.

Many of the sketches of this volume have appeared in different periodicals; and two of the best, the "Old" and the "Young Gipsy," illumine our own pages.

The Literary Souvenir for 1827, edited by Alaric Watts.—This little *bijou* is very much of the same aspect and character as the "Forget Me Not," and the "Amulet," which we slightly noticed in our last number. The volumes, all three of them, are got up with great taste and elegance; the engravings are some of the best specimens of the existing state of the art; the paper is silky—its colour creamy; the cover and its envelope delicately shaded; the edges brilliantly gilded; the size agreeably portable;—what more?—the *tout-ensemble* too dainty and soilable to be touched by the inky fingers of every-day reviewers. If one have a superiority over the others in point of embellishment, the "Souvenir" has it. Its engravings are more numerous, and though not better executed, are perhaps better selected. It exhibits also more significant names in the list of contributors; but the contributions themselves do not materially—nay, not at all—raise it above its compeers. For the truth is,—speaking of the poetry—and we extend the remark to the whole three volumes,—its characteristic is—respectable mediocrity—sober and unperturbing. No vigorous thoughts shake the soul; no touching sentiments thrill the frame; no splendid scenes dazzle the imagination; nothing elevates, or melts, or absorbs, or takes the memory by storm. Verily, we think, if the pages were opened at random, the first piece that presented itself would serve as a fair and competent specimen of the whole. The prose is indisputably, we think, far superior to the poetry. There are some excellent scraps in prose—particularly in the "Amulet;" and there are others equally good in the volume before us. Miss Mitford has a few dramatic scenes, making up an "Acted Charade," which she provokingly bids us—guess—guess. We did guess—guess—of course to no purpose; but, setting some ladies a-guessing—nothing like the ladies for these things—one of them quickly gave us *le mot*—CONTEMPT—the last feeling we shall ever entertain towards Mary Russell Mitford.

In each of these volumes, very many of the contributors are the same. This, we think, is inconsiderate on the part of the said contributors. It gives a kind of ubiquity to them, to be sure—very agreeable, no doubt, to such as delight to be eternally in *ora virûm*; but the effect must inevitably be to cheapen them. It will be wise, in another year, for them to make their election, and confine their favours to some one of them. The consequence of the present indiscriminativeness is to throw a sameness over the volumes—exceedingly distressing

to the reviewer—not very exhilirating to the reader, who looks of course for variety—and destructive to the proprietors; for the tendency must be to extinguish the whole.

We would willingly hold the scales with even-handed justice; and, as we gave a specimen from each of the others, take one from the "Souvenir;" and, knowing no better way, we dip for a piece—Arthur Brooke, Esq.; and we are glad of it—a very clever provincial, who has been sighing and singing for years past, and never gained the degree of attention we think he deserved.

SONNET.

If from the chaos of my youthful fate
Have been shaped out some elements of rest;
If, beyond hope, the madness of my breast
Hath felt at last its paroxysms abate,
Leaving my breast not wholly desolate;—
If in my brain, where like a spirit unblest,
Thought long was racked, now peace can claim a rest,
In halcyon hours to musing consecrate;—
Throned on composure, if the soul thus reigns,
Suffering no hopes t' allure, no dreams t' abuse;
But o'er the wreck of perished joys and pains,
Calmly contemplative its course pursues,
Strong, self-possessed,—'tis not from what it gains,
But what it can resign, such power accrues.

Friendship's Offering, a Literary Album; edited by T. K. Hervey, Esq.—After expressing our sense—our admiration, of the three little brilliants above, and when we considered our labours over, came a fourth, still with the same pretensions, and claiming the same attention, under the title of "Friendship's Offering;" dedicated to the "King's most excellent Majesty," and superintended by T. K. Hervey, Esq. What can we say of it? To us it seems, in all respects, equal to its felicitous competitors. *Non nostrum—tantas componere lites.* The prose, again, is superior to the poetry. Two pieces by the author of the "Subaltern," *still* campaigning—others by the author of "Gilbert Earle"—and one, the "Rosicrusian," by the author of "Sir John Chiverton," are most remarkable—each characteristic, able, and animated.

"Ours," says the deputy-editor, in the absence of his principal—after an ungracious, because uncalled-for defiance of the critic's censure, "is the rivalry of emulation—not of envy." Why, the truth is, it would be difficult to detect a source from which envy could spring. The engravers, most of them, are the same; and even of the engravings themselves, some are the same; the very type must be of the same foundery, and the paper of the same mill; the very compositors seem in alliance; and the writers, for the most part, are still the same. In the whole execution there must surely have been an intercourse of confidence among the several operators, open or covert: for never were coincidences and resemblances so strikingly fortuitous before,

facies non omnibus una,
Nec diversa tamen—qualem decet esse sororum.

At all events, all concerned have done their bidding well. Well trained, well appointed, well matched, the race has been fairly run—they come in neck and neck; we, the stewards of the course, are puzzled in deciding the winner—a reference to the club will fail—there must be another heat.

Whims and Oddities, in Prose and Verse, with Forty Original Designs; by Thomas Hood. 1826.—This most amusing volume answers well to its title. It *is* full of whims and oddities—to shake the diaphragm of the leadenest piece of saturnine. No common pen is Tom Hood's—as good at scratching caricature-heads, as scribbling ludicrous rhymes. He is already acceptably known, in one way, as one of the writers of the "Odes to Great People;" and, in the other, as the designer of the "Progress of Cant." The little volume before us will enhance his reputation, in both lines, tenfold. Right welcome to us, indeed, is Master Thomas Hood, as filling up a seat that has long been vacated. Colman, since he turned reader instead of writer of plays, and busied himself with clipping the wings of others, instead of expanding his own, is lost to the lover of "Broad Grins;" and Horace Smith, seduced by the "heavy figures" of Burlington-street, will henceforth give us more gravities than gaieties—more Scott-ics than Pindar-ics. Hood will amply indemnify us—he can work double tides. The best pieces of the volume—except "Sally Brown," and that every body knows—are too long to extract—the "Last Man," the "Sea-Spell," and the "Mermaid of Margate,"—which last, however, we will cut down to a more convenient length, though we reluctantly disfigure it.

MERMAID OF MARGATE.

On Margate beach, where the sick one roams,
And the sentimental reads;
Where the maiden flirts, and the widow comes,
Like the ocean, to cast her weeds;—

There's a maiden sits by the ocean brim,
As lovely and fair as Sin!
But woe, deep water and woe to him,
That she snareth like Peter Fin!

Her head is crowned with pretty sea wares,
And her locks are golden and loose;
And seek to her feet, like other folks' heirs,
To stand, of course, in her shoes.

And the Fishmonger, humble as love may be,
Hath planted his seat by her side;—
"Good even, fair maid! Is thy lover at sea,
To make thee so watch the tide?"

She turned about with her pearly brows,
And clasped him by the hand:—
"Come, love, with me; I've a bonny house
On the golden Goodwin Sand."

And away with her prize to the wave she leapt,
Not walking, as damsels do,—
With toe and heel, as she ought to have stepped,—
But she hopt like a kangaroo.

One plunge, and then the victim was blind,
Whilst they galloped across the tide:
At last, on the bank, he waked in his mind,
And the beauty was by his side,—

One-half in the sand, and half in the sea;
But his hair all began to stiffen—
For, when he looked where her feet should be,
She had no more feet than Miss Biffin!

But a scaly tail, of a dolphin's growth,
In the dabbling brine did soak:
At last she opened her pearly mouth
Like an oyster, and thus she spoke:—

"You crimpt my father, who was a skate;
And my sister you sold—a maid:
So here remain for a fishery fate,
For lost you are, and betrayed."

And away she went, with a sea-gull's stream,
And a splash of her saucy tail:
In a moment he lost the silvery gleam
That shone on her splendid mail.

The sun went down with a blood-red flame,
And the sky grew cloudy and black;
And the tumbling billows, like leap-frog, came
Each over the other's back.

And still the waters foamed in, like ale,
In front, and on either flank;
He knew that Goodwin and Co. must fail—
There was such a run on the bank.

A little more, and a little more,
The surges came tumbling in;—
He sang the Evening Hymn twice o'er,
And thought of every sin.

Each flounder and plaice lay cold at his heart,
As cold as his marble slab;
And he thought he felt, in every part,
The pincers of scalded crab.

The squealing lobsters that he had boiled,
And the little potted shrimps,
All the horny prawns he had ever spoiled,
Gnawed into his soul, like imps.

At last, his lingering hopes to buoy,
He saw a sail and a mast,
And called "ahoy!"—but it was not a hoy,
And so the vessel went past.

And with saucy wing, that flapped in his face,
The wild bird about him flew,
With a shrilly scream, that twitted his case,—
"Why, thou art a sea-gull, too!"

But just as his body was all afloat,
And the surges above him broke,
He was saved from the hungry deep by a boat,
Of Deal (but builded of oak).

The skipper gave him a dram as he lay,
And chafed his shivering skin;
And the angel returned that was flying away
With the spirit of Peter Fin.

Inquiry concerning Constitutional Irritation, by B. Travers, Senior Surgeon to St. Thomas's Hospital, 1826.—Mr. Travers' book concerns a subject which medical men consider as very difficult, and one very imperfectly understood. It is an interesting subject, and we can give our readers some notion of it in a very few words. If two persons are employed in opening a body, and both prick their fingers, one shall be affected with severe constitutional derangement, occasionally even to the destruction of life,—and the other be totally unaffected. Why should one escape, while the other suffers from the poison? The answer is—Constitutional predisposition—which says nothing: for in what this predisposition consists, we know nothing. The effect produced is different from inflammation, as respects the local disease—and different from fever, as respects the system. The arm, if the wound be in the finger, generally swells a little, and the swelling extends down the side to the top of the thigh. Constitutionally, the patient is low, depressed, has a difficulty of breathing, and, as the doctors call it, a mortal anxiety, generally with little affection of the pulse. This state, for want of a better name, is called "irritation." It is supposed by Mr. Travers to consist essentially in an impression made upon the brain and nerves, in such a manner as to weaken their functions, and thus prevent them from supplying the different parts with the energy necessary to their vigorous action. This of course is speculation, and must go for what it will prove to be worth. Mr. Travers has collected numerous examples of this disease, and has endeavoured to make some distinctions, which will scarcely be deemed very satisfactory. The value of the work consists indisputably in the mass of facts collected and collated. The reasoning upon them is obscure—is incomplete, and avowedly unfinished—as he purposes publishing another volume on "Reflected Irritation."

German Stories, selected from the Works of Hoffman, De la Motte Fouqué, Pichler, Krase, and others; by R. P. Gillies, Esq.; 1826.—The recent success of the translators of German tales, it might be expected, would be quickly followed by others. The present volumes contain eleven stories, taken chiefly from the minor novelists of Germany. They are of unequal merit, and of very different character—none of them without interest, though too much depending upon the complications and detections of murders, and the marvels of fetishes and revenans, to suit our taste. Of three or four of them the names of the authors are not given—they are known, we suppose—for our 'anonymous' affectation is, we believe, unknown in Germany; we remember the same concealment in Mr. Soane's collection. It is not every Englishman who will know the authors by instinct; and we are among those who would not be offended by the information.

Of each of the stories in the three volumes before us the translator—who, by the way, has executed the labours of translation with great ability—has himself given a brief character in his preface; and after running through the tales ourselves with no little interest, and finding no reason whatever to dissent from him, we present our readers with his own judicious account of them.

The first narrative in this collection, 'Mademoiselle de Scuderi,' is one of the few examples afforded by Hoffman of a plain, historical style, in opposition to the wildness and *bizarrerie* in which he usually indulged. The repulsive crimes of Brenvilliers (the

lady who dabbled in poisons at Paris in the seventeenth century) are well known; but probably Cardillac's character is altogether of his own invention; and it is so well supported, that, as a good story may bear to be twice told, there is the less reason to regret an accidental collision in *this* instance, between the present writer and the author of several spirited translations, which came out at Glasgow some time *after* the first of these volumes had gone to press. For the rest, it is believed that they are as yet wholly new to the English public.

'Scharfenstein Castle' is by the Baroness de la Motte Fouqué, whose story of the 'Cypress Wreath' appeared in Blackwood's Magazine for 1819, and was not only reprinted in other periodicals, but converted into a popular tract, and circulated over England.

'Rolandsitten,' (another of Hoffman's), though it seems to have been very hastily written, contains an exuberance of plot, from which, if the materials were subjected to a process of remodelling, three separate dramas or tales might be constructed.

'George Selding,' had the scene been changed into England or Scotland, might (in good hands) have made an excellent sketch of domestic life, after the manner of Miss Edgeworth, or rather, perhaps, that of the author of 'Lights and Shadows.'

The 'Siege of Antwerp,' here but a rough outline, is yet admirably conceived, and might supply the ground-work for an historical novel, in three volumes.

'Wallburga's Night' is a pretty fair specimen of supernatural or fairy legend; while 'Oath and Conscience,' and the 'Chrystal Dagger,' by Professor Kruse of Copenhagen, though but minor productions of his pen, prove his ingenuity in the contrivance of mysterious and intricate plot.

The 'Spectre-Bride' and the 'Sisters' are among those numberless ghost-stories, of which the late M. G. Lewis has been the only successful adaptor; and the sketch entitled the 'Warning' is from a 'Ghost-book,' published at Ruddolstadt in 1817, where the narratives are, for the most part, founded on real events.

The translator proposes in future to *accommodate* rather than to translate. German manners, sentiments, and modes of thinking, differ so essentially from English ones, that we are perpetually presented with something more or less revolting, the avoidance of which, the translator thinks, would be acceptable to English readers. The proof of the pudding is in the eating: for our own parts, we know no use of translations, but the exhibition they afford of the varieties of human thought and human manners. The translator's proposed plan goes to annihilate this utility—but we wait the result.

Foscari, a Tragedy; by Mary Russell Mitford. London, Whittaker, 1826.—Miss Mitford, who had already distinguished herself by some very graceful poety, and two volumes of ingenious and characteristic views of country life, entitled "Our Village," has at length produced a tragedy, which has had the rare fortune of succeeding on the stage, and the still rarer fortune of having deserved to succeed. We shall not now try the patience of our readers by discussing the difficulties of tragic writing. The best evidence of those difficulties is the extremely small number of instances in which any tragedy has arrested the attention of the public. To conceive and arrange an interesting and intricate, yet natural course of events—to invigorate the interest of the story, by the truth and force of the characters—and to clothe both in the eloquence of poetry, are no trivial tasks; and yet the attainment of these distinct triumphs is absolutely necessary to ensure the triumph of the writer of tragedy.

It is no impeachment of this truth, that every man who has ever written a line of verse thinks that he could write a tragedy; as every schoolboy spouts Shakspeare, and every comedian, from Munden and Liston downwards to the humblest Roscius of a village, begins, if he judge himself not past the age of smiles, by Romeo; or, if time and nature have "damned him black," by louring in Macbeth, or raving in Lear. But, however this pleasant delusion may charm at the desk, it is instantly dissipated upon the stage. An audience will at once acquaint the would-be Æschylus that vapid verse is not poetry—that rant is not vigour—and that the obtestation of all the gods and goddesses that ever figured in pantheons or pantomimes, is not the language of passion, simplicity, and nature. Comedy, too, has its difficulties—of a magnitude that thousands of the ingenious and animated, nay, of the observing and the witty, have found trying. The evidence rests on the same experience—the infinite smallness of the number of comedies that survive in possession of any thing that can be named popularity. Yet, without comparing the powers essential to the production of either, it is clear that we have been at least more prosperous in comedy than in tragedy. Like the ruins of old architecture, fragments of the ancient labour of our comic writers still cover the literary soil—some, more than fragments, and capable of being collected into shape, and indulging the eye of later times. But the wreck of tragedy is like a wreck at sea—its lot has been cast on the waters of oblivion, where all that does not swim in its strength, passes away swiftly and irrevocably, leaving the surface clear, and resting "where never plummet sounded." Yet the direct contrary might be presumed to be the course of things. The habits of peculiar ages, the modes of thinking, the popular language, the public characters, the characteristic pleasantries, the whole soul of harmless satire—itself the soul of comedy—are as transitory and fluctuating as wind or wave. But the passions, the bold impulses of ambition, the fires of revenge, the frenzy of jealousy—all that constitute tragedy—are as immortal as the mind. Yet, in defiance of theory, what revived tragedies are listened to, but those of one writer, two hundred years in his grave? The conclusion is irresistible—that the power required for the

first rank of tragedy is of the most peculiar and infrequent kind. But it also declares, that when another Shakspeare shall arise, if such things are to be, he will fill the eye and ear of England with a spell—not to be shared, and not to be broken.

Miss Mitford's play is, we believe, though not the earliest of her tragedies upon the stage, the earliest of her writings in that style. It has been already performed a sufficient number of times to shew that it has attracted the public opinion—for repetition is the test, and the only test, of public merit. We shall, therefore, without dwelling on its public performance, further than to say that it has been represented with an elegance and spirit that do credit to the actors and to the stage, proceed to give a few of those more striking passages, from which the general skill of the composition may be best ascertained. The story is brief and simple.—Erizzo, a Venetian senator, ambitious of the dogeship, excites a party against the elder Foscari, the Doge—attempts to alienate his principal friend in the senate, Donato, by some supposed offence—intercepts the letters containing intelligence of the younger Foscari's victory over the Brescians—and, as the masterstroke, stimulates Donato to forbid the marriage of his daughter, Camilla, with the Doge's son. The result of this treachery finally issues in the death of the lovers, and the detection of Erizzo, who is of course left to poetic justice. But the ingenuity of the writer is to be traced chiefly through the various changes of passion and circumstance that continue working the machinery of the story, and are to be known only by quotation.

In one of the early scenes, the delight of recovery from illness is expressed in this very poetical manner:—

Zeno. The air of this new day is sweet and freshening,
And breathes a health into the veins. I trust
You need no renovating; yet to step
From a sick bed and a dark silent room
Into the pure and balmy air of June,
With the bright sun lighting so blue a sky,
And sparkling on the waters all around,
Full of the living noise of trade or mirth,
Air, earth, and sea all motion—it is like
Returning from the tomb to this fair world
Of life and sunshine! Such delight is well
Worth a sharp fever.

The old Doge now comes forward—a character extremely well conceived throughout; and, on the mention of some preternatural warning, tells the story of an early incident in his own ambition. The passage is one of the most original of the play, and is certainly among the most effective in the representation:—

Doge. Some seventy years ago—it seems to me
As fresh as yesterday—being then a lad
No higher than my hand, idle as an heir,
And all made up of gay and truant sports,
I flew a kite unmatched in shape or size
Over the river—we were at our house
Upon the Brenta then; it soared aloft
Driven by light vigorous breezes from the sea,
Soared buoyantly, till the diminished toy
Grew smaller than the falcon when she stoops
To dart upon her prey. I sent for cord,
Servant on servant hurrying, till the kite
Shrank to the size of a beetle; still I called
For cord, and sent to summon father, mother,
My little sisters, my old halting nurse,—
I would have had the whole world to survey
Me and my wondrous kite. It still soared on,
And I stood bending back in extasy,
My eyes on that small point, clapping my hands,
And shouting, and half envying it the flight
That made it a companion of the stars,
When close beside me a deep voice exclaimed—
Aye, mount! mount! mount!—I started back, and saw
A tall and aged woman, one of the wild
Peculiar people whom wild Hungary sends
Roving through every land. She drew her cloak
About her, turned her black eyes up to Heaven,
And thus pursued:—Aye, like his fortunes, mount,
The future Doge of Venice! And before
For very wonder any one could speak
She disappeared.

The meeting of Camilla with her brother, in the loveliness and joy of one of those moods of mind which sometimes prefigure happy events, is highly poetical.

The speech of the conspirator Erizzo in the senate, in accusation of the pride, the age, and the popularity of the Doge, is a spirited piece of declamation:—

Eriz. Fitter for us a man
who shall remember in this state of Venice
There is another power great as himself,
And greater than the people. Howsoe'er
Thou hast the bearing, Doge, of a born prince,—
To us, thy subjects, thou art but the head
Of the Venetian nobles. Thy proud rank
Was given by them, thy equals. Each great name
That now surrounds thee hath in turn adorned
Thy splendid office. Not a noble house
But is a link in the resplendent chain
Of old Venetian story. We are born
Lords of the Adriatic; not a name
But hath been vowed her spouse. Think not such names
Are common sounds; they have a music in them,
An odorous recollection; they are part
Of the old glorious past. Their country knows
And loves the lofty echo which gives back
The memory of the buried great; and we
Their sons—Oh our own names are watchwords to us
That call to valour and to victory,
To goodness and to freedom. This hast thou
Forgotten. Every creeping artisan,
Every hard-handed smoky slave is nearer
To our great Doge than we: to them all smiles
And princely graciousness—to us all frowns
And kingly pride. Fitter for us a Doge
Of a congenial spirit, to preside
Over our councils, and to guard and guide
The Senate and the State.

Young Foscari at length returns, and, to his surprise, hears that he must delay his visit to Camilla: he wanders into a strain of lover-like reproach of his ill-fortune.

The third act commences with a scene between the daughter of Donato and her

cousin Laura, indicative of the anxiety of hope deferred — the thwarted and disappointed spirit pining for the arrival of her lover. The opening is harmonious and poetical.

The lover comes at last; and to her reproaches for his lingering to so late an hour, he first replies by mentioning the delays of public business; that he had been at the palace, the church—had undergone a grand procession, and a "long dreary feast." He at length more playfully rejoins:—

Fos. Perhaps I love
To visit my heart's treasure by that light
When misers seek their buried hoards; to steal
Upon the loved one, like a mermaid's song,
Unseen and floating between sea and sky;
To creep upon her in love's loveliest hour,
Not in her daylight beauty with the glare
Of the bright sun around her, but thus pure
And white and delicate, under the cool moon
Or lamp of alabaster. Thus I love
To think of thee, Camilla; thus with flowers
About thee and fresh air, and such a light,
And such a stillness; thus I dream of thee
Sleeping or waking.

The tragedy now becomes more strenuous, and less merely poetical. There are, however, striking passages mingled with the wrath, the envy, and the agony of the catastrophe. Erizzo had sent an assassin to kill Foscari; the assassin has shrunk from so formidable an antagonist, and has slain Donato, in the idea that Foscari might thus be supposed to have revenged himself for the rejection of his alliance. In the midst of a banquet at the ducal palace, the news is brought of Donato's death; Erizzo appears, and charges Foscari with the murder. A trial is held before the council; the dead body is brought in; and the charge is substantiated by the discovery of Foscari's sword and cloak beside the corpse. Camilla's presence, as a witness, heightens the interest. The sentence is commuted from death to exile. Foscari now bursts out in a strain of manly and pious resignation:

Fos. Ye Senators,
Ye kings of Venice, I appeal from you
To the Supreme Tribunal.
Erizzo. To thy father?
Fos. To Him that is in heaven. Ye are men,
Frail, erring, ignorant men, guided or driven
By every warring passion; some by love
Of the beloved Donati; some by hate
Of the high Foscari; by envy some;
Many by fear; and one by low ambition.
This ye call justice, Lords! But I appeal
To the All-righteous Judge of earth and heaven,
Before whose throne condemners and condemned
All shall stand equal, at whose feet I swear,
By what my soul holds sacred—by the spurs
Of knighthood—by the Christian's holier Cross,
And by that old man's white and reverend locks,
That I am innocent. Ye, who disbelieve,
And ye who doubt, and ye, the grovelling few,
Believing who condemn, I shower on all
Contempt and pardon. Now, guards, to the prison.

In this extremity, Camilla resolves to share with him. Foscari is embittered against fortune; Camilla tells him that others have their still weightier griefs. As they are about to embark, Cosmo, stimulated by Erizzo to prevent his sister's departure, as a triumph to Foscari, follows him, and compels him to retort insult by the sword. Foscari falls at the moment when the Doge comes in, in the full exultation of having proved his innocence. But the wound is mortal. Erizzo is ordered to instant death; but he goes out in fierce joy at the ruin of the Foscari.

Our readers can now judge for themselves. It might be a matter of no great difficulty to produce instances of misconception in the plot, and perhaps of *prose* treacherously interweaving itself with the poetry. But we feel, at all times, a much higher gratification in being able to point out those things of "better promise," which exhibit the intelligence and talent of the writer. But, of all writers, a female is most entitled to be treated with respect and consideration. The habits of female life are not friendly to the exercise of the more vigorous ability; and women, successful in authorship, have not seldom stained their laurels by a too obvious use of strong picturing, and forbidden modes of sentiment and language. But the present writer has honourably kept her pen immaculate; and we should be glad to see her popularity increase, even if it were only for the sake of her example.

A Treatise on Diet, by Dr. Paris. 1826.

Dr. Paris's Treatise on Diet, like Addison's razors, seems to have been made to sell. It contains nothing "new or rare," detailing what appears to us—unlearned in these matters as we confess ourselves—the common-place opinions about the wholesomeness of some kinds of food, and the unwholesomeness of others, with occasionally a dictum in the teeth of some potent authority—just to shake our confidence in medical opinions upon a subject, about which every man's own sensations—if he will but record them—will soon give much surer information. The book opens with a detail, *secundum artem*, of the anatomy of the digestive organs—for whose service intended, God knows; to the general reader—we can speak for ourselves—it is much too meagre to be of any use, and we suspect it will only curl up the nose of the professional one. It gives him, however, an opportunity, which perhaps he had better have suffered to slip by him, of expressing his contempt for all who think a knowledge of *minute* anatomy necessary for a physician; he himself evidently thinks it quite enough for a physician, to be able to say on which side the heart is, should any prying or perplexing patient ever put the question.

The second part is occupied with the discussion of many important subjects connected with the "*materia alimentaria*," and

present a few facts not totally devoid of interest, shewing the effects of different kinds of aliment on the digestive organs, and through them on the system generally—with some unequivocal pretensions to chemistry. Then we have some account of the introduction of vegetables into this country, for at least the thousandth time—to which he attributes the flight of scurvy from the island. Catherine of Arragon, poor soul, could not get a cabbage till she sent for a gardener from Holland. But valuable information follows: the best way to make a fowl tender is to give it vinegar a little before it is killed; which reminds us of Horace's friend Catius, whose precept on this interesting point was, to drown it in Falernian; for which, if Falernian, in his days, was like the Falernian we once had the infelicity of tasting—and we suppose it was, for the Romans plainly drank it with honey—vinegar is no bad substitute, and at all events cheaper, and more accessible, and, what is most to the purpose, the process more *prompt*. We mention this particularly as a matter worth the attention of our country friends, who may sometimes be surprised by visitors, and welcome or unwelcome, they must have something to eat. The very same motive suggested the advice of Horace's friend, and, backed by his authority, we venture to recommend the drowning, though it be in vinegar, in preference to administering the vinegar in a draft; to Dr. Paris, of course, the latter mode was the most natural suggestion—we are free of all professional bias.

The processes of boiling, roasting, frying, broiling, grilling and baking, are discussed with a degree of professional dignity and practical skill which puts Mrs. Glass, and even Mrs. Rundall, to shame—Dr. Kitchener may yet find his match. Tea, coffee, Hunt's roasted, come next, with all the mysteries of fermented liquors; and among other things, we learn—Dr. Paris is full of useful knowledge, and always 'ready to communicate'—how 'porter' came to be so called—because it was a drink fit for porters—an opinion in which—while we do not ourselves dislike the beverage, particularly when the small-beer barrel is out, and the brewer forgets to call, or when we want a nap—for we do not always read Dr. Paris's—we entirely agree with him.

The volume winds up with the frightful subject of indigestion, and a formidable vista of evils is presented to the eyes of all who venture to deviate from the straight line of Dr. Paris's regimen.

MONTHLY THEATRICAL REVIEW.

The impolitic system of fatiguing the public with perpetual repetitions of performances, worth but little in their best days, and in the course of nature exhausted after the first week, has since the commencement of the present season been abandoned, and wi th valuable effect. A succession of works of various degrees of merit, but new, and so far having a charm that no excellence a week too old can possess, have been brought forward, and we are gratified in saying that popularity is returning to those benches which emptiness or *orders* had so long made their own. Among our theatres, this year, Covent Garden has had the honour of leading the way, by a new tragedy. To strangers of this rank, the whole light family of farce, opera, and melodrame, must

"Bow their plumed heads, in sign of worship wave."

"Foscari" has been played for a considerable number of nights. The faults and beauties have been amply discussed in all sorts of public forms, from the stately columns of the *Times* and *Courier*, where it found itself figuring by the side of politics, the rise of constitutions, and the overthrow of dynasties, down to the little repositories of epigram and anecdote, that "teach the young idea how to shoot," in stalls, and on the ten-deep placarded shutters of shops to which "Sunday shines no holiday."

The acting of the principal parts was extremely good. Young, in the *Doge*, is the finest antediluvian possible. He shakes his ancient locks with formidable animation, and looks, in the weight of fourscore, still fit to bear the sceptre of his fierce and troubled little oligarchy. This was altogether a new style of performance to Young. Middle-aged vigour, the sternness of the misanthrope, the vexed spirit of married life, or the haughtiness of the barbarian warrior and king, have been all so admirably pourtrayed by him, that we have almost identified the actor with this range of character: but his *Doge* was a step forty years forward at once. The energy of manly maturity was to be exchanged for bodily feebleness, in that state when it is sustained only by the mind, and when the survival of the mind is at once a wonder, and an evidence of extraordinary vividness and vigour in its earlier career. All this, difficult to do in any case, peculiarly difficult where the whole was a matter of experiment, was perfectly well done; and the actor has certainly added another, and a very marked distinction, to his fame. Charles Kemble's *Young Foscari* was what Charles Kemble is in all characters of youth and youthful passion, highly graceful, showy, and chivalric. The part assigned to Ward is unpopular in its nature. No man can much captivate an audience, while all his powers are employed on re-

pulsive villany. But he seems a sensible man; he has powers which must make him important on the stage, and if he shall have sense enough—a rare stage quality—to avoid giving offence by the self-importance which often besets an actor when he begins to taste of popularity, by fastidiousness in his reception of parts, and by carelessness in their representation, he will rise without impediment in the public opinion. Nature has done much for his stage appearance; his voice, still singularly rough and antiquated, will probably soften into at least human tones; stiffness be succeeded by ease, and custom and confidence at length enable him to attain the perfection of his theatric powers.

"Oberon" has been revived, as it ought. Nothing would more argue a want of taste than to let this opera perish among the dusty piles of the theatrical sepulchre. It has fine passages, brilliant evidences of the composer. But it must be allowed that for Weber's genius we must still turn to the original standard, the "Freischutz." It is true that the trial is unfairly made. The "Freischutz" was the work of leisure, loneliness, ease, and above all, of health; Oberon was the work of hurry, society, public avocations, and disease. Consumption hung over the composer while he held the pen in his hand; sleepless nights must have produced days of exhaustion. The work was composed upon all but his death-bed, even in Germany. His frame was incurably broken down; and the true praise of this highly gifted man is to be found in the vigorous perseverance, and strong invention, that could complete such a labour in the very face of decay. There are many others of his works still ungathered by the diligence of our theatrical missionaries, but which bear the stamp of his genius; they ought to be adopted by our stage. They would probably require to be selected, and put into order, by some one acquainted with the taste of the English public; but it cannot be doubted, that the success of the selection would more than repay the search through the libraries of the continental stage.

"Deaf and Dumb" has been revised. But no French play can have any permanent hold on an English audience. The feebleness which pleases the sentimental *grisettes* and Boulevard *beaux* of Paris, wearies us; a soft look, or a tender ejaculation, will not feed our natural desire of vigorous expression, consistent character, and active incident. Thus perishes a French play on the English boards, irretrievably; or re-appears only to sink into final extinction. The hero of the tale, the *Dumb Boy*, was a popular part of that most popular actress Mrs. Charles Kemble in her earlier day. The simplicity and sagacity, the easy tenderness and animation which she exhibited in the character, gave it peculiar favoritism. The part is now played by Miss Scott, a very pretty and intelligent girl. But the want of novelty in the drama enfeebles the interest of all the parts, and the "Deaf and Dumb" will speedily be sent where there is neither speech nor hearing.

Drury Lane has continued to perform the "Two Houses of Grenada," an opera in three acts. The music and authorship are said to be both by the same pen, that of Mr. Wade, who some time since made himself advantageously known by an oratorio at one of the theatres. The dramatic labour was a bold undertaking, and has only partially succeeded. Plot and dialogue are difficult things to be mastered, by even experienced authorship. The drama is accordingly of no very brilliant kind, and at the conclusion the principal difficulty of the audience is to conceive what has been doing in the course of the play. But in Mr. Wade's more usual department he is more happy; he has here produced a great deal of very ingenious, graceful, and pleasing composition. The memory may carry away but little: yet the ear is cautiously pleased, and it is obvious that the composer's study of the Italian school has been *con amore*.

But he must do something more, if he would labour for fame. In music, as in all other works of the mind, impression is the test. Nothing is legitimate but originality; nothing permanent but power. He must vary his style, or change it altogether, must close up the score of Paesiello and Cimarosa, or, what is better, try to exclude them from his mind, forget that they ever existed, and fearlessly turn to the resources of his own feelings. The finest melodies in the world—all that survive, all that sustain the honours of music—have been the invention of either men who had nothing to imitate, or who from their station in life were out of the knowledge of models; or who, convinced that the borrower will always be a pauper, boldly determined to live on their own intellectual fee-simple. Originality is at once the charm and the test of genius; and without it, however a composer may be listened to by a civil audience, his music will be instantly forgotten, and himself share the oblivion of his ballads and bagatelles.

A strong experiment has been made, in bringing Laporte to play on the English stage. He is dexterous and pleasant; but the difficulty is excessive, and Laporte is not a man to overcome it. However, the engagement implies spirit in the management, and the quality is rare enough to be well worth panegyrizing.

VARIETIES, SCIENTIFIC AND MISCELLANEOUS.

New Celestial Body.—A letter received on the 23d ultimo, from M. Gambard, of Marseilles, communicates the following singular fact. At the commencement of November he was examining the heavens, and discovered in the neighbourhood of *a* serpentis, a body in size and appearance very much resembling the planet Mars. As it was seen with different telescopes for four nights successively, there could be no optical illusion, and we look with much anxiety for the next communication from the distinguished astronomer who first observed this phenomenon. We may add, that from an attentive review of the heavens taken on the nights of the 25th and 26th ult. this extraordinary body is not visible in the latitude of London, which, by the bye, the rapidity of its motion might have led us to expect.

Observatory at Brussels.—With a view to the promotion of science, the King of the Netherlands has taken measures for the erection of an observatory at Brussels. The municipality of the city have come forward in the handsomest manner to second his Majesty's design, offering to bear part of the expence of the building, and making a present of some ground for the purpose in one of the finest parts of the city. The necessary arrangements have been left to Mr. A. Quetelet, professor of mathematics and astronomy in the Museum, in conjunction with Mr. Walter, inspector-general of public instruction. A design of forming an extensive botanical garden also occupies the attention of the inhabitants of Brussels. The site of it will be in the neighbourhood of the observatory, and the ground will be purchased by shares, on which interest, guaranteed by the municipality, will be annually paid. Mr. Drapier, well known for his scientific researches, is the principal holder.

Languages of the North-American Indians. — Many circumstances concur to shew that an ancient people, far advanced in civilization, inhabited the continent of North America long prior to the savage tribes which are now found there. Among the monuments connected with this period, the most astonishing, doubtless, is that of a language, the structure and richness of which render it more learned and more philosophical than any of the languages of the ancient world, the Sanscrit alone excepted. The whole of the North American continent, situated to the north and east of Mexico, may be divided into three principal languages, as the people who speak them may be classed under three distinct races. —1. The *Karalit*, spoken by the Esquimaux, is the language of Labrador, of Greenland, of the upper parts of Canada, and of the other countries bordering on the pole. It is used also by the sedentary Tchouktschi, who inhabit the sea-coast, from the mouth of the Anadyr, northward as far as the peninsula of Tchouktschkoinoss, or promontory of the Tchouktschi; *i. e.* the north-eastern part of Asia, which is separated from America only by Behring's Strait. They are regarded as the descendants of an American people; while the wandering Tchouktschi, who live to the south of the Anadyr, are supposed to be sprung from the Koriak Tartars. The Karalit is likewise spoken at North Sound, and some other connexion is suspected between the nations of the north-west of America and some tribes in the north-east of Asia—such as the Kamtschatdales, the Koriaks-Lamoutz, the Samoiedes, &c.—2. The *Iroquois*, which is the language of the Iroquois, the Hurons, the Nodeouassi the Siaoux, (the Six Nations), the Algonkirs, &c. —3. The *Lenapi*, or *Lenni Lenapi*, which is the name of the Delaware people and tongue. This is synonymous with the more modern expression *Ouapanatchki*, or *Abenaki*, generally employed by the natives, and out of which the French in Louisiana have made *Apalache*, a term applied to the mountains, more generally called by their ancient name, *Alleghany*. The Lenapi is the language of the Mississippi, of the immense territory north-west of the United States, of one part of Canada, and even of the country which extends as far as Hudson's Bay. In this extensive tract, however, some tribes exist which employ neither the Lenapi, nor the Iroquois, nor the Karalit—such as the Black-foot Indians, the Laupi, and the Snake Indians. Of all the dialects of the Lenapi, the *Natik*, spoken in the State of Massachussets, is the best known. To these three principal languages may be added the *Floridian*, which differs from them sufficiently to be considered as a particular idiom. It is used by the Creek Indians, the Maskodji, the Chicksaw, the Tchakta, the Pescagoula, the Cherokees, &c. Some tribes, sprung from the *Mobilian* nation, have been noticed, who employ what has been considered a fifth language of North America; but more information is required on this subject, and to the labours of the Philosophical Society of Philadelphia we look forward with earnest expectation.

Discoveries in Egypt.—It is at length placed beyond doubt, that the Nile, of which Bruce conceived he had discovered the sources in Abyssinia, and which the Portuguese had seen and described in the sixteenth century, is only a tributary stream flowing into the true Nile, of which the real source is much nearer to the equator. For this information we are indebted to M. Calliaud, a French traveller, who accompanied the predatory expedition of the two sons, Ismael and Ibrahim, of the Pacha of Egypt into Nubia, and who, in conjunction with M. Latorres, has made known to us

a new region in the interior of Africa, more than five hundred miles in length, and extending to the tenth degree of northern latitude. This gentleman has likewise determined the position of the city of Meroe, of which he found the ruins in the Delta, formed by the Bahr-el-Abriel (the White River), and the Bahr-el-Azraq (the Blue River), precisely in the spot where D'Anville had placed them upon the authority of ancient authors. Avenues of sphynxes and of lions, propylea and temples in the Egyptian style, forests of pyramids, a vast enclosure formed with unbaked bricks, seem to point out in this place the existence of a large capital, and may serve to elucidate the much agitated, but still undecided question, "whether civilization followed the course of the Nile from Ethiopia to Egypt; or, whether it ascended from Egypt to Nubia?"

Roman Antiquities.—In the department of the Lower Seine a subscription was entered into for the purpose of exploring an ancient enclosure in the neighbourhood of Dieppe, which was called *the Camp of Cæsar;* and recently some Roman ruins, which it is supposed belonged to some religious edifice, or to a cemetery, have been discovered: some rings of glass have been found, together with some clasps and the remains of some helmets; also medals of the Higher and Lower Empire, as well as some Celtic coins. At Besançon (Doubs), a channel of Roman construction was found close to a house in one of the principal streets. It is 6 feet in height, and 19 inches broad, and it is imagined that its shape was that of a parallellogram. It extends 27 feet, in a direction from north-east to south-west, on its longest side; but, on the other sides it is too much choked up to be measured with exactness. This channel, which passed probably under an edifice to which it served as a drain, is built entirely of stones, with much care and regularity, but without either lime or mortar. From its appearance and the manner of its construction, it appears to belong to the time of the Lower Empire: what remains of it is in so good a state of preservation, that the present proprietor has been able to apply it to its supposed former destination without being obliged to repair it.

Quadrature of the Circle.—An Italian, by name Malacarne, recently published at Paris a geometric and rigorous solution of the famous problem of the quadrature of the circle. So satisfied was he of the correctness of his process, that he placed 300 francs in the hands of his publisher (Bachelier), to be given to whoever could prove it erroneous, he merely requiring that the regulation should be signed by two members of the Academy of Science belonging to the mathematical class, and by two professors of the Polytechnic School;—but, vanity of vanities! no competent judge has found the solution satisfactory.

It is singular enough, that at the time this pamphlet of M. Malacarne made its appearance in Paris (we learn from the mathematical and philosophical correspondence of Messrs. Garnier and Quételet), one on the trisection of an angle should have been published at Constantinople, by Seid Hussein Massdariedschisade (son of the receiver of tolls). This small work is extremely remarkable, as affording a just idea of the progress of mathematical studies among the Turks. The author aspires to the glory of having solved the problem of the trisection of an angle, hitherto so vainly sought. Seid Hussein has not only imposed upon the Sultan, but upon himself and all the professors and members of the Academy. Having stated that in the great Encyclopedia of France it was declared this problem could not be solved, he thus continues: "Praise! and once again, praise! By the grace of God—by the miracles of the Prophet, our lord and saviour of the two worlds, and by the force of favouring fortune, and the influence of the fruit of justice of the monarch at the present time adorning the throne, overwhelming with felicity the earth placed under his protection—*destroyer of the wicked who revolt against him*—preserver of the most true of all religions,—the most weak, the most inefficient of his servants, Massdariedschisade Seid Hussein, first assistant in the Imperial Academy of Engineers, has, the 13th day of the month Schaaban, of the year 1237, fortunately discovered the demonstration of the trisection of an angle, and the arc which measures it—which demonstration mathematicians have, for these last thirty years, believed could not be found. My most humble hope is, that it will please the high and just will of his majesty to cause the statement of this event to be inserted in the annals of the empire, that the mathematicians of Europe may not be able to appropriate this invention to themselves."

Statistics.—The ratio of the births, deaths, and marriages to the whole population in the kingdom of Naples was as follows:

In 1822,	1 : 24—1 : 35—1 : 111.		
1823,	1 : 24—1 : 33—1 : 110,		
1824,	1 : 23—1 : 27—1 : 127.		

Returns have not been made to any later period.

Poland.—Since the year 1819, three scientific journals, six political ones with liberal principles, two satirical, seven literary, two for the ladies, one literary and musical, one journal of agriculture, and one designed for the Jews, have ceased, from different causes, to appear in Warsaw. At present only the following are in circulation in the Polish capital: one legal, three scientific, one sylvan (on the management of forests), one on the useful arts, one moral, four literary, five political, one for the German poor, one musical, one on agriculture.

Mexican Antiquities. — A city, upon which the name of *Old Palenqui* was bestowed, extending about five miles from east to west, was discovered about the end of the last century by some hunters in the province of Las Chiepas, eighty leagues from Ciudad Real, in the southern part of Mexico. Humboldt has slightly alluded to this deserted, though not ruined place; and in this country a sufficiently accurate, though by no means adequate account of it was given, in a translation of Del Rio's narrative of its discovery. Public curiosity was much awakened on the subject, and some regret has been expressed that no enterprizing traveller had extended his researches in this direction. Very recently, however, an American gentleman has brought to Europe 120 drawings, made on the spot by M. Dupaix, whom the Spanish government had employed in 1805 to examine all the remaining Mexican antiquities. Together with these sketches of all that is interesting in this singular place, are many curious monuments, statues, instruments of music and of sacrifice, &c. &c. One statue, in particular, is well worthy of notice; it is composed of a green stone, having a liqueous appearance, brilliant and sonorous, having perhaps some analogy with the sounding marble of China. There are also twelve sheets of the large *Maguay* paper, covered with the ancient Mexican symbolical figures—from which it is to be hoped some information may be gathered relative to the migration and origin of the people who occupied this country at the time of the Spanish invasion. In a future number we shall give a more detailed account of these curiosities.

Mining.—In the last number of the Edinburgh Journal of Science, Dr. W. Dyce has inserted an account of a cheap and effectual method of blasting granite rock. The whole process may be summed up under the three following heads: to inflame the gunpowder at the bottom of the charge, by means of sulphuric acid, charcoal, and sulphur; to take advantage of the propelling power of gunpowder, as is done with a cannon-ball, only reversing its mode of action, and, instead of a spherical, to apply one of a conical form, by which the full effect of the wedge is given in every direction at the lower part of the charge, but particularly downwards; and, in the last place, to add to the effect of the whole, to insure a fourth part of the depth of the bore at the bottom to be free from the gunpowder, so that, when inflammation ensues, a red heat may be communicated to the air in the lower chamber, whereby it will be expanded to such a degree as to have the power of at least one hundred times the atmospheric pressure, and thereby give this additional momentum to the explosive power of the gunpowder.

Scopoli, the Naturalist.—This learned man, in his admirable *Deliciæ Floræ et Faunæ Insubriæ*, has made two curious mistakes; the one at Tab. xx, where the *Physis Intestinalis* is represented as a new genus of *Vermes*, but which is nothing more than the trachea of a guinea-fowl, *Numidia Meleagris*, which some wicked students pretended had been vomited by a woman in the hospital. And again, at Tab. xxiv, where a plate of insects is dedicated, with some propriety perhaps, to *Mr. Benjamin White*, an eminent natural history bookseller of London. Mr. White had, however, for a sign of the literary character of his shop, a large gilded head of *Horace* over his door in Fleet-street. Hence the address was, "Mr. B. White, at *Horace's Head*, Fleet-street." But Scopoli, probably from his ignorance of the English language, had the impression that *Mr. Horace Head* was a partner in the firm, and therefore determined to dedicate the plate to the two individuals jointly. The artist, indeed, added to the blunder, and inscribed upon the copper-plate, *Auspiciis Benjamini White et Horatii Head, Bibliopol. Londinensium.*

Dimensions of the Terrestrial Globe.—The following dimensions have been deduced by M. Puissart from the measures taken in France and Italy. Flattening at the poles $\frac{1}{305.65}$; axis a = 6376920 metres; semi-axis b = 6356076; quarter of the meridian = 10000401.

Remarkable phosphorescent Fluor.—At a very recent meeting of the Philomathic Society of Paris, M. Becquerel exhibited a singular species of fluor spar, sent by M. Leman, and found in the granite rocks of Siberia. It shines in the dark with a very remarkable phosphoric light, which increases as its temperature is raised. The light augments when it is plunged in water; in boiling water it is so luminous that the letters of a printed book can be seen near the transparent vase which contains it; in boiling ale the light is still greater; and in boiling mercury it emits such a light that we may read by it at a distance of five inches. M. Eyries mentioned, at the same meeting, the fact stated by Sir John Mandeville—that at the entrance of a town in Great Tartary were two columns surmounted by stone which shine brightly in the dark.—*Le Globe.*

Statistics.—According to an official account published by the police, there were 306 births, 77 marriages, and 247 deaths at Brussels during the month of September.

Survey of the Pyrenees.—Some celebrated French geographical engineers have lately been employed to obtain the exact measurement of the western part of the Upper Pyrenees, at Argelez, where the crater of a high mountain forms the limit between France and Spain. M. Peytier, the engineer-in-chief, was obliged to place his instruments upon the most elevated summits, which were sometimes very difficult of access, and as they were subjected to every variation of the atmosphere, the

task was one of no ordinary difficulty. On the 28th of August last M. Peytier ascended the peak of Baletons, situated at the top of the valley of Argelez, at an elevation of 3,180 fathoms above the level of the sea. He was accompanied by M. Hussard, and eleven men were employed to carry instruments, tents, and sufficient provisions to last till the 1st of September. On the night of the 25th August they encountered a tremendous storm, accompanied with hail and snow, which increased on the following day, and continued until the evening of the 27th. During these three days the thermometer varied between 3° and 6° 8′ below zero. On the 28th and 29th the weather was more temperate, and they were enabled to take a series of angles on the two following days, although surrounded by thick and almost impenetrable clouds. Notwithstanding these obstacles, M. Peytier was determined not to quit the peak until he had finished his observations, and the provisions having all been consumed on the 31st, two men were sent into the valley to procure more.

On the night of the 31st, however, the snow fell in such quantities that every passage was blocked up; and it was not till the 2d of September, towards mid-day, that the cries of the two men were heard, who endeavoured in vain to ascend the peak. In this state of things, the only alternatives left to M. Peytier were to descend, or to perish with hunger upon the mountain.

There was no time for consideration; a rope was attached to a man, who endeavoured to make a passage through the snow with a pick-axe as he descended; the party slowly descended after him, at the imminent risk of falling and being dashed to pieces at every instant. After six hours of danger and fatigue they arrived at a hut, but, though almost ready to faint from hunger, they were not able to procure any food; and they did not arrive at Argelez till the next day, after having been thirty-six hours without any sort of refreshment.

As the party were obliged to leave their instruments and effects upon the mountain, they of course were anxious to bring them back again; and they made a second expedition on the 9th of September for the purpose, which was completely successful, and their object was fully accomplished, though they had scarcely descended when a most terrific storm overtook them, and large flakes of snow were driven after them as far as the village of Arrens. An idea may be formed of the danger and privations experienced upon the first expedition when it is stated, that of the eleven men who first ascended, one only could be prevailed upon to make a second trial.

By the courage and resolution of M. Peytier, a knowledge of the exact limits of this immense chain of mountains has thus been obtained, an object which has long been desired as one of the utmost importance in a scientific point of view, and to accomplish which many unsuccessful attempts have been made at different periods.

PROCEEDINGS OF LEARNED SOCIETIES.

Paris Institute.—Academy of Sciences August 7. M. Lafitte presented a memoir on a new method of using the grappling iron on ship-board—(Referred to a commission already sitting on a similar subject.) M. Belli, professor of mathematics at Pisa, forwarded a paper, entitled "exposition of certain principles on the general solution of equations higher than the first degree"—(Referred to MM. Ampère and Cauchy.) M. Chevreul was elected into the section of chemistry, in the place of M. Provost, who was dead. M. Dupuytren communicated some observations on the treatment of cancer of the lower jaw, by amputating the bone. The skin is healed in a few days, and about thirty days are required for the reunion of the parts of the bone.

August 14. The examination of a work by M. Balme, a physician of Lyons, entitled "Observations and Reflections on the causes, the symptoms, and the treatment of contagion in different diseases, and particularly the plague and yellow fever"—(Referred to MM. Dumeril and Boyer.) Some zoological observations made in the Straits of Gibraltar, by the naturalist to the expedition under a M. d'Arville, were communicated; also some others by those in the Astrolabe. Dr. Bordot read a note relative to a living Chinese, 22 years old, who bears on the fore part of his breast an acephalous fœtus; and drawings of the subject were submitted to the Academy. MM. Vauquelin, Thenard, and Gay Lussac gave a highly favourable report on the memoir of M. Balard, which described a new substance he had found in sea-water, and to which, with the consent of M. Balard, they gave the name of *Brome*, instead of muride, which he had employed. M. Heron de Villefosse made a verbal report on the work of M. Karsten, "Researches on the carbonaceous substance of the mineral kingdom, and particularly on the composition of the pit-coal in the Russian Dominions."

August 21. M. Navier read a memoir "on the strength of various substances." M. Ouvrard communicated some observations on a new Comet, in Eridanus, by M. Gambart at Marseilles, and Pons et Lucca. It is very small and without a tail, and the light of the moon almost renders it invisible. MM. Geoffroy, St. Hilaire and Blainville

made a report upon the memoir of M. Surum, relative to acephalous fœtuses. M. Colladon read a memoir "on the Deviation of a Magnetic Needle exposed to the Current from an Electric Machine, and on the Electricity of the Clouds;" and M. Becquerene, on the Chemical Decompositions affected by slight electrical forces."

August 28. M. Moreau de Jonnès read a memoir "on the quantity of corn at present stored up in Europe." Dr. Audouard communicated two letters regarding the yellow fever. M. Desfontaines, in the name of a commission, made a favourable report on the memoir of M. Turpin, entitled "observations on some microscopic vegetables, and on the effect produced by those analagous to them in the formation and increase of the cellular membrane." MM. Mirbel and Fresnel reported on a paper of M. Lollier, in which he proposed to try the action of the coloured rays of solar light on flowers without colour, and to employ electrical conductors for telegraphic correspondence. M. Geoffroy St. Hilaire, in the name of a commission, read a memoir on the singular Chinese human monster regarding which Dr. Bordot had made an interesting communication to the Academy.

BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS OF EMINENT PERSONS.

M. TALMA.

Since the departure of this unrivalled ornament of the French stage, the newspapers, English as well as foreign, have teemed with notices and anecdotes of his life. About two years ago, M. Talma himself transmitted to the writer of this sketch an authorized memoir, which, with other interesting materials before us, would occupy at least, sixteen pages of our magazine. For the leading facts and dates of Talma's life, we shall rely chiefly on the memoir alluded to, filling up our brief notice from other authentic sources.

Francis Joseph Talma was born at Paris, on the 15th of January, 1766. His father, a celebrated dentist, having established himself in London, left him in France for the commencement of his education. At the early age of ten years, his school-master, or one of his assistants, having written a tragedy, entitled Tamerlane, young Talma was selected, on its representation, to personate one of the chief characters of the piece. So thoroughly did he enter into the spirit of the performance—so completely was he carried away by the illusion of his imagination—that his feelings overpowered him, and he was removed from the stage in a state of agitation not to be described.

Talma's early studies having been completed, his father took him to London. There some of his young countrymen, having invited him to join them in the performance of light French comedies, the novelty of the spectacle attracted a numerous and distinguished audience, amongst whom appeared His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales (now George IV.) and the Duke of York. This was at the Hanover Square Rooms, which were then under the superintendence of Sir John Gallini. Talma's performance, by its spirit and originality of manner, attracted great notice; and, in consequence, Lord Harcourt and others exerted their influence with his father, to allow him to devote himself to the English stage. Family circumstances, however, rendered this scheme impracticable, and young Talma returned to France. There he for some time attended the Royal School of Declamation, under the direction of Moli, and Dugazon, and speedily obtained permission to make his *debut* on the stage. His first appearance was in the character of Seide, in Voltaire's Tragedy of Mahomet, on the 27th of November 1787. The effort was eminently successful. Henceforth Talma devoted himself to the study of his art, sought with eagerness the society of men of letters, of painters, and of sculptors, and determined to form a style of his own. This, notwithstanding the force of ancient prejudice and innumerable other obstacles, he accomplished. He wrought a complete reformation in the style of stage dress, causing all the characters to be attired in the costume of the age and country in which the scene of the drama might happen to be laid.

At the commencement of the French Revolution, Talma was most intimately connected with Mirabeau and other demagogues of the day; and he was amongst the leaders of a political as well as of a theatrical faction. From the opposition of the French Bishops to the performance of the tragedy of Charles IX, in consequence of its allusions to the massacre of St. Bartholomew, a division arose amongst the actors. Those who were attached to *l'ancien régime*, published a memorial against Talma, who defended himself in a pointed reply. Ultimately Talma, with Monvel, Dugazon, and Madame Vestris, established a new theatre in the Rue de Richelieu, upon the scite of the old Theatre of Varieties, which, by the superior talents and reputation of those by whom it was founded, soon took the first station, and brought over the other performers.

Amongst the political friends of Talma, besides Mirabeau, were Condorcet, Gensome, Clavière, &c. Talma was an active and a violent partizan; consequently he was denounced with fury by the opposing factions; and, upon more occasions than one, his escape from the scaffold was almost miraculous.

When Larive retired from the stage, Talma, who until that period had been

accustomed to perform in comedy as well as tragedy, entirely abandoned the sock, and found himself in unrivalled possession of the principal tragic characters. This was a grand epoch in his professional career. About this time, also, Bonaparte became a star of the first magnitude in the political horizon. He had seen Talma before his departure for Egypt; and after his return he became a constant attendant at the theatre, held frequent conversations with him, treated him with great distinction, and formed with him the closest intimacy. It has been said that the hero took lessons from the actor: the reverse of the position is much more probable. When Buonaparte was proclaimed Emperor, Talma deemed it expedient to terminate the intimacy which had some time subsisted between them. That determination, however, was set aside by the Emperor, who gave orders for his admission every day at the hour of breakfast. At the morning interviews which ensued, long and curious, amusing and interesting, were the conversations which occurred: they would of themselves, if related, form a highly acceptable volume. Much of interest might also be told of the performances of Talma at Erfurt, Weimar, &c., in the presence of Buonaparte, the Emperor Alexander, &c., in the year 1808; but all this we must pass over. During the first year of the re-establishment of the Bourbons, Talma was much noticed by the King; a circumstance upon which he was highly complimented by Buonaparte on his return from Elba.

Continuing the pursuit of his profession, to which he was passionately attached, Talma, in the year 1825, published a work relating to the art of acting; which, however, proved rather a disappointment than a gratification, to the literary and theatrical world. He married in 1792, Mlle. Vanhove, from whom he was afterwards separated; and, subsequently to the year 1814, he was attached to the daughter of Bazire, by whom he had the credit of having several children, who were consequently with him as their reputed father. In his last illness, Mde. Talma was desirous of being admitted to his bedside, but he refused to see her. She did not insist, but said: "I am sorry not to be permitted to see him once more. Tell him, I entreat you, that I came to offer him to share my fortune with his children." The lady, it appears, has upwards of 40,000 francs a year, which had been left her by Dr. Moreau (De la Sarthe) with whom she had lived. It was this fortune, however, which prevented the wished-for reconciliation. "As my wife is now wealthy," observed Talma, "it would, no doubt, be said, that I became reconciled to her through motives of interest. Her fortune places an insurmountable barrier between us."

Talma's health had been some time in a declining state: at length he became seriously ill; and, in the forenoon of the 19th of October, he expired. During the last days of his illness, the Archbishop of Paris made several attempts, but without success, to have been admitted to his presence. Talma is said to be a Protestant, but his last words seemed to indicate that he was a Deist. His intellects were perfect to the latest moment of his existence. He fully recognized his friends around his bed; and on seeing Messrs. Jouy, Arnault, and Dovilliers, he stretched out his arms, wept, and embraced them. He said to his nephew: "The physicians know nothing of my disease. Recommend them to open my body, that it may be useful to my fellow creatures." At one time, he exclaimed, "What do they require of me, to make me abjure the art to which I am indebted for all my glory—an art that I idolize? To renounce the forty brightest years of my life; to separate cause of my brethren; and to acknowledge them to be infamous? Never!" Upon another occasion, he exclaimed, "Let there be no priests! all I ask is, not to be buried too soon." A few moments before his death, he murmured in a faint voice, "Voltaire! Voltaire! — as Voltaire!"

In conformity with his request, Talma's body was opened, and the cause of his death was ascertained to have been "a complete obliteration for nearly two inches in length of the large intestine, at about six inches from its termination." Agreeably to the wish expressed in his last moments, his remains were taken without interruption or ceremony to the place of interment at Père la Chaise. The procession consisted of a magnificent hearse, fifteen mourning coaches, Talma's own carriage, and several empty carriages. Numbers of literary and theatrical characters followed on foot; and, according to some statements, not fewer than 80,000 persons were assembled at the cemetery at the time of interment. Funeral orations on the deceased were delivered at the grave, by his colleague, Lafou, and by the two dramatic writers, Jouy and Arnault. A large subscription has since been raised for the purpose of erecting a monument to the memory of the deceased; and it has been resolved that his statue shall be placed in the vestibule, or public room of the Theatre François.

Talma's chief characters were Hamlet, in Shakspeare's Tragedy, as adapted to the French stage; Nero, in Britannicus; Orestes, in Andromache; Brutus, in the death of Cæsar; Augustus, and Cinna, in Cinna; Achilles, and Iphigenia, in Aulis; the High Priest Joad, in Athalie; Manlius, Œdipus, Scylla, Macbeth, Othello, &c. To characterize the acting of this great man within our brief limits, some of the French critics, erecting their faith upon the traditions of Le Kain, say that Talma

rendered tragedy too *bourgeoise*. The great difference, we apprehend, was, that Le Kain had a cadenced utterance; whereas Talma's utterance was simple and true to nature. Mathews' imitation of Talma, in Hamlet, is generally allowed to be very fine. For some highly interesting and philosophical strictures upon Talma's acting, we refer the reader to Mde. De Stael's Germany, vol. 2., chapter 37; to Lady Morgan's France; and to M. Jouy's Historical Preamble to his Tragedy of Scylla.

MICHAEL KELLY.

That exceedingly amusing book the Reminiscences of Michael Kelly, having been before the public nearly twelve months, it cannot be supposed that any of our readers are unacquainted with the outline of our hero's life; a life of which we are here called upon to announce the close. Brief will be our task.

Michael Kelly, a native of Dublin, was the son of an eminent wine-merchant in that city, who was also for several years master of the ceremonies at the castle. He was born about the year 1762, of Catholic parentage; he was bred to that faith: at so early an age as seven he evinced a strong passion for music; and as his father was enabled to procure the best masters for him, amongst whom was Michael Arne, the son of Dr. Arne, before he had reached his eleventh year he could perform some of the most difficult sonatas then in fashion on the piano-forte. Rauzzini, when engaged to sing at the rotunda at Dublin, gave him some lessons in singing; and it was on the suggestion of that gentleman that his father was induced to send him to Naples, as the preferable place for the cultivation of his musical talents; accordingly, at the age of sixteen, he was sent thither, with strong recommendations of several persons in Ireland, to Sir William Hamilton, then British minister at the Neapolitan court. Sir William did him the honour of introducing him to the King and Queen of Naples, and under his fostering care he was placed in the conservatorio La Madona della Loretto, where he received instruction from the celebrated composer Fineroli; afterwards he accompanied Aprilli, the first singing master of his day, to Palermo. From Aprilli he received the most valuable assistance: that gentleman, on the close of his engagement at Palermo, sent Kelly to Leghorn, with high recommendations as his favourite pupil. From Leghorn, Kelly went to Florence, where he was engaged as first tenor singer at the Teatro Nuovo. He next visited and performed at Venice, and several of the principal theatres in Italy. Subsequently he was engaged at the court of Vienna, where he was honoured with the countenance and protection of the Emperor Joseph II. He had also the good fortune to become an intimate friend of Mozart, and was one of the original performers in his *Nozze di Figaro*.

In 1787, Kelly returned to England, where, in the month of April, he made his first appearance at Drury-Lane Theatre in the character of Lionel in the Opera of Lionel and Clarissa. Independently of many provincial engagements, in which he was often accompanied by Mrs. Crouch, he remained at Drury-Lane as first singer until he retired from the stage. He was several years musical director of that theatre; he was accustomed to sing at the King's ancient concerts, at Westminster Abbey, and at all the principal theatres and musical festivals in Britain; he was for several years principal tenor-singer at the King's Theatre in the Haymarket, where he was stage manager, a situation which we believe he nominally held till the period of his death, and musical director at Colman's Haymarket Theatre.

It was on the death of his intimate friend Stephen Storace, in the year 1797, that Kelly first became a composer, and subsequently to that time he composed and selected the music for nearly sixty dramatic pieces, of which we shall subjoin a list. He also composed numbers of Italian and English songs, duetts, trios, &c., many of which are established favorites in the musical world.

Kelly had the honour, of which he always seemed fully and gratefully sensible, of being warmly patronized by his present Majesty. For many years he had been a martyr to the gout; notwithstanding which, he retained his cheerfulness and social qualities till the last. He died at Margate on the 9th of October. The following is the list of his compositions, &c., with their respective dates:

A Friend of Need, 1797; Chimney Corner, 1797; Castle Spectre, 1797; Last of the Family, 1797; Blue Beard, 1798; Captive of Spilsberg, the comic music, the serious being by Dussek, 1798; Aurelio and Mirando, 1798; Feudal Times, 1799; Pizarro, 1799; Of Age To-morrow, 1800; De Montford, 1800; Remorse, 1801; Gypsy Prince, 1801; Adelmorn, 1801; Algomah, 1802; House to be Sold, 1802; Uriania, 1802; Hero of the North, 1803; Love Laughs at Locksmiths, 1804; Cinderella, 1804; Counterfeits, 1804; Deaf and Dumb, 1804; Hunter of the Alps, 1804; Land we live in, 1804; Honey Moon, 1805; Youth, Love, and Folly, 1805; Prior Claim, 1805; Forty Thieves, 1806, We Fly by Night, 1806; Royal Oak, 1806; Adrian and Orilla, 1806; Adelgisha, 1807; Town and Country, 1807; Time's a Tell-Tale, 1807; Young Hussar, 1807; Wood Demon, 1807; Something to do, 1808; Jew of Mogador, 1808; Africans, 1808; Venoni, 1808; Foundling of the Forest, 1809; Fall of the Taranto, 1809; Britain's Jubilee, 1809; Gustavus Vasa, 1810; Humpsa

1812; Absent Apothecary, 1813; Polly, 1813; Russian, 1813; Nourjahad, 1813; Peasant Boy, 1814; Unknown Guest, 1815; Bride of Abydos, 1818; Abudah, 1819; Grand Ballet, 1819.

THE PRINCESS SHERBATTOFF.

Died at St. Petersburgh, of a typhus fever, on the 9th of October, Maria Fedorovna (the lady of Sir Robert Ker Porter), born Princess Sherbattoff, of the family of the ancient Czars, and of a race whose names embellished the literature of their country, as well as stand eminent amongst its warriors. She was herself an accomplished and an excellent lady, and long will be remembered "in the temple" of many hearts, for her ever active but unobtrusive acts of beneficence, to which, mixed with the endeared duties of a beloved wife and mother, she dedicated her exemplary and chosen retirement of life. Some little time before the late Emperor Alexander visited England, she had given her hand to Sir Robert Ker Porter, then attached to the British embassy at the court of St. Petersburgh. After passing the subsequent years together in mutual domestic happiness, he was nominated by his country to a public service in South America; and during the consequent temporary absence from his family in Russia, he has been thus bereaved; an augmented affliction to an attached husband, by the very circumstance of his absence. But he has an only child left to be his consolation; a daughter, on whom the Emperor of Russia had previously entailed her mother's rights of rank and inheritance, leaving unimpaired the surviving parent's claims upon the duty of his child.

SIR HARRY CALVERT, BART.

General Sir Harry Calvert, Bart., Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea Hospital, and Colonel of the 14th regiment of foot, was of the family of Calvert, of Oldbury, in Hertfordshire. He was educated at Harrow school. Early in life he went into the army, and served in America under general Clinton, Sir W. Howe, and Lord Cornwallis. With the last of these officers he was made prisoner. He served under the Duke of York, in France, and was sent home by his Royal Highness with the despatches announcing the surrender of Valenciennes. On that occasion, his late Majesty was pleased to promote him to the rank of Major.

Soon after his return to England, his talents and assiduity obtained for him the appointment of Deputy Adjutant General, under the late General Sir W. Fawcett; and on that officer's retirement, he was nominated Adjutant General; a post which he held until his present Majesty, not long since, was pleased to appoint him Lieutenant Governor of Chelsea Hospital.

In the year 1809, he served in Spain.—On the 3d of October, 1818, his late Majesty was pleased to confer on him the dignity of Baronet.

Sir Harry Calvert contributed materially to the establishment of the Military Asylum at Chelsea, appropriated for soldiers' orphans; and also to that of the Military college, founded on the model of the military schools of France. The converting of Whitehall chapel into a place of worship for the military, is said to have been his suggestion.

At the time of his death, which took place on the 3d of September, at Drayton, in Buckinghamshire, Sir Harry Calvert was a Lieutenant General in the army, and Colonel of the 14th or Buckingham regiment.

KARAMSIN, THE RUSSIAN HISTORIAN AND POET.

Nicholas Von Karamsin was born on the 13th of December (O. S.) 1765, in the government of Vimbersk. He was educated at Moscow, under the eye of John Schaden, a celebrated professor of philosophy in the university. For a time Karamsin was a student in the university of Moscow. Having served for some years in the Imperial Guard du Corps, he, in the course of 1789, 1790, and 1791, travelled nearly all over Europe. The result he gave to the world in four volumes, under the title of "Letters of a Russian Traveller." From 1792 till 1803, he resided in Moscow, engaged in literary and scientific pursuits. In the latter year, the Emperor Alexander gave him the appointment of historiographer of the Russian empire. In 1816 he left Moscow to reside at St. Petersburgh; in that year he also had the satisfaction of presenting to the emperor the eight first volumes of his "History of the Russian Empire," a performance for which he was honoured with the rank of Honorary Counsellor of State, and with the Order of St. Anne of the First Class. In 1821 the ninth volume of his history appeared, and in 1823 the tenth and eleventh. In 1824 the rank of Actual Counsellor of State was conferred upon him. The two last years of his life were occupied by the composition of the twelfth volume of his history, which he did not entirely complete. That volume was to bring down the narrative to the reign of Czar Michael Feodorwitsch, the grandfather of Peter the Great, and the founder of the now reigning family of Romanoff.

Karamsin's health had been extremely delicate for some years. The death of the Emperor Alexander gave an irreparable shock to his constitution; he fell into a rapid consumption, and, on the 3d of June, he died at his apartments in the Tauric Palace, of an incurable abscess in the lungs. During his illness he was not only

surrounded by affectionate relations and friends, but honoured by the generous sympathy of the Emperor Nicholas. The Helena frigate, fitted out at the emperor's expense, lay ready in Fironstadt to convey him and his family to the mild climate of Italy; and only two days before his death, he spoke with pleasure of his intended voyage. His remains were interred with great ceremony in the new church-yard of the convent of St. Alexander Newsky, on the 6th of June: his funeral was attended by a great concourse of the inhabitants of the city, among whom were many distinguished officers of state, men of learning, &c.

Karamsin possessed no personal fortune; but his latter years were rendered comfortable and happy by an annuity of 50,000 rubles settled upon him by the emperor for his own life, and for the lives of all the members of his family.

For several years Karamsin was the editor of the European Mercury, and some other esteemed Russian journals. Of his numerous literary labours, the greater part of which have passed through various editions, the following deserve particular notice: 1. "Aglaja" and the "Aonides," two separate works, in five volumes; a collection of pleasing poems, the productions of his youth;—2. "Letters of a Russian Traveller," in four volumes;—3. "The Pantheon of Foreign Literature," in three volumes, to which was added, "The Pantheon of National Literature;"—4. "My Trifles," in several volumes, containing original tales and remarkable occurrences in the Russian history, most of which have never yet been translated;—5. "Marsa Possadniza, or the Subjection of Novogorod," an historical novel, in one volume;—6. "A Selection of Lyric Poems;"—7. "Historical Fragments;"—8. "Miscellanies, among which is a Historical Panegyric on Catharine II."

Mr. Bowring, in the "Russian Anthology," which he published in the year 1822, rendered us acquainted with some of his poems, indicating great genius and power, and of a very striking and impressive character. He is regarded as the most popular poet that Russia ever produced.

SIR CHARLES OAKLEY, BART., D.C.L.

Sir Charles Oakley, was a descendant of the Oakleys, a respectable family long seated at Oakley, in the county of Salop. His father, the Rev. W. Oakley, was vicar of Holy Cross, Shrewsbury, and rector of Foston, in Staffordshire. His mother was Christiana, daughter of Sir Patrick Strachan, knt.

Charles, the second son of his parents, was born on the 16th of February, 1751, and he married on the 19th of October, 1777, Helena, daughter of Robert Beaston, of Killeric, in Fifeshire, Esq., by whom he had a numerous family. He was in the civil service of the East India Company; and, after filling in succession, several important offices, he was appointed governor of Madras in 1790. On the 5th of June, in that year, he was created a Baronet. He resigned his governorship in 1794, and has, we believe, ever since that time, lived in retirement. He died at the palace, Lichfield, on the 7th of September.

VICE-ADMIRAL WOOLLEY.

Thomas Woolley, Esq., Vice-Admiral of the White Squadron of his Majesty's fleet, was born in 1758. He went early into the navy, and after the usual routine of service he obtained post rank, and was actively employed during the French war, in the command of the Arethusa. In the subsequent war with France, correctly designated as the war of the revolution, he served as flag captain to the late Admiral Sir William Young, during part of the period of that officer's command at Plymouth. On the 1st of August, 1811, he was promoted to the rank of Rear Admiral; and on the 12th of August, 1819, to that of Vice Admiral, but he never hoisted his flag. He married Miss Francklyn, of Bath, by whom he has left two sons and two daughters. He died at Brussels.

POLITICAL OCCURRENCES, &c.

The early part of the last month was particularly barren of novel interest, unless indeed we except the perpetually recurring and deepening calls of both commercial and agricultural distress. Towards the close, however, the opening of Parliament occasioned a stirring spirit of speculation among the two great rival interests of the kingdom, as to which would predominate. As yet appearances are in favour of the commercial interest, which has found staunch and unexpected friends in either House to back its pretensions, with the united claims of talent and power. The great question of the Corn-Laws, however, has not as yet been discussed: once or twice, indeed, it has been glanced at by Mr. Brougham and his adherents, but without effect; so that the result of the mighty struggle remains yet to be known. The King's Speech at the opening of the session was marked with no peculiar character; it was of a pacific nature (as far as it touched upon Continental politics), and expressed a hope—nothing more—that the prevalent distress of the country would be but transient; with respect, however, to any decided opinion on the subject either of

domestic or foreign diplomacy, it said not a word, further than exhorting the people to subordination. Mr. Liddel seconded it in the lower House, and distinguished himself as a very promising young orator. Mr. Brougham commented on it—or rather on its omissions—with unqualified severity, and was replied to by Mr. Canning in a speech of great caustic severity. On Friday 24th, Mr. Huskisson touched upon the subject of the Corn-Laws, in an announcement of his reasons for opening the ports during the recess, unsanctioned by parliamentary authority. His arguments brought forward on the occasion were all distinguished by his usual acuteness; but still we think that he was too apologetic in his speech; the subject demanded praise, not apology: for, if any thing was calculated to redeem the country, it was this very measure. We were glad to see that Mr. Huskisson's explanation (for it seems that to do any thing in the way of establishing or altering trade regulations during the recess is unparliamentary) met with unqualified approval. Thus much for home politics; the foreign are equally pacific. Ireland indeed is still suffering under the united scourge of fever and famine; but still not to so severe an extent as it has done for some months. Mr. Dawson, M.P. for Louth, asserted in the House of Commons, that in point of commercial enterprize, Ireland was better off than England; and that its principal annoyance was the eternal subject of Catholicism. On the Continent, France is characterized by its mild and peaceable demeanour. Mr. Canning, who went to Paris early in the month, was received there with open arms; more especially when (we know not with what truth) it was currently reported, that he had come for the express purpose of preserving general tranquillity. At Constantinople the Sultan, a man of undaunted energy, still perseveres in his favourite daily amusement of decapitation; heads are flying about the streets like foot-balls, by hundreds; and a word—or even a look—that ingenuity can torture into treasonable, is recorded by an instant bath in the Bosphorus. This state of things must, we should concur, have but one termination, and that is a general insurrection of all the united provinces of European and Asiatic Turkey. Russia still perseveres in in her old system of duplicity, more especially with regard to Persia, whom she first provoked to be the aggressor, and then attacked with a chosen corps, under a barbarian General, Yermaloff; under the stale and shallow pretence of merely acting on the defensive. It is evident that the nerves of the Court of St. Petersburgh are unusually sensitive on the subject of the Persian invasion, for it has put forth no less than three distinct manifestos, each more or less extenuating their conduct to Europe; under an irresistible conviction that such conduct demands adequate apologies. The Persians have hitherto been defeated; indeed the power of Russia is so overwhelming, that it could easily annihilate Abbas Mirza and his ill-fated regiments. We have nothing of public interest to relate in our digest of this month.

PATENTS FOR MECHANICAL AND CHEMICAL INVENTIONS.

New Patents sealed, 1826.

To Benjamin Newmarch, Esq., Cheltenham, for improvements on fire-arms—Sealed 7th November; 6 months.

To Edward Thomason, Birmingham, goldsmith and silversmith, for improvements in the construction of medals, tokens, and coins—9th November; 2 months.

To Henry Charles Lacy, Manchester, coach-master, for new apparatus on which to suspend carriage-bodies—18th November; 6 months.

To Bennett Woodcroft, Manchester, silk-manufacturer, for improvements in wheels and paddles for propelling boats and vessels—18th November; 6 months.

List of Patents, which, having been granted in December 1812, *expire in the present month of December* 1826.

4. Charles Price, London, for *an improved parasol and umbrella, denominated "The Improved Solumbra."*

—. Samuel Smith, Coventry, for *an improved escapement for watches, so that they beat dead seconds for principle and parts of seconds by means of clock pullets attached to a lever operating on a vertical wheel.*

10. Robert Were Fox and Joel Lean, junior, Falmouth, for *improvements on steam engines.*

14. John Spencer, Port Ballantrus, Ireland, for *an addition and improvement in setting up salt pans.*

16. Joseph Hamilton, Dublin, *new method of applying well-known principles in the formation of earthen wares.*

19. John Henbury, London, for *an improved method of weaving Scotch or Kidderminster carpets.*

—. Thomas Rogers, Dublin, *method of applying manual powers to the crane, pile-driver, and other machines.*

—. John Fisher, Oundle, for his *invented article for preventing chimnies smoking, named "a Smoke Conductor."*

—. George Heffer, Lambeth, for *an improved construction of four-wheeled carriages.*

—. John Morgan, Dublin, *new power for propelling through the water and pumping boats and other vessels.*

—. Jacob Samuel Eschansier and Henry

Constantine Jennings, London, *a new mode of manufacturing and applying certain articles for the prevention of drowning.*

—. John Lewis, Llanelly, for *improvements in the art of smelting copper ore,*

21. John Barlow, Portsmouth, for *an instrument to prevent hemorrhage of the subclavian artery, when necessary to amputate the arm from the shoulder joint.*

20. William Chapman, Durham, and Edward Wattson Chapman, Northumberland, for *their method of facilitating the means and reducing the expense of carriages on railways and other roads.*

WORKS IN THE PRESS, AND NEW PUBLICATIONS.

WORKS IN PREPARATION.

A work by the author of Consistency, Perseverance, &c. is in the press, entitled The System, a Tale of the West-Indies.

Mr. Farraday has nearly ready an octavo volume, to be entitled Chemical Manipulation, containing instructions to students in chemistry, relative to the methods of performing experiments, either of demonstration or research, with accuracy and success. It will be illustrated with numerous engravings of apparatus, in wood.

The Rev. Henry Thompson, M.A., of St. John's College, Cambridge, and Assistant Minister of St. George's, Camberwell, is preparing for publication a volume of Practical Sermons on the Life and Character of David, King of Israel.

The Chronicles of London Bridge, which have been so long in preparation, are now announced to be published in the course of next month. This work is to comprise a complete history of that ancient Edifice, from its earliest mention in the English Annals, down to the commencement of the new Structure, in 1825. Its illustrations will consist of fifty-five highly-finished engravings on wood.

Early in December, will be published in 4to., Ezekiel's Temple; being an attempt to delineate the Structure of the Holy Edifice, its Courts, Chambers, Gates, &c. &c., as described in the last Nine Chapters of the Book of Ezekiel. Illustrated with Plates. By Joseph Isreels.

Mr. Colnaghi of Cockspur-street will publish in a few days a very highly finished Engraving, by Cochran, from a beautiful miniature by G. Hayter, M.A. S.L., of the Hon. Mrs. Pakenham, which will form the Twenty-fifth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility.

Mr. Stephen Reynolds Clarke announces as nearly ready, Vestigia; or Observations on the more interesting and debatable Points in the History and Antiquities of England, illustrative of Events, Institutions, Manners, and Literature, from the earliest Ages to the Accession of the House of Tudor.

A Second Edition of Mr. Johnson's Sketches of Indian Field Sports is preparing for the press, with very considerable additions, containing a Description of Hunting the Wild Boar, as followed by Europeans and Native Indians.

The Second Part of Capt. Batty's Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery will appear in January next, and subsequent Parts are to be published every two months till completed.

Isaac Taylor, jun., author of Elements of Thought, or First Lessons in the Knowledge of the Mind, is preparing a Guide to the Study of History.

The Rev. Dr. Wilson, Editor of Selections from the Works of Leighton and Owen, has in the press Selections from the Works of Bishop Hopkins, in 1 vol.

The Child's Scripture Examiner and Assistant, Part IV., or Questions on the Gospel according to the Acts, with practical and explanatory Observations, suited to the capacities of Children, by J. G. Fuller, is nearly ready.

The Female Missionary Advocate, a Poem, is in the press.

The First Part of a Series of One Hundred and Ten Engravings in Line, from Drawings by Baron Taylor, of Views in Spain, Portugal, and on the Coast of Africa, from Tangiers to Tetuan, will appear in December, and be continued regularly every two months. Besides a letter-press description to accompany each Plate, the Tour, in the order of the Author's Journey commencing at the Pyrenees, will be inserted in the last two Numbers. The size of the Work is arranged so as to class with Capt. Batty's works of Scenery, in Hanover and Saxony, and on the Rhine.

The English Translation of the second volume of Timkouski's Mission to China is in the press.

Mr. J. R. Jackson, author of Affection's Victim, Fall of the Crescent, &c. has a Poem in the press, entitled Aheb.

Mr. John Farey, the Engineer, announces an Historical, Practical, and Descriptive Treatise on the Steam Engine, to be illustrated by numerous engraved Engines made by the late Mr. Lawry.

The Living and the Dead.

Mr. Thomas Dibdin announces his Autobiography.

A Series of Fables by Mr. Northcote, illustrated by wood-cuts from his own drawings, is in preparation.

London and its Vicinity, in a Series of Plates from original Drawings, to be published in weekly parts, imperial 8vo.

A Member of the Royal Society of Musicians has nearly ready Le Petit Tyro, or Juvenile Guide to the Piano-forte, containing the first principles of Music, arranged on an entire new plan, blending Theory with Practice.

It is said, that another Novel by the Author of Waverley is nearly ready, to be entitled Chronicles of the Canongate.

The Wolfe of Badenoch, a novel, by the author of Pochandu, is forthcoming at Edinburgh.

The Scot's Worthies, written by a Clergyman of the Kirk of Scotland, with Notes by the author of the Protestant, is almost ready, in 8vo.

No. I. of Swan's Views of Glasgow is amongst the Scottish announcements.

Mr. D'Israeli will shortly publish the Private Life of Charles I.

Mr. Jennings is about to resume the publication of Views of Hanoverian and Saxon Scenery.

The author of Vivian Grey has another novel in preparation.

The Rev. F. A. Cox, LL. D. will publish in January, an Inquiry into the Expediency of introducing a Theological Faculty into the System of the University of London.

A volume containing One Hundred Fables, original and selected, embellished by three hundred wood engravings, is in progress. The head-pieces, invented by the veteran artist Northcote, are drawn upon the wood by Mr. Harvey. The designs of the tail-pieces and ornamental letters are solely by Mr. Harvey. The engravings of the Fables are by Mr. Jackson, and other artists.

LIST OF NEW WORKS.

BIOGRAPHY.

Recollections of the Life of John O'Keefe, the veteran Comic Dramatist, written by himself. 2 vols. 8vo. with portrait. 28s.

Mr. Cradock's Literary and Miscellaneous Memoirs. Vol. II. 10s. 6d. bds.

Fuller's Remains; by Morris. 8vo. 7s. bds.

FINE ARTS.

A Portrait of the Right Hon. Lady Rodney, engraved by Thomson from a painting by Pickersgill, being the twenty-fourth of a Series of Portraits of the Female Nobility. 4to. Columbier-India paper proofs. 5s. Plain do. 4s.

Ackermann's Forget-me-Not, a Christmas and New Year's Present, for 1827; containing Thirteen Engravings on Steel; in a case. 12s.

The Amulet; or Christian and Literary Remembrancer for 1827; with Twelve Engravings by the first Artists. 12s.

The Literary Souvenir; or Cabinet of Poetry and Romance, for 1827; embellished with Twelve Engravings on Steel. 12s.

Friendship's Offering, for 1827; containing Prose and Poetry, illustrated with Twelve superb Engravings. 12s. in an embellished case.

HISTORY AND TOPOGRAPHY.

A Narrative of the Campaigns of the British Army at Washington and New Orleans, in the Years 1814 and 1815. By the author of the Subaltern. 8vo. 12s.

MEDICINE AND SURGERY.

A Treatise on Desk Diseases, attendant upon Persons engaged in Studious or Sedentary Employments. By W. M. Wallace, M.R.C.S. 8vo. 3s. 6d.

Martinet's Manual of Pathology. 18mo. 6s. bds.

Stanley's Practical Anatomy. 12mo. 9s. bds.

Prichard's Researches into the Physical History of Mankind. 2 vols. 8vo. 20s. bds.

MISCELLANIES.

Dr. Kitchiner's Housekeeper's Ledger, for 1827. A Plan for keeping accurate Accounts of the Expenditure of House-keeping, with ruled pages. 8vo. 3s. half-bound.

Some Illustrations of Mr. M'Culloch's Principles of Political Economy. By Mordecai Mullion, Private Secretary to Christopher North. 2s.

A Letter from George Coombe to Francis Jeffery, Esq., in answer to his Strictures on Phrenology in the 88th No. of the Edinburgh Review. 1s. 6d.

Domestic Economy and Cookery, for Rich and Poor. By a Lady. 12mo. 9s.

Every Man's Book for 1827, an indispensable Appendage to the Almanacks; containing interesting matter for People of all Sects and Degrees in Life. 8vo. 1s. 6d.

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The Cheltenham Mail-Bag; or, Letters from Gloucestershire. Second Series. Edited by Peter Quince the Younger.

The Revolt of the Bees. 8vo. 12s. 6d. bds.

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Philip's Outlines of Mineralogy. Post 8vo. 8s. 6d boards.

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Apology for the Corn-Laws. 8vo. 6s. bds.

NOVELS, TALES, &c.

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VOYAGES AND TRAVELS.

Notes and Reflections during a Ramble in Germany. By the author of the Story of a Life. 8vo. 12s. bds.

MONTHLY MEDICAL REPORT.

Fever, of a low and nervous kind, is still very prevalent in all parts of the town. The reporter has heard of many cases, and seen several, in which it proved fatal; but, in his own practice, he has hitherto been peculiarly fortunate. Seldom, however, has it occured to him to witness a fever so tedious, and so little disposed to concentrate itself into that focus which the old physicians were in the habit of designating by the term *crisis*. Neither critical day, nor critical evacuation, can for the most part be discovered. The disorder appears disposed, on the contrary, to diffuse itself, about the usual periods of crisis, over the different structures of the body; and in one case, delirium—in a second, cough, with expectoration—and in a third, severe muscular pains, preventing all sleep—may be observed to accompany, and of course to retard, the decline of the disease. In a case now under cure, the fever has been attended with very extensive aphthous ulceration of the mouth and throat, and has been benefited by a very decided *tonic* system of treat-

ment; but, in general, bitter and stimulating medicines have only served to aggravate the feverish disposition. Saline draughts, on the other hand, have usually afforded some degree of relief, even up to the very latest periods. It has come to the reporter's knowledge, that fever of a similar character, but on the whole more aggravated in its symptoms, has been general throughout many districts in the southern and midland parts of England.

The weather, during the last month, has proved cold, dreary and rainy, and has given birth to the usual proportion of *bronchial* affections. As these diseases constitute, at the present season, the great bulk of the cases which occur in popular practice, and as they will probably continue to do so for the next two (or even, perhaps, three) months, the reporter thinks himself justified in occupying the remainder of this communication with a notice of the principal features of these very troublesome maladies. In general, the *urgent* symptoms (that is to say, those for which the patient calls expressly for relief) are cough, and mucous expectoration, particularly severe in the morning; but sometimes difficulty of breathing predominates so much over the other and more usual symptoms, that the patient is commonly said to have the *asthma*. In many instances, a considerable degree of fever is present also; and sometimes the inflammatory symptoms run so high, as to convert the affection into what Sydenham used to call *bastard peripneumony*. The fits of coughing are occasionally so violent, as to communicate a degree of spasm to the diaphragm, and to bring on vomiting of the contents of the stomach; but generally the appetite is good, and the functions of the stomach unimpaired, till towards the latter periods of the disease. Severe as the sufferings of the patient are at first, they become aggravated in a tenfold degree when the stomach begins to fail, and when the emaciation and exhaustion thence arising confine him to his bed, and threaten him with impending consumption. It is not, however, till after repeated attacks that any real danger is to be apprehended. Most persons will be found to bear up against the disease very well for three or four seasons; but a fifth and a sixth attack have generally so weakened the membrane which is the true seat of disorder, and so reduced the constitution, that an unfavourable event is then justly to be apprehended. The principal sufferers from this severe affliction are persons between the ages of forty and fifty, chiefly in the lower and middling ranks of life—persons exposed, by the nature of their occupations, to the vicissitudes of the climate, and both unable and unwilling to sacrifice, at the onset of the disorder, that time which would be required for its effectual relief. They struggle with it, therefore, until it has acquired an alarming height; and each succeeding winter finds them both more prone to the disease, and less able to resist its violence. The disorder may be characterized as a slow chronic, or subacute inflammation of the mucous membrane of the air passages. Hoarseness sometimes attend it, shewing that the superior portions of the membrane are affected; and sometimes there is sufficient pain in the chest to indicate that the substance of the lung itself has become implicated. Damp, and rainy and foggy weather, is what especially brings it on, and aggravates it when once excited. During the presence of cold and frost, the symptoms usually abate in violence. Exercise of any kind is ill borne; but the walking up hill, or the going up stairs, brings on, even in ordinary cases, such urgent distress of breathing, as to excite, in bystanders, the most lively apprehensions of instant suffocation.

Such are among the most familiar features of that complaint which has now become so very general, and for which the best exertions of our art are seldom able to procure more than a temporary relief. The principles of treatment consist in lessening the flow of blood upon the internal surface of the air passages—in encouraging its determination to the skin and bowels—and, lastly, in diminishing the *irritability* of the affected membrane. The most obvious means of carrying these views into effect, are those which afford the most decisive relief to the patient; and, consequently, general and local bleeding, blisters, saline diaphoretics, and narcotics are the remedies on which the reliance of the medical practitioner will alone be placed. It is true that demulcent and *pectoral* remedies, as they are called, afford a partial and uncertain relief; but they often serve no other purpose than to waste that valuable time, which might have been profitably occupied in measures more energetic, and tending more directly to the root of the growing evil.

George Gregory, M.D.

8, *Upper John-street, Golden-square, November* 22, 1826.

MONTHLY AGRICULTURAL REPORT.

The past month has afforded small variety of report; rural concerns proceeding, and that in a most prosperous train of culture, according to the routine previously detailed. The wheat seed process may be looked upon as generally finished, excepting upon lands not yet cleared of potatoes or mangel-wurzel; and never more expeditiously, or in a more workman-like style, even in those districts which were formerly deemed slow in the race of improvement. The drill is gradually pervading some of these, not indeed in attainable perfection, which, in truth, has not yet reached those of which our greatest

boast is made. In all probability, the most extensive breadth of land has been sown with wheat, in the present season, that was ever before devoted to the culture of that precious article, in Britain. Two circumstances have materially contributed to this—the failure of the turnip crop, and the apprehension of a scarcity of seed barley, and consequent high price in the spring. The young wheats are sufficiently thick on the soil, and on rich soils so luxuriant, that there is a supposed necessity of feeding them down with sheep.

The sole complaints with which our Correspondents entertain us, are against rooks and pigeons, and *hares*, which last they feed but must not share—*sic vos non vobis.* Larks they say are innumerable this year, and the most difficult to watch. But this watch and ward, of all others, need not be regretted; for, not to insist that this feathered generation came into the world, under the same commission with ourselves, namely, to eat and drink, they well earn their living, since but for them, the fruits of the earth would be utterly destroyed by insectile vermin. Indeed, the worst enemies of the season are the grub and wireworm, a great increase of which it was reasonable to expect, after the long drought of summer. Some addition to the usual acreable quantity of seed-wheat was thence necessary. The most effective remedy against these vermin which we have known and practised, is to plough up and burn the corn stubbles, and heavy rolling the fallows.

Fallowing for the Lent corn goes on briskly, and lands are in preparation for early bean sowing. The soil, it is universally stated, never turned up more mellow, friable and healthy. The wheat crop continues to rise well, and has hitherto shewn no diminution of its character for quantity; whilst the considerable price it maintains is full evidence of the immensity of the consumption. Oats, beans, and peas must necessarily command a high price in the spring markets, whatever import may take place; because *quality* is always so much in request, and so amply rewarded in this country. The same of flesh-meat, bacon, butter, and cheese, the quantities produced being below the usual standard, from the shortness of the grass crops, after such continual drought. The turnips cannot, at best, prove a sufficient crop; and on the far greater part of the lands the grass crops, though luxuriant to appearance, cannot be very heavy or substantial; that stock must go into early winter quarters; and should that season be severe, it will, in all probability, be as difficult a one, as any living farmer has encountered. Potatoes have proved beyond expectation, and it is at last discovered that, in quantity, they are nearly or altogether an average; their failure is chiefly in quality. In Scotland, oats are said to equal the price of wheat, and oatmeal to be dearer than wheat-flour. Cyder will be in great plenty, the apples not keeping this year.

There is no material change with respect to live-stock since our last report, though the meat markets have been somewhat better supplied since keep has increased. In some quarters, they speak of an improvement in the price of store-cattle and sheep, and even of wool; but it is as yet of no general or decisive character. The price of store-pigs is much depressed, from the great enhancement in value of that which must be had to feed them. Cows also are considerably cheaper. The horse-market remains in the same state, as to the prime kinds; ordinary ones, of all sorts, cheaper.

The accounts from most parts of the country, of a probable want of agricultural labour during the winter, are most disheartening. Indeed that most unfortunate and too numerous class, the farming labourers, apparently ever doomed to a state of slavish dependence for their daily bread, be the earth's products dear or cheap, are, beyond all others, entitled to the compassion and consideration of their country, which is fed by their toil and the sweat of their brow. Whether or not their situation is susceptible of amendment, or whether any measures of that tendency are in contemplation under the new style of things which is about to take place in regard to the import of corn, does not appear. There is little doubt among the best-informed men even of their own class, that the dreadful apprehensions which the farmers have been led to entertain of the meditated piece of state policy, will prove merely panic. Why should we dread that measure, with our present immense number of consumers, which has been resorted to without injury or inconvenience in former times? The press has groaned under the number of essays calculated to disseminate this terror; but as bodies of men, particularly when in the enjoyment of a monopoly, are always supposed to publish *ex parte* statements, and to plead especially in favour of their own corporate interests, those essays have had no weight with the great majority without doors, or with those who have the direction of the national affairs.

Smithfield.—Beef, 3*s.* 0*d.* to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Mutton, 3*s.* 6*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.*——Veal 4*s.* 0*d.* to 5*s.* 2*d.*—Pork, 4*s.* 0*d.* to 5*s.* 0*d.*—Dairy-fed, 6*s.*—Raw Fat, 2*s.* 9*d.* per stone.

Corn Exchange.—Wheat, 47*s.* to 66*s.*—Barley, 36*s.* to 46*s.*—Oats, 28*s* to 42*s.*—Best Scotch Oats, 44*s.*—Bread, 4lb. loaf, 9*d.*—Hay, 78*s.* to 110*s.*—Clover, ditto 90*s.* to 130*s.*—Straw, 27*s.* to 38*s.*

Coals in the Pool, 28*s.* 0*d.* to 36*s.*

Middlesex, November 20th, 1826.

MONTHLY COMMERCIAL REPORT.

Tea.—In our last Report we stated that the next sale would be 7,600,000 lbs. Tea, *on 5th December*, and prompt 2*d March* 1827; pending such time, little or no alteration is to be expected in prices.

Sugar.—The holders having submitted to a reduction of 1s. to 1s. 6*d.* per cwt. on Muscavadoes, business has become extensive, and a great deal done for the month past. —Jamaicas, 54*s.* to 70*s.* per cwt. Very fine are rather scarce and inquired after; and refined goods for the Continent are also in demand.

Rum—still remains steady—at 2*s.* 8*d.* up to 4*s.* per imperial gallon.—For good Jamaicas and Leeward Island, 2*s.* 2*d.* to 2*s.* 4*d.* per ditto.

Coffee—for *exportation*, has been in good demand, from 45*s.* to 80*s.* per cwt.—Mocha, 60*s.* to 120*s.* per cwt.

Cotton.—The market continues dull, without any prospect of amendment, and prices are nominal.—Bengals, 4¼*d.* to 4¾*d.*, per lb.—Surats 5*d.* to 5½*d.*—West India, 6½*d.* to 10*d.*—Bourbon, 9*d*, to 12*d.* per lb.—New Orleans, 7*d.* to 9*d.* per lb.

Spices.—Cinnamon, 7*s.* 6*d.* to 7*s.* 10*d.*—Black Pepper, 4¾*d.* to 5*d.* per lb.—Mace, 4*s.* 2*d.* to 4*s.* 4*d.* per lb.—rather steady.

Hemp, Flax, and Tallow.—The Tallow market has been rather heavy.—Yellow Candle Tallow, 38*s.* 6*d.* to 40*s.* per cwt. No alteration in prices of Flax or Hemp.

Oils.—Greenland Oil offered at £34, but no buyers.

Course of Foreign Exchange.—Amsterdam, 12. 7.—Rotterdam, 12. 7.—Antwerp, 12. 8.—Hamburg, 37. 6.—Altona, 37. 7.—Paris, 25. 65. — Bourdeaux, 25. 65.—Berlin, 7.—Frankfort on the Main, 154½.—Petersburg, 8½.—Vienna, 10. 21.—Trieste, 10. 24.—Madrid, 34.— Cadiz, 34¾.—Bilboa, 33.—Barcelona, 33.— Seville, 33.—Gibraltar, 43.—Leghorn, 47½—Genoa, 43¾.—Venice, 46.—Naples, 38¼.—Palermo, 114½. —Lisbon, 48¾.—Oporto, 48¼.—Rio Janeiro, 43½.—Bahia, 43½.—Buenos Ayres, 43.—Dublin, 1½.—Cork, 1½.

Bullion per Oz.—Foreign Gold in bars, £3. 17*s.* 6*d.*—New Doubloons, £3. 0*s.*—New Dollars, 4*s.* 9*d.*—Silver in bars, standard 4*s.* 11*d.*

Premiums on Shares and Consols, and Joint-Stock Companies, at the Office of WOLFE, BROTHERS, 23, *Change Alley, Cornhill.*—Barnsley CANAL,, 280*l.*—Birmingham, 260*l.*—Derby, 200*l.*—Ellesmere and Chester, 100*l.*—Erewash, 00*l.*—Forth and Clyde, 590*l.*.. Grand Junction, 300*l.*—Leeds and Liverpool, 380*l.*—Mersey and Irwell, 750*l.*—Neath, 330*l.*—Oxford, 700*l.*—Stafford and Worcester, 750*l.*—Trent and Mersey, 1,850*l.* —Alliance British and Foreign INSURANCE, *par.*—Guardian, 18*l.* — Hope, 4*l.* 15*s.*—Sun Fire, 0*l.*—GAS-LIGHT Westminster Chartered Company, 58*l.*—City Gas-Light Company, 157*l.*—British, 11*l.* dis.—Leeds, 195*l.*—Liverpool, *par.*

ARMY PROMOTIONS.

(From the 24th Oct. to the 21st Nov.; extracted from the London Gazettes.)

1 *Life Gu.*—Corn. and Sub-Lt. C. T. Heneage, Lt. by purch., v. Law prom.; T. M. Biddulph, Corn. and Sub-Lt. by purch., v. Peyton prom.; C. B. Codrington, ditto, v. Heneage, all 7 Oct.

2 *Life Gu.*—Hon. G. W. Coventry, Corn. and Sub-Lt. by purch., v. Ongley app. to 1 or Gr. F. Gu., 4 Oct.

1 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. G. A. Handley, Lt. by purch., v. Elwes prom., 17 Oct.

3 *Dr. Gu.*—E. W. Dickenson, Corn. by purch., v. Wilson prom., 2 Nov.; Capt. P. Chalmers, from h. p., Capt., v. E. Burnaby, who exch., rec. dif.; Corn. W. H. B. J. Wilson, Lt. by purch., v. Chalmers prom., both 12 Oct.

4 *Dr. Gu.*—Corn. H. W. Vaughan, Lt. by purch., v. Owen prom., 14 Nov.

6 *Dr. Gu.*—H. H. France, Corn. by purch., v. Jerningham prom., 2 Nov.

1 *Dr.*—W. H. Desborough, Corn. by purch., v. Pitman prom., 12 Oct.

8 *L. Dr.*—Lt. W. T. Harrison, Capt. by purch., v. Knight prom.; Corn. J. Mac Call, Lt. by purch., v. Harrison; E. B. Thornhill, Corn. by purch., v. Mac Call, all 17 Oct.; Capt. H. A. Hankey, from 10 F., Capt., v. Harrison, who exch., 2 Nov.

9 *L. Dr.*—Capt. H. J. Ramsden, from 62 F., Capt., v. Vrughan, who exch., 2 Nov.

10 *L. Dr.*—Serj. Maj J. Preston, Adj., with rank of Corn., v. Kaye prom., 31 Aug.

16 *L. Dr.*—G. S. Deverill, Corn. by purch., v. Bonham, whose app. has not taken place, 2 Nov.

17 *L. Dr.*—Lt. Col. A. Rumpler, from h. p., Lt. Col., v. Hon. L. Stanhope, who exch., rec. dif., 18 Oct.; Capt. W. T. H. Fisk, from h. p., Paym., v. R. Harman, placed on h. p., 19 Oct.

3 *F. Gu.*—Capt. and Lt. Col. E. Bowater, Maj. by purch., with rank of Col., v. Cochrane, who rets.; Lt. and Capt. W. Stockdale, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch., v. Bowater; Ens. and Lt. Hon. C. B. Phipps, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Stockdale; N. Micklewaithe, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Phipps, all 12 Oct.; Lt. and Capt. C. O'N. Prendergast, Capt. and Lt. Col. by purch., v. Barnett who rets.; Ens. and Lt. F. H. Turner, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Prendergast; B. B. M'Mahon, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Turner, all 26 Oct.; Ens. and Lt. H. Bowden, Lt. and Capt. by purch., v. Elrington prom.; W. F. Elrington, Ens. and Lt. by purch., v. Bowden, both 14 Nov.

3 *F.*—J. H. Isaac, Ens. by purch., v. Beare prom. in 46 F., 2 Nov.

5 *F.*—Lt. T. Le M. Saumarez, from h. p., Lt., v. W. J. Copson, who exch., rec. dif., 26 Oct.

6 *F.*—J. T. Latham, Ens., v. Dumaresq dec., 12

Oct.; Lt. C. W. Nash, from h. p. 103 F., Lt., v. Walsh prom. in Afr. Col. Corps, 19 Oct.

7 *F.*—R. H. Cuthbert, Lt. by purch., v. Westenra prom., 2 Nov.

9 *F.*—Ens. J. H. Taylor, Lt., v. Clarkson dec., 26 Oct.; F. Robinson, Ens., v. Taylor, 12 Oct.

10 *F.*—Capt. W. T. Harrison, from 8 L. Dr., Capt., v. Hankey, who exch., 2 Nov.

14 *F.*—Maj. Sir J. R. Eustace from h. p. 19 L. Dr., Maj., v. Marshall prom., 14 Nov.

15 *F.*—As. Surg. J. P. Munro, from 77 F., As. Surg., v. Knott app. to 6 Dr., 12 Oct.

16 *F.*—Lt. W. Hyde, from h. p., Lt., v. A. G. Grant, who exch., rec. dif., 26 Oct.

17 *F.*—Lt. W. T. P. Shortt, from 44 F., Lt., v. Wootton, who exch., 2 Nov.

18 *F.*—Capt. W. H. Adams, from h. p., Capt., v. R. La Touche, who exch., rec. dif., 12 Oct.; Capt. T. Moore, from 98 F., Capt., v. Weld prom., 7 Nov.

19 *F.*—Brev. Maj. J. S. Hamilton, from h. p. 1st Vet. Bat., Capt., v. N. Custance, who exch., 12 Oct.; Ens. C. W. Clarke, Lt. by purch., v. Yeoman prom., 31 Oct.; Surg. J. R. Savery, from 1 W. I. Regt., Surg., v. W. J. B. Parker, who rets. on h. p., 26 Oct.; L. Wynne, Ens. by purch., v. Williamson prom., 2 Nov.

21 *F.*—R. Davies, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Macdonald prom., 24 Oct.; T. Leahy, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Stewart prom. in 44 F., 26 Oct.

22 *F.*—Lt. W. Potenger, Adj., v. Edwards, who res. adjtcy. only, 2 Nov.

25 *F.*—Capt. J. M. Robertson, Maj. by purch., v. Denham prom.; Lt. W. Hill, from 87 F., Capt. by purch., v. Robertson, both 14 Nov.

28 *F.*—E. H. Trelawney, Ens. by purch., v. Acklom prom., 12 Oct.

32 *F.*—E. Wynne, Ens. by purch., v. Trevelyan prom., 12 Oct.; Lt. A. Gardiner, from h. p. 96 F., Lt., v. G. Moore, who exch.; Lt. G. Moore, from h. p. 96 F., Paym., v. H. Y. Edgar, who rets. on h. p. as Lt., both 19 Oct.

33 *F.*—J. Colquhoun, Ens. by purch., v. Fiske prom., 12 Oct.

34 *F.*—Capt. C. B. Brisbane, from 81 F., Capt., v. F. W. Frankland, who rets. on h. p., rec. dif., 19 Oct.; Capt. H. Gascoyne, from h. p., Capt., v. Nicolls prom.; Ens. E. Broderick, Lt. by purch., v. Foskett prom., both 7 Nov.

35 *F.*—Capt. H. Semple, from h. p., Capt., v. M'Pherson prom.; Lt. P. Macpherson from 46 F., Lt., v. Buchanan, whose app. has not taken place, both 12 Oct.

37 *F.*—B. J. Knight, Ens. by purch., v. Burke, who rets., 26 Oct.

38 *F.*—Ens. M. J. Gambier, from 11 F., Lt. by purch., v. J. Campbell prom., 19 Oct.; Capt. G. B. Sutherland, from h. p., Capt., v. Grant prom., 7 Nov.

39 *F.*—Lt. G. Dolphin, from h. p. 74 F., Lt., v. R. Douglas, placed upon h. p., 19 Oct.

40 *F.*—Lt. M. Dalrymple, Capt. by purch., v. Stewart, who rets., 26 Oct.; Ens. J. Stopford, Lt. by purch., v. Dalrymple prom.; F. White, Ens., v. Stopford, both 2 Nov.

42 *F.*—Ens. C. Dunsmure, Lt. by purch., v. C. K. Macdonald prom., 7 Nov.; E. B. Grant, Ens. by purch., v. Dunsmure prom., 14 Nov.

43 *F.*—Ens. Hon. W. S. Clements, Lt. by purch., v. prom., 31 Oct.; H. Tufton, Ens. by purch., v. Clements prom., 2 Nov.

44 *F.*—2d Lt. A. Stewart, from 21 F., Lt. by purch., v. Fraser who rets., 26 Oct.; Lt. H. Wootton, from 17 F., Lt., v. Shortt, who exch., 2 Nov.

46 *F.*—Lt. J. Muttlebury, from h. p. 69 F., Lt., v. Macpherson app. to 35 F.; Lt. J. H. Ffrench, Adj., v. Purcell, who res. Adjtcy. only, both 12 Oct.; Ens. W. G. Beare, from 3 F., Lt. by purch., v. Vario, whose prom. by purch. has been cancelled, 26 Oct.

65 *F.*—Ens. P. R. Peck, Lt. by purch., v. Cumberland prom., 14 Nov.

66 *F.*—Serj. Maj. R. Copsey, Qu. Mast., v. Mulligan, who rets. on full pay, 19 Oct.

72 *F.*—Lt. C. S. Jones, Capt. by purch., v. Harding prom., 14 Nov.

80 *F.*—Surg. F. Leigh, from h. p. 2 Vet. Bat., Surg., v. Winterscale, whose prom. has been cancelled, 12 Oct.; Capt. J. R. Broadhead, from h. p., Capt., v. G. Fothergill who exch., rec. dif., 12 Oct.; W. J. Irenonger, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Champer, app. to 14 F., 19 Oct.; Maj. C. Shee, from h. p., Maj., v. Rumpler prom.; Capt. C. B. Berkeley, from 97 F., Capt., v. Greaves, who exch., both 26 Oct.

61 *F.*—As. Surg. M. M'Dermott, from 63 F., As. Surg., v. Whyte prom. in 25 F., 2 Nov.

62 *F.*—Lt. F. Carr, from h. p., Lt., v. W. Rothwell, who exch., rec. dif., 12 Oct.; Ens. W. Guard, Lt. by purch., v. Bouverie prom., 31 Oct.; Capt. Hon. G. Vaughan, from 9 L. Dr., Capt., v. Ramsden, who exch., 2 Nov.; Ens. R. Burney, from 79 F., Ens., v. Guard prom., 7 Nov.

63 *F.*—J. P. Hickman, Ens. by purch., v. Kingston prom.; As. Surg. J. J. Russell, from 77 F., As. Surg., v. Reach app. to 10 L. Dr., both 19 Oct.; Lt. J. Jordan, Capt. by purch., v. Campbell prom.; Ens. A. B. L. P. Burrell, Lt. by purch., v. Jordan; A. C. Pole, Ens. by purch., v. Burrell, all 7 Nov.

64 *F.*—Capt. W. Boates, from h. p., Capt., v. J. A. Allen, who exch., rec. dif., 26 Oct.; Lt. J. Bell, from h. p., Lt., v. J. C. V. Molesworth, who exch., rec. dif., 7 Nov.; S. Greaves, Ens. by purch., v. Bell prom., 7 Nov., Qu. Mast. Serj. J. Carr, Qu. Mast., v. Crymble, who rets. on full pay, 2 Nov.

66 *F.*—Ens. H. C. Jenner, Lt. by purch., v. Johnston prom.; R. T. Healey, Ens. by purch., v. Jenner, both 12 Oct.

68 *F.*—Ens. A. M. Woolhouse, from h. p., Ens., v. W. Fuller, who exch., rec. dif., 2 Nov.; Hon. R. Boyle, Ens. by purch., v. Walwyn prom., 14 Nov.

70 *F.*—G. Durnford, Ens. by purch., v. Kirwan prom., 17 Oct.

71 *F.*—C. A. Sheppard, Ens. by purch., v. Craik prom., 7 Nov.

73 *F.*—Ens. W. Dawson, from h. p., Ens., v. L. S. Demay, who exch., rec. dif., 2 Nov.

76 *F.*—Maj. A. Lane, from h. p., Maj., v. W. Bampton, who exch., rec. dif., 19 Oct.; Capt. R. Burdett, from h. p., Capt., repaying dif. to h. p. fund, v. Gaff prom., 31 Oct.; Capt. R. F. Martin, from h. p., Capt., v. Burdett prom., 7 Nov.

77 *F.*—Host. As. H. Mackesey, As. Surg., v. Munro app. to 15 F., 12 Oct.; Hosp. As. A. G. Byrne, As. Surg., v. Russell app. to 63 F., 19 Oct.

78 *F.*—J. Shields, Ens., v. Young dec., 2 Nov.

79 *F.*—Capt. F. Maule, from h. p., Capt., v. Campbell prom., 31 Oct.

80 *F.*—F. B. Knox, Ens. by purch., v. Toole prom., 19 Oct.

81 *F.*—Capt. C. Estridge, from h. p., Capt., paying dif., v. Brisbane app. to 34 F., 19 Oct.

82 *F.*—Capt. J. J. Pounden, from 1 W. I. Regt., Capt., v. Richardson, who exch., 26 Oct.

83 *F.*—Ens. H. F. Ainslie, Lt. by purch., v. Anstruther prom., 7 Nov.; J. G. Pole, Ens. by purch., v. Ainslie prom., 14 Nov.; Hosp. As. T. E. Ayre, As. Surg., v. M'Dermott app. to 61 F., 2 Nov.

85 *F.*—Qu. Mast. Serj. W. Collins, Qu. Mast., v. Ross dec., 26 Oct.

86 *F.*—Ens. R. Mayne, Lt. by purch., v. Osborne prom., 31 Oct.

88 *F.*—Capt. Hon. A. F. Southwell, from h. p. 5 Dr. Gu., Capt., v. W. Mackie, who exch., rec. dif., 26 Oct.

90 *F.*—Ens. J. E. White, from h. p., Ens., v. W. Beatty, who exch., rec. dif.

95 *F.*—Maj. C. C. Blane, from h. p., Maj., v. J. Peddie, who exch., rec. dif., 25 Oct.

97 *F.*—Capt. G. F. Greaves, from 60 F., Capt., v. Berkeley, who exch.; Capt. T. O. Cave, from h. p. 10 L. Dr., Capt., v. Twigg, whose app. has not taken place, both 26 Oct.

98 *F.*—Capt. H. Clinton, from h. p., Capt., v. Moore app. to 18 F., 7 Nov.

1 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. J. Richardson, from 82 F., Capt., v. Pounden, who exch.; As. Surg. W. Finnie, from 1 F., Surg., v. Savery app. to 19 F., both 26 Oct.; F. B. Russell, Ens., v. Russell prom. in R. Afr. Col. Corps, 2 Nov.

2 *W. I. Regt.*—Capt. T. Tait, from h. p., Capt., v. Hanley, whose app. has not taken place, 19 Oct.; Ens. P. C. Codd, Lt. by purch., v. Conran app. adj., 24 Oct.

R. Afr. Col. Corps.—Lt. J. Jackson, Capt., v. Gregg dec., 3 Nov.; Ens. J. P. Hardy, Lt., v. W. P. Godwin dec., 3 Nov.; Ens. C. Nott, Lt., v. Wyse dec., 4 Nov.; Ens. E. Miller, Lt., v. Cooke dec., 5 Nov.; Ens. W. Russell, from 1 W. I. Regt., Lt., v. Jackson, 6 Nov.; H. Rishton, Ens. v. Stapleton dec., 1 Nov.; W. E. Stanley, Ens., v. M'Donell dec., 2 Nov.; W. W. Percival, Ens., v. Hardy, 3 Nov.; J. Isaac, Ens., v. Nott, 5 Nov.; T. Green, Ens., v. Miller, 5 Nov.; Hosp. As. P. J. Meade, As. Surg., v. Cahill dec., 1 Nov.; Hosp. As. T. B. Sibbald, As. Surg., v. Ryan dec., 2 Nov.

Rifle Brigade.—Lt. W. Warren, Capt. by purch., v. Felix, prom.; 2d Lt. H. Shirley, 1st Lt. by purch., v. Warren; M. Newton, 2d Lt. by purch., v. Shirley, all 31 Oct.

R. Regt. of Artillery.—C. Bignell, 2d Lt.; J. W. Mitchell, 2d Lt.; G. J. Beresford, 2d Lt., all 13

Oct.; Maj. B. Walsh, Lt. Col., v. Sinclair who rets.; Br. Maj. N. W. Oliver, Maj., v. Walsh; 2d Capt. P. W. Walker, Capt., v. Oliver; 2d Capt. R. F. Phillips, from h. p., 2d Capt., v. Walker, all 14 Nov.

Ordnance Med. Depart.—1st As. Surg. A. Macdonald, Surg., v. Scratchley ret.; 2d As. Surg. T. Whitelaw, 1st As. Surg., v. Macdonald prom.; 2d As. Surg. J. Nixon, from h. p., 2d As. Surg., v. Whitelaw prom., all 30 Oct.

Garrisons.—Lt. J. Colcroft, of 36 F., Gar. Qu. Mast. in Island of Malta, 26 Oct.

Hospital Staff.—Apoth. G. H. Reade, from h. p., Apoth. to forces, v. E. O'Brien, who exch., rec. dif.; Dep. Purv. J. Croft, from h. p., Dep. Purveyor to forces, v. A. Power, who exch., both 12 Oct.—*To be Hosp. Assists. to forces:* G. Rumley, v. Stuart prom. in 14 F.; J. K. Adams, v. De St. Croix prom.; F. Browne, v. As. Surg. Stephenson app. to 13 L. Dr., all 12 Oct.; T. Burges, v. Stewart dec., 19 Oct.; D. Lister, v. Ewing app. to 2 W. I. Regt.; T. Hume, v. Williams app. to 19 F.; A. G. Home, v. Beavan app. to 86 F., all 26 Oct.; A. Thorn, v. Chapman, app. to 13 F.; M. A. Lowry, v. Battersby app. to 14 F.; A. H. Cowan, v. Wood app. to 20 F.; W. Hall, v. Stewart app. to 6 F., all 2 Nov.

Unattached.—To be Lt. Cols. of Inf. by purch. Maj. D. Denham, from 25 F.; Maj. J. Marshall, from 14 F.; Lt. and Capt. J. Elrington, from 3 F. Gu., all 14 Nov.—*To be Majs. of Inf. by purch.:* Capt. O. Felix, from Rifle Brig., 31 Oct.; Capt. G. G. Nicolls, from 34 F.; Capt. C. Grant, from 38 F.; Capt. R. Burdett, from 76 F.; Capt. D. Campbell, from 63 F., all 7 Nov.; Capt. W. Harding, from 58 F.; Capt. W. Nepean, from 4 L. Dr.; Capt. J. J. Snodgrass, from 91 F., all 14 Nov.—*To be Capts. of Inf. by purch.:* Lt. T. H. Johnston, from 66 F., 24 Oct.; Lt. F. K. Bouverie, from 62 F.; Lt. W. Osborne, from 86 F.; Lt. A. Denham, from 43 F.; Lt. C. Yeoman, from 19 F., all 31 Oct.; Lt. C. K. Macdonald, from 42 F.; Lt. J. Foskett, from 34 F.; Lt. R. Anstruther, from 83 F., all 7 Nov.; Lt. B. H. Cumberland, from 55 F.; Lt. W. M. Owen, from 4 Dr. Gu.; R. Curteis, from 6. F.; H. Richards, from 6 Dr. Gu., all 14 Nov.—*To be Lts. of Inf. by purch.:* 2d Lt. J. Macdonald, from 21 F., 24 Oct.; Ens. J. Bell, from 64 F., 31 Oct.; Ens. J. Craik, from 71 F.; Corn. I. Elton, from L. Dr., both 7 Nov.; Ens. J. A. Campbell, from 51 F.; R. Walwyn, from 68 F., both 14 Nov.

Brevet.—To have rank of Lt. Cols. on Continent of Europe only: A. Tilt, late of 37 F., 12 Oct.; T. G. Fitzgerald, late of 72 F., 19 Oct.; A. Meade, late of 91 F., 19 Oct.; C. W. Crookshanks, late of 35 F.; Hon. J. Walpole, late of Coldstr. F. Gu.; D. Mackay, late of 67 F., all 26 Oct.; J. L. Higgins, late of 6 Dr. Gu., 2 Nov.—*To have rank of Majs. on ditto:* A. M. Bennett, late of 5 F., 12 Oct.; W. Hames, late of 2 Dr. Gu., 19 Oct.; O. Caldwell, late of 2 Vet. Bat., 19 Oct.; H. Light, late of R. Artil., 26 Oct.; E. Barwick, late of 37 F., 26 Oct.

Allowed to dispose of their half-pay.—Capt. J. S. Peach, Canadian Fenc. Inf.; Lt. J. C. O'H. Dickens, 24 L. Dr., both 24 Oct.; Maj P. D. Fellowes, late 1 Vet. Bat.; Capt. J. Hunter, 68 F.; Capt. J. Dewar, Malta Regt.; Capt. H. J. Heyland, 14 F.; Capt. De Meuron D'Ivernois, De Meuron's Regt.; Lt. J. Brown, 29 F., all 31 Oct., Maj. C. W. Crookshanks, (Lt. Col.), 35 F.; Maj. F. Gordon, R. Artil.; Maj. de Sichart, 1 L. Dr., King's Germ. Leg.; Maj. H. Ellis, unattached; Capt. C. Hesse, Cav. Staff Corps; Lt. C. W. Hughes, 70 F.; Lt. W. Leach, 7 F., all 7 Nov.; Lt. Col. W. Minto, Marine Artil.; Col. L. C. Meares, Marines; Lt. Col. J. S. Sinclair, Artil.; Maj. M. Coast (Lt. Col.), 21 F.; Maj. W. S. Elrington, ret. list 4 Vet. Bat.; Capt. W. Swabey, Artil.; F. P. Bedingford, ret. full pay Artil.; Capt. W. Dobbin, Portug. Officers; Capt. H. Crofton, 82 F.; Lt. H. Monck, 73 F.; Lt. A. Greig, 81 F., all 14 Nov.

The undermentioned officers, having Brevet rank superior to their regimental commissions, have accepted prom. upon half pay, according to G. O. of 25th April, 1826.

Unattached.—To be Majs. of Inf.: Br. Maj. J. Gaff, from 76 F.; Br. Maj. J. Campbell, from 79 F., both 31 Oct.; Br. Maj. W. Crokat, from 20 F.; Br. Maj. R. Weld, from 18 F., both 7 Nov.

The prom. of Ens. Young, from 78 F., to be Lt. in 33 F. by purch., stated to have taken place on 20 July, has not taken place.

Alphabetical List of Bankruptcies, *announced between the 22d of October and the 22d of November* 1826; *extracted from the London Gazettes.*

BANKRUPTCIES SUPERSEDED.

BLORE, J. C. Liverpool, confectioner
Clifford, T. Great Marlow, stonemason
Davy, W. Norwich, iron-founder
Edmonson, J. Keighley, York, worsted-manufacturer
Eveleigh, J. Manchester, hat-lining-cutter
Hill, James, Manchester, provision-dealer
Lunt, J. B. and R. Lunt, Liverpool, soap-boilers
Powell, J. Wellington-terrace, Waterloo-road, draper

BANKRUPTCIES. [This Month 242.]

Solicitors' Names are in Brackets.

ANDERSON, A. Union-street, Hanover-square, tailor. [Lane, Marshall-street, Golden-square
Abbott, C. Nag's-head-court, Gracechurch-street, tavern-keeper. [Stevens and Co., Little St. Thomas Apostle
Acton, J. Copthall-court, scrivener. [Store, Token-house-yard
Aston, W. Mark-lane, ship and insurance-broker. [Young, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Allen, J. Oxford, chinaman. [Bringer, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street; Cecil, Oxford
Aveling, J. Great Charlotte-street, Fitzroy-square, grocer. [Butler and Teague, Cannon-street
Alliston, C. and R. Smith, Belvedere-road, Lambeth, soap-manufacturers. [Harrison, Walbrook-buildings, Walbrook
Allison, E. and T. Leeds, mercers. [Atkinson, Manchester; Makinson, Middle Temple
Allen, B. Great Queen-street, Lincoln's-inn-fields, coach-plater. [Clarke, Gray's-inn-square
Baines, M. and J. St. Paul's Church-yard, upholsterers. [Wheeler and Bennett, John-street, Bedford-row
Bland, J. S. Charlotte-street, Rathbone-place, haberdasher. [Lowless and Co., Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Bensusan, Clara, late of Tottenham-court, New-road, dealer. [Wills, Ely-place
Bland, C. Greek-street, Soho, music-seller. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square
Bage, A. Shrewsbury, linen-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Williams, Shrewsbury
Boor, J. Warminster, Wilts, money-scrivener. [Lindsell, Gray's-inn; Bowles and Co., Shaftesbury
Bonfield, E. Wisbeach, draper. [Crowder and Co., Lothbury
Burnett, F. Strand, chemist. [Chester, Staple-inn
Barber, J. Henrietta-street, Covent-garden, linen-draper. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Ballard, T. Dock head, Bermondsey, grocer. [Hodgson and Co., Salisbury-street, Strand
Berry, J. Chesham, Buckingham, ironmonger. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street, Charter-house-square
Bean, W. jun. Upper George-street, Portman-square, [Williams and Co., Gray's-inn-place
Bridgford, J. Manchester, victualler. [Atkinson, Manchester; Makinson, Middle Temple
Burgess, T. and T. Hill, Great Windmill-street, booksellers. [Hopkinson, Red Lion-square
Bransby, W. and M. Court, Sowerby, York, and Rochdale, Lancashire, curriers. [Birch and Co., Great Winchester-street; Rider, Thirsk, Yorkshire
Baum, J. Hackney Wick, victualler. [Argill and Maddison, Whitechapel-road
Buckland, T. Billiter-street, ship-insurance-broker. [Young and Gilbert, Mark-lane
Bonham, T. Hogston, Bucks, butcher. [Hatten, Aylesbury; Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row
Baskett, C. T. Poole, wine-merchant. [Durant and Welch, Poole
Bousfield, W. Gutter-lane, warehouseman. [Bowden and Walters, Aldermanbury
Bromley, J. Stafford, shoe-manufacturer. [Clowes and Co., Temple; Seckerson, Stafford
Burrell, G. Wakefield, cloth-merchant. [Granger, Leeds; King, Hatton-garden

Boardman, R. Bolton-le-Moors, money-scrivener. [Cross and Rushton, Bolton-le-Moors; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Bradley, J. Leeds, linen-draper. [Scott and Sangster, Leeds
Bunn, B. and W. Allen, Worcester, flax-dressers. [Hillard and Hastings, Gray's-inn; Godson, Worcester
Beare, J. Westminster, general merchant. [Smyth, Red Lion-square
Brown, J. and J. A. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, house-carpenters. [Brown, Newcastle; Brooksband and Tarn, Gray's-inn
Crawford, H. Liverpool, merchant. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Massey, Liverpool
Carpenter, W. Leadenhall-street, woollen-draper. [Tilleard, Old Jewry
Cardinal, J. Leicester, currier. [Carter, Royal Exchange
Clouter, R. Bedminster, Somerset, currier. [Hicks and Co., Bartlett's-buildings; Greville, Bristol
Clarke, C. W. Holborn, druggist. [Lillie, Austinfriars
Challinor, J. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, grocer. [Pendlebury, Bolton-le-Moors; Hurd and Johnson, Temple
Cleobury, R. Cheapside, tailor. [Fawcett, Jewin street
Chippindal, R. J. Pultney-terrace, Conduit-fields, Pentonville, picture-dealer. [Gee and Co., New North-street, Red Lion-square
Cutmore, J. Exmouth-street, Commercial-road, licensed victualler. [Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road
Cox, I. Trowbridge, Wilts, victualler. [Berkeley and Co., Lincoln's-inn; Bush, Trowbridge
Clarkson, J. Windmill-street, Finsbury-square, merchant. [Nind and Co., Throgmorton-street
Cox, J. A. Oxford-street, woollen-draper. [Bowden and Co., Aldermanbury
Cox, R. Nottingham, warehouseman. [Jalland, Newark-upon-Trent; Hall and Brownley, Boswell-court
Cole, T. Exeter, builder. [Brutton, Old Broad-street; Brutton, Exeter
Cocks, J. Norwich, tailor. [Beckwith, Norwich; Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane
Clarence, R. Clare, Suffolk, chemist. [Drew, Bermondsey-street, Southwark
Coates, W. sen. and W. jun. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, wine-merchants. [Constable and Kirk, Symond's-inn; Willis and Swinburne, Gateshead; Armstrong, Newcastle-upon-Tyne
Chrisp, S. M. Peterborough, Northampton, ironmonger. [Fludgate and Co., Essex-street; Jackson, Stamford
Croasdill, G. Holy Cross, Westgate, Canterbury, maltster. [Plummer and Sons, Canterbury; Nethersoles and Barron, Essex street, Strand
Cresswell, T. Cross-lane, fish-factor. [Lang, Fenchurch-street
Crofts, G. Wycombe-marsh, Buckingham, paper-maker. [Brough, Shoreditch
Cross, T. Southampton-street, Covent-garden, coach-master. [Hinrich and Stafford, Buckingham-street, Strand
Cooke, J. Northumberland-place, Commercial-road, ironmonger. [Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road
Crossley, T. Aldermanbury, trimming-manufacturer. [Gadd, King's-arms-yard
Davies, J. late of Hereford, innkeeper. [Street and Co., Philpot-lane; Aston, Hereford
Duffield, J. E. Goswell-street, warehouseman. [Bousfield, Chatham-place; Mould, Great Knight Rider-street
Dutton, J. A. Fenchurch-street, insurance-broker. [Richardson, Walbrook
Dainton, W. T. Piccadilly, ironmonger. [Taylor, Lyon's-inn
Daniel, C. Thirsk, Yorkshire, currier. [Carlon, High-street, Mary-le-bone
Dempsey, J. and J. Reis, Well-street, Wellclose-square, sugar-refiners. [Amery and Co., Throgmorton-street
Dyson, J. Dry Clough, York, merchant. [Lever, Gray's-inn-square; Brown, Huddersfield
Davis, J. and T. Ritson, Manchester, machine-makers. [Addington and Co., Bedford-row; Morris and Goolden, Manchester
Drewett, N. Emsworth, Southampton, victualler. [Osbaldeston and Murray, London-street; Whichcer, Emsworth
Durant, J. Maidstone, tailor. [Cole, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road
De Pass, D. King's Lynn, Norfolk, draper. [Smith, Gray's-inn; Barnard, Norwich
Drake, J. Havell-street, Camberwell, merchant. [Hutchinson, Crown-court, Threadneedle-street
Dentith, J. Liverpool, silversmith. [Massey, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Dawes, R. Abingdon, carpet-manufacturer. [Jager, King's-place, Commercial-road
Elston, J. Middlesex-place, Hackney-road, calico-printer. [Williams, Bond-court, Walbrook
Ellis, C. Heanor, Derbyshire, cabinet-maker. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Ingle, Belper
Evans, J. Marchmont-street, linen-draper. [Hewitt, Tokenhouse-yard, Lothbury
Edwards, J. Halifax, York, dealer. [Norris, Halifax; Williamson, Gray's-inn
Eveleigh, J. Manchester, merchant. [Willis and Co., Tokenhouse-yard
Ford, J. Paddington, wheelwright. [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho
Fildes, J. Lamb's-conduit-street, upholsterer. [Clift, Gray's-inn
Fisher, W. sen. Cheltenham, carpenter. [King, Hatton-garden; Packwood and Louesey, Cheltenham
Ferguson, J. Newark, mercer. [Holme and Co., New-inn; Bond, Leicester
Flower, T. Melksham, Wilts, timber-dealer. [Nethersoles and Barron, Essex-street; Tilby, Devizes
Ford, R. Sutton, Surrey, dealer. [Jessop and Jordan, Thavies-inn
Fisher, G. T. Half-moon-street, Hanover-square, coal-merchant. [Lane, Marshall-street, Golden-square
Glenny, G. Lancaster-place, merchant. [Mayhew, Chancery-lane
George, J. London-wall, coach-builder. [Pope, Blomfield-street, London-wall
Garrett, C. and C. Smith, Bishopsgate-street-within, woollen-drapers. [Gale, Basinghall-street
Gillmore, C. Union-street, Southwark, builder. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street
Green, J. Wellclose-square, linen-draper. [Hardwick, Lawrence-lane, Cheapside
Gardner, H. Paradise-street, Rotherhithe, cabinet-maker. [Ingold, Paradise-street, Rotherhithe
Gwinnell, R. Cheltenham, plumber. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Pruen and Co., Cheltenham
Gritton, J. T. Tipton, Stafford, iron-master. [Kearsey, Lothbury
Griffiths, T. Bolton-le-Moors, Lancashire, banker. [Taylor and Roscoe, Temple; Fitchett and Wagstaffe, Warrington
Gwatkin, W. Chepstow, carpenter. [Evans, Chepstow; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn
Holsall, H. Ormskirk, Lancashire, innkeeper. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row
Haviland, W. H. Gloucester, wine-merchant. [King, Serjeant's-inn; Abell, Gloucester
Hardcastle, W. Covent-garden, bookseller. [Shepherd, Bartlett's-buildings
Hilton, W. Lisson grove, corn-dealer. [Hallett and Co., Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
Hacker, F. Canterbury, brick-maker. [Hurd and Co., Temple
Hunter, J. H. Lambeth-road, dealer. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street
Haviland, R. Cheltenham, distiller. [King, Serjeant's-inn
Hutchinson, W. St. Philip and Jacob, Gloucester, grocer. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Pallin, Bristol
Hargreaves, G. Liverpool, broker. [Capes, Gray's-inn; Smith, Manchester
Hopkins, W. jun., Northampton, builder. [Caley, Queen-square; Chase, Northampton
Hickling, S. Birmingham, hatter. [Amory and Co., Throgmorton-street; Parkes, Birmingham
Hill, L. Fleet-street, jeweller. [Noy and Co., Great Tower-street
Homer, T. and R. Dudley, Worcester, ironmongers. [Barber, Fetter-lane; Fellowes, jun., Dudley
Herbert, E. Leamington Priors, Warwick, linen-draper. [Elkington, Birmingham
Horsfall, T. Halifax, dry-salter. [Walker, Lincoln's-inn-fields; Alexander, Halifax
Hall, J. Shrewsbury, and J. Haycock, Liverpool, merchants. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Radcliffe and Duncan, Liverpool
Horn, C. E. Judd-street, music-seller. [M'Duff, Castle-street, Holborn
Hulley, W. Chowbent, Lancashire, roller-maker. [Law and Coates, Manchester; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Hendy, J. Blakeney, Gloucester, shopkeeper. [Williams, Bristol; Poole and Co., Gray's-inn

Hollinworth, E. Stayley, Cheshire, woollen-manufacturer. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-line
Hawes, G. and J. B. Moore, Bridge-house-place, Southwark, hardwaremen. [Richardson, ironmonger-lane, Cheapside
Inman, K. J. Bridge-house-place, Newington, Surry, ironmonger. [Goddard, Thavies-inn
Jackson, J. Rosemary-lane, coal-merchant. [Butler and Teague, Cannon-street
Johnson, J. Great Yarmouth, Norfolk, cabinet-maker. [Palmer, Great Yarmouth; Swain and Co., Old Jewry
Jacob, J. Deptford, coal and timber-merchant. [Bicknell and Co., Sackville-street
Johnson, W. F. Bridgewater-street, Somers-town, provision-dealer. [Dawson, Grove-street, Camden-town
Jacobs, M. Charles-street, Soho, glass-merchant. [Norton, Whitecross-street
Knight, J. and B. Great Horton, York, cotton-spinner. [Hurd and Co., Temple; Hadfield and Co., Manchester
King, W. Shepton-Montague, Somerset, dealer. [Popkin, Dean-street, Soho; Seymour, Mere
Kershaw, R. Dukinfield, Chester, timber-merchant. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Higginbottom, Ashton-under-Lyne
Kenworthy, J. and J. B. Ironmonger-lane, warehousemen. [Fisher and Speecer, Walbrook
Kile, S. St. Clement, Oxfordshire, bookseller. [Robinson and Hine, Charter-house-square; Parsons, St. Clements, Oxford
Kelly, P. Finsbury-square, bookseller. [Mansell, Cloak-lane
Kerridge, G. Beccles, Suffolk, grocer. [Stephen, Bedford-row
Lowe, J. and G. Austin, Manchester, oil-merchants. [Milne and Parry, Temple
Long, J. and B. Burn, Foubert's-place, Regent-street, fishmongers. [Hughes, Clifford's-inn
Levy, S. High-street, Whitechapel, silversmith. [Isaacs, St. Mary-Axe
Leahy, W. and J. M. Davey, Great Guildford-street, Surrey, engineers. [Downes, Furnival's-inn
Lynch, C. Crooked-billet, Wych-street, alehouse-keeper. [Henson and Co., Bouverie-street
Lay, J. Cheltenham-place, Lambeth, stationer. [Richardson, Ironmonger-lane
Lamb, J. and J. Liverpool, saddlers. [Mawdesley, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Lamb, W. Nottingham, lace-manufacturer. [Macdougall and Co., Cannon-row, Westminster; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Lawrence, R. and W. A. Brown, Whitecross-street, ale-brewers. [Noel, Great Ormond-street, Queen-square
Ledger, E. and T. F. Wakefield, woolstaplers. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Robinson, Wakefield
Maud, W. and R. Andover, brewers. [Bousfield, Chatham-place, Blackfriars
Medforth, R. Nafferton, York, horse dealer. [Ellis, Sons, Walmsley, and Gorton, Chancery-lane
Morris, S. Cheltenham, builder. [Vizard and Blower, Lincoln's-inn-fields
Milhench, W. Bolton, Lancashire, grocer. [Mansell, Cloak-lane
Marklove, E. Berkeley, Gloucester, millman. [Dunn and Co., New-inn; Youngs and Co., Dursley, Gloucester
Moody, J. Freeschool-street, Horslydown, tin-plate-worker. [Dignam, Little Distaff-lane
Marshall, B. Nottingham, stonemason. [Macdougal. Son, and Bainbrigg, Cannon-row; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Metcalfe, W. Bristol, tailor. [Poole and Co., Gray's-inn; Johnson, Bristol
Macdonald, C. Liverpool, surgeon. [Chester, Staple-inn; Williams, Liverpool
Meyer, J. Grace's-alley, Wellclose-square, umbrella-manufacturer. [Isaac, Bury-street, St. Mary-Axe
Murray, J. and S. Brisbane, Manchester, joiners. [Hurd and Johnson, Temple; Hadfield and Grave, Manchester
Marks, J. Bristol, tailor. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Savery, Bristol
Macpherson, D. Chandos-street, Covent-garden, victualler. [Cook and Hunter, New-inn
Mitchell, T. Leicester, woolstapler. [Lawton and Son, Leicester; Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row
Mann, C. Nine Elms, Battersea, victualler. [Vandercom and Comyn, Bush-lane, Cannon-street
Mitchell, E. and J. High-street, Southwark, woollen-drapers. [Edwards, Basinghall-street
Matthews, J. Bristol, collar-maker. [Poole, Greenfield, and Gamlen, Gray's-inn-square
Mackenzie, J. and J. Murhie, Oxford, tea-dealers. [Bell and Brodrick, Bow Church-yard
M'Burnie, J. R. Coleman-street-buildings, merchant. [Simpson, Austin-friars
Nunn, T. London, merchant. [Hustler, Halsted, Essex; Taylor, John-street, Bedford-row
Noah, G. Pall-mall, tailor. [Tanner, New Basinghall street
Neale, P. Norwich, coachmaker. [Brooksbank and Farn, Gray's-inn; Winter, Norwich
Nicholson, J. Rochdale, bookseller. [Williamson, Gray's-inn-square; Norris, Halifax
Nicholson, H. Chiswell-street, bill-broker. [Brough, Shoreditch
Nathanson, J. and M. W. Drudinger, Mansell-street, toy-merchants. [Shave, Fenchurch-street
Okey, J. Cambridge, cattle-salesman. [Gunning, Cambridge; Richardson and Talbot, Bedford-row
Oldershaw, H. Bulwell, Nottingham, miller. [Macdougall and Co., Cannon-row, Westminster; Payne and Daft, Nottingham
Oram, H. Sutton, Surrey, lime-burner. [Lane, Marshall-street, Golden-square
Pitt, J. Edwin-Ralph, Hereford, corn-dealer. [Hilliard and Co., Gray's-inn; Godson, Worcester
Piper, W. Hammersmith, barge-builder. [Holmer, New Bridge-street, Southwark
Peace, G. Denby-Dale, York, grocer. [Rodgers, Bucklersbury; Jackson, Bank-end
Price, W. and C. Baldwin's-garden, Gray's-inn-lane, glass-manufacturers. [Lloyd, Gray's-inn-square
Pennington, W. Crosthwaite, Westmorland, paper-maker. [Pennington, Kendal; Jackson, Gray's-inn
Parkinson, W. Greek-street, Soho, carver. [Partington, Change-alley
Pullen, R. A. jun. Leeds, stuff-manufacturer. [Granger, Leeds; King, Hatton-garden
Pope, A. Stockwell, Surrey, victualler. [Glynes, Burr-street, East Smithfield
Pitt, H. Cuckfield, Sussex, victualler. [Squire, Thavies-inn
Richards, C. Cheltenham, dealer and chapman. [Clarke and Co., Chancery-lane; Elkington, Birmingham
Reed, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, victualler. [Bell and Co., Bow Church-yard; Seymour, Newcastle
Roberts, T. Manchester, draper. [Green and Co., Sambrook-court, Basinghall-street
Ray, S. King's-place, Blackman-street, Southwark, builder. [Butler and Teague, Cannon-street
Rickerby, J. Great Salkeld, Cumberland, lime-burner. [Holder and Co., Clement's-inn; Jameson, Penrith
Rawlins, S. and M. Smith, Henley, Stafford, tobacconists. [Clowes, Orme, and Wedlake, King's-bench-walk, Temple; Tomlinsons, Staffordshire Potteries
Ramsden, J. Golcar, York, woollen-cloth-manufacturer. [Jaques and Battye, Coleman-street; Battye and Hesp, Huddersfield
Raphall, M. London-street, Fenchurch-street, merchant. [Wright, Little Alie-street, Goodman's-fields
Ragg, R. Liverpool, lace-manufacturer. [Wheeler and Bonnett, John street, Bedford-row
Somerfield, J. Walsall, Staffordshire, awl-blade-maker. [Hunt, Craven-street, Strand
Skelton, E. B. and M. M. and E. and T. H. Southampton, booksellers. [Hopkinson, Red Lion-square
Smith, R. South-street, Grosvenor-square, oilman. [Reeves, Ely-place, Holborn
Spurden, C. Friday-street, Cheapside, dealer. [Addington, Gregory, and Faulkner, Bedford-row
Sior, W. New-road, Somers-town, bookseller. [Pullen and Co., Fore-street
Simpson, R. Manchester, corn-dealer. [Adlington and Co., Bedford-row; Payne, Liverpool
Stevens, J. Mumford-court, Milk-street, Cheapside, warehouseman. [Church, Great James-street, Bedford-row
Slade, I. Greenwich, builder. [Taylor, Clement's-inn
Sills, J. and J. Three-cranes and Hambro-wharfs, Upper Thames-street, merchants. [Beel, Great Surrey-street, Blackfriars
Savill, J. Woodford, Essex, grocer. [Woolley, Hoxton-square
Shelley, W. Newcastle, Stafford, tanner. [Dent, Hanley; Smith and Co., Stone-buildings, Lincoln's-inn
Scott, W. Lower Brook-street, Grosvenor-square,

victualler. [Cole, Charlotte-street, Blackfriars-road
Syms, P. Witheridge, Devon, shopkeeper. [Jones, Pump-court, Temple; Bussell, Exeter
Smith, W. Bristol, provision-merchant. [Evans and Shearman, Hatton-garden; Haberfield, Bristol
Schlesinger, M. S. Upper Stamford-street, Waterloo-road, merchant. [Gregson and Fonnereau, Angel-court, Throgmorton-street
Shackell, E. Southampton, cabinet-maker. [Bryant, Southampton; Slade and Jones, John-street, Bedford-row
Shaw, W. and J. L. Alexander, Clifton-street, Finsbury-square, merchants. [Wadeson, Austin-friars
Strutton, W. Commercial-road, Lambeth, timber-merchant. [Blacklow and Jones, Frith-street, Soho
Stones, C. Manchester, cotton-spinner. [Norris, John-street, Bedford-row; Rymer and Norris, Manchester
Smith, C. J. Great Preston, York, dealer. [Tottie and Co., Leeds; Tottie and Co., Poultry
Shelley, T. Lewes, coachmaker. [Venal, Lewes; Palmer and Son, Bedford-row
Strahan, R. Lime-street, insurance-broker. [Gordon, Old Broad-street
Smith, H. Bristol, scrivener. [Wigglesworth and Ridsdale, Gray's-inn; Callender, Bristol
Shaw, S. Newcastle-under-Line, Stafford, maltster. [Hyatt, Newcastle; Wilson, King's-bench-walk, Temple
Shepherd, G., J. Pantry, and W. Massey, Barnsley, York, linen-manufacturers. [Perkins and Frampton, Gray's-inn
Taylor, J. Wharf, Paddington, excavator. [Hallett and Co., Northumberland-street, Mary-le-bone
Thomas, J. Birmingham, cheese-factor. [Jennings and Co., Temple; Gem and Co., Birmingham
Traher, W. Bridge-house-place, Borough, general-merchant. [Stanley, Aldermanbury
Toghill, W. Chalford, Gloucester, clothier. [White, Lincoln's-inn old-square; Hartley, Bristol
Tucker, T. and T. Geary, John's-mews, Bedford-row, coach-painters. [Dimes, Princes-street, Bank
Taylor, J. Golcar, Huddersfield, clothier. [Battye, Fisher and Sudlow, Chancery-lane; Sykes, Milnsbridge
Trevett, R. Finsbury-place-south, bootmaker. [Rankin and Richards, Basinghall-street
Thompson, I. Bilston, Stafford, japanner. [Hunt, Craven-street, Strand; Willim and Son, Bilston
Wickham, M. Liverpool, joiner. [Chester, Staple-inn
Willmott, R. E. Copthall-buildings, Throgmorton-street, money-scrivener. [Bishop, Chancery-lane
Wicksteed, G. Broad-street, St. James's, cabinet-maker. [Hamilton and Twining, Berwick-street, Soho
Woodward, D. B. Cheapside, bookseller. [Lowless, Hatton-court, Threadneedle-street
Waters, W. and T. C. Bristol, ironmongers. [Beddoe, Bristol; Few and Co., Henrietta-street
Wood, J. Mary-le-bone-street, victualler. [Rushbury, Carthusian-street
Wood, J. and W. Hollingworth, Chester, cotton-spinners. [Kay, Manchester
Wray, J. Wood-street, Cheapside, silk and bombazine-manufacturer. [Price, Castle-street, Falcon-square
Wood, J. Lombard-street, scrivener. [Witherby, Nicholas-lane, Lombard-street
Williams, R. Liverpool, merchant. [Mawdesley, Liverpool; Adlington and Co., Bedford-row
Watson, R. B. Leeds, merchant. [Smith and Moore, Leeds; Wilson, Greville street
Wroots, R. Great Tichfield-street, linen-draper. [Jones, Size-lane
Wortham, J. and F. Oxford-street, linen-drapers. [Spurr, Copthall-buildings
Wright, R. Hollinwood, Oldham, hat-manufacturer. [Norris, John-street, Bedford; Taylor, Oldham
Wallis, S. Chew-Stoke, Somerset, dealer. [Blake, Palsgrave-place; Mullins, Chew-Magna, Somersetshire
Walter, J. Bristol, stationer. [Bourdillon and Hewitt, Bread-street; Bevan and Brittan, Bristol
Wood, J. Wooldale, Kirkburton, York, merchant. [Stephenson, Holmfirth; Battye, Fisher, and Sudlow, Chancery-lane
Whinfield, J. W. and H. Gateshead, Durham, ale and porter-merchants. [Woodward, New Broad-street
White, J. Newport-market, vintner. [Wilkinson and Lawrence, Bucklersbury
Weaver, R. Plymouth, linen-draper. [Evitt and Co., Haydon-square
Wood, W. Salford, Lancashire, innkeeper. [Nabb, Manchester; Smith, Basinghall-street
Wright, R. Howland-street, apothecary. [Allen and Co., Carlisle-street, Soho
Young, S. Nottingham, lace-machine-maker. [Wolston, Furnival's-inn; Buttery, Nottingham

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DIVIDENDS.

Anderson, A. Philpot-lane, Nov. 7
Arscott, S. Buckfastleigh, Devon, Nov. 22
Alderson, W. Sunderland, Nov. 23
Alzedo, J. R. de, Bank-buildings, Dec. 12
Abbott, P. D. Powis-place, Great Ormond-street, Dec. 5
Arnold, G. St. John-street, Dec. 5
Atkinson, J. Dalton, York, Dec. 7
Archer, W. Maidstone, Nov. 17
Andrews, T. Soho-square, Dec. 12
Butler, J. and R., and R. Austin-friars, Oct. 31
Brumall, J. Ashton-under-Line, Lancashire, Dec. 27
Brown, A. and M. Hull, Nov. 11
Belson, C. and J. Brown, High Wycombe, Nov. 16
Barrow, R. and T. Liverpool, Nov. 15
Byrne, H. Bucklersbury, Manchester, Nov. 10
Blackett, J. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 21
Brenchley, J. sen. and J. Brenchley, jun. Milton, Kent, Nov. 17
Bardon, W. York, Nov. 21
Baker, J. and J. Dyer, Crutched-friars, Nov. 21
Brittan, J. Worcester, Nov. 23
Boys, T. Ludgate-hill, Nov. 25
Braddock, J. and J. Jackson, Macclesfield, Nov. 24
Barge, B. Clifford-street, Bond-street, Nov. 28
Blagg, E. Yarmouth, Dec. 1
Buxton, P. Etheridge, Norwich, Dec. 4
ling, J. Oxford-street, Dec. 1
Bayley, W. Macclesfield, Dec. 12
Boultbee, J. Wisbech, Dec. 12
Bishop, W. jun. Camden Town, Dec. 8
Bowker, T. D. Warmsworth-house, York, Dec. 20
Brown, J. jun. Rodborough, Jan. 5
Baldwyn, J. F. Tiverton, Dec. 18
Bertram, M. Philpot-lane, Dec. 12
Coverdale, G. Stokesley, York, Nov. 17
Clark, G. D. Strand, Nov. 17
Cubbidge, W. West-Wycombe, Nov. 14
Challoner, J. Stone's End, Newington, Nov. 17
Conway, J. and T. Davidson, Liverpool, Nov. 23
Comfort, E. Hosier-lane, Nov. 24
Curwen, J. Great Eastcheap, Dec. 1
Clarke, P. Manchester, Dec. 5
Cookson, J. Leeds, Dec. 2
Campbell, D. Copthall-court, Dec. 1
Carr, J. Wyersdale, Lancashire, Jan. 22
Chesney, E. Liverpool, Dec. 15
Crown, L. Monkwearmouth-shore, Dec. 5
Cooke, W. Huddersfield, Dec. 6
Carter, J. S. and R. Comforth, Liverpool, Dec. 8
Cooper, J. and J. Reader, Strood, Kent, Dec. 12
Clark, A. Jermyn-street, Dec. 8
Cooke, J. Wood-street, Nov. 24
Crowther, W. Charles-street, Middlesex-hospital, Dec. 12
Denison, H. Liverpool, Dec. 6
Day, W. F. Hammersmith, Nov. 17
Davis, G. High-street, Kensington, Dec. 1
Day, R. and R. H. Maidstone, Dec. 8
Donkin, B. Dockhead, Surry, Dec. 8
Dickinson, J. Church-passage, Guildhall, Nov. 24
Damant, W. Sudbury, Dec. 1
Devey, H. F., T. Tickell, and J. Saunders, Goldshill, Stafford, Dec. 6
Edginton, Wells-street, Nov. 17
Elen, P. Woburn, Nov. 14
Early, H. and T. Minories, Nov. 21
Ellis, T. and J. Blackman-street, Southwark, Dec. 1
Edwards, T. Halstead, Essex, Dec. 8
Evill, L. Walcott, Somerset, Dec. 5
Etheridge, P. B. Norwich, Dec. 4
Fentum, J. Strand, Nov. 17
Fairbairn, J. F. Bedford-street, Covent-garden, Oct. 27
Forster, E. and R. Wylam, Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 21
Foster, T. Maidenhead, Nov. 24
Farror, J. Birmingham, Nov. 23
Foulkes, J. Chester, Dec. 7
Forsyth, G. Carlisle, Nov. 29
Field, G. Chichester, Dec. 1
Frank, F. Old Burlington-street, Dec. 5
Foster, J. and T. Clay, Macclesfield, Dec. 5
Fielden, J. L. B. Manchester, Dec. 6

Foster, T. and E. S. Yalding, Kent, Dec. 15
Fearnley, C. South-Sea Chambers, Dec. 12
Gresham, G. Kingston-upon-Hull, Nov. 21
Glasier, W. R. Park-street, Westminster, Nov. 17
Gardiner, G. St. John-street, Nov. 21
Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, Nov. 24
Gibbins, J. Birmingham, Nov. 23
Gunnell, J. Platt-terrace, Battle-Bridge, Nov. 14
Gale, J. Bruton-street, Nov. 24
Goulden, J. Methley, York, Dec. 4
Graham, M. Union-street, Nov. 14
Graham, G. Sunderland, Dec. 6
Greenwood, R. Dewsbury, and J. Hamerton, Wakefield, York, Dec. 6
Gander, E. Bedford-place, Commercial-road, Dec. 1
Gibbons, T. jun. Wells, Norfolk, Dec. 14
Graham, M. Union-street, Bishopsgate-street, Dec. 12
Goldscheider, J. London-Wall, Nov. 24
Griffith, W. R. Regent's-canal Basin, City-road, Dec. 12
Higgins, E. B. and R. Theobald, Norwich, Nov. 20
Hoy, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 15
Harris, G. W. and C. Evans, Southampton, Nov. 10
Howell, R. Alhampton Mill, Ditcheat, Somerset, Nov. 21
Hoey, M. Liverpool, Nov. 27
Hogg, W. Cardiff, Nov. 29
Harding, S. Oxford-street, Nov. 14
Harding, S. Kingsland, Nov. 14
Hill, W. Arundel-street, Panton-square, Dec. 8
Holmes, T. Long-acre, Dec. 5
Hadwen, J. Liverpool, Dec. 12
Humphreys, S. Charlotte-street, Portman-place, Nov. 21
Holt, F. Liverpool, Dec. 14
Hurt, G. King-street, Cheapside, Dec. 22
Hardern, J. and P. Higginbotham, Macclesfield, Dec. 12
Hoppe, C. King-street, Cheapside, Dec. 12
Haworth, J. Manchester, Dec. 13
Johnson, J. O. and J. O'Callaghan, Liverpool, Nov. 16
Jones, W. New Bond-street, Nov. 24
Inkersole, J. and T. St. Neot's, Nov. 28
Irish, M. Lewes, Nov. 28
Jackson, M. C. Leeds, Dec. 2
Jones, C. H. Liverpool, Dec. 6
Johnson, J. E. Hyde-str., Bloomsbury, Dec. 8
Jennings, R. Poultry, Dec. 8
Jepson, T. Heaton Norris, Lancashire, Dec. 20
Kingham, J. Croydon, Nov. 28
King, W. and E. Lower Thames-street, Nov. 28
Lafone, S. Walton-on-the-Hill, Liverpool, Dec. 6
Large, J. Cheltenham, Nov. 17
Le Roy, C. Pall-Mall, Nov. 18
Laing, G. Mincing-lane, Nov. 17
Lovett, J. Leeds, Nov. 21
Lucas, W. Bishop's Castle, Nov. 24
Lumbers, R. Chester, Nov. 24
Levy, J. Hemming's-row, Leicester-square, Nov. 28
Lovekin, P. Kennington, Dec. 1
Langston, R. sen., Manchester, Dec. 6
Leefe, S. E. Queen-street, Worship-street, Dec. 8
Luke, W. Liverpool, Dec. 8
Lane, J. Strand, Dec. 8
Lees, G. Hebden Bridge, York, Dec. 12
Laird, D. Carlisle, Dec. 13
Lloyd, W. Hereford, Dec. 12
Marsh, C. and Co. Reading, Nov. 14
Macmillan, J. Liverpool, Nov. 16
Merryweather, S. Longham, Dorset, Dec. 1
Marshall, W. Regent-street, Nov. 21
Marrison, G. Norwich, Nov. 22
Marshall, J. Foster-lane, Dec. 1
Mayor, C. Somerset-street, Nov. 24
Milward, J. and J. G. Lynch, Upper Thames-street, Nov. 24
Miles, H., H., and E. P. Rock Mill, Gloucester, Jan. 26
Maltby, T. and H. Buckland, Gutter-lane, Nov. 28
May, J., J. Wyburn, W. White, and J. Mercer, Deal, Nov. 30
Mountjoy, R. Ealing, Dec. 5
Marsden, W. Salford, Lancashire, Dec. 4
Martelly, L. H. and J. Dayne, Finsbury-square, Dec. 5
M'Cormick, J. Broad-street, Nov. 18
Miller, C. Abchurch-lane, Nov. 24
Melling, E. and T. H. Higginson, Liverpool, Dec. 2
Melling, E. and T. H. Higginson, Liverpool, Dec. 9
Mason, J. Little Thorock, Essex, Dec. 15
Norris, T. Freeman's court, Cornhill, Nov. 21
Nicol, J. and P., Cornhill, Nov. 24
Napier, T. Potterne, Wiltshire, Dec. 1
Nabb, J. Manchester, Dec. 5
Naylor, J. Barnsley, York, Jan. 2
Osbaldeston, E. Hertford, Nov. 10
Ogle, E. L. Clement's-lane, Dec. 15
Owen, J. Salford, Lancashire, Dec. 8
Palmer, R. Coleshill, Warwick, Nov. 17
Porter, S. North-Lopham, Norfolk, Dec. 7
Popplewell, J. Kingston-upon-Hull, Nov. 20
Pigot, J. Norwich, Nov. 17
Parry, J. Everton, Lancashire, Nov. 30
Price, T. Chertsey, Surrey, Nov. 21
Pearson, C. Grosvenor-place, Southwark, Nov. 10
Powell, E. Dover, Nov. 30
Perrin, T. Marlborough, Nov. 28
Pagan, J. Norwich, Nov. 28
Pearson, F. Sheffield, Dec. 13
Pearce, F. H. Fulham, Dec. 5
Penny, G. and R. Thompson, Mincing-lane, Dec. 8
Pavey, J. Staines, Dec. 8
Page, T. Hoxton-town, Dec. 8
Prince, J. Manchester, Dec. 20
Porter, G. Park-terrace, Regent's Park, Dec. 12
Palfreyman, G. Cray, Cheshire, Dec. 13
Riant, J. Gracechurch-street, Nov. 14
Rowbotham, J. Macclesfield, Nov. 14
Rutlige, R. Weedon Beck, Northampton, Nov. 21
Rutter, J. Winterton, Lincoln, Nov. 21
Rice, J. and T. Travis, Manchester, Nov. 22
Richards, J. Warwick-court, Holborn, Nov. 21
Richmond, R. Leicester, Dec. 1
Rix, F., G. T. Gorham, and W. Inkersole, St. Neots, Nov. 29
Ratcliffe, A. East-Stonehouse, Devon, Nov. 30
Renwick, M. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 5
Robson, G. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Nov. 28
Ryder, A. Budge-row, Dec. 1
Reynolds, W. Bilston, Stafford, Dec. 1
Robinson, W. F. Jermyn-street, Dec. 15
Rowbotham, J. Bermondsey, Dec. 12
Reynolds, W. Shad-Thames, Dec. 2
Rankin, A. Red-Lion-place, Dec. 8
Read, J. Regent-street, Dec. 8
Roberts, J. High-Holborn, Dec. 12
Robinson, M., W. Partridge, and H. Tindall, Birmingham, Dec. 22
Robinson, H. T. Gun-street, Old-Artillery-ground, Dec. 8
Smith, T. Pennington, Lancashire, Nov. 11
Stalker, D. and A. D. Welsh, Leadenhall-street, Nov. 14
Stockham, W. Bristol, Dec. 4
Schofield, J. Sheffield, Nov. 16
Shannon, J. Liverpool, Dec. 8
Sims, S. Cheltenham, Nov. 17
Sparkes, J. and A. Coles, Portland-street, Nov. 21
Sykes, L. and T. Bury, Bucklersbury, Nov. 21
Smith, T. B., A. and D. Waterlane, Tower-street, Nov. 21
Spencer, C. J. Carlisle, Nov. 23
Smith, D. Regent-street, Nov. 24
Skillman, B. Token-house-yard, Nov. 28
Shew, J. Theobald's-road, Nov. 7
Spooner, W. Chiswell-street, Nov. 24
Santer, J. Benenden, Kent, Dec. 2
Smith, W. and T. Richards, Manchester, Dec. 1
Sheath, A. and C. Boston, Dec. 9
Smith, T. Cumberland-street, Chelsea, Dec. 5
Smith, J. Horncastle, Lincoln, Dec. 1
Smith, T. and W. Nickisson, Newcastle, Stafford, Dec. 2
Stansfeld, T. W. and H. Briggs, H. Stansfield, and H. Stansfield, Leeds, Dec. 6
Scowcroft, W. Haverfordwest, Dec. 12
Stodart, J. and F. Carlisle, Dec. 20
Thorpe, T. Bedford-street, Nov. 14
Taylor, W. K. Birmingham, Nov. 23
Thompson, O. Wells-row, High-street, Islington, Nov. 10
Turnor, A. H. Mile-End, Dec. 1
Taylor, J. Gomersal, York, Dec. 4
Triquet, E. G. Birchin-lane, Dec. 15
Thompson, R. and H. Newcastle-upon-Tyne, Dec. 12
Thorpe, S. and R. Marshall, Nottingham, Dec. 12
Tuckett, W. Bath, Dec. 12
Thomas, T. Osnaburgh-street, New-road, Dec. 12
Underdown, J. Ramsgate, Dec. 1
Walker, J. Upper-Russell-street, Bermondsey, Nov. 17
Wells, J. and W. Onyon, Bishopsgate-street, Nov. 14
Ward, D. and S. Smith, Liverpool, Nov. 17
Welchman, J. Trowbridge, Nov. 17
Watson, G. Lancaster, Nov. 14
Walker, W. and T. Baker, Cannon-street, Nov. 17
Wardale, F. Allhallows-lane, Thames-street, Dec. 8
Webb, W. Salisbury-street, Strand, Nov. 28
Wehnert, W. Leicester-square, Nov. 21
Woart, W. Woolwich, Nov. 21
Walmsley, D. Kingston-upon-Hull, Nov. 23
Wagstaff, S. and T. Baylis, Kidderminster, Nov. 21
White, I. Holland-House, Isleworth, Nov. 17
Williamson, T. W. and E. Jones, Packer's-court, Coleman-street, Nov. 7
Ward, D. and S. Smith, Liverpool, Dec. 5
Wright, J. Eton, Dec. 1
Wilson, J. Cock-Brook-Mill, Ash-

ton-under-Lyne, Lancashire, Dec. 1
Whitehead, W. Chew Cottage, Saddleworth, York, Nov. 27
Walker, W. Nottingham, Dec. 5
Ward, R. W. Middlesex-street, Whitechapel, Dec. 1
Williams, W. Fenchurch-street, Dec. 1
Winstanley, R. King-street, Cheapside, and G. Hudson, Manchester, Nov. 24
Whyte, M. and J. Great-East-cheap, Dec. 5
Wilkie, T. Paternoster-row, Dec. 8
Wilkie, G. Paternoster-row, Jan. 19
Witts, T. and J. I. Moss, Cheltenham Dec. 12
Wallwork, J. Manchester, Feb. 14
Windsor, J., M. Hyde, and J. Windsor, Manchester, Dec. 13
Wilkins, S. Holborn hill, Dec. 8
Wignall, C. Liverpool, Dec. 13
Ward, W. Leeds, Dec. 13
Yates, J. City-road, Nov. 18
Youngman, P. Witham, Essex, Nov. 21
Young, J. Manchester, Dec. 20

ECCLESIASTICAL PREFERMENTS.

Rev. G. S. Bull, to the perpetual Curacy of Bierley Chapel, Bradford—Hon. and Rev. H. A. Napier, to the Rectory of Swincombe, Oxfordshire—Rev. W. O. Bartlett, to the Vicarage of Canford Magna, with the chapel of Kingston annexed—Rev. T. Turton, to the Rectories of Gimingham and Trunch, Norfolk—Rev. W. Mair, to the Vicarage of Fulbourn All Saints, Cambridgeshire—Rev. C. Green, to the Rectory of Buxhall and Harleston, Suffolk—Rev. J. Topping, to the Vicarage of Leigh—Rev. S. Bagnall, to the perpetual Curacy of Aston, Cheshire—Rev. M. Hoare, to the Living of Barkby, Leicestershire—Rev. C. P. N. Wilton, to the Chaplaincy of the colony in New South Wales, and to the superintendency of the Female Orphan School at Paramatta—Rev. F. R. Hall, to the Rectory of Fulbourn, Cambridgeshire—Rev. R. S. Skillicorne, to the Rectory of Salford—Rev. J. Brinkley, to the Bishopric of Cloyne—Rev. G. W. Curtis to the Rectory of Winnington, Essex—Rev. Dr. Busfield, appointed officiating minister of Carlton, near Skipton, Yorkshire—Rev. S. Martin, to the Rectory of St. Mary Magdalen, and to the Vicarage of St. Nicholas, Lincoln—Hon. and Rev. T. H. Coventry, to the Rectory of Croome Montis, Worcestershire—Rev. W. Parker, to the Rectory of Compton Parva, Worcestershire—Rev. C. H. Parker, to the Rectory of Compton-Magna, Worcestershire—Rev. W. Hook, to the perpetual Curacy of Moseley, near Birmingham—Rev. T. Westcombe, to the Vicarage of Preston Candover, Hants—Rev. T. Whitfield, to the Living of Winterbourne, Gloucester—Rev. T. T. Haderfield, to the Rectory of Godington, Oxford—Rev. H. Cripps, to the Vicarage of Stonehouse, Gloucester—Very Rev. J. Hook, to the Mastership of St. Oswald's Hospital, Worcester—Rev. T. Wilde, to the Rectory of St. Andrews, Worcester—Rev. W. Wood, to the Rectory of Staplegrove, Somerset—Rev. G. R. Orchard, to the perpetual Curacy of Christ Church, Rood, Somerset—Rev. T. Nalder, to be Minister of Queen Elizabeth's Hospital, Donnington, Berks—Rev. H. Atlay, to the Rectories of Tinwell, Rutland, and Great Ponton, Lincoln—Rev. G. B. Blomfield, to the Living of Tottenall, Cheshire—Rev. H. Davis, to the perpetual Curacy of Barford St. Michael, Oxfordshire—Rev. G. Tod, to the Church and Parish of Tealing, Forfar—Rev. R. Downes, to the Rectory of Berwick St. John, Wilts—Rev. A. C. Price, to the Vicarage of Chesterton, Oxfordshire—Rev. W. T. Hopkins, to the Rectory of Nuffield, Oxfordshire.

INCIDENTS, MARRIAGES, AND DEATHS, IN AND NEAR LONDON.

CHRONOLOGY.

Oct. 23.—The Secretary of State sent notice to the Spital-fields deputation, 'that his Majesty had given orders that the furniture, decorations, hangings, &c. of Windsor Castle and Buckingham Palace should all be of British manufacture.'

24.—Captain T. Young tried at the Admiralty Sessions for selling four African girls as slaves, and acquitted. This was the first offence tried under the new act for preventing slave dealing, and which renders the crime felony without benefit of clergy.

28.—Arrived from France, the Rt. Hon. George Canning, his Majesty's Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs.

Nov. 1.—The Sessions ended at the Old Bailey, when *one hundred and twelve* prisoners were sentenced to transportation—seventy-three to imprisonment, and twenty-two condemned to death,—among the latter were five females!!!

2.—Parliament prorogued to Tuesday, Nov. 14.

3.—Mr. John Wilks, M. P. for Sudbury, committed to the Poultry Compter, by the Lord Mayor, on a charge of forgery.

6.—Mr. Wilks liberated from prison by bail.

9.—The Right Hon. the Lord Mayor gave his mayoralty dinner at Guildhall; on which occasion his Majesty's ministers, the Earl of Liverpool, Messrs. Canning, Peel, and Huskisson attended. The French ambassador, Prince Polignac, also honoured the chief magistrate with his presence.

14.—The new Parliament assembled, and after some members were sworn in, the House of Commons chose Mr. Manners Sutton their Speaker.

21.—His Majesty went in procession to the House of Lords, and delivered his speech on the opening of the Parliament.

MARRIAGES.

At Monken Hadley, N. Harden, esq. to Jemima, relict of T. Lucas, esq., and daughter of Dr. Newcome, late Primate of Ireland—Rev. F. Whichcote, third son of Sir R. Whichcote, Bart. of Aswarby, Lincoln, to Miss Eliza Bree—Rev. G. H. Glyn, to Miss E. Smith—Rev. W. Stamer, A.B., second son of Sir W. Stamer, Bart., to Miss A. M. Lock—Lieut. Col. Tod, to Miss J. Cutterbuck—H. Murray, esq., son of the late Lord G. Murray, and nephew to the Duke of Athol, to Miss C. O. Cave, of Castle-Orway, Ireland.

DEATHS.

Sir William Beckenham, Bart., at Langley Farm, Beckenham—Alderman Magnay, aged 70 years—The Hon. Mrs. Green, lady of J. Green, esq., of Greenmount, Ireland, and sister of the late Lord Massy—At Blackheath, Eleanor Henrietta Victoria, daughter and only child of the Right Hon. F. J. Robinson and Lady Sarah Robinson—At Waresley-Park, Elizabeth, the eldest daughter of Colonel and Lady E. Steele—At Chiswick, Mrs. Horne, relict of the late Rev. Dr. Horne—In Duke-street, Manchester-square, Sir Richard Hardinge, Bart., aged 71—At Windsor, Major T. S. Fairtlough, 63d regt.—Margaret, wife of the Rev. Dr. Sampson, of Petersham, Surrey—Mr. F. Town, artist, 88—In Montague-square, the Dowager Countess of Normanton—Aged 35, Amelia, third daughter of John Lawrence, esq., of Somer's Town.

MARRIAGES ABROAD.

At Florence, E. J. Stanley, esq., eldest son of Sir John Stanley, Bart., of Alderley Park, Cheshire, to Henrietta Maria, eldest daughter of Viscount Dillon—At Buenos Ayres, at the house of his Majesty's Chargé-d'Affaires, M. Stodart, esq. to Miss E. Dolman—At the English Ambassador's chapel at Paris, John Bligh, esq., son of the Hon. J. Bligh, and nephew of Lord Darnley, to Miss E. Sainthill—At the British Ambassador's at Naples, Col. de Klupffel, of the Russian service, to Miss Greenwood, of Culworth, Northamptonshire.

DEATHS ABROAD.

At Paris, the Marquis de Bouchet, 74, Lieut. General, Knight of the orders of St. Louis, Cincinnatus, Phœnix, and Legion of Honour. He had served in Corsica; in America, at Saratoga Oct. 7, 1777; and under the Prince of Condé, in the Emigrant Army. He was author of several military and literary works—H. Oakeley, esq., Judge in the district of Moorshedabad, Bengal, second son of the late Sir C. Oakeley, Bart.—At St. Petersburgh, Maria Fedorovna, daughter of Prince Scherbatoff, and lady of Sir Robert Ker Porter, his Majesty's Consul at Caraccas—Baron de Koller; he was the General officer who, in 1814, accompanied Napoleon to Elba; he was also commander-in-chief of the Austrian army in Naples—At Sierra Leone, Tasker Williams, esq., commissary judge and member of the council—At Calais, A. Donaldson, esq., commander in the Royal Navy—At Florence, J. M. D. Alexander, jun. esq. of Kensington.

MONTHLY PROVINCIAL OCCURRENCES;

WITH THE MARRIAGES AND DEATHS.

NORTHUMBERLAND AND DURHAM.

The Committee of Corn Merchants appointed to forward the erection of a Corn and Seed Exchange and market-place, at Newcastle, have made their report; by which it appears, that £50,000 will be required to complete the plan on the grandest scale, which is proposed to be raised in shares of £50 each.

The land-owners of Haltwhistle have resolved (in a late meeting held for the purpose), that the arrears of tithes of agisment and other tithes, claimed by their vicar, within the said parish, and which have never before been demanded are unjust, and ought therefore to be resisted. They have entered into a subscription to oppose the claims.

The affair of the baptismal fees mentioned in our last, has been settled, by the clergyman returning the money.

Oct. 24, a meeting of the ship-owners of Newcastle, and of others interested in the welfare of the shipping interest of this country, was held at North-Shields, and resolutions unanimously entered into expressive of the ruinous effect of the late alteration made in the navigation and colonial systems by his Majesty's Ministers, by the aid of the *last* Parliament, and agreeing to petition the *new* Parliament to rescind them, and requesting the county members, and those of Durham and Newcastle, to support their prayer.

Oct. 27, a terrific explosion of hydrogen-gas took place at Benwell High Pit, by which two young men were killed.

The freeholders of Northumberland are going to present M. Bell, esq., one of the members for that county, with a piece of plate, value 2,000 guineas.—The freeholders and others resident in Hexham, have presented Mr. Beaumont, one of the candidates at the last election for the county, with a superb candelabrum.

Married.] John Burrel, esq. of Durham, to Miss Tilby—At Bishopwearmouth, Capt. Frazer to Miss Laws.

Died.] At Kirkandrews-upon-Esk, in his 70th year, Rev. J. Nichol, of which parish he had been *curate* for forty-four years!!!—At Arthuret, Mrs. Graham, daughter of the late Dr. Paley—At Morpeth, Miss Collingwood, eldest surviving daughter of A. Collingwood, esq. of Collingwood-Hall—At Alnwick, Mr. T. Ferguson, 84—S. F. Gillum, esq. of Middleton-Hall—At West-Lodge, near Darlington, Jonathan Backhouse, esq.

CUMBERLAND AND WESTMORELAND.

Nov. 13, a singular conviction took place in our Town-Hall, which, although the penalty was not of great magnitude, we deem it necessary to notice. Mr. Grisdale, a spirit merchant, was summoned to answer the complaint of his not having attended a place of divine worship on the preceding Sunday, and notwithstanding he told the justices "he took physic that day," yet he was convicted of the crime, and in the penalty of *one shilling!!!*—*Westmoreland Advertizer.*

We are sorry to announce that our trade has met with a great falling off during the week, with every probability of a still further depression. Distress is therefore, if not more alarming, at least more serious than at the time of the great stagnation at the commencement of the summer; as now both food and raiment are indispensable, to prevent our population from perishing.—*Carlisle Journal, Nov.* 10.

Died.] At Carlisle, Mr. F. Jollie, proprietor of the "Carlisle Journal."—At Newton, G. Rae, esq. 72.

YORKSHIRE AND CHESHIRE.

The ceremony of laying the first stone of a new church at Scarborough was lately performed by the vicar. It is intended to be a neat Gothic edifice, and to hold 1,200 people, and a great number of seats to be free.—The foundation of a new church was lately laid at Sheffield, by the Countess of Surrey, and the land was generously presented by the Duke of Norfolk, a Roman Catholic!

The Archbishop has recently consecrated the two new churches of Wilsden and Shipley, at which ceremony an immense number of people attended from the surrounding neighbourhood.—These churches are precisely of similar structure and in the Gothic style of the 14th century.—Application will be made to Parliament for a bill to cut a canal from Wakefield to Ferrybridge, sufficiently large to admit coasting vessels, between the West-Riding and London, to sail up to Wakefield.—The influx of foreign vessels to the port of Hull, during the first week of November, to those of our own, is as follows: foreigners 38, English 11, leaving a majority of nearly 4 to 1 in favour of the *reciprocity* system against Old England!!!

A remarkable Shot.—On the 16th of October, Thos. Stubbs, game-keeper to the Archbishop of York, shot on Ripon manor, with a single-barrelled gun, four cock pheasants at one shot.

On the 21st of October, a fine *passiflora alata* was in flower in Mr. Smith's stove-house, in York. The

flowers were beautifully formed, and emitted the most fragrant perfume. It is believed to be the first instance of this plant's flowering in that city.

Seventeen stone, ten pounds, of grapes, very fine ones, and quite ripe, were gathered in October, from a vine growing in front of a cottage, in the open air, at Helmsley. Grapes had never ripened but once before on this vine within memory.

On the 10th Nov., there was a grand concert in the Festival Concert Room, York, at which 500 of the first persons in the city and neighbourhood were present. It was under the patronage of the Archbishop, for the benefit of the distressed manufacturers.

A steam-boat boiler exploded in the Humber, on the 7th November. Six persons were killed, and twenty wounded. The accident appears to have been owing to the badness of the boiler.

Married.] At Alderley, Cheshire, Captain W. E. Parry, R. N. to Isabella Louisa, fourth daughter of Sir John Thomas Stanley, Bart., of Alderley.—At Thirsk, Rev. T. Cautley to Miss M. A. P. Henson—At York, Rev. Jas. Dallin to Mrs. Jenkinson—At Thornhill, Thomas Ellerby, esq., to Miss Thornhill—At Hooby, Rev. G. Gilderdale to Miss Smith—At Scarborough, W. W. Wilkinson, esq. to Miss M. Thornton.

Died.] At Leeds, Charlotte, youngest daughter of Jas. Rhodes, esq.—At York, Mrs. Horncastle, relict of Richard Horncastle, esq.

STAFFORDSHIRE AND SALOP.

A very handsome vase, weighing 550 ounces, has been presented by the tenantry of the Earl of Bridgewater, and other inhabitants of Ellesmere and neighbourhood, to Robert Clark, esq., as a mark of their esteem for his anxiety and fatherly affection towards them for twenty years, during his management of the noble Lord's estates. Mr. Clark in returning thanks said, that when the late Earl of Bridgewater entrusted him with the management of his estates, his instructions were, "let the tenantry be made comfortable and happy, and, wherever it is practicable, let my property be made subservient to the amusement of the country gentlemen!"

At the Stafford Sessions, one of the magistrates (Sir Oswald Moseley) remarked, that the number of prisoners for trial was greater than at any former period—there were *three hundred* in the county goal !!!

Died.] At Rolleston Hall, Miss S. E. G. Every, sister of Sir Henry Every, Bart., of Egginton, Derby.

LANCASHIRE.

Oct. 26, a numerous meeting of the working classes and others was held at Manchester, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament on the repeal of the Corn-Laws, the reduction of taxation, the enormous sums bestowed on the dignitaries of the Estatablished Church, and the reform of representation in the Commons; when several resolutions were passed, and petitions framed from them unanimously ordered to be presented to the houses of Lords and Commons—one by Lord King, and the other by Mr. Hume.—The sentence of death passed at the last Lancashire assizes upon the rioters has been commuted for imprisonment and transportation.

A meeting of the inhabitants of Liverpool has taken place in the Town-Hall, for the purpose of presenting petitions to the Legislature on the subject of the Corn-Laws; when several resolutions were passed unanimously, indicating the necessity of a modification of the Corn-Laws. All the commercial gentlemen of the town attended, and Col. Williams, in the course of his speech, said: "he was a cultivator of corn, and had to give one-tenth of his produce to the Rector of Childwall, and that, although he had lived in the parish twenty-five years, yet he had never seen his reverence's face but once in a quarter of a century!"

NOTTINGHAMSHIRE AND LINCOLNSHIRE.

At the 44th anniversary meeting of the General Hospital, Nottingham, held Oct. 18, the contributions received at the church door of St. Mary's for admission, amounted to £320. 10*s.* A selection of sacred music, with full chorusses, was performed during the service.—A petition of the inhabitants of Nottingham to the House of Commons for the total abolition of the Corn-Laws and excessive taxation, has been agreed to, and about 10,000 signatures have been attached to it, at the Town-Hall. Similar petitions have passed at Radford, Basford, Nyson Green, and Beeston.—The Corporation of Nottingham are improving their extensive market-place—the unemployed poor are to do the labour, and the parish is to receive 4*d.* per yard for the same.

Died.] At Newark, Rev. W. Rastall, 74.

LEICESTERSHIRE.

Nov. 4, 1826.—The vicar of a parish not twelve miles from this town, who within the last seven years was in the enjoyment of a living which produced him £600 or £700 a year, was observed, a few days ago, breaking stones by the road side, in a parish not far from Boston, Lincolnshire. The individual who saw him, was a respectable dissenting minister of the Baptist denomination, who resides in a neighbouring parish to that in which the vicar formerly lived. Scarcely crediting what his eyes beheld as he passed along the road, he stopped his horse and entered into conversation with him. The appearance of the aged and unfortunate divine was truly wretched, and he was much affected at being discovered in his forlorn situation, but said, that he hoped again to see better days, as in the course of five or six years the pecuniary engagements into which he had entered would be satisfied, and that then he should return to the vicarage where he had been resident for so many years. The dissenting minister, commiserating his situation, gave him 5*s.*, promising, on his return home, to make his case known to the clergy of the neighbourhood. The wife of the vicar had some time before applied for relief from the parish of which her husband was vicar, but did not obtain any, as he had subsequently acquired a settlement elsewhere.—*Leicester Chronicle.*

WARWICKSHIRE.

At the last quarter Sessions, it appears by the goal calendar, that no less than *one hundred and twenty prisoners* were for trial; ninety of whom were committed by the magistrates of Birmingham. Surely it is high time that something were done to render speedier the administration of our criminal laws—would it not be more creditable to us, as a nation famed for its jurisprudence, to remedy the abuses in the *interior* of our country, and to prevent crime, before we presume to make the nations *abroad* better?—"look at home," has long been an adage among the wise and prudent, and why should England forget it?—Four youths at Warwick were fined 6*d.* each damages, and 8*s.* costs, for trespassing and gathering the chesnuts in the pleasure grounds adjoining the Castle, during divine service on Sunday.

Died.] At Coventry, Mrs. Butterworth, 73, relict of the late Alderman Butterworth—At Mancetter-House, W. Owen, esq. 72.

WORCESTERSHIRE AND HEREFORDSHIRE.

It appears by the Worcester County Treasurer's abstract account of receipts and expenditure, from

Michaelmas Sessions 1825 to Michaelmas 1826, that the total expense amounted to £7,009. 1*s*. 7*d*.

Married.] At Severnstoke, Rev. M. Vavasour to Miss M. A. St. John.

Died.] At Worcester, G. Hill, esq., one of the coroners of the county.

GLOUCESTER AND MONMOUTH.

Died.] At Cheltenham, J. Fletcher, esq., of Ebworth Park—At Clifton, Martin Whish, esq. 84, late Chairman of the Board of Excise.

DERBYSHIRE.

A meeting has been held at Derby on the subject of the Corn-Laws; several resolutions were entered into, and passed unanimously, as well as two petitions to be presented to the Lords and Commons, on the same subject. The fourth resolution states,—"That, since the Legislature, with an enlightened regard to the interests of the country, have, in various instances, removed restrictions from our national commerce, it is highly desirable they consider how far the same principles may be advantageously applied to the trade in corn, with a view either to the gradual abolition of the Corn-Laws, or to such alterations of those statutes as shall effectually relieve the country from the evils of the present impolitic and oppressive system."

Died.] At Bugworth, Mr. P. Hate, 105, farmer; he worked in the field until he was nearly 94—W. Smith, at the Cavendish Alms-Houses, Derby, aged 100 years—At Derby, Rev. R. Hopper, aged 89 years; he had been for forty years a disinterested minister of the Particular Baptist Interest at Nottingham—At Wensley, Mr. A. Hill, 91—At Durley Dale, Mr. Gregory, aged 95. He had filled the office of parish clerk 53 years, and had never been absent of a Sunday but once during 47 years; he also had been schoolmaster during 59 years.

CAMBRIDGESHIRE.

At the Quarter Sessions lately held at Cambridge, the Recorder expressed his regret at finding the offences in the calendar so numerous, and reminded the Grand Jury that they were called upon to *prevent* rather than to *punish* crime!!! He also alluded to the town goal, and said, that he would not hesitate to affirm that it was a disgrace to the town!!! We trust the learned gentleman's hints thus professionally elicited, will be attended to, and that assizes and sessions will be more frequently held, not only at Cambridge, but throughout the country—for it is notorious, that the long confinement of culprits in prison *before* they are tried, is not only one of the great defects of our criminal jurisprudence, but it is worse, as it contributes to render them more perverse, even if they are acquitted!

OXFORDSHIRE.

The expenditure for this county from Michaelmas Sessions 1825, to Trinity Sessions 1826, amounts to £9,664. 5*s*. 3*d*. This includes vagrants, felons, goal, coroners, bridges, clerk of the peace, treasurer's salary, chief constables, militia, and incidental expenses. The receipts of four orders of county rates at 1*d*. in the pound, £10,841. 0*s*. 8*d*.—A fund is raising at Oxford to supply (during the winter months) the poor with coals at a reduced price.—Application is to be made in the present Parliament for leave to bring in a bill, to alter and amend the present Local Poor Bill for the city of Oxford.

Died.] At the Rectory-House, Islip, near Oxford, Susanna, wife of the very Rev. Dean of Westminster, aged 71.

BUCKS. AND BERKS.

At the Quarter Sessions held at Aylesbury, the Duke of Buckingham said, that this county enjoyed the painful pre-eminence of having its poor-rates heavier than any other county, and that unfortunately the poor had lost that spirit of independence which they once possessed. He then remarked, that the labourer ought to be paid according to his earnings, and that it was the duty of the magistrates to find work for the poor in their respective parishes. He then detailed the means which he had used, and which he advised the justices to follow,—which were by letting each labourer a certain quantity of land, about three chains, at the full rent, for cultivation at his leisure hours,—which he said had fully answered his expectations. He likewise powerfully called their attention to the very depressed state of the lace trade.—At Winslow, with only a population of 1,244, the poor's-rate amounted in the year ending March 1825, to £2,250! By a more prudent management it has this year been less by the sum of £385. 6*s*. 9¾*d*.

Married.] At High-Wycombe, Rev. C. Thurgar to Wiss A. C. Williams.

Died.] At Great Marlow, W. Hales, esq. 75.

BEDFORD AND HERTS.

At a meeting of owners and occupiers of lands held at Bedford, Oct. 14, it was unanimously resolved to present petitions to Parliament, praying that no change may be made in the present Corn-Laws, and recommending economy in every branch of the public expenditure.

A most destructive fire has taken place on the premises of Mr. Bates, of Turner's-Hall Farm, Harpenden. The stables, and barns full of corn, one of which was 73 feet long, with forty sheep and a beautiful horse, were all reduced to ashes. Distressing as these details are, we are sorry to add, that the mob who attended, with a number of Gypsies, entered the house during the conflagration, and stole every thing they could lay their hands on; the wretches went into the cellar, and got so drunk, that their inebriety added to the general confusion, and the scene beggared all description. We trust the Police will at length be aroused to a closer attention to the vagabond race of Gypsies, that so much infest the counties near the metropolis!

NORFOLK AND SUFFOLK.

A meeting was held at Norwich, Oct. 19, for the purpose of petitioning Parliament on the subject of the poor's-rates, occasioned by their extraordinary increase during the last six months, when several resolutions were proposed and passed unanimously.—The Rev. J. Brown, chaplain of the county gaol (Norfolk), has made a very able report of the state of the prisoners, and the causes and origin of crime; he mentions the useful assistance he has received from the appointment of a schoolmaster. In alluding to the connexion that exists between Ignorance and Crime, he says: "Of 593 prisoners, 300 could not read at their commitment; 68 could read a very little; 68 could read moderately well; and 157 could read and write.....The most common origin of crime, I have found to be the violation of the Sabbath....but I cannot forbear observing, that Poaching leads more easily and rapidly to the perpetration of the higher crimes than any other incentive, and that the time and nature of the employment, and the desperate combinations that are entered into, create a greater ferocity of spirit than I have hitherto found in any other class of offenders."—The new cattle market has been opened at Lynn; it promises to become an extensive mart, equally to the advantage of the neighbouring country as to that town.

Married.] Rev. W. J. S. Casborne, of Pakenham, to Anne, daughter of the late Capel Lofft, esq. of Tooston-Hall—At Sudbury, C. Harris, esq. to Caroline, third daughter of Sir Lachlan Maclean.

Died.] At Walsham-le-Willows, Ann, widow of the Rev. C. Miller, Dean of Chichester.

WILTSHIRE.

The calendar at the late Quarter Sessions for this county, contained a list of 45 prisoners.

The present Mayor of Devizes is Rector of Bromham, in this county, with an income of £800 per annum, non-resident. So says *John Bull*; adding, two letters have been forwarded on the subject sometime since—one to the Bishop of Sarum, the other to his secretary!

SOMERSETSHIRE.

The Lord of the Manor (Mr. Hunt), of Glastonbury, has lately summoned the principal farmers to attend him, for the purpose of appointing juries according to the feudal system; they attended to nearly the number of 200, and the juries were formed and took the usual oaths: when the Lord of the Manor informed them, that in another year, acting in the name of the King, he should enforce the regulations of the court in such a manner, as to make them worthy of the great authority of Alfred.

"Our columns this week abound with robberies and assaults. When will our citizens bestir themselves to get a *proper police?* If there were no better or justifiable a cause for petitioning the King for a new charter, to amend and alter the present mode of electing the magistracy of Bristol, *this alone* would, we are well informed, claim the attention of the Secretary of State for the Home Department."—*Bristol Journal.*

Died.] At Bath, Mrs. Collbeck, widow of the late C. Collbeck, esq., and sister to Admiral Sir Isaac Coffin, Bart.—At Frome, Mrs. Hare, relict of the Rev. R. Hare, Prebendary of Winchester.

DEVONSHIRE.

We are utterly unable to account for the appalling increase of crime which now prevails throughout the Kingdom, from one extremity to the other; but such is the fact, and a most lamentable one it is. In our own city, with a population by no means large, a numerous list of criminals, of almost every grade in iniquity short of murder, have this week received judgment from the Recorder; and in the Devon court the calendar presents a proportionate accumulation of offenders. Thus far the *Exeter Gazette*: to which is to be added the observation of the Recorder; "The calendar," said he, "contains a longer and more serious list of offences than ever came under my notice at this bench."

Oct. 23.—Devonport exhibited gymnastic exercises, which were attended by nearly 10,000 people. The point of honour was contended between two heroes, of Cornwall and Devon, Cann and Polkinhorn, for the sum of 200 sovereigns; when, after great efforts for the championship, a dispute arose in deciding which of these wrestling contenders won the civic crown, and the golden sovereigns, when it terminated in a drawn battle.—*Sic transit gloria mundi gymnasii!*

Barnstable new Guildhall, which has been recently opened for business, is a handsome building in the Grecian style, and is capable of holding 500 persons; at the south end is the robing-room, over which are two withdrawing-rooms, opening into galleries for the grand and petty juries.

Married.] At Dartmouth, Robert Edward, eldest son of the Baron de Bruce, to Miss J. R. O'Donovan.

Died.] At Exeter, Mr. R. Saunders, aged 85—At Brodwinch, H. Palmer, esq.—At Axminster, Mrs. Knight.

CORNWALL.

Died.] At St. Austell's, Mr. John Julyan, aged 83 years, for more than half a century clerk of that parish, and from the seventh year of his age a constant and celebrated church singer.

WALES.

The parishioners of Ruthin, Llanrhyd, and Llanfurog, have presented to the Rev. R. Newcombe a superb candelabrum and salver, as a public testimonial of regard for his meritorious public conduct as a clergyman and magistrate, and for his private worth in the exemplary performance of all the relative duties of life during twenty-two years of his residence among them. The plate weighed 350 oz., and is richly chased, and was purchased by unsolicited subscriptions.—The Trustees of the Breconshire turnpike roads, have come to the determination of petitioning Government to take the mail road from Gloucester to Milford Haven (leading through that county) under their care, in the same manner as the turnpike road from Shrewsbury to Holyhead, with the view of having Mr. Telford's survey carried efficiently into execution.—On the 24th Sept. as the ship Cyrus, Capt. Davison, of Newcastle, was passing under that stupendous structure, Menai bridge, she struck her main royal mast head in it, which fell on the deck; notwithstanding the height from the top of the main royal mast head to the water was afterwards ascertained to be no less than 116 feet!—The Branch Bank of England opened at Swansea, Nov. 6. The notes are the same as those issued by the parent establishment, only dated Swansea, and payable there and in London. No note exceeds £500, and none less than £5.

Died.] At Gorphwysfa, near Bangor, Fleetwood Williams, esq., brother to Sir John Williams, Bart. of Bodlewyddan.

SCOTLAND.

It is lamentable to detail the distress of the manufacturing population. There being but a small chance of their condition being soon bettered, they are fallen into the most gloomy despondency; and are now quite callous and indifferent about public affairs. Long suffering appears to have completely broken their spirits; and destroyed that tone of manly independence for which they were formerly distinguished. Weavers of the most virtuous character, and whose lives have been devoted to uniform and incessant industry, finding all their exertions vain to procure the means of subsistence, or to give their families that education which alone can render them of value to society or themselves, are now zealously devoting their attention to the means of expatriation to a foreign land, as the only hope of relief. Their ordinary working apparel is completely worn out, and unfit to withstand the severity of winter; and many families, who are solely dependent on the loom, are in a state bordering on starvation. They are scarcely able to command a meal a day, and are often without a fire. It is the general opinion of those best informed, that the habits of the working classes are fast deteriorating to the condition of the neglected Irish; while the Scotsman has not the buoyancy of spirits of the Irishman, who will make a jest of his own misery. The weavers of Parkhead, and other districts near Glasgow, are about to have meetings to send up to Parliament a representation of their dreadful state of destitution, and the impossibility of their continuing longer to exist under such privations.

Married.] At Wemyss Castle, the Rt. Hon. Lord Loughborough to Miss Wemyss, of Wemyss.

Died.] At Edinburgh, John Macdonald, aged 111; he served as a private in the 15th regt. of foot for 14 years, and was discharged on a pension in 1749—At Edinburgh, Sir Stephen Sharp, late Consul-General at St. Petersburgh—At Comrie, Rev. S. Gilfillan, well known as the the author of "Essays on the Sanctification of the Lord's Day."

DAILY PRICES OF STOCKS,

From the 21st of October to the 21st of November 1826.

Oct.	Bank Stock.	3 Pr. Ct. Red.	3 Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Consols.	3½ Pr. Ct. Red.	N4 Pr. C. Ann.	Long Annuities.	India Stock.	India Bonds.	Exch. Bills.	Consols, for Acc.
21	203½	80½ ¾	81⅜ ⅝	—	86⅞ 7	97 ⅛	19⅛ ¼	—	35 36p	21 26p	81½ ⅞
22	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
23	202½203	80⅝ ¾	81⅜ ⅞	—	87¼	97¼ ½	19 3-16¼	—	36 37p	22 26p	81 5-8 82
24	202 203	80⅝ ⅞	81½ ¾	88¼	87⅛ ¼	97½ ⅜	19¼	245½246	37 40p	24 28p	81¾ 7-8
25	201½202	80⅞ 1⅛	81⅝ ⅞	89	87¼ ⅛	97½ 7-8	19 3-16 ¼	245½	41 42p	25 26p	81¾ 82
26	201½202	80⅞ 1⅛	81⅝ ⅞	89	87¼ ⅛	97½ 7-8	19 3-16 ¼	245½	41 42p	23 26p	81¾ 82
27	202½202	80⅞ 1⅛	81¾ 2	88¼ 9½	87⅛ ¾	97¾ 7-8	19¼ 3-16	—	41p	25 26p	817-882½
28	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
29	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
30	—	81⅛ ⅛	81¾ 2	87⅞ ¾	—	97¾ 8	19 3-16 ¼	—	41 42p	24 26p	817-882½
31	201¾202	80⅝ ⅞	80⅝ ¾	88 89	87¼ ⅛	97½ 7-8	19⅛ 3-16	245½	40 42p	24 25p	81½ 7-8
Nov											
1	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
2	202½	80¾ 81	81½ ⅞	87	87⅜ ½	97⅝ 7-8	19⅛ 3-16	247	36 37p	19 21p	815-8 7-8
3	201½	80¾ ⅞	81½ ¾	87⅞ 8½	87⅜ ½	975-8 7-8	19⅛ 3-16	—	38p	20 23p	815-8 7-8
4	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
5	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
6	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
7	202⅛	81½ ¼	81¾ 2	88¼	87⅝ ⅞	97 7-8 8¼	19¼ 3-16	246½247	36 38p	20 22p	817-882⅛
8	202½	81⅛ ¼	81¾ 2	87⅞ 8¼	87⅝ ⅞	97 7-8 8¼	19¼	—	39 40p	21 23p	817 882⅛
9	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
10	202½	81¼	81¾ 2⅛	88 ¼	87⅝ 7-8	97 7-8 8⅛	19 3-16 ⅝	—	38p	20 22p	817-882¼
11	202½	81⅛ ½	82⅛ ¾	—	87 7-8 8⅛	98¼ ¾	19¼ 5-16	247	38 40p	21 22p	82¼ ¾
12	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
13	203	81⅞ 2¼	82⅝ ¾	—	88½ ¾	98⅜ 7-8	19 5-16 7-16	—	40 41p	21 23p	827-883¼
14	203¼	81⅞ 2⅜	82¾ 3¼	88¾ 9¼	88¾ ¾	98⅜ 99	19 7-16 ½	249½	40 42p	22 24p	827-883¼
15	—	82⅛	82¾ 3	88¾ 9	88½ ⅝	98½ 7-8	19 7-16 ½	—	42p	22 25p	82¾ 83
16	—	82⅜ ¾	83¼ ½	89¼	88 7-8 9¼	99⅛ ⅜	19½ 7-16	—	40 41p	22 25p	83¼ 5-8
17	204	82½ ⅞	83⅜ ⅝	89⅜	88 7-8 9¼	99⅛	19 9-16	—	41 42p	22 24p	83¼ ¾
18	—	83⅜	83⅞ 4¼	—	89¼ ½	99¼ ⅜	19⅜11-16	—	40 42p	22 24p	837-884½
19	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—	—
20	203¾204½	83⅜	83⅞ 4⅛	—	89⅛ ½	99¼ ½	19 5-19 9-16	—	40 42p	22 24p	83¾ 84⅛
21	203¾204¼	82¾ ⅞	83½ ¾	89⅜	88 7-8 9⅛	98¾ 9¼	19 5-16 9-16	—	41 42p	22 24p	83⅝ ¾

E. Eyton, Stock Broker, 2, Cornhill and Lombard Street.

MONTHLY METEOROLOGICAL REPORT,

From 20th October to 19th Nov. inclusive.

By William Harris and Co., 50, High Holborn.

October.	Rain Guage.	Moon.	Therm. 9 A. M	Therm. Max.	Therm. Min.	Barometer. 9 A. M.	Barometer. 10 P. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 9 A. M.	De Luc's Hygro. 10 P. M.	Winds. 9 A. M.	Winds. 10 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 9 A. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 2 P. M.	Atmospheric Variations. 10 P. M.
20			60	62	58	29 85	29 85	96	95	E	E	Clo.	Fair	Clo.
21			59	69	58	29 85	29 88	96	89	ESE	SSE	—	—	—
22	27		61	63	58	29 82	29 79	92	93	S	SE	—	Rain	Rain
23	40		60	63	55	29 78	29 82	95	95	SE	SW	Foggy	—	Starlit.
24			56	63	55	29 83	29 61	93	92	WSW	SSW	—	—	—
25	18		58	58	45	29 35	29 35	87	82	SW	W	Rain	—	Fair
26			46	52	43	29 34	29 48	84	80	WNW	WNW	—	Fair	Fine
27	23		47	53	40	29 54	29 70	84	78	WSW	NW	—	Rain	—
28			44	54	44	29 97	30 03	81	78	WNW	W	Foggy	Fair	Foggy
29			48	54	50	30 02	29 93	84	93	WSW	W	—	Clo.	S.Rain
30	4		50	56	47	29 99	29 94	95	95	NE	WSW	Rain	Rain	Foggy
31			50	52	43	29 97	29 91	78	83	NW	W	Clo.	Fair	S.Rain
Nov.														
1			44	50	40	29 64	29 53	85	79	SW	NNWv	Foggy	—	Starlit.
2			42	50	42	29 67	29 76	83	87	N	N	Fine	Fine	—
3	103		46	53	47	29 78	29 66	90	96	N	NE	—	—	Rain
4	103		48	48	42	29 64	29 77	98	97	ENE	ENE	Rain	Rain	Fine
5			46	50	44	29 75	29 69	97	94	ENE	NNW	Clo.	—	Rain
6	23		45	48	31	29 66	29 73	95	84	WNW	N	—	—	Clo.
7			32	42	33	29 81	29 92	78	78	N	WNW	Foggy	Fine	Fine
8			37	41	33	29 97	30 00	78	78	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
9			35	43	32	30 03	30 10	84	83	N	N	—	—	—
10			35	48	46	29 97	29 78	85	96	WSW	W	—	S.Rain	S Rain
11			43	53	43	29 68	29 55	97	94	WSW	SW	—	—	Fine
12			45	53	36	29 54	29 40	93	83	SW	WSW	Clo.	Clo.	—
13	40		38	46	38	29 39	28 85	88	98	WSW	ESE	—	Rain	Rain
14			39	46	38	28 93	29 14	91	78	WNW	NW	—	Clo.	Fine
15			40	46	33	29 46	29 67	82	80	WNW	WNW	—	—	—
16			35	44	43	29 84	29 86	90	80	W	S	Foggy	—	Clo.
17			46	47	38	29 79	29 97	91	90	SSE	E	S.Rain	—	—
18	25		43	46	44	30 02	30 02	91	95	NE	NE	—	—	S.Rain
19			45	47	43	30 04	30 11	88	98	NE	NNE	—	S.Rain	—

The quantity of Rain fallen in the month of October was 1 inch 90-100ths.